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ONE HUNDRED *NON-ROYALTY* RADIO PLAYS

Compiled by

WILLIAM KOZLENKO

Author of, One Hundred Non-Royalty One-Act Plays, The One-Act Play Today, Contemporary One-Act Plays, Best Short Plays of the Social Theatre, American Scenes, etc.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY SHERMAN H. DRYER



NEW YORK

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PREFACE

To one accustomed to reading prose or poetry the radio play may, at the outset, present certain difficulties which may appear to be of interest only to the specialist. The frequent, though necessary, interpolation of sound, musical and technical directions tends to disrupt the smooth flow of speech, and one inured to reading without these interruptions may find the radio play mechanical and perhaps even rigid. But, if these be inconveniences not evident in the poem or the short story, they are neither greater nor smaller than the usual stage directions of a play. Certainly, one accepts these directions as being part of the play and soon learns to adjust the eye to them and to retain a sense of the whole. Similarly, though to a more marked degree—since sound and other effects are usually problems that concern the engineer or the technician and thus are outside the ken of the character's immediate stage business—the radio play offers equal opportunities to the reader and the student for entertainment and instruction.

The broadcast play is slowly but steadily acquiring its own form and mechanics. It may resemble a stage play in print, it may even read like one, but it has its own characteristics, both in structure and content, and if undue stress is laid on *sound* and *transitions*, the reader must always bear in mind that, unlike the stage play where everything is seen, the radio play addresses itself solely to the ear.

All this may strike the radio writer or the reader familiar with radio technique as being obvious and therefore in no need of statement; but he should remember that there are still many persons who, substantially for the same reasons, find it difficult to read a stage play. Though the radio can boast of an audience running veritably into millions, it can hardly say the same for its readers, who may, at most, number several hundreds of thousands; and that, I hasten to declare, is probably shooting high into the realm of optimism! However, if the radio play can be made as interesting to read as it is sometimes to listen to, then it will acquire a literary dignity worthy of its individual writers and their work.

There is little need to compare the young radio play with the older stage play, for the radio is still comparatively an infant and still in the process of gestating its own individual talent. However, this much can be said: a valuable radio literature is in progress. To be sure it is as yet a limited literature—the printed radio play is still a novelty—but it is a good one. With opportunities constantly increasing, new writers will come forth. The question is, however, how much opportunity for experimentation will radio—and by radio I mean those who control it—allow its young poets,

: Preface

playwrights and directors? We all know that restrictions are imposed on creative imagination both from within and without. Occasionally an Orson Welles appears and startles us with his innovations; but how many others, lesser known, are allowed the same liberty? Very few indeed. Obviously, radio is at the moment a pretty big business and it must be managed as such, with the consequence that most of its programs must conform to certain definite standards of big business. Occasionally, we are relieved from the tedium of hackneyed and worthless productions by a poetic script by Archibald Macleish or a technically finished presentation by Orson Welles, and other writers of note. But these, unfortunately are not heard often enough. When they are broadcast, listening to radio plays suddenly becomes a thrilling experience; but, in truth, these should be exemplary of the usual rather than the unusual radio fare. Radio can easily afford the best (and the "best" in this instance is not synonymous with the biggest name or the highest salary); yet too often it is satisfied with the second-rate and the mediocre.

Who, then, is to blame? The public? The sponsors? The radio stations? The script editors? The F.C.C.? Frankly, I do not know. It may be all or none of these. The fault may very well lie with the writers themselves. However, this much is certain: from my own experience I know that, either from ignorance or lack of cooperation, the men who hire writers and actors and directors have not yet learned how to make the best use of what they have. They have little or no standards, theoretical or practical, as to what precisely constitutes a talented person. Here and there, by the sheer force of his originality, a man will emerge and veritably stun the radio world with his innovations. But sensationalism is a gamble, it cannot be relied upon; for the sensationalist can survive only by trying to surpass another sensationalist, or by sitting up nights inventing one sensation after another. After a while even the most patient public will become fatigued and lose interest, for the sensational is one thing that does not improve with repetition. And if radio is ever to become an art it must discourage the sensational and temporary, and encourage the simple and permanent.

There already exist names and personalities who are to radio what other significant names are to the theater, the novel, poem, or short story. There is at the moment an interchange of writing, directing and acting talent—talent borrowed from the stage and screen. This, I feel, is good rather than bad. No art can isolate itself or develop an attitude of snobbishness. Fresh ideas and new approaches to the same problems must constantly be stimulated, not only for their commercial value but for their artistic value as well. If the American theater has gained much from the rich talent of a William Saroyan, who started out as a short story writer, then radio can also gain much from other writers in fields outside of radio. The essential force of talent remains unchanged: direct this force to another field of expression and much good will result thereby.

This, then, is the responsibility of our writers and executives to radio. Here is a medium of expression as miraculous as anything conceived by the ingenious brain of man: a collective as well as an individual effort: vast audiences await the work of our creative people. The question should always be: how can we improve on this miracle? And the answer should be: by enlisting the best talents of our creative men and women: writers, actors, directors, etc.; by using whatever good material is at our disposal and translating it into radio terms. I believe that any poem or play or short story can make a good radio play, provided, of course, that the script, when adapted to radio, will increase rather than lose in interest and excitement.

I believe, too, that we must have more programs such as *The Columbia Workshop*, *The Free Company*, *The American School of the Air*, and similar experimental and educational presentations. We should also give more opportunity to the many college workshops experimenting in the writing and production of radio programs. These are not sufficiently encouraged or widely broadcast. More of these programs should be made available in competition with the commercially sponsored broadcasts. And if the major stations cannot, for commercial reasons, do more than they are doing, smaller stations should assume the responsibility of improving the standards and the quality of our programs.

It is substantially for the foregoing reasons that, in editing and compiling this volume of radio plays, I preferred to be inclusive rather than exclusive, using adaptations from stories as well as plays written originally for the radio.

That this collection of plays is the first that has sought to cover the radio field so comprehensively will, I am sure, be obvious to all. And that my choice of material may have been more representative than selective I shall be the first to admit. But here in a single volume is contained the most representative radio writing being done today, both by men and women who have written for radio for the first time and by others who have been writing for this medium for years.

In conclusion, I wish to acknowledge my thanks to Mr. Eugene W. Moore, for his compilation of the Glossary and the Directory of Sign Language; Mr. William Hendelson, for his able editorial assistance; Mr. Shannon Allen, of the Department of Interior; Dr. Sherman Lawton, of Stephens College; Dr. John Groller, of Scranton University; Mr. Robert Emerson, of New York University; Miss Bernice Ash, of the University of Tulsa; Dr. Seymour Siegel, of Station WNYC; the *N. Y. Sun*, for permission to use *Virginia's Letter to Santa Claus*; and to my many other friends for their enthusiasm and encouragement. To all these and others, my sincere hope that they will find this collection of radio plays entertaining, instructive and useful in their work.

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INTRODUCTION

BY SHERMAN H. DRYER

Radio Director, University of Chicago

Radio is a buckshot art. Its audience is the people and the people are many and they are all very different—rich and poor, black and white, cold and hot, dull and bright, you and me. The audience tuned to any one program is a great grab bag of ears and if you write or produce radio programs you never know whether there's a prize pair in the bunch.

A prize pair is any pair hooked on both sides of a bright-brain, an intellectual, a cultured guy, a sophisticate—in short, the ideal listener to the kind of programs written by “experimentalists,” disciples of radio as “an art form,” those who are artistes—with an “e.” The foregoing literati think that radio is a *rifle* art—ready, aim, fire!—hah, a bull's-eye. They do not know much about radio and they do not know much about radio audiences. You cannot select your listeners—they will select you (maybe).

All good radio writing, good radio drama, good radio production has popular appeal. If it has not popular appeal it is not good. But “popular” does not mean cheap, trite, obvious. The people are neither cheap, nor trite, nor obvious. The people are the people and they know what the score is about people and how people live, talk, walk, sleep, make love and passes. So don't try to put anything over on them.

Most of the scripts in this book represent a sincere try at good radio; many of them win my blue ribbon award on which the word “Wow!” is embossed in gold letters. Mr. Kozlenko has trapped between his book's covers a heterogenous collection of radio stuff that is to radio what a fever chart is to a patient. Mr. Kozlenko quite properly wants you and me to understand radio a lot better, to enjoy it a lot more, to have an honest attitude and judgment about it. That's why Mr. Kozlenko didn't publish a book of the so-called “best” radio plays only. He says, in effect, what the dickens, let 'em read radio, carefully picked, yes, but radio, and who cares whether it necessarily was on the air or not or whether a big name wrote it, it's radio.

There are plays in this book to satisfy all tastes and needs. The professional level of cast and production will probably be attracted at once to scripts like *Story of Dogtown Common*, Joseph Liss's sensitive and mature treatment of a sea people and the simple beauty and tragedy of their lives; *All You Need Is A Good Break*, the rich and warm comedy about wise-guy Marty Rothman and his pals on Morris Avenue; *Luck*, Margaret Lewerth's superbly craftsmanlike job of adaptation; *Red Head Baker*, which should

be read with ears cocked for superb dialogue, honest and clean; or *The Pussycat and the Expert Plumber Who Was A Man*, Arthur Miller's scratch at whimsy, wherein the characters all talk with a straight face, which is why *you* can't!

With the United States in a war world there is going to be an increasing number of radio plays written and produced in an effort to "build morale." I submit that the plays in Mr. Kozlenko's book which have to do with ordinary people in the situations of ordinary living will contribute more to morale than any rifle-shot play like *What We Defend*. This is a point worth touching upon in this introduction, because radio is the most timely of all the communications media, and inevitably the feel of history gets packaged for the microphone.

The morale of people cannot be stamped, scaled and delivered; it cannot be advertised or ballyhooed into being. Morale is the unity of people who believe in each other and the values upon which their society stands. Radio contributes to morale because radio is a back-yard fence where all the neighbors tell each other about each other and themselves.

Esprit de corps is a part of morale but it is not by any means all of it nor the essence of it; and radio plays which exploit the symbols of unity—the flag, old Tom Jefferson, the Declaration of Independence—may be tossing in a dime for *esprit de corps* but it's not enough to buy morale with.

This is all relevant if you want really to understand what radio's about and why you should be concerned with it and why Mr. Kozlenko went to the trouble of compiling 100 radio plays for *you* to read and perhaps put on the air. My guess is that a great many of the people who buy this book want to "experiment" with radio; and a great many of the people who buy this book want to read radio plays which represent radio as an "art form." Well, friends, you can't tell people about themselves with radio tricks and devices cluttering up the air; you can't build morale with filter mikes and poetry unrelated to human speech and experience. This is therefore a book about people told in almost a hundred different radio ways and every way some of the time the right way, given the plot and the author's talents and sincerity.

In reading and producing these plays, keep in mind always that radio is techniques of enticing and holding listeners. Very few of these plays have elaborate production directions. A radio writer must always assume that his producer knows the techniques of broadcasting. You will neither entice nor hold listeners if your casting is bad, so do not produce a play on the air unless your voices sound appropriate for the characters they represent. You will neither entice nor hold listeners if your production seems "stagey" so learn the techniques of *perspective*: remember that if a character is entering a room, for example, he should *fade on to* the microphone, not be on it from the outset; remember that distance away from or closeness to the microphone is important to depth and movement.

Learn how to use a stop watch. Learn how to cut scripts. There is nothing sacred about any script in this book. If you think you can improve on a script in production, then make a try. Maybe your way *is* better.

You will never really learn anything about radio except by doing radio. Books alone can't teach you radio. Professors and teachers alone can't teach you radio. Only work will teach you radio. Work writing scripts. Work producing plays.

There are some people, of course, who are fascinated by work. They can sit and look at it for hours. They are the people who are "fascinated" by radio; they have "theories" about radio; they have "tastes" about radio.

And they know almost nothing about radio.

These plays, therefore, are yours to be *used*, studied, acted. They are opportunities for you and your friends or classmates to learn something about radio—by *doing* radio.

A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

A DRAMA

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

(Produced by Peter Witt and Story Magazine over WHN, New York)

MUSIC: *In and abrupt out*

NARRATOR: We interrupt to make this special announcement:

Ladies and gentlemen:

If you listen to the radio

You have heard these days

The voices of many whose names

Are deep in what is known as history:

In which your name is also deep.

KEN: Smith.

MARY: Goldman.

SON: Reilly.

DOROTHY: Michel.

BILL: Vogel.

LOU: Brown.

ALL: *Babble—fade*

NARRATOR: The voices of people whose reality is far away,

Something in another life,

Part of another fable,

Just as your reality is part of another fable,

And all of it part of the only fable,

and the only history.

You have heard real queens,

Alive in Europe,

Telling the world what they feel.

DOROTHY: Elizabeth.

LOU: Juliana.

NARRATOR: As plain in speech

As any mother whose children are growing . . .

MARY: Margie.

DOROTHY: Hilda.

NARRATOR: What does it mean?

You have heard the voices of men

Known as statesmen:

Several kinds of Englishmen.

ALL: Peace in our time.

NARRATOR: A Number of men of France.

ALL: The Maginot Line is impregnable.

NARRATOR: Perhaps you have heard a Churchman.

BILL: Thou shalt not kill.

NARRATOR: What did they say?

SOUND: *Gong*

NARRATOR: You have heard the official announcement of time.

SOUND: *Gong*

VOICE (*filter*): The advertisement of the Cigarette

VOICE (*filter*): The comedian's talk and song

VOICE (*filter*): The gossip's gossip

VOICE (*filter*): Of what happened in Belgium

VOICE (*filter*): And what happened on 42nd Street

(*Imitation of each during and after speaking of line*)

VOICE (*filter*): The amateur's imitation of bird and buzz-saw

RECORD FRAGMENT: The Boston Orchestra concerned with Brahms

NARRATOR: The drama of a bad disposition

VOICE (*filter*): Cured by Little Liver Pills

VOICE (*filter*): An episode from the fable of Jesse James

VOICE (*imitation*): The voice of H. V. Kaltenborn

VOICE (*imitation*): Raymond Gram Swing and a

VOICE (*imitation*): Lady fond of gelatine.

NARRATOR: What did it mean?

SINGING FRAGMENT: The singing of cow-boys born in New York

VOICE (*filter*): The reports from London, Paris, Berlin and Rome

VOICE (*filter*): An oral essay on the beautiful composition.

VOICE (*filter*): Of an eight-cylinder automobile.

Confessions of high school graduates:

VOICE (*filter*): "They call me Joe Saunders. I'm from Ohio.

I'm going to be President in 1960."

MUSIC: *Band music in and out*

NARRATOR: If you listen to the radio

The world keeps you in your room

Waiting to learn the outcome:

What happens to Juliana,

What the children become,

Who dies. Who is born.

Who prays, and what the answer is.

Will you eat at nine, retire at ten,

Or smoke one of the advertised cigarettes

And hear the world out?

DOROTHY: Will the comedian wed Miss Beverly Hills?

MEN: Will the retreat of the soldiers be orderly?

MARY AND LOU: Will the Brahms symphony end?

NARRATOR: Will the amateur become famous,

Or return in sorrow to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma!

Should you yourself swallow a liver pill?

If Jesse James was real,

Is there anybody else like Jesse James?

ALL: Who was Sylvia?

BILL: In his song to Celia,

Why did he say, "Drink to me only?"

MARY: Will anything be better tomorrow?

KEN: Would it be better to forget everything?

SON: Will Joe Saunders be President in 1960?

DOROTHY: How would it be to be a soldier?

BILL: How would it feel to die before you had a chance?

ALL: Would it help? Would Europe be better?

MARY AND LOU: Would Brahms become everybody's favorite?

ALL: Would people tell the truth?

NARRATOR: If you were to go to prison And be killed, would the world be happier?

Would Juliana's children smile?

Or would it be a waste of time?

If you listen to the radio

The world crowds you inside out and vice-versa

Until you wonder if you shouldn't be dead,

For the sake of something or other.

Or Anything.

What is the connection between cigarettes

And the interruption for the special announcement?

With so many things still to be concluded,

Is there ever going to be time enough?

You always meant to write a poem

You thought you might like to play the piano.

If the worst came to the worst,

You might have said something

That would have sweetened everything

You might have said one word.

You might have gone on the radio.

If you like them, you are on the radio

From now on, this is you speaking.

ALL: Ladies and gentlemen: Not forgetting

Anything else on the radio, and not forgetting

Anything else in the world, herewith

A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

NARRATOR: The time is the time wherever you are,

If it is night or if it is day.

The place is whatever place you know

Forget everything a moment.

Get ready,

Now.

HUMBLE: There is a man outside.

PROUD: Tell him to go away.

HUMBLE: I beg your pardon?

PROUD: What do you mean?

HUMBLE: I mean, how can I tell him to go away?

PROUD: By saying very clearly, Go away

HUMBLE: I have done that.

PROUD: And?

HUMBLE: He stays.

PROUD: Stays?

HUMBLE: Yes.

PROUD: How, stays?

HUMBLE: Does not go.

PROUD: What is the meaning of this?

HUMBLE: I don't know.

PROUD: Well, who is the man?

HUMBLE: Nobody, I'm sure, but he won't go.

PROUD: What does he want?

HUMBLE: I'm sorry, I don't know.

PROUD: Well, you're nobody yourself

What do you want?

HUMBLE: I don't know.

PROUD: Go away. Go away.

HUMBLE: I wish I could, but there isn't anywhere to go.

PROUD: All right. Bring him in.

HUMBLE: Yes, sir. Come in, please. Here he is, sir.

NOBODY: Here I am.

PROUD: Very well. Now that you're here, what?

NOBODY: Nothing.

PROUD: Nothing! What do you want?

NOBODY: I don't know.

PROUD: I have no more time for nonsense.

NOBODY: What do you want?

PROUD: You have come to me, not I to you. You must tell me what you want, or go.

NOBODY: I want to know why.

PROUD: Why?

NOBODY: Yes.

PROUD: Why, what?

NOBODY: Everything.

PROUD: You want my advice on something.

NOBODY: For one thing, I want to know why there is a war.

PROUD: That will be told in due time.

NOBODY: When?

PROUD: After the war.

NOBODY: I want to know now.

PROUD: You can't know now.

NOBODY: Why?

PROUD: Because the war is going on now.

NOBODY: Why is it going on?

PROUD: There are good reasons, but I have no time to tell them.

NOBODY: How can there be good reasons for killing when everybody must die anyway?

PROUD: You must go now.

NOBODY: If it's all right for another to die, it's all right for me to die.

PROUD: It's all right with me.

NOBODY: And it's all right for you to die.

PROUD: Just a moment.

NOBODY: You said it was all right for me to die.

PROUD: What are you doing with that revolver?

NOBODY: You do not want to die?

PROUD: Are you mad? Of course not.

NOBODY: You said it was all right for me to die.

PROUD: I was irritated.

NOBODY: If it's all right with you for me to die, it must be all right with me for you to die, I am also irritated.

PROUD: You've lost your reason.

NOBODY: Have you found yours? Did you ever find yours? Is it reasonable to kill a million and unreasonable to kill one?

PROUD: You will hang. Stand back.

NOBODY: I have not moved forward. I am standing back.

PROUD: Who are you anyway?

NOBODY: Nobody. Who are you?

PROUD: You know who I am.

NOBODY: I know you are Nobody also, but who do you think you are?

PROUD: A full account of my life up to December 1939 is in *Who's Who*?

NOBODY: And a full account of mine is in every newspaper in every city and village of the world, in every language. I have been expected from the beginning to die when I am asked to die. I have never asked you to die.

PROUD: Of course not. We are on the same side.

NOBODY: On the same side of what?

PROUD: We belong to the same country. We believe in the same things.

NOBODY: How can we belong to the same country and believe in the same things when you are afraid to die, but not afraid for another to die?

PROUD: The battlefield is the place to kill.

NOBODY: The battlefield is the place to plough and plant and grow. This is the place to wage a war.

PROUD: Thou shall not kill.

NOBODY: I believe that. You do not.

PROUD: I do.

NOBODY: If you are to be killed, you believe.

PROUD: Put away the gun!

NOBODY: This is not a gun. This is a plough.

PROUD: A plough? You are mad.

NOBODY: No. You are. Anything that happens to anybody else is all right with you. Consequently, you kill every day.

PROUD: What are you going to do? (*Fade*)

NARRATOR: We are interrupting with regret

To make another special announcement—

This announcement is especially special.

And by all rights should be followed

By a turning off of the radio

And three years of silence.

(*Two seconds dead air*)

Of all interruptions over the radio,

Or in any other realm of fable or reality

This interruption is most truly

An interruption.

Ladies and gentlemen,

SOUND: *Whistling of approaching bomb under three lines leading to . . .*

NARRATOR: Ten minutes ago in Europe a man was killed.

He is now in danger of being overlooked

By everybody in the world still alive,
And only because he is no longer able to breathe.

SOUND: *Explosion of bomb*

NARRATOR: We interrupt, therefore, in the hope of not overlooking this man.

He was thirty-three years old.

By race, by place of birth, a German,

His name was not Hitler,

His title not Reichsfuehrer.

LOU: He weighed one hundred and sixty pounds

SON: Had one head

MARY: Two arms

KEN: Two legs.

DOROTHY: Two eyes

BILL: Two ears

LOU: A nose

SON: A mouth

MARY: Lungs

KEN: Heart

DOROTHY: Liver

BILL: Organs

ALL: His breathing was good

NARRATOR: If he lived, he would have finished

The table he was making for his wife

He weighed one hundred and sixty pounds,

Had no schooling to speak of,

Was not a reader of poetry or philosophy.

He had a gentle heart and a skillful hand.

ALL: He was five feet eleven inches tall,
But he looked upon the world

From the top of the mountain he once had climbed.

NARRATOR: At the time of the murder he was carrying a gun,

Thinking of his three-year-old daughter
And how she smiled whenever he looked at her.

He was not a famous man,

And he would never become one,

But whenever he looked at his daughter,

She smiled at him and he knew delight.

He was not an articulate man, either,

And never made a public speech

But whenever he spoke, he told the truth.

He was fond of his family

And not unfond of anybody else. His name?

ALL: His name was Kurt.

NARRATOR: His murderer was a man

A good deal like himself

Who was murdered a moment later

By a man a good deal like himself.

In this efficient manner,

Twenty-seven thousand men were killed. Killed.

ALL *in background*: Twenty-seven thousand men.

NARRATOR: And while we interrupt in the hope

Of not overlooking this man named

Kurt,

Twenty-seven thousand more of these men

Are being murdered by themselves.

That is the reason we say this special announcement

Should be followed by a turning off of the radio. (*Abrupt stop*)

And three years of silence,

Inasmuch as it would take three years,

Night and day, to name, one by one,

These living who are dying.

We have mentioned only one

Because it seems there is never to be

Time enough to mention all the others.

Because he happened to be a German.

And happened to be thinking of his daughter,

And then happened to be murdered.

Kurt murdered, too, but never met the man.

He never saw the enemy.

He saw three boys from England,

But they smiled and said "hello,"

He saw eleven captured men of France.

One of them old enough to be his father,

But they smiled, too.

We have interrupted

To make this special announcement

Because Kurt himself has been interrupted

With a special announcement.

That announcement was: Waste.

ALL: The table will not be finished.

He will not see her smile again.

NARRATOR: After he fell, he tried to get up.

He wanted to drop everything.
Go home and finish the table,
See her smile, but there wasn't time enough.

Ten minutes ago in Europe he died.
Ten minutes ago in Europe you died.
This is the end of this, but the outcome
Is still to be lived and dreamed,
The answer still to be given
In the good evening.

Like everything else on the radio,
This has been only a part.
It has been a part of everything else
On the radio, and a part
Of everything else everywhere else.
If he finished the table,
The following year would have been
A year to remember.

There will be other things
For you to listen to.
You will speak over the radio again
It is not generally known
That you are an accomplished amateur
yourself,

And that your imitations are in some
cases

Better than the originals.
You have missed music or speech or
shouting

Over six or seven other stations.
There is so much going on,
Besides there is so much going on in
yourself,

That there is never enough time,
And this is the end of ours.
What you have just heard you have
just lived.

You have been one or the other, or
both.

The unknown man or the man in *Who?*
Who,

What has taken place has never taken
place
Until now, and like all things taking
place,

The outcome will not be known.
The living who die will be overlooked.
And the living who live will be over-
looked

There will never be time enough to
know

Who was one and who was the other.
We will wonder will one kill the other
Or will the other kill the other,
Or will they become fast friends?

ALL: Will one discover that he is the
father of the other?

Will the other discover that he is the
brother of the other?

Will the murdered one live, and the
murderer die?

Or will both die and neither live,

Or both live and neither die?

VOICE: At your radio, in the hall, in the
parlor,

In the kitchen for a drink of water,

In the world, in the street,

Will there be truth?

NARRATOR: Will the children grow, climb
mountains,

Read books, cross oceans, speak in
foreign languages?

Will anybody die because it is time to
die,

And not because he has been inter-
rupted by a special announcement?

Will anybody have time to live

And write his name on a passport,

Or at the bottom of a poem?

TWO BOTTLES OF RELISH

A MYSTERY DRAMA

By LORD DUNSANY

ADAPTED FOR RADIO BY EDWARD GOLDBERGER

(Produced by Peter Witt and Story Magazine over WHN, New York)

SMITHERS: Smithers is my name. I'm what you call a small man in a small way of business. I travel for Num-nume, a relish for meats and savories . . . the world famous relish, I ought to say. It's really quite good . . . no acids or anything in it. I wouldn't have got the job if it weren't. I hope to get something harder to sell some day, because that's where the money is, but at present, I can just make my way. But then, I live in a very expensive apartment. That's part of this whole story I'm telling you . . . It's not the sort of story you'd expect from a small man like me, but there's nobody else to tell it, and those that do know it besides me are all for hushing it up. Frankly, I wish I'd never had anything to do with this . . . that I'd heard nothing about it. Murder is not what you'd call in my line. Especially a murder like this. But now, I feel that it's got to be told. I was looking for a room to live in London. Central it had to be on account of my job. I went to a block of buildings (*fade*) that looked to be the thing, but rather gloomy.

RENTING AGENT: Why yes, sir. I have just what you want, I think.

LINLEY: Fine, let's go up and take a look at it.

SMITHERS: I . . . I beg your pardon, but . . .

LINLEY: Looking for rooms, too, eh? Come along, come along.

SMITHERS: Well, I don't want to . . . well . . . push myself, you know.

LINLEY: Push yourself? Absurd. You're looking for a flat, right?

SMITHERS: Yes.

LINLEY: Well, so am I. No sense in having this poor fellow make two trips around the premises.

SMITHERS: Well . . . thank you very much.

AGENT: Right this way, sir.

LINLEY: You were about to say, sir?

SMITHERS: Well, as a matter of fact, I was going to say that I'm afraid . . .

LINLEY: Afraid that the type of apartment I'm looking for wouldn't exactly suit you, eh?

SMITHERS: Why, that's right. If you'll pardon my saying so, you look a though you'll want rather more than that.

SOUND: *Door opens*

AGENT: Here it is, sir. This is the apartment I spoke of.

LINLEY: Hmm. It is rather nice. Airy, too.

AGENT: And you see, sir, there's a sitting room, bedroom and a bathroom. All very nice, self-contained and private, sir.

LINLEY: How much are you asking for this perfect apartment?

AGENT: Fifty pounds the quarter.

LINLEY: Hmm, rather expensive.

AGENT: Well, sir, if you want a good thing, you know, you've got to pay for it these days.

LINLEY: Yes, of course, of course.

SMITHERS: Look, sir. I don't want to butt in on this, but . . .

LINLEY: You know, if the two of us took this flat . . . shared it, I mean, we could do very well indeed. Don't you think . . . err . . . Mr. . . . er . . .

SMITHERS: Smithers. Geoffrey Smithers . . . But that's exactly what I was about to suggest. I'd be glad to pay half and I wouldn't be in the way much.

LINLEY: Well. I think . . . you know, I rather think that it's a good idea.

SMITHERS: Then you'll do it?

LINLEY: Why not?

SMITHERS: It was really nice of you to agree to this, sir. I don't know just what to say. I . . .

LINLEY: Nonsense. Nonsense, Smithers. By the way, my name's Linley, James Linley. Might as well get acquainted if we're going to be living together, eh?

SMITHERS: Oh, yes, sir. And I think it's going to work out perfect. Just absolutely, top!o!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SMITHERS: This whole thing needs a lot of explaining, that's obvious, and I'll tell you why I did it. I can't afford it, of course. But I could tell after one look at Mr. Linley that he was a well-educated man . . . Oxford probably. And I said to myself, what's the Oxford manner worth in business. I say, especially in a business like mine? If I picked up only a quarter of it from this Linley, I'd be able to double my sales . . . I mean you don't have to quote the whole of the Inferno to show that you've read Milton . . . half a line will do it. But about the story. You mightn't think a little man like me could make you shudder. Well, I soon forgot about Linley's Oxford manner. But I'd find him continually knowing just what I was going to say next. Not thought-reading, you understand, but what they call intuition. I had been trying to learn chess . . . to help me take my mind off Num-nume, and I spent the evenings trying to work out problems. (*Fade*) I never did very well, but Linley would come along, glance at the problem and then . . .

LINLEY: You'd probably move that piece first, I think. That queen, I think.

SMITHERS: But where shall I move it?

LINLEY: One of those three squares.

SMITHERS: One of them? But it would be taken on any one of them.

LINLEY: Yes, but it's not doing you much good. The problem probably calls for you losing it. Try it out.

SMITHERS: Well . . . let's see . . . I move here, and then here . . . and then . . .

LINLEY: No . . . that one.

SMITHERS: Oh, yes, of course . . . and then there . . . It's right. It was absolutely right. Do you know, Linley, with your being able to think like that, why, you could be almost anything . . . a detective for instance. Isn't that what a detective is supposed to do? Put himself in a criminal's place and figure out how he did a certain thing . . . and what he'll do next.

LINLEY: I imagine he does. Yes. But why a detective? There are so many other things.

SMITHERS: Oh, it's in my thoughts, I suppose . . . this murder at Unge, you know.

LINLEY: Murder? At Unge? I'm afraid I don't know anything about it.

SMITHERS: Why it's been in all the headlines for days.

LINLEY: Never noticed it.

SMITHERS: Well . . . I suppose you'll laugh at me for it, but the reason I'm interested in it is . . . well, a bloke named Seeger what's suspected. Seems he bought two jars of Num-nume, the relish I sell . . . it was in all the papers.

LINLEY: *Laughs*

SMITHERS: A thing like that does help sales, you know.

LINLEY: I imagine it does.

SMITHERS: I wonder with all that knack you have for seeing through a chess problem and thinking of one thing and another that you don't have a try at that mystery. It's a problem as much as chess.

LINLEY: There's not the mystery in ten murders that there is in one game of chess.

SMITHERS: It's got Scotland Yard beaten.

LINLEY: Has it?

SMITHERS: Knocked them end-wise.

LINLEY: It shouldn't have done that. What are the facts? Tell me about it.

SMITHERS: Well, this fellow, Seeger his name is, was down at a bungalow in the North Downs with a girl . . . Nancy Elth she was, and they'd just been married. She had something like two hundred pounds along. And one day, she'd just disappeared and Scotland Yard can't find a trace of her.

LINLEY: What made them decide to look for her in the first place?

SMITHERS: He told conflicting stories . . . for one thing . . . one day he'd say she

was in South America, the next it was South Africa and like that all the time. And then, besides, the police in the town began to get a little suspicious of him for other reasons. (*Fade*) So they finally got a warrant to search his house.

JOE *fade in*: As soon as I found out he was a vegetarian, I knew it was him who did it.

ALF: It ain't proved he's done anything yet.

JOE: If he ain't done anything, where is the girl? After all they got married only two months ago. We been watching this place for a whole week now and we haven't seen her. All we seen was this Seeger fellow cutting down them Larch trees.

JOE: Them beautiful larch trees that was a credit to the county. That's a criminal offense itself. We should have taken him in for that at once.

ALF: Now, look. We're supposed to search this place to see if we can find any signs of criminal doings, not talk. We ain't got nothing to show criminal behavior so far.

JOE: Didn't he say his wife had gone to South America, and only the next day say that she went to South Africa?

JIM: And isn't he a vegetarian? You can't trust them kind.

ALF: Bernard Shaw's a vegetarian and he's all right. What about him?

JIM: Well, what about him? That beard and always in the newsreels and what not. They're all queer, I tell yer.

JOE: Look! Look at what I found in the drawer! An axe!

JIM: There you are, see? That proves it. He chopped her up with the axe and . . . and . . .

ALF: And what?

JIM: I dunno.

ALF: We gotta look some more. That's all. Jim, you go 'round the back and see whether there's any signs of diggin' . . . in case he buried her. Joe . . . Joe!

JOE *off mike*: Aye?

ALF: Joe, have you looked to the chimney?

JOE *coming on mike*: Oh. Aye. There's nothing there. We've been watching it for a long time from the woods out there. No smoke from the chimney . . . only the little stove when he did some cooking.

JIM *off mike*: Alf! Joe! Joe! Look! Look! JOE: A butcher's knife! That's it! That's what he done it with!

ALF: Let me see it, Jim. It looks right sharp.

JOE: That's what he done it with, then. With the butcher's knife. He stabbed her with it when she was sleeping, doubtless.

JIM: And I found a file. A wicked big file. Here it is.

ALF: There's no blood on it.

JIM: Might be he washed it off . . . and off the knife, too.

ALF: Did you look for the digging?

JIM: Aye. There's been none. Not around here.

ALF: What could he have done . . . The Woodpile! That's it. Look in the woodpile.

JOE: There's nothing there. We've been watching that pile grow since he started to cut down them larches . . . a shame that was . . . a crying shame.

JIM: That's right, Alf. Can't see why he cut them down. They was beautiful.

ALF: Maybe he didn't do it after all.

JOE: But he's a vegetarian, Alf. He must have done it.

ALF: Well, I suppose you're right. But how?

JIM: With the axe.

JOE: Or the knife.

JIM: Or the file . . . no, not the file.

ALF: Well, anyway, we've got one thing solved.

JIM: What's that, Alf?

ALF: She's been murdered. We don't know how, but she's been murdered. All we need is one thing.

JOE: Only one?

ALF: Yes. We've got to find the body. What did he do with it? That's what we've got to find out. What did he do with the body?

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SMITHERS: I ought to warn you before I go any further . . . I'm a small man myself and you probably don't expect anything horrible from me. But I ought to warn you that this man Seeger was a murderer, or anyway, somebody was. The woman had been disposed of . . . a nice pretty girl, too. And the man that had done it wasn't necessarily going to stop at things you might think he'd stop at. With a mind to do a thing like that, and with the shadow of the

rope to drive him further, you can't say what he'll stop at. Murder isn't exactly a nice thing, you know . . . But I've done enough of that. The story is the thing here. I've warned you all nice and proper, and now I'll get back to what you want to hear. I had told the whole thing to Linley, just as I'm telling it to you (*fade*). And he just sat there, not saying anything for a few minutes.

SMITHERS: Well, Linley, what do you make of it?

LINLEY: It's . . . it's what you'd call a "rum go."

SMITHERS: It certainly is.

LINLEY: And of course, if they don't find the body, they have no case. You can't prove a murder without the body.

SMITHERS: No, sir.

LINLEY: Think he could have put it down the drains?

SMITHERS: No. Scotland Yard has been into that. And the people at Unge before that. They've had a look in the drains, such as they are and nothing has gone down.

LINLEY: And you say he didn't burn it.

SMITHERS: He had no fire. Only a fire in the small stove now and then that he used for cooking.

LINLEY: It's all there. I know that everything is there, but I can't put my finger on it. There's every possible thing to show that he killed her.

SMITHERS: It's rum.

LINLEY: The thing that puzzles me are those trees, why should he want to cut down those trees? Oh, what's the use. I give up.

SMITHERS: You can do chess problems.

LINLEY: That's ten times harder.

SMITHERS: Then why don't you do this?

LINLEY: I'd like to, it's really beginning to get under my skin a bit.

SMITHERS: You say it's easier than a chess problem.

LINLEY: I can see the chess board in front of me.

SMITHERS: That's so.

LINLEY: There's only one thing to do, Smithers.

SMITHERS: What's that?

LINLEY: You'll have to go down there. You'll have to go to Unge and look things over for me.

SMITHERS: So I went to Unge. First thing I thought was that it was a nice place

to come on a honeymoon. And then, when I thought that he killed her there, well, I'm only a small man as I said, but I thought wouldn't it be funny if it turned out to be me after all that got that man killed, if he did murder her. So I found my way up to the little house (*fade*) and began prying about the garden.

JOE: Here, here. What are you doing in this here garden?

SMITHERS: Just looking around, officer.

JOE: Looking around, eh? Well, you can't look around here.

SMITHERS: It's public property, ain't it?

JOE: Oh, pretty big for your boots, aint-cher?

SMITHERS: Well, officer, to tell you the truth, this is on my regular sales round, and I thought I'd drop by and take a look at the scene of the crime, so to speak.

JOE: Commercial traveler?

SMITHERS: Yes. My name's Smithers. I'm traveling in Num-nume.

JOE: Num-nume? That's the stuff . . .

SMITHERS: That's right. So you see, officer, I have a sort of professional interest, what with the criminal, alleged criminal, I should say, having bought two jars of it.

JOE: Oh, aye.

SMITHERS: I'll say one thing. It shows that the criminal, the alleged criminal, I should say . . . it shows he had his wits about him, using a good relish like Num-nume.

JOE: My wife's been thinking of buying some . . . says we might as well try some of the stuff. She gets ideas like that once in a while. I mind last year when she thought I should have orange juice for breakfast. Orange juice! Another one of them new-fangled notions like this here vegetarianism that he has.

SMITHERS: Huh? Oh, yes . . . and what did your wife do about buying Num-nume?

JOE: Ain't done nothing about it. She's just thinking of it.

SMITHERS: Well, by some happy chance, I happen to have a few jars of it right here in my case. If you'd let me come in and set it down.

JOE: Why certainly . . . just put it here . . . that's an uncommon heavy case to be carrying around.

SMITHERS: It does tire a man . . . where's a chair . . . ah! that's done it.

JOE: So this is the famous Num-numes. Looks all right.

SMITHERS: It is all right. No deleterious acids and guaranteed not to harm the heart.

JOE: Think I'll buy a couple to take home to the wife. How much are you asking?

SMITHERS: One and six. Regular price is two bob, but for you, seeing you've been so decent, I'll let you have it for one and six.

JOE: Done.

SMITHERS: There you are.

SOUND: *Coins*

JOE: And there's my part of the bargain.

SMITHERS: So this is the murder cottage. Cozy place.

JOE: Aye. Although strictly speaking it's not the murder cottage.

SMITHERS: Not the murder cottage? Where was she murdered then?

JOE: Far as we can say at the moment, she's not been murdered, you understand . . . not until we find a body.

SMITHERS: And you've got to stay around here until they find one? Rum.

JOE: Aye, Rum it is. But we're certain he did it and we'll find it out yet.

SMITHERS: What makes you so certain?

JOE: Well, first place, he's a vegetarian.

SMITHERS: Huh?

JOE: Flighty chaps, these vegeterians. Queer like, not all there in the noggin, if you know what I mean.

SMITHERS: Thing I can't see is why you didn't come in and search the place right away.

JOE: Well, you can't do that. No one had been inquiring about the girl and there was no warrant out or anything.

SMITHERS: And what did you find when you went in?

JOE: Just a big file, and the knife and the axe he must have got to chop her up with.

SMITHERS: But he got the axe to chop trees with.

JOE: Well, yes, he did that.

SMITHERS: And what did he chop them up for?

JOE: Well, my superiors have theories about that that they mightn't tell to everybody. And I think it's a rattling shame . . . myself . . . them trees was a fair sight in the county.

SMITHERS: Those logs are certainly a problem.

JOE: Oh, aye.

SMITHERS: Do you suppose he cut her up at all?

JOE: He may have and he may not. It's all in your way of looking at it. These vegetarians will do anything to my way of thinking.

SMITHERS: Well . . . the more I look at it the more it seems to me that those trees . . . those trees.

JOE: What about them?

SMITHERS: They might be the clue to the whole thing. He must have wanted them down for something beside a pile of fire wood . . . which he never used. Find out why he cut them down and you might have the answer.

JOE: Oh, aye.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

LINLEY: You must be precise, Smithers. You can't tell what may be vital. A tin tack swept away by a housemaid might hang a man.

SMITHERS: But that's all there is, Linley. Except that I did manage to sell some fifty jars of Num-nume, while I was there.

LINLEY: Oh, that's not important.

SMITHERS: Maybe it isn't to you . . . but after all, it was the start of the case for us, you know. Besides, I made quite a bit of money out of that, you know. It helps pay the rent.

LINLEY: So it does, so it does, but I don't see that it has anything much to do with the case proper. It's been just a sort of catalyst in the case . . . setting things going and then standing outside it all, so to speak.

SMITHERS: It's wonderful the way those bottles of Num-nume sold down there though.

LINLEY: No doubt, no doubt.

SMITHERS: It's extraordinary how a murder stimulates people's minds.

LINLEY: Smithers, what would you do?

SMITHERS: Fh?

LINLEY: Supposing you had murdered that girl, that poor Nancy Elth.

SMITHERS: I can't imagine doing such a thing.

LINLEY: But suppose you had. What would you do?

SMITHERS: I . . . I don't know. I never even thought of such a horrible thing.

LINLEY: Ah, Smithers, Smithers . . .

SMITHERS: I suppose I shall never make a good detective.

LINLEY: At the moment, neither of us is anything much of a detective.

SMITHERS: Hasn't any of the information helped? None at all?

LINLEY: None at all . . . let's have our tea, shall we? Table's all set. And the kettle's boiling. Maybe that will help.

SMITHERS: Yes, maybe.

SOUND: *Dishes*

LINLEY: So many sharp corners . . . all that's needed is the one piece to fit, and there it is . . . all together neat as a drum . . .

SMITHERS: But we haven't got the piece. LINLEY: It's there somewhere. Let's go over the whole thing again.

SMITHERS: Oh, Linley, not all over again.

LINLEY: If we're going to beat this thing, we've got to find what it is that we missed. We've got to . . . unless you'd rather we left the whole thing. Forget it entirely . . . admit we're beaten.

SMITHERS: We ain't.

LINLEY: Well, then.

SMITHERS: Let's wait until after tea, please.

LINLEY: Very well . . . meantime, you'll be glad to hear that you've proved yourself a real salesman.

SMITHERS: Huh?

LINLEY: I mean I'll try some of that Num-numes, relish on my salad. Would you give me a little?

SMITHERS: It's not for salads. Only for meats. For meats and savories.

LINLEY: What? What did you say?

SMITHERS: Num-nume. It's only good for meats and savories. You wouldn't want it for salads.

LINLEY: No good for vegetables, eh?

SMITHERS: Not a bit. It's a good relish, mind you . . . but it's got its limitations.

LINLEY: A man might make a mistake perhaps and use Num-nume with vegetables.

SMITHERS: Not twice, he wouldn't. No one would make that mistake twice.

LINLEY: Not twice. No.

SMITHERS: What is it? What's the trouble?

LINLEY: Smithers.

SMITHERS: Yes.

LINLEY: Smithers, phone down to the grocer at Unge and find out something for me.

SMITHERS: Certainly.

LINLEY: Find you whether Seeger, this fellow, bought these two bottles on the same day, as he probably did, and not a few days apart. He couldn't have done that.

SMITHERS: Right.

SOUND: *The phone off hook*

SMITHERS: Operator, I want to make a trunk-line call to Unge. U-n-g-e. To the Greengrocer's . . . Right . . . I'll wait . . . Right . . . Hallo . . . Is this the greengrocer's at Unge? This is Smithers . . . Smithers . . . I was in your shop the other day . . . That's right, with Num-numes. Tell me . . . this chap Seeger . . . Yes, the murderer fellow, he bought the Num-numes from you? Right . . . Bought two jars at once, of course? . . . No? He bought them separately? Six days apart? Are you sure?

LINLEY: Ask him . . . ask him whether he's absolutely certain. He's got to be absolutely certain.

SMITHERS: You're sure of that. Six days apart? Right . . . thanks.

SOUND: *Receiver on hook*

LINLEY: Smithers. It's . . . it's . . .

SMITHERS: But I don't see . . .

LINLEY: Call Scotland Yard Immediately.

SMITHERS: What you want is a good brandy and soda and go to bed early.

LINLEY: Call the Yard.

SMITHERS: All right, but can't it wait until morning?

LINLEY: I must see somebody from the Yard. Phone round. Say for them to come here at once.

SMITHERS: I can't get an inspector from the Yard to call on us at this hour.

LINLEY: Then tell them they'll never find Nancy Elth. Tell one of them to come here and I'll tell him why. They must watch Seeger, till one day they get him over something else. Tell them I know the answer. I've solved it, I've solved the case.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SMITHERS: Maybe I should never have started to tell this story. I am a small man, as I've said, in a small way of business, and stories like that are not my dish. Linley once said that murder is horrible and he was right. Dead right. I wish I'd never got mixed up in this one because sometimes it still bothers me. I'm all right for a while and then it bothers me again. And maybe this

Two Bottles of Relish

is the place for you to stop listening to my story so that you don't guess it . . . even if you think you like murder stories. Most people like murder stories with a romantic twist and not a story about a really foul murder. This is the kind that people don't like, but that do happen. I know because it happened to me. So, if you want to . . . stop now, while I tell what happened later. (*Fade*) While we waited for the inspector, Linley explained it to me.

SMITHERS: But that's unbelievable. You're dreaming, Linley.

LINLEY: I know what I'm talking about. It all fits in too easily to be a dream, Smithers.

SMITHERS: But it's horrible.

LINLEY: Murder's horrible. Especially when a man tries to cover his tracks. That makes it worse.

SMITHERS: But I . . .

SOUND: *Doorbell rings*

LINLEY: There's the Inspector. Open the door, will you, Smithers?

SMITHERS: Right.

SOUND: *Door opens and shuts*

INSPECTOR: I'm Ulton, Scotland Yard. Are you Mr. Linley?

SMITHERS: That's him over there.

LINLEY: How do you do, Inspector.

INSPECTOR: You say you've got the solution to this case?

LINLEY: That's right. I have. The whole thing . . . so let me tell you you'll never find Nancy Elth. You'd better give up the search.

INSPECTOR: She's dead then?

LINLEY: Yes.

INSPECTOR: Murdered?

LINLEY: Yes. By Seeger, of course. But you'll never prove it.

INSPECTOR: That's to be seen. How did he do it? The murder I mean.

LINLEY: With the axe. I can't give you the exact details . . . he may have killed her while she was sleeping and maybe not. That part of it I don't know. But he did kill her.

INSPECTOR: And then?

LINLEY: Then he cut her up, using the knife and the file. And disposed of her.

INSPECTOR: Well, frankly, you've added not one jot to what we've got already in this case, Mr. Linley. We've guessed all that ourselves. Only we're not as positive as you are . . . well, I'd best be getting along.

LINLEY: Just a moment, Inspector.

INSPECTOR: Eh?

LINLEY: Aren't there a couple of other details that are troubling the police?

INSPECTOR: Of course there are.

LINLEY: Why not ask me about some of those, before you go dashing back to bed?

INSPECTOR: Eh? Oh . . .

LINLEY: Come, come, Inspector . . . I said I have the solution, and I have.

INSPECTOR: Tell me one thing, Mr. Linley. You know of course that he spent his time cutting down the larch trees?

LINLEY: Ah, yes, inspector.

INSPECTOR: I'll believe you have the solution if you can tell me what that has to do with the murder. If you know the answer, then why did he chop down the trees?

LINLEY: Solely in order to work up an appetite.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

LUCK

A DRAMA

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

AN ADAPTATION FOR RADIO OF THE PRIZE-WINNING STORY BY
MARGARET LEWERTH

(A Columbia Workshop Play, broadcast over the Columbia
Broadcasting System)

MUSIC: *Up-fading for . . .*

ANNOUNCER: Luck? What is it? What does it come from? What guides its strange path? This is the story of two men—and the way of “luck”. There’s Will Yaard, big, raw-boned, confident. Will Yaard, the beef grower, with his easy smile, his quick strong movements . . .

YAARD *bravado laugh*: Luck? There’s no such thing as luck. You get what’s coming to you—or you take it. I make my luck!

ANNOUNCER: And there’s Jennison, little and dry, with his twisted body, his thin voice.

JENNISON *self-pity*: Luck? It’s all luck. You ain’t got a chance without it. Look at me!

ANNOUNCER: We find Jennison and Will Yaard late one winter night with three other men in the backroom of Peters’ mountain store. They have been playing since early evening. It is almost dawn.

YAARD (*Board fade in*): All right. I’ll stand. What about you, Jennison?—cards have been running your way to-night.

JENNISON: You can’t grudge me that, Yaard. I ain’t had cards for a long time.

YAARD *impatiently*: All right—play ’em then. What are you going to do?

JENNISON: I’ll—I’ll call you.

YAARD: You’re a piker, Jen . . . there’s three jacks.

JENNISON: I got a flush.

YAARD *laughs*: Even with the cards he hasn’t any guts. Where’s your bottle, Peters? You get stingier all the time.

TINKER *slow drawl*: I was telling Peters that only yesterday. Gyppin’ the customers is one thing—holding out on the liquor is something else.

SOUND: *Spits at stove*

PETERS *good naturedly*: Is that so? You’re hired to clean up around here, Tinker—not do arithmetic.

PETERS: All right—are you birds playin’ poker—or ain’t you?

YAARD: Yeah, Peters, push ’em out. This is where your cards stop, Jennison.

JENNISON: No, they won’t. I feel lucky, tonight, for the first time in years.

YAARD: Lucky! You feel sorry for yourself, that’s what you mean, and you call it luck.

JENNISON: Yaard, you’re always talking big, someday you’ll come a cropper—and find out a few things.

YAARD: Not me, Jen, not me. You, with your twisted neck, maybe, but not me.

PETERS: Never mind that; how many cards you want, Yaard?

YAARD: Two.

PETERS: Tinker?

TINKER: Three.

PETERS: You, Ed?

BOLER: Two—and make ’em sweet. I don’t trust any of you.

PETERS: You, Jennison?

JENNISON *nervously*: None . . . I’ll stand.

YAARD: None, eh, are you going to bet or aren’t you?

JENNISON: I’ll start with ten.

TINKER: I’m out.

YAARD: I’ll stay in.

BOLER: That let’s me out.

PETERS: I’ll raise you twenty, Jennison.

JENNISON: I'll raise fifty.

PETERS: I'll call.

YAARD: Fifty—pretty sure, ain't you, Jenni-son? I think you're bluffing this time. I'll raise a hundred . . .

SOUND: *Voices—Montage—over chips—hundred—two hundred—fade out . . .*

PETERS: All right, boys . . . I can't go higher. I'll call.

JENNISON: A hundred more.

PETERS: That lets me out.

YAARD: O.K., I'll call you, Jennison. You're losing a lot of money this time.

JENNISON: Maybe I am—and maybe I'm not.

YAARD: Well—get a look at those—four tens—pretty a picture as you could see this side of north gap. How about it, Jennison?

JENNISON: It's all right, Yaard . . . A good hand—but—I got four queens!

SOUND: *Voices up and down*

YAARD: Four queens! Four queens you got, Jennison?

JENNISON: Yep—look at 'em.

YAARD: I can see 'em . . . (*Quietly*) or maybe—I wouldn't a believed 'em. Four queens, eh? (*Mad*) Well, I've had enough. Where's my coat?

PETERS: Over there on the barrel; your grain bags, too. But wait a minute, Yaard—you ain't sore?

YAARD: Who, me? No, I ain't sore, what'd do you think? The money's his, ain't it? (*Pause*) No, I ain't sore, just curious.

JENNISON *defensively*: W-What do you mean?

YAARD: Nothing—nothing—just thinking about—your (*sneer*) luck!

PETERS *to keep peace*: Say, look, Yaard, while yer climbin' into that coat of yours, why don't you have just one more before you go? Plenty of it—and it'll be cold going over the mountains. Just a small one—to help the sun up, eh?

YAARD: Aw—never mind.

PETERS: You'll need it—it's a long, cold walk home in the snow, and . . .

YAARD: Shut up—will ya? I'm watching Jennison count—lucky Jennison.

JENNISON *to himself*: Seven hundred and five—seven hundred and fifty five—seven hundred sixty five . . .

YAARD: Seven hundred and sixty five—and he calls it luck! (*Mad—abruptly*) I'll be hanged if those four queens were luck!

BOLER: Yaard, old fella—take a drink and pass the bottle.

JENNISON: Sure, Yaard, you'll be lucky next time.

YAARD: I will? Take it from me and put it in your pipes and smoke it, the whole lot of you. There's no such thing as luck, and the man's a fool who thinks there is . . . Goodnight . . .

SOUND: *Door shuts*

PETERS *fading in*: Almighty pete! I never can tell if that fellow's had too much or not. He certainly gets ornery.

BOLER: He's had plenty all right, and he's sure mad. I wouldn't want to be walking home with him.

PETERS: Oh, it beats me. You heard what he said . . . no such thing as luck? And him the luckiest devil that ever drew breath!

SOUND: *Men agree*

JENNISON: Yeah, it's funny all right. Yaard saying that. And saying it to me. It's really funny. (*Silence*) Help me on with my coat, will you, Ed . . . Kinda hard to twist into it tonight. Must be the dampness—makin' my neck worse.

BOLER *embarrassed*: Sure, I'll help you. Well, you got a good roll to warm your pockets with.

MUSIC: *Background*

TINKER: Blacker than the shades out now. How you going, Jennison, on the mountain road?

JENNISON: I always do.

TINKER *slow drawl*: Hmmmm—same as Yaard. If I was you, I shouldn't walk too fast on that mountain road. It's a narrow road for two—and by the looks of Will Yaard when he left here he wouldn't want havin' his heels trod on too much this morning.

JENNISON: I'm not afraid of Will Yaard.

BOLER: Maybe not—but I'd give him wide berth . . . if I was you.

TINKER: Yaard's all right . . . when he's sober. When he ain't got a grudge.

JENNISON: He ain't got no grudge against me. Just because I won tonight—he can't get mad at that.

BOLER *still joking*: Only you got to remember you're carrying quite a piece of money, and by the looks of Will Yaard he wasn't too certain yet who it belonged to.

JENNISON: It belongs to me—I own it. Yaard knows that.

SOUND: *Slapping the table*

PETERS: Pshaw! Jennison, they're bein' funny. Don't pay 'em any attention. How about a quick one before you start?

JENNISON *jittery through this*: No thanks—I'll—get along . . . (Pause) Come to think of it—maybe I will. It's going to be cold over the mountain.

PETERS: Sure it is. That's the boy. I'll join you. (Bottle and glass) Well, here's luck, Jennison.

JENNISON: Thanks.

PETERS: You busy these days, Jennison? Got any fox traps out this year?

JENNISON: Oh, a few. I got couple down near the pond.

TINKER: The pond by the mountain road?

BOLER: Yeah—Joe Shultz has been cutting ice through it . . .

JENNISON: Yeah—that's where my traps are. If I feel like it when I come by there, I might have a look at them on the way over. (Pause)

TINKER *stage whisper*: The pond, eh—that's where we'll search for him.

BOLER *gleefully*: Yes, sir, we'll drag the pond. If he don't turn up in good time, with the money, you understand—we'll drag the pond—and . . . oh, you going, Jennison?

JENNISON: Yeah—but you're wrong, I tell ya—wrong. Yaard ain't gonna hurt me. (Silence) I—I—guess I better start.

PETERS: Good night, Jen—and be careful.

JENNISON: Yeah—I will (*fading*) don't worry about that.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

PETERS: I'm going to bed. You fellows can stay here and gab as long as you please. I'm tired of listening to you. Joe, let Ed out, when he begins to feel like going home. (Yawns) Thank the Lord for Sunday. (*Fade scene*)

MUSIC: *Bridge in and fade to BG*

YAARD *coming in*: Well—well—lucky Jennison. This is a surprise.

JENNISON *scared—trying to be casual*: Yaard—I thought you were way ahead. What do you want?

YAARD: Me? (*Starts to laugh*) Me—what do I want? Why—nothing, Jennison, nothing. What would I want?

JENNISON *stiff with fear*: Why—that is—I don't know—I—I just said it—that's all. I—I—just didn't expect to see you . . .

YAARD: I didn't know you were ahead of me, either.

JENNISON: Well . . . (*Small false laugh*)

Heck! What are we standing here for—like—like . . .

YAARD: Like a couple of strange dogs. That's what you mean, isn't it?

JENNISON *again false laugh*: Yeah, I guess so.

YAARD: Well, come on, let's get going. Light's beginning to break.

JENNISON: You go ahead, Yaard, I'm a bit slower than you. I'll hold you back.

YAARD: That's all right—I got—nothing but time. I could be home now—but when I came past the Pitner place at the bottom of the hill I suddenly remembered. There's a little piece of money I been owing him for a bunch of calves, and I was figuring to pay up today. I wanted him to know I was—I was . . .

JENNISON: That you were—what, Yaard? Go on.

(*Through this we feel Jennison breaking under strain*)

YAARD *casual*: That I wasn't able to keep my word about paying him today. (*Stronger*) Because I'd gone and lost the money . . . sitting in a poker game—like a fool.

JENNISON *low*: It was a run of luck . . . you know it was.

YAARD: No—it wasn't luck. I was a fool to sit with you and that's settled and done. There's no such thing as luck. A man gets what's coming to him in the long run.

SOUND: *Through this both men gradually are giving way—as talk bursts through*

JENNISON: You can't believe that. Look at me!

YAARD *paying no attention to him*: Look at me, now. They'll tell you I'm lucky. That lucky son-of-a-gun, Will Yaard, they'll say. But let me tell you the secret.

JENNISON *hysterically*: Yes, yes—but look at me! Look at me, Yaard! Look at my neck—my face. Do you say I ain't unlucky. Eh, eh?

YAARD: It ain't unluckiness, Jen. You're always doing fool things that's all. And you're lazy, Jen, and you know it. You'll never get ahead, and it ain't unluckiness, either.

JENNISON: I know, Yaard, I know. But it ain't that I'm thinking of. I've never cared a shuck about that—I've never cared about anything till just lately—not till—till . . .

YAARD: Till Hetty Proal came home from school with her hair up, eh?

JENNISON *stripped*: I—I don't know what's making me talk like this to you—but—well—I'll tell you the living truth—not till then. Not till then. I—I—love that girl.

YAARD: You! (*Starts to laugh*) You! Love her? Look at you! A twisted neck—face like that! You make me laugh . . .

JENNISON: Yes—look at me. Look at me hard—look at my neck and my face—and then say I ain't unlucky. Look here. I go by the Judge's every day, almost. I'll go five miles out of my way to pass there. I'll go in. She'll ask me in. I'll sit there and I'll look at her. I'll see how her brown hair lays light and warm against her cheek, and I'll imagine how it would feel against my cheek . . . me, that's never felt a woman's hair. I'll sit there and talk. I can talk better than most men, better by a good sight than you, Yaard. I can talk—just as long as she don't look at me.

YAARD: Talk, yes. Talk, talk, talk—you can talk!

JENNISON: That's all right, but just the same I'd make her a good husband.

YAARD: Make her a husband. (*Laughs loudly*) You!

JENNISON: All right—but I would. But the minute she looks at me . . .

YAARD: She laughs?

JENNISON: She don't—that's a lie! She don't laugh, no, sir. Only—when I feel her looking at me—at my twisted neck—well . . . then you got the nerve to say I ain't unlucky. Is it my fault I was born like this?

YAARD: You've made it worse by drinking, that's all I know. And then again, if it ain't your fault it's the fault of somebody; it's pay for something. Accidents don't happen. (*Pause*) Take me now. (*Swelling*) If I need what you call "luck," why, I make it. Accidents? Bah! I'd like to see the accident that would keep me from going right on ahead. And so I'll keep on going ahead. Bound to! Bound to! (*Pause*) You wonder how Hetty's hair would feel against a man's cheek. I know . . . I felt it against mine night before last—when I asked her if she'd marry me—and she told me all right. That's the way with you, Jen—you wonder. That's the way with me—I know.

JENNISON *pause—then, as if throat hurt*: Is that true, Yaard? Is that true!

YAARD: It's true. We'll be married before the month's done.

JENNISON *to himself*: Married. (*Bursting out*) No—I'll be blasted if you will!

YAARD *out of patience*: Well, what are you going to do about it?

JENNISON *wilting*: I don't know. I don't know. What can I do? Look at me. I ain't anywhere near as big as you nor as stout. And on top of that you've got a gun.

YAARD *disgust*: Bah! That's just like you, Jen. There you are. There's my gun—here take it. Close your hand on it. There! You've got it, Jen! Now what?

JENNISON *as though spellbound*: I'll tell you what—I'm going to—to point it at you—Yaard—at your heart . . . like this . . .

YAARD: All right.

JENNISON: With my finger on the trigger . . . see . . . and—and (*Breaks*) Oh, you're lucky—lucky! You know I can't do it. You know as well as I do I can't do it in cold blood. You—you devil you!

SOUND: *Yaard starts to laugh*

YAARD: You poor snipe. As if you could imagine that anything you could do—oh, you make me sick. You never can carry a thing through.

JENNISON: No, I never been able to carry a thing through yet . . . I know it as well as you do I—I can't even carry through my one run of luck. Here—take the money—I won tonight. Take it—it's yours.

YAARD *quietly*: I know. I knew it all along. That last was too raw . . . those four queens. You saved three of them out of your full house three hands before. I knew it. But I never worried. I knew I'd get my money back. I knew you couldn't carry it through. But look—here—I only want what's mine. You got some of your own in here, Jen.

JENNISON: No, no, no—I don't want any part of it, Yaard. I won't touch it. I cheated.

YAARD *patiently*: Don't be a fool. How much, Jen? Well, never mind, I know . . . here, take it. And now shut up and come on along. (*Pause*) Well—are you coming?

JENNISON: I ain't going on just now.

YAARD: Not coming?

JENNISON *sudden determination*: No—I got a couple of traps down there by the pond I'd like to have a look at before sunup. (*Thoughtfully*) There's a blue fox on the mountain somewheres. Joe Shultz seen it less'n a week ago. If I could get that fellow!

YAARD: You mean you want to hunt foxes now?

JENNISON: Yeah. It'll be full day soon. Say, Yaard, would you mind leaving me take one of them grain bags for a spell?

YAARD: Why sure.

JENNISON: Thanks. I tell you, if I had the luck to catch that blue one, I shouldn't want the whole township knowing it, eh? I could carry it home in this old bag with your name on it—and nobody'd be the wiser. See—Elm Brook Farm, William Yaard, Proprietor. (*Laughs*) If you don't mind I'd just as leave have your gun along—in case that fox . . .

YAARD *almost shouting with laughter*: Fox, Jen, you ain't a-scared of a fox?

JENNISON: No—only them blue ones, you know. I've heard say they ought to be shot in the eye—so's not to mar the pelt.

YAARD: Oh, well—I don't claim to know anything about such things. Go on, take the gun and welcome. Keep it, keep it, I make you a present.

JENNISON *mutter*: Oh no, no. That's all right. I'll see you later with it, all right. So long.

YAARD: So long.

JENNISON *fading back*: Oh, Yaard, one thing more. If you don't mind—maybe you'll think it's funny—but I'd be obliged if you wasn't to say anything about it, about my handing back the money, you know, and all that.

YAARD *good naturedly*: Not a word. Not a word—trust me! Now go 'long about your business. So long.

JENNISON: So long, Yaard . . . (*Fading*) And I'm mighty grateful—mighty grateful . . .

YAARD *calling*: Ain't much crust on the snow down there, is there?

JENNISON *way off*: No—sorta hard going—but I'll manage.

YAARD: He'll manage—the fool—look at him stumble . . . (*Pause—laughs—starts to sing—suddenly struck by thought*) Fox huntin'—at this hour? Blue fox—

shoot 'em in the eye. It sounds fishy to me—he's such a queer bird. I wonder . . . (*Starts to call*) Oh, Jen . . . (*Stops*) Oh, let him be—the poor gutless fool—with his (*mocking*) “luck”—and “no luck” . . .

SOUND: *Chuckles to himself and sings—fading out*

MUSIC: *Pulls up strong then modulates to discord theme*

JENNISON: He said I never could carry anything through. He said I was a poor snipe—that I had no guts—he said I never could do anything to harm him—that's what he thinks—that's what they all think. But they don't know—he doesn't know—there's something else in me—something besides this twisted neck . . . Something nobody knows about—that's me . . .

FILTER VOICE *impersonal*: That's right, Jennison, that's right. I'm the part of you that nobody knows—that you didn't know. And you can do this thing, I tell you. You can do it.

JENNISON *half whisper—not sure*: Yes—I can do—(*scared*) I—can.

VOICE: They've shown you how, Jennison. Remember what they said—Yaard's all right—when he's sober—when he ain't got a grudge—they know you're carrying money, Jen . . .

JENNISON: Yes, but I can fix that. Just a match. (*Strikes it*) How pale it burns in this half light. And my hands are shaking so—what am I doing—burning money! (*Half cackle of laugh*) And it rushes away like dust! No trace of it . . . no trace at all. Now I'll turn my pockets inside out and tear 'em . . .

VOICE: Now, the pond, Jennison. Remember what they said—they'll search for you in the pond—they'll drag the pond if you don't turn up at home with the money. They will, Jennison, they'll guess what happened . . . they're expecting it . . .

JENNISON *afraid*: It looks cold—that spot where Shultz has been cutting—and the ice is thinned over. It looks so black—and cold.

VOICE: You're not afraid of the water. Remember—he laughed at your neck—and your face—he's strong—and he laughed at your weakness. All your life he's laughed at you. But Jennison—you're not weak—you're stronger than he is.

JENNISON: I am, yes, I am. I know I am. I can do it. I will go on. (*Half whisper*) First the stones—plenty of 'em. They're frozen in the bank—but I can dig 'em out.

VOICE: Yes, Jennison, you're stronger than he is. You have a brain—a brain that's going to destroy him. Go on, Jennison—dig—dig!

JENNISON: Yes, I'll dig—I'll need lots of stone to fill this bag. Look at my hands—they're torn. My nails are bleeding. I don't feel them—I don't feel anything. I'm digging stones to fill that bag. (*Stones in bag through this*) The bag—with Yaard's name on it.

VOICE: You've thought out everything, Jennison. It's clever—it's the cleverest scheme in the world. You'll destroy him! So he won't swagger and laugh again.

JENNISON: If I can only keep going—if I can only carry it through.

VOICE: You can, Jennison, because you're brave.

JENNISON: Yes, yes—I am. I know it. The others don't, but I do. Now . . . (*Clatter of stones*) there are the stones—there's the gun—Yaard's gun! But I ain't through. I have to go up the road—up the road and back. So there are two tracks down to the pond . . . and only one track back.

VOICE: That's right, Jennison, finish it! Finish him completely with that brain of yours. Nobody can guess now—nobody. The tracks—the gun—the bag of stones . . .

JENNISON *sudden doubt*: But the water—it's so cold—and the gun—will it hurt?

VOICE: Only for a minute, Jennison, but you're not afraid of pain. You have strength, Jennison, you're braver than anybody ever guessed. And Jennison, picture what's going to happen—just picture it . . . Think what they'll say . . . First, there'll be the sheriff . . . he'll say . . .

MUSIC: *Stops abruptly*

SOUND: *Crowd of voices*

SHERIFF: Jennison was shot down like a dog—and thrown in the pond.

2ND VOICE: Look at that bag and gun!

TINKER: Jennison never had a chance, poor devil. No gun—not very strong.

PETERS: There was a bad blood between 'em playing poker at my store last night.

TINKER: He must have thought he was safe enough coming down to the pond. Look at those tracks.

PETERS: It's as brutal a thing as I ever heard of—for money, too. Look at his pockets!

MUSIC: *Sneaking in*

SHERIFF: Yaard'll pay for this—all right . . . (*Voices up—lynch him—string him up*) Come on, boys, let's get Will Yaard.

SOUND: *Voices trail in assent going down the road*

VOICE: That's what'll happen, Jennison. But that's not all. There'll be Hetty, Hetty Proal, too. Think what she'll say, when she hears . . .

MUSIC: *Out*

SOUND: *Knock on door—opening of door*

HETTY: Oh, hello, sheriff. Father isn't in.

SHERIFF: We ain't coming to see your father, Miss Hetty. Is Will Yaard around here?

HETTY: Why, yes, he's here—what are all those men doing here?

SHERIFF: Never mind them, Miss Hetty . . . Just tell Will to step out for a minute. We got some business with him.

HETTY *puzzled*: Of course, Sheriff . . . (*Off*) Will, oh, Will . . .

YAARD: Yeah, I'm coming.

YAARD *fading in*: Well, Sheriff, need a little help running the law?

SHERIFF *very stern*: I want to know when you last saw Jennison?

YAARD *puzzled*: Jennison?—Why, I saw Jennison last night down at Peter's store. We had a little poker party.

SHERIFF: That's all I wanted to know. Will Yaard—in the name of the law I arrest you for Jennison's murder!

HETTY *scream*: Murder! Jennison murdered! No—no! It can't be! (*Sobs*)

YAARD: Murder? (*Completely stunned*) Jennison murdered? Now, look here . . .

SHERIFF: Never mind the bluff, Will. Jennison was found in the pond this morning—shot and sunk with a bag of stones. This is your grain bag, ain't it?

YAARD: Yeah.

SHERIFF: And here's your 44 we found under the bushes. You must have needed money bad to do a thing like that.

YAARD: I tell you—I didn't—I didn't do it! I can explain the bag and the gun—I gave them to Jennison—I did meet him on the road . . .

HETTY *horrified*: A murderer! You, Will Yaard, a murderer.

YAARD: Hetty, you must believe me—I didn't do it!

HETTY: And Jennison—so sweet—and so kind . . . (*Voice breaks*) It can't be true, Will, I hate you—I hate you! I hate you! (*Sobbing—fade out on her sobbing*) into . . .

MUSIC: *Bridge—continuing for BG*

VOICE *exalted—half whisper—ghostlike*: That's it, Jennison—that's the way it will be—Will Yaard—hanged for murder—and Hetty—thinking of you—missing you! Well, the time's come, Jennison, you ready?

JENNISON: Yes, I'm ready. Just tie this bag around my waist—it's heavy—it'll break the thin ice. Now the gun . . . funny I couldn't pull the trigger on Will . . . (*Pause*)

VOICE: You've planned everything, Jennison. It's just right. Now—go on, pull it.

JENNISON: I can pull it now—I can! No—not the heart—that would be too fast—and I have to get to the water hole . . . after . . . No—here—the chest . . . (*Muffled gun shot—Jennison lets out short cry*) It—it didn't hurt—much . . . Now—the gun—in the bushes . . . (*Crackle of gun as it lands on bushes*) And now—while I can . . . (*Dragging bag of stones over ice*) the hole—I must—I must make the hole. But these stones—they're heavy—they're holding me back.

JENNISON *mind wandering*: It seems so far—so far. I didn't know it was so far.

VOICE *urging*: Jennison—don't give up—keep going—keep going—think what would happen if you give way now!

JENNISON: Yes—but I can't see—I can't see . . . (*Alarmed*) Maybe I've missed it!

VOICE: No—it's just ahead—you're getting there. Go on . . . (*Almost whisper*) Go on! You're almost there.

JENNISON: Yes—yes . . . (*Ice begins to crack*) I'm making it . . . There's the hole . . . (*More cracks—laughs again*) No . . . Will . . . I'm . . . blasted—if you—marry—Hetty . . . yer luck's changed!

SOUND: *Crash of ice—fading into bubbles* (*Dead pause*)

SOUND: *Will's singing fades in, picked up by music which now in major theme—remains for BG*

YAARD *suddenly struck by thought*: Fox huntin'—at this hour? Blue fox—shoot 'em in the eye. It sounds fishy to me—he's such a queer bird. I wonder . . . (*Starts to call*) Oh, Jen . . . (*Stops*) Oh, let him be—the poor gutless fool . . . with his "luck"—and "no luck" . . .

SOUND: *Sings—sleigh bells in—brisk trot of single horse*

JUDGE *off*. Hello, Will!

YAARD *calling*: Oh, it's you, Judge Proal. What you doing running people down at this time of the morning?

SOUND: *Sleigh in and to a stop*

JUDGE: I just got in on the five fifty eight—and I'm going home. Jump in—and I'll give you a lift.

YAARD: Thanks, I could use one.

JUDGE: Hullo—who's that going down the hill? Looks like Jennison!

YAARD: Yeah—we came back from Peter's together.

JUDGE: What on earth is he doing at this time of morning going down to the pond with that grain bag?

YAARD: Oh, he thinks he's got a blue fox down there in his trap. Blue one, he thinks, maybe. He just borrowed one of my bags—and my old 44 to get it. Ever hear of shooting a blue fox through the eye?

JUDGE: Not unless you're a darned good shot. Is that what he's going to do?

YAARD: That's what he said. Went off muttering to himself. Queer bird, isn't he?

JUDGE: I can't stand him for a cent—too creepy. Here, jump in, will you—and let's get out of here before he changes his mind and comes back. Two's a company—three's a crowd. Can't stand him—neither can Hetty.

YAARD *yawns*: I don't wonder. Whew—I'm tired.

JUDGE *jovially*: Well, let's go. (*Clucks to horse—bells and hoofs in*) You're pretty lucky, Will, you'd been on the road a long time this cold morning, if I hadn't just happened along. You're in luck.

YAARD *cheerfully*: Well—I don't know about the luck—but I'm grateful for the lift.

SOUND: *Horse's hoof and sleigh bells fade*

MUSIC: *In to finish*

THE PUSSYCAT AND THE EXPERT PLUMBER WHO WAS A MAN

A FANTASY

By ARTHUR MILLER

*(A Columbia Workshop play, broadcast over the Columbia
Broadcasting System)*

SOUND: *Clock being wound*

GEORGE *timid voice*: Shouldn't have stayed up so late, Adele.

ADELE *sleepily*: Did you lock the door?
GEORGE: Oh, leave it open tonight. It's stuffy.

ADELE: Turn out the light.

SOUND: *Light switch—bed creaking as man gets in*

GEORGE: Ahhh. 'Night.

ADELE: 'Night.

SOUND: *A sigh—then their breathing—hold*

VOICE *trifle high pitched—peculiar—small*:
George (Pause *breathing*) Mr. Becker . . .

GEORGE *softly*: Adele . . . 'Del!

ADELE: What's the matter now?

GEORGE: Did you hear someone calling my name?

ADELE: Oh, go to sleep.

GEORGE: But really, I . . .

VOICE: It's me, Mr. Becker.

ADELE *frightened*: Who's in the room?

VOICE: It's only me, Mr. Thomas.

GEORGE: Thomas? Who . . .

ADELE: Turn on the light.

SOUND: *Light switch (Pause)*

GEORGE: Why, nobody's here.

ADELE: Push the cat off the bed.

VOICE: Please don't.

GEORGE: There, again.

ADELE: Go down and call the police.

VOICE: You'd better not.

ADELE *loud*: There's someone in the room and we can't see him.

VOICE: But you're looking straight at me, Adele.

GEORGE: Del . . . don't talk. Close your eyes.

ADELE: Why?

GEORGE: Close them. All right?

ADELE: Yes . . .

GEORGE: Mr. Thomas, ah . . . would you walk toward me, just come this way?

VOICE: Certainly. (Pause)

GEORGE: Del! Del! . . . it's the cat . . . the cat can talk.

ADELE *Screams*:

GEORGE *as Adele sobs in a terrified scream*:

Oh, Father in Heaven, forgive our sins, we didn't mean anything, we'll be good, whatever we did wrong we'll do right.

TOM: Oh, come now. Really, it's not that bad.

GEORGE: Who . . . Who are you? I mean . . .

TOM: I'm Mr. Thomas.

GEORGE: But we don't know any Mr. Thomas. I never . . .

TOM: All right then. My name is Tom. Tom, Tom the cat. Now, are you satisfied?

GEORGE: But whose spirit is in you?

TOM: What spirit? Don't you give me credit for learning how to talk?

GEORGE *frightened*: Yeh, sure . . . but after all.

TOM: Now look, Mr. and Mrs. Becker. Calm yourselves, and let's talk sense—and stop kicking your feet around, you're pushing me off the bed.

GEORGE *softly*: Look how his whiskers move.

TOM: One doesn't whisper in company, Mr. Becker.

GEORGE: Oh, pardon me.

TOM: It's hard enough for me, so let's not make it any harder.

ADELE: But how did you learn?

TOM: I'll explain everything. Will you shade that bulb, please? It's hard seeing you. Thanks. It's like this. You took me in, I was a kitten. Well, it wasn't long before I discovered that I was pretty smart. Follow me?

GEORGE: Ah . . . Yeh, yeh, I follow.

TOM: Now will you stop watching my whiskers, George, you make me nervous. Well, as I was saying, I discovered I was smarter than most cats. At the age of nine months I began setting traps for mice.

GEORGE: Where did you get traps?

TOM: Made 'em.

GEORGE: Oh.

TOM: Anyway, last year, I began watching you people talk and I got a feeling it might be worth my while to pick up the lingo, so to speak. So I did.

ADELE: But how?

TOM: What do you mean, how? What do you think a cat is, an idiot?

ADELE: I'm sorry.

TOM: Just keep it in mind, please. But being able to talk English wasn't much good because . . . well there was nobody to talk to. People ran like mad when I addressed them and the cats, of course, only understand cat language.

GEORGE: You don't mean cats talk to each other.

TOM: Cats, Mr. Becker, speak much more beautifully than men do. You'll never find a cat walking down a street saying to every one he meets, "Hot enough for you?" or "It ain't the heat, it's the humidity." No, a cat only talks when he's got something important to say, and he says it in one word. Things like: "Love me, darling?" . . . meow? Or, "I'm hungry!" . . . meow. Or, "I'm hurt." Yow! Or, "gosh, I feel good." . . . prrr. Important things, get it?

GEORGE: Yeh, I get it. I get it. Tell me, what do you want with us?

TOM: I want your help. To carry out my plan I must have human aid.

GEORGE: What do you mean?

TOM: This. I am the only cat in America who can speak and understand and read the English language.

ADELE: You read.

TOM: I love to read—except the funnies. They frighten me.

GEORGE: What's this plan you mentioned?

TOM: It's the most daring idea in the history of the world.

GEORGE: You don't say.

TOM: Mr. Becker, I am going to be the mayor of this town.

GEORGE: You? A cat.

TOM: I, Mr. Tom Thomas. Everything is ready. All I need is a man who can write. I can't hold a pencil.

GEORGE: Now look here, Tom, that's going a little too far. I think . . .

TOM: I don't care what you think. You'll do as I say.

GEORGE: I won't stand for a cat ordering me around, Tom.

TOM: Mrs. Becker, would you like to know what was going on in this house while you were away in Chicago last summer?

GEORGE: Say now, Tom, you can't . . .

ADELE: What's this? What?

GEORGE: You keep your mouth shut, Tom.

TOM: That's better. Now here's my proposition. Practically every one of the finest families in town keeps a cat. I've taught those cats to read and understand English. But only I can speak because I'm so clever. Now they've been reporting to me for the past five months. I have enough on every big man in this town to make him do whatever I command.

GEORGE: That's blackmail!

TOM: I've been around, George. That's politics. So what you will do is buy a big ledger and enter the name, address, and private scandal of every person I give you.

GEORGE: But some people have no scandal to be ashamed of.

TOM: Then I make one up and spread it in the papers.

GEORGE: No editor would do such a thing!

TOM: The editor of the Gazette has two wives.

ADELE: Mr. Stevens, George!

TOM: Right. He'll be in the palm of my hand.

GEORGE: Oh, Lord!

TOM: Don't interrupt. Election for mayor is two weeks off. I've got the goods on both candidates so they'll campaign for me . . .

THE PUSSYCAT AND THE EXPERT PLUMBER WHO WAS A MAN

A FANTASY

By ARTHUR MILLER

(*A Columbia Workshop play, broadcast over the Columbia
Broadcasting System*)

SOUND: *Clock being wound*

GEORGE *timid voice*: Shouldn't have stayed up so late, Adele.

ADELE *sleepily*: Did you lock the door?

GEORGE: Oh, leave it open tonight. It's stuffy.

ADELE: Turn out the light.

SOUND: *Light switch—bed creaking as man gets in*

GEORGE: Ahhh. 'Night.

ADELE: 'Night.

SOUND: *A sigh—then their breathing—hold*

VOICE *trifle high pitched—peculiar—small*: George (Pause breathing) Mr. Becker . . .

GEORGE *softly*: Adele . . . 'Del!

ADELE: What's the matter now?

GEORGE: Did you hear someone calling my name?

ADELE: Oh, go to sleep.

GEORGE: But really, I . . .

VOICE: It's me, Mr. Becker.

ADELE *frightened*: Who's in the room?

VOICE: It's only me, Mr. Thomas.

GEORGE: Thomas? Who . . .

ADELE: Turn on the light.

SOUND: *Light switch (Pause)*

GEORGE: Why, nobody's here.

ADELE: Push the cat off the bed.

VOICE: Please don't.

GEORGE: There, again.

ADELE: Go down and call the police.

VOICE: You'd better not.

ADELE *loud*: There's someone in the room and we can't see him.

VOICE: But you're looking straight at me, Adele.

GEORGE: Del . . . don't talk. Close your eyes.

ADELE: Why?

GEORGE: Close them. All right?

ADELE: Yes . . .

GEORGE: Mr. Thomas, ah . . . would you walk toward me, just come this way?

VOICE: Certainly. (Pause)

GEORGE: Del! Del! . . . it's the cat . . . the cat can talk.

ADELE *Screams*:

GEORGE *as Adele sobs in a terrified scream*:

Oh, Father in Heaven, forgive our sins, we didn't mean anything, we'll be good, whatever we did wrong we'll do right.

TOM: Oh, come now. Really, it's not that bad.

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TOM: The editor of the Gazette has two wives.

ADELE: Mr. Stevens, George!

TOM: Right. He'll be in the palm of my hand.

GEORGE: Oh, Lord!

TOM: Don't interrupt. Election for mayor is two weeks off. I've got the goods on both candidates so they'll campaign for me . . .

GEORGE: But will people vote for a cat, Tom?

TOM: Leave that strictly to me, George. Are you with me? Will you keep my books?

GEORGE: Well I—I don't know, I . . .

TOM: I can ruin your business in ten days. You take opium.

GEORGE: I take . . .

ADELE: But it's not so!

TOM: What do you say, George? I'm not kidding.

ADELE *sobs*: Oh, George . . .

GEORGE: All right. I'll buy a ledger tomorrow.

TOM: Put it there, George old boy.

GEORGE: Where?

TOM: Shake hands, I won't scratch. There! And now I must be off. I'm going to dictate a speech to the mayor in which he will explain to the voters why he recommends me for office. The mayor, you see, has evaded his income tax three years hand running and I have all the documents socked away in a milk bottle. Good night, see you in the morning.

GEORGE: Good night.

TOM: And, George, please don't water my milk from now on. I'm going to need all my strength. Bye-Bye!

Music: Jaunty—cattish—gay which lowers and fades into . . .

JOHN: Now pull out of it, your honor, you're falling to pieces.

MAYOR: Take him away! Good Lord, a talking cat!

JOHN: But your honor . . .

MAYOR: No, no, I won't believe it! Get him off my desk!

TOM: Your honor, if you won't hear me I'll just have to tell the authorities! I did not come here to be . . .

MAYOR: Authorities! But I'm the mayor, young man, I mean ca . . . that is . . .

TOM: Thomas is the name. Tom Thomas. And I was referring to the Federal authorities, namely the Income Tax Bureau.

MAYOR: What's this? What's this?

TOM: I have the papers to prove you've evaded taxes, cashed in on city construction, grafted in liquor, shielded murderers . . .

MAYOR: Say, how do you know all this?

TOM: Mayor, I know more about you than you do. I've read every letter you've written or received in the past

four months, gotten reports on every 'phone call. I have enough on you to send you up for six hundred years, and if you don't believe me look in your safe for your bankbook.

MAYOR: *Silent*

TOM: Go on, look.

MAYOR: It's been missing for a week. What do you want?

TOM: I am going to be mayor of this city.

MAYOR: You . . . that is . . . mayor.

TOM: You swing your machine behind me and withdraw your support from Wilcox. I've taken care of the opposition candidate. He has insanity in his family and he's decided not to run.

MAYOR: Well . . . so you have . . . mhm . . . well . . . grab him, John!

JOHN: Ha! Got him!

TOM: Yowwww!

MAYOR: Now you little devil, you Beelzebub, we'll see who'll be mayor! Drown him!

TOM: Let me go, you fool! Yowwww!

MAYOR: Take him to the river, John, and hold him under till he busts!

TOM: Wait (*Coughs*) Hey, you're choking me! Mayor, for your own sake let me talk!

MAYOR: For my sake!

TOM: You can drown me, but the minute I'm dead all your private papers will be dragged along Main Street by every cat in Billington! My organization stands ready for revenge!

MAYOR: What organization!

TOM: I have a full-grown cat in every third house in this city. Your chief of police alone keeps three of my operatives in his office—two brown and one white.

MAYOR: You mean?

TOM: I mean that if I'm killed you're up the creek and that goes for every politician in town!

MAYOR: Unloose him, John.

TOM: And let go of my tail. Well, your honor? Who's the new mayor of Billington?

MAYOR: Thomas, my honest opinion is that the people of Billington will not vote for a cat. Your appearance is against you.

TOM: But they won't vote for a cat, they'll vote for a name . . . Tom Thomas, and with the papers on my side by the time the people go to the

polls they won't know what they're voting for. No photographs, no personal appearances, just the name and anything you want to say about it. I'll be the publicity-hating crusader, the unseen marvel. I say it can be done and you'd better see that it is done!

MAYOR: I've gotta have time to think . . .

TOM: Fine, then it's settled! Let's seal it with a drink, eh?

MAYOR: All right . . . you win. Make mine a long scotch, John.

JOHN: Yes, sir. And you, Mr. Thomas?

TOM: Oh . . . I'll have a heavy cream.

MUSIC: *Crash of music—victorious but still catrish—blending into the sound of a car driving on a road—turning onto gravel—then stopping*

ATTENDANT: Regular or special

CUSTOMER: Five regular.

ATTENDANT: Right.

SOUND: *Pumping of gasoline*

CUSTOMER: Voting for Tom Thomas?

ATTENDANT: Might as well. Nobody else running.

CUSTOMER: Seems like a fine man according to the papers.

ATTENDANT: Guess so.

CUSTOMER: Funny though how nobody ever heard of him before.

ATTENDANT: Lots of good people nobody ever heard of. Well, there's your gas.

CUSTOMER: Here you are.

ATTENDANT: Thanks.

CUSTOMER: Sure would enjoy seeing what Thomas looks like before I vote.

ATTENDANT *laughing*: Looks like a man, I guess.

CUSTOMER *laughing*: True. Well, see you again.

SOUND: *Motor and car over gravel—then becomes a hair dryer—blower*

WOMAN: Say, Sally, you've got that dryer on too hot! It's burning my scalp!

SALLY: There, how's that?

WOMAN: Oh, that's fine. Look at the Gazette, will you? That Thomas is certainly a wonderful man.

SALLY: He'd get my vote even if there was another man running.

WOMAN: You know, they say he's got a lovely tenor voice.

SALLY: Where'd you hear that?

WOMAN: Why, read your papers, dear. That man will put this town on the map, I bet. Anyway, he must be wonderful to look at—blond and tall and all that.

SALLY: Wonder why he doesn't let anybody see him though?

WOMAN: But he does. The mayor's seen him, and besides, why shouldn't he stay at home? I think he's very modest, and besides, people will vote for him just to see what he looks like, and besides, a man has a right to his privacy, and besides . . . (*Fade*)

MUSIC: *Becoming the hissing of a pressing machine*

YOUNG MAN: Hurry with that suit, Joe, I gotta beat it.

JOE: Let me send it.

YOUNG MAN: No, I need it right away, gotta get over to city hall. The new mayor's gonna shake hands with some of the boys.

JOE: So for that you need a new suit pressed?

YOUNG MAN: What do you mean, you mean, you know who Thomas is? Why he was an air ace in the Lafayette Escadrille in the last war. Shot down forty-seven planes in six hours.

JOE: Who said?

YOUNG MAN: Read up, Joe, read up! Hey, my pants are burning!

MUSIC: *Up—then lower—then telephone bell*

GEORGE: George Beeker speaking.

MAYOR *through telephone*: This is the mayor. Give me the cat. Hurry.

GEORGE: Tom. Want to jump up here and take it? The mayor.

SOUND: *Thump of cat landing on table*

TOM: Hold that receiver a little higher, George. Hello?

MAYOR: Thomas?

TOM: Yes?

MAYOR: The votes, Thomas.

TOM: What about the votes?

MAYOR: They have just finished counting them, Thomas.

TOM: Well? So?

MAYOR: You have just been elected mayor of Billington.

TOM: That's very nice, Johnson. But why is your voice shaking?

MAYOR: Because, Tom, old boy, there happens to be five hundred people surging outside my door demanding to see the new mayor. Now what do I do, tell them he's out chasing mice?

TOM: Don't be so sassy, I'll be right over.

MAYOR: Yeh? And how'll you get in? They've packed the hallways!

TOM: There's a tree next to your window, isn't there?

MAYOR: So what?

TOM: So I'll be right up!

MAYOR: But you're the mayor now, Tom, a mayor doesn't come into city hall by a tree! And anyway they'll hang me if they see you! Enough is enough, Tom! Hello . . . Hello! Tom! Tom! Hello! . . . (Fade)

MUSIC: *Bridge*

JOHN: They're still pouring into the hallway, your honor.

MAYOR: Come down from that transom and get me an aspirin, John.

JOHN: I guess I shouldn't call you "Your honor" anymore, sir.

MAYOR: No, John, from now on address me as mud.

SOUND: *Scratching of nails on wood*

MAYOR: What's that?

SOUND: *Same*

JOHN: Scratching outside the door, sir.

MAYOR: Good Lord, it's the mayor. Open the door a wee bit.

SOUND: *Burst of crowd noise—shut out by closing door*

MAYOR: Ah, don't leap up at me so, Tom. I thought you were going to climb the tree.

TOM: Wanted to get a look at the crowd.

MAYOR: Well, I guess the joke's over, eh, feller?

TOM: Yes. We've got to be more serious from now on. There's a man named Billings out there. Seems to be the leader.

MAYOR: Sure, Dan Billings; been on the city board fourteen years, vice president of the bank, president of . . .

TOM: I want to see him.

MAYOR: What . . . But he'll see you're a cat, Tom!

TOM: Every so often certain people will be informed that I am a cat. This is one of those people. Bring me Billings, John.

JOHN: Uh . . . yes, sir.

MAYOR: But Tom, Billings is one of our first citizens, he'll have my head for this, he'll . . .

TOM: Open the door, John, and don't stare so.

SOUND: *Door opening admitting babble of crowd as . . .*

TOM: Get off that chair, Mayor—or Mr. Johnson, I'm sitting down.

JOHN *shouting over crowd*: His Honor wants to see Dan Billings!

TOM: Keep away from that window, Johnson, I don't want you falling out.

JOHN: Mr. Billings is coming through the crowd, your honor.

MAYOR *hushed*: If you talk to Billings I'll die!

TOM: Let him in, John.

SOUND: *Crowd noise is shut out by slamming door*

BILLINGS *well fed voice*: Well! It's about time a citizen got a look at his mayor. But where is Thomas? I thought he was in here.

TOM: How do you do, sir?

BILLINGS: How do you—who said that?

MAYOR: You see, Billings, I, ah . . .

TOM: Won't you sit down, sir?

BILLINGS: Why, certain . . . Who's talking in here?

MAYOR: Ah . . . the cat, Billings. The one in the chair.

BILLINGS: The cat!

MAYOR: Yes, Billings, this cat is Tom. Tom Thomas . . . ah . . . the mayor.

SOUND: *A body hitting the floor*

MAYOR: There, you see, Tom? He's fainted. Throw some water at him, John, the poor man has fainted.

MUSIC: *Comes up quickly and dies quickly*

TOM: So you see, Mr. Billings, I know all about your youthful career on the chain gang.

BILLINGS *pleading*: But I was so young, I . . .

TOM: Oh, I understand, old boy, we all make mistakes, but I'm sure you wouldn't care to have the public or perhaps your wife know that you . . .

BILLINGS: Oh no, no . . . What do you want? What?

TOM: The people—they respect you, don't they?

BILLINGS: This town was named for my great, great, great grandfather. I've been vice president of . . .

TOM: That's fine. Now go right out to that crowd and tell them that you've met Tom Thomas, that he's a fine fellow, etcetera, but that he's so darned shy he'd rather keep to himself for a while longer. Tell them I'm already up to my ears in official work and that I'm going to be the best mayor Billington ever had. Got it?

BILLINGS: Couldn't I just go home?

TOM: And when you're through, come back here and maybe we can arrange a

get your father admitted to the fife and drum corps of the fire department.

BILLINGS: How did you know he wanted to get on?

TOM: Oh, you'll find I know a lot of things, Daniel.

BILLINGS: You don't know what that would mean to Dad. He's . . .

TOM: Well, you just do your part and I'll do mine.

BILLINGS: I'll appreciate it, Tom . . . er . . . your honor.

TOM: Tom's good enough. 'Bye.

BILLINGS: Well . . . here goes.

SOUND: *Footsteps—door opening admitting crowd babble*

BILLINGS *over the crowd*: Citizens!

SOUND: *Crowd bushes*

BILLINGS: I have just seen Tom Thomas, and let me tell you that there is an individual Billington will be famous for.

TOM: Close the door, John.

BILLINGS: Why, do you know what he told me? He said, Dan, what this town needs is . . .

SOUND: *Door closing*

MAYOR: I would never have believed that in ten million years.

TOM: Johnson, we are going to talk. Heart to heart.

MAYOR: What about?

TOM: Take the ink-well and those books off the desk. I want room to walk around. Now listen. How would you like to be lieutenant governor of this state?

MAYOR: Now, Tom, Tom, you're starting something again, and I'm not quite up to it, I . . .

TOM: Johnson, I am going to be governor.

MAYOR: Now, Tom, no pussycat ever has been or ever will be governor of this state! It simply isn't done!

TOM: But you would like to be Lieutenant Governor.

MAYOR: Yes, I would, I would, but I don't see how you're going to . . .

TOM: Listen. Why am I Mayor of Billington?

MAYOR: You got me there, Tom, I . . .

TOM: Because practically every important man in town has something in his past of which he is so ashamed that he'd sell his soul to keep it covered.

MAYOR: What I can't figure out is why nobody every thought of this stunt before.

TOM: Because no prospective blackmailer has a clean enough record himself to dare do what I've done. And the only reason I succeeded is because I'm a cat with nothing to hide. Johnson, what I've done in Billington can be done in every city in this state.

MAYOR: How?

TOM: There are housecats in every city.

MAYOR: You mean?

TOM: I mean that you are going to buy two animal suitcases and meet me at the railroad station in half an hour. I'll bring two cats, my lieutenants. You'll carry one to Hillsboro, and the other to Brycetown. They will contact the housecats of the big shots in those towns, or the neighbors of the big shots. Then in ten days you pick them up and they'll bring me the goods. We'll keep sending out cats to every important town until we've got something on every politician and newspaper owner in the state. In six months I'll be ready, and with publicity going full-blast I'll have the voters in my pocket.

MAYOR: But will those out-of-town cats become spies for nothing, Tom?

TOM: Silly man. There is one thing cats and people will gladly do free of charge—and that's snoop. What do you say, ex-mayor Johnson?

MAYOR: Tom Thomas, the world is yours.

MUSIC: *Becoming the hissing of a locomotive standing at station*

CONDUCTOR *off mike*: Board! All aboard!

MAYOR *whisper*: Just drop them off in those towns, eh, Tom?

TOM *whisper*: That's all. They know the rest. Hurry!

MAYOR: 'Bye!

CONDUCTOR *off mike*: Board for Hillsboro, Brycetown, Makersville, Rostentown, Saul and Lantzbury!

SOUND: *Train starts—goes for a moment—then . . .*

TOM *over train noise*: Good work, Johnson! Now take two more to Greenville and Bentley!

SOUND: *Up on train—hold a moment—then lower again*

TOM *over train noise*: Fine, Johnson, now one to Greer, one to Bolton, one to Strongsville, and one to Price!

SOUND: *Up on train—hold—then lower again*

TOM: Excellent, Johnson, now take them to Cardsbury, Melton, Burnandale, Monroe, Henley, Elsworth . . .

SOUND: *Up on train which drowns him out and continues a moment then fades into the distance*

TOM: . . . so you see, gentlemen, I've got it on every one of you, so that's that. In short, I have called you here tonight because you run this state and it is you who will make me governor. Now what's the answer?

FAIRCHILD. Thomas, I . . . do you mind if I call you Tom?

TOM: Please do.

FAIRCHILD: It's true, Tom, that we run the state machine, true you've got every one of us cornered, but here's the hitch; the voters will simply not elect a governor they've never laid their eyes on!

TOM: The voters . . . !

VOICES: Right . . . never work . . . not a chance . . . etc.

TOM. But, Gentlemen, that's exactly why I will run away with the elections! What's the weakest plate in any candidate's armor? His record, right? If he's been too pro-labor the employers are afraid, if he's too pro-farmer the workers wonder, and so on down the line. But me, why I've got the ideal record, the perfect political past—none whatsoever. No actions to be sorry for, no foolish statements to regret, in fact, gentlemen, it is just because I am nothing to any man that I will be everything to all men. Make me what you like in the papers, I will be that, and why? . . . Because all I am is a piece of fur with some vital information and a future. Now what's the verdict? (Pause)

VOICES: *Talking among themselves—de-liberating—ad lib*

PETERS: F'ellush! I don't care what he shays, hic! That man on the table is a pussycat!

VOICES: That's all right, Peters, just sit down, that's better.

PETERS: But he ish! He said so himself!

VOICES: Sssh! Quiet, old boy . . . etc . . .

FAIRCHILD: Tom, we'll admit you're right.

TOM: I'm happy to hear that, Mr. Fairchild.

FAIRCHILD: For the sake of argument, let's assume a pussycat could become the

governor. But what then? If one man discovers you, if one man finds out the governor is a cat . . .

TOM: Now you've hit it, Fairchild, the secret of my success. I am a housecat not only by birth but by profession. All my friends are housecats, so I speak from experience. Gentlemen, I have seen life. Life in the bathtub, life in dark cellars, life in bedrooms and I've seen it from the bottom up and I tell you that under the threat of slander, of being publicly defamed, no man will dare tell a soul that Tom Thomas, Governor Thomas is a pussycat, should he make the discovery.

VOICE: But why not?

TOM: Because the one thing a man fears most next to death is the loss of his good name. Man is evil in his own eyes, my friends, worthless, and the only way he can find respect for himself is by getting other people to say he's a nice fellow. So be sure of it, the only man who'd expose me is one who really believes he's upright and clean, really in his secret heart, and such a man does not exist in this world.

VOICE: Boys, that cat is got a head on him.

VOICE: Say, Tom, couldn't we settle for \$50,000? I'm getting dizzy.

TOM: I will be governor, Mr. Wynne.

VOICE: Well, Fairchild, it's up to you. If his cats start dragging our skeletons into the streets we're in the soup.

VOICE: What'll it be, Fairchild?

FAIRCHILD: Don't be so sad, boys. We are going to nominate him at the convention next week, we are going to elect him in November, and it's my guess that Tom Thomas is going to be the smartest governor this state ever had!

MUSIC: *A sudden chord—light—drunken—hold as . . .*

PETERS picks " . . . state ever had!" right up with the chord: O.K.! . . . Hic! . . . Maybe we will nominate him. Maybe we'll elect him, too! But I been watchin' him for two and a half hoursh, and I shay that a man might sit on a table like that; a man might smell like that, and a man might even move his ears around like that—but by George, there ain't a man born who ever had such a long tail! . . . that feller is a pushycat!

MUSIC: *"There'll Be A Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight"—played by the usual convention brass band—accom-*

panied by shouting of the crowd, etc.—then whole thing is lowered and over it is heard the sound of a hammer hitting on a lead pipe—the music now comes as though from a few floors below

SAM. They sure are whoopin' it up for Tom Thomas in the auditorium downstairs. *(The hammering continues)*

JOEY *boyish*: Yeh, he better show his face tonight . . .

SOUND: *Door pushed open*

MANAGER: Hey! Hey! Cut that noise. The guests in the next room're complaining!

SAM: You want the sink fixed I gotta make noise. Tell the guests to go for a walk.

MANAGER: Now you lay off. That's Tom Thomas in there with the state bigshots. I don't want anymore of it.

SOUND: *Door closing*

SAM: Tom Thomas . . . in the next room!

JOEY: What do we do now, Sam?

SAM: Tom . . . heh? Here's a dime. Go get yourself a soda.

JOEY: Oh, swell.

SOUND: *Door opening*

SAM: And don't hurry back!

SOUND: *Door shutting*

SAM *to himself*: The next room! Gosh, I wonder what he really looks like . . . Boy, I bet he's a big guy with . . . this window . . . I bet I could walk right along that ledge and . . . and look right in on him . . . let's see . . .

SOUND: *Window sliding up*

SAM: What a snap . . . why not!

SOUND: *He climbs the sill*

SAM: Now if I can innnnnch aloooooong . . . gee, it's high . . . just to that window . . .

VOICES: *Undistinguishable voices of several men in conference coming through the window*

SAM: There . . . sits . . . the biggest shots in the state, and what a view!

SAM *on mike—to himself*: I wonder which one is Tom Thomas . . . That fat one . . . No, he's too fat. The one walking around, I bet . . . funny, that cat sitting right on the table . . .

1ST VOICE *off mike*: Nominate tonight, eh, Fairchild?

FAIRCHILD: That depends on the southern counties.

2ND VOICE: We got all but three.

3RD VOICE: Let Fairchild settle this.

4TH VOICE: Now don't be too sure about those Southern counties . . .

5TH VOICE: Well, I think Tom ought to settle it.

SAM *to himself*: Now!

6TH VOICE: Yes, Mr. Thomas, what's your opinion?

SAM. Gosh, they don't seem to be looking at anybody!

FAIRCHILD: Well, Tom? What will it be? Nominate tomorrow morning?

TOM: You see, Mr. Fairchild, my only objection to tomorrow is that I'm afraid a lot of the delegates won't be rounded up and then we'll have to wait another day. So I'd prefer tonight.

SAM: That cat . . . I'm going nuts . . . That cat is talking! They're shaking his paw! *(Loud)* Holy Smoke!

VOICES IN THE ROOM: Who's that . . . hey . . . *(Ad lib shock)* . . . Grab him! Get him in here . . . *(Ad lib)* . . . Stand up you! What were you doing out there!

SAM: That cat . . .

VOICE: That cat is none of your business!

SAM: That cat is Tom Thomas! He can talk words!

FAIRCHILD: You're crazy! I'll have you . . .

SAM: Now don't tell me! I heard him talk and you called him Tom Thomas!

FAIRCHILD *amid hubbub*: You say that again and I'll have you put . . .

TOM: Gentlemen!

SAM: There, he talked!

FAIRCHILD: But Tom . . .

TOM: I'll handle him, Fairchild. Young man, what do you want?

SAM: Want?

TOM: Yes, everybody wants something, what do you want?

SAM: Well, right now I want everybody to know Tom Thomas is a cat, that's what!

TOM: Why must anyone know?

SAM: Why? You're a cat, mister! . . . As sure as my name is Sam!

TOM: But that's fairly obvious.

SAM: But . . . well, the governor is not supposed to be a cat!

TOM: As far as the people know, I'm a man though, and if I can govern well' what difference will a few hairs make?

SAM: Listen, there's a little more between you and being a man than a few hairs.

TOM: Is there? What? I can do everything you can except write, and if my nails grow a little longer maybe I'll

do that, too. Anyway, lots of men can't write.

SAM: But a man is different.

TOM: Just how?

SAM: Well a man is got . . . he's got ideals. Has a cat got ideals?

TOM: Certainly. My ideal, for instance, is to become the most powerful individual in this state. You're all wet, Sam, there's no difference between a cat and a man. So why expose me? I'll give you \$25,000 to keep your mouth shut.

SAM: But there is a difference, there must be!

TOM: You'll have to get rid of your superior attitude, Sam. You can do nothing that I can't do.

SAM: Yeh? Can you fix a leaky pipe?

TOM: No, but can you catch a mouse with your teeth—no hands?

SAM: All right, can you build a house?

TOM: All right, can your wife bear eight children at once without batting an eye? Drop it, Sam, we'll come out tied. Now look here, you won't be bribed, but if you open your mouth about this to a soul, your reputation isn't worth a tin dime. I'll smear you like mud and I can do it!

SAM: Look. What would a cat do in my place?

TOM: Same as a man. He'd take the money and buy a house in the country.

SAM: And you're the same as me, right?

TOM: Right.

SAM: You really believe that?

TOM: I am what I am because men are like cats.

SAM: O.K., do you believe it is enough to come into the convention hall under my arm?

TOM: Certainly.

VOICES: What? Tom, you can't do that . . . etc . . .

TOM: But don't forget, Sam, you won't ever again be able to walk out of your house in daylight. You'll be ashamed to show your face . . .

SAM: That's O.K. I'll carry you.

VOICES: Now, Tom, you're not going with him! etc . . .

TOM: People will despise you, Sam, I'll see to it. You'll be alone in the world with your evil heart!

SAM: I don't think so.

VOICES: Don't go, Tom! etc . . .

TOM: Sam, I offer you \$40,000 to keep shut!

SAM: Listen, Tom Thomas, and the rest of you, too. A pussycat might think he's a man because he got to be mayor, he might think he's a man because he's almost governor. But there's one thing that shows he ain't a man, and that's the same thing that'll keep my head up if nobody in the world'll say a civil word to me till the day I die—no pussycat could ever become an expert plumber, and that's the difference between you and me! Let's go!

FAIRCHILD: Oh, no, you don't.

TOM: Out of the way, Fairchild, I want to test my theory once and for all.

FAIRCHILD: But if he tells the convention!

TOM: Then that's the end of my career. But he won't, and then, gentlemen, on to the Presidency!

FAIRCHILD: But what about us? If he tells we're finished!

TOM: Well, Fairchild, if one cat is discovered in public office you can't expect the others to go off scott free. Let us through, Puss, and don't worry, Sam, the plumber, will regret the night he climbed out the window of the Victoria Hotel!

MUSIC: "*Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight*"—out short

SPEAKER off mike in a ball: Ladies and gentlemen! We will now start the first ballot for governor! The delegate from the county of Atcheson!

DELEGATE: County Atcheson casts three votes for Tom Thomas!

CROWD: Cheers

SAM on mike: Let me through there!

VOICE: You got your nerve!

SPEAKER: County Barton!

SAM: Let me pass, thanks.

DELEGATE: County Barton casts four votes for Tom Thomas!

TOM hushed: I'll make it \$50,000! Sam, fifty thousand!

SAM: Pardon me, I'm going up on the platform, thank you.

SPEAKER: The delegate from Carroway County!

SAM: Say, Mister Speaker.

DELEGATE: Carroway County votes two for Jack Halsey!

SPEAKER: What do you want? Who are you?

SAM: I got something to tell the delegates about Tom Thomas. It's something terrific.

SPEAKER: Are you for or against?

SAM: Oh, I'm for, all right.

SPEAKER: Go ahead, but keep that cat out of the microphones.

SAM: Ladies and gentlemen, I . . . I am a plumber . . .

CROWD: *Laughs—applauds*

SAM: I guess most of you are for Tom Thomas, and . . .

CROWD: *Cheers*

SAM: Well tonight I was fixing a pipe in the room next to the one where the party heads were conferring with Thomas. And I thought you'd like to see who you're voting for so I brought him here!

CROWD: *Cheers*

SAM: The great Tom Thomas, the aviator, the tall, blond publicity-hating crusader, the unseen mystery marvel is none other than this cat in my hands!

CROWD: *Uproar of laughter*

SAM: I tell you he can talk! He's got you all buffaloed!

CROWD: *Roars Laughing*

SAM: O.K.! Tom, stand on this table. Now—confess! Talk!

(*Pause*)

TOM: Meow!

CROWD: *Roars*

SAM: Tom, I've done what no cat would do, now you have the courage of your convictions. Talk!

TOM: Yeow!

CROWD: *Roars*

SAM: Just a few words, Tom, for the audience, the delegates!

TOM: Meeooooowww!

CROWD: *Bigger laughing*

SAM: O.K., you fourflusher, now!

TOM: *Screech*

SPEAKER: *Hey! Don't twist his tail!*

VOICES: He's crazy! Stop him! etc.

SAM: Talk, Tom, or I'll . . .

TOM: Owwww . . . All right!

SAM: There!

WOMAN: *Screams*

VOICE: Help that woman, she's fainted!

SAM: Talk into the microphone, Tom, I got your tail!

TOM: Ladies and Gentlemen. I am Tom Thomas. (*Hush in the hall*) I am a talking cat. Now I beg you not to let this unfortunate incident alter your votes. Because I have not changed. I am still as much Tom Thomas as I was before. And although I may not be good enough to govern expert plumbers I assure you that as for the

rest of the population you couldn't make a wiser choice. For, after all . . .

VOICE: How dare you! Grab him!

CROWD: *Roars*

VOICE: He's under the table!

VOICE: No, that way!

VOICE: There he is, heading for the window!

VOICE: What a leap! He's out!

VOICE: After him!

VOICE: Come on, get that cat!

SOUND: *Complete uproar taken up by music—hold—then fade into the panting of Tom*

GEORGE: Take it easy, Tom, you're home now.

TOM: My thoughts are still racing, George.

GEORGE: You think too much, Tom. A cat must be . . . calm.

TOM: You know what, George? I found the difference between a man and a cat.

GEORGE: Since you started talking English that's worried me.

TOM: The difference, George, if you want to know, is that a cat will do anything, the worst things, to fill his stomach, but a man . . . a man will actually prefer to stay poor because of an ideal. That's why I could never be president; because some men are not like cats. Because some men, some useful men, like expert plumbers, are so proud of their usefulness that they don't need the respect of their neighbors and so they aren't afraid to speak the truth.

GEORGE: Maybe you're right. But what are you going to do now?

TOM: I hate to get back into the rut, George.

GEORGE: I know, Tom, but the house is running with mice since you left.

TOM: Ahh, mice. What kind of a life is that for me? So I catch a mouse. So what? That's a rut, George. And anyway, I'm too sad to put my mind to it now. What've you got for me to read? Something tragic—as tragic as I am.

GEORGE: Well, look on the shelf. There's *Puss in Boots* . . .

TOM: That's kid stuff. Here . . . here it is . . . *Paradise Lost*. And here's another . . . *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

GEORGE: Tom, you've got to get used to being a cat again. You've got to stop talking.

TOM: Yeh, George, there's no use pretending, I guess.

GEORGE: Come now, let's hear you meow! Come on!

TOM *uninterestedly*: Oh . . . meow.

GEORGE: What kind of a meow is that? Give it!

TOM *a little more energy*: Meoww. Oh, I can't, George.

GEORGE: But try, put your heart into it! Come on!

TOM *better*: Meeoow!

GEORGE: Attaboy! Now like the old days, Tom . . . a good one . . . Like on the back fence, you remember? . . . With that light tan babe?

TOM: Meeecooowwwwwwwww!!!! . . .
(*To a fade*)

RED HEAD BAKER

A DRAMA

By ALBERT MALTZ

(A Columbia Workshop Play, broadcast over the Columbia
Broadcasting System)

CUE: *Music full then down behind*

SOUND: *Pound of a gavel*

COURT CLERK (*echo in*): The court will
rise for His Honor, the Judge.

(*Noise of people rising*) Be seated!
(*Noise of people sitting—cough—rap
of the gavel*) Case of Joseph Timko.

JUDGE (*Gently*): Step up, son; stand in
front of me.

WOMAN (*Polish accent—with a cry*): I
wan' come, too.

CLERK: Sit down there. Quiet!

JUDGE (*echo out*): No, let her come up,
Mr. Coss. That's the boy's mother.

SOUND: *Quick footsteps*

WOMAN: Judge, what you gone do?
You no gone send him prison, hah,
Judge?

JUDGE: Mrs. Timko, you asked me to wait
in deciding this case and I did wait.
I've made a more extensive investiga-
tion than usual. But the fact remains
that this is the third time your boy has
been before this court . . . twice for
non-attendance at school, this last time
for stealing candy from a push cart.
My investigators have talked with his
teachers and I've seen the Priest of
your Parish. It seems to me, I have no
choice except to commit him to a Re-
form School.

WOMAN *with passionate cry*: You gone
send him prison, Judge?

JUDGE: No, not to a prison, to a reform
school.

WOMAN: No do, Judge, no do! He come
back bad boy! He no bad boy now, he
good boy. I gone watch him. He go
school now.

JUDGE: You said that both other times,
Mrs. Timko.

WOMAN: Please, Judge! He poor boy.
No got fadder. No brudder, no sister.
Only me. All day I work. Work in
fac'try. No one can watch him. I good
woman. No take Joseph. Please, Judge,
no take my Joseph.

JUDGE: I'm sorry, Mrs. Timko. I must
send him away.

WOMAN: Why you must? (*sobs*) Please,
please, no send him prison.

JUDGE: If you go in that door, you can
say good-bye to him.

SOUND: *Ad lib from crowd*

WOMAN *sobbing hysterically*: Oh, no, no,
no, don't do, Judge, please don't do,
no do, Judge . . .

CLERK: You'll have to leave the court
now, lady; go in there.

JUDGE *crying out*: Wait a minute, Mr.
Coss. Declare a recess for a few min-
utes. And bring Mrs. Timko to my
chambers, please.

CLERK: Court will rise. There will be a
ten minute recess.

SOUND *Noise of court rising*

COLLINS *sotto voce*: Well, John, how did
you like that little business?

JOHN: I'm almost sorry you brought me
here, Collins. That poor woman broke
my heart.

COLLINS: Yes, and any day here it's the
same story.

JOHN: I'm glad I'm not that judge.
Sentencing kids to a Reform School
can't be much fun.

COLLINS: Not if you know what Reform
Schools are like, John, and the Judge
knows.

JOHN *shrugging it off*: Well, what can
you do?

COLLINS: Oh, there's plenty to do—there's no need for this sort of thing.

JOHN: But, Collins, if a kid won't go to school, if he . . .

COLLINS: Yes, I know—but why won't he go to school? And whose fault is it really when he won't? Listen, John, let me tell you something about a boy I know. He was on his way to a Reform School too. An average sort of kid who couldn't hit it off with his studies. One day, when he was about fourteen, things came to a head. He was in school—and the teacher . . . *(fade out)*

SMILEY *fade in (dry voice—tired—slightly acid)*: . . . and children, I must insist again that whether you enjoy studying or not, it's got to be done. Those who fail in the classroom are all too likely to fail in the world, and your report cards tell the story. Come up for your cards as I call your names . . . Helen Aarons.

SOUND: *Children walking up to get their cards*

SMILEY: Your mother's not going to like that C in deportment, Helen.

SOUND: *Titters from the other students*

SMILEY: Quiet! . . . Arnold Abedian . . . Georgia Abbott . . . Well, it doesn't look as though you spent much time on your Shakespeare, Georgia. *(Titters from the other students)* Will you children stop acting like a bunch of five year olds, or do I have to keep you all after school? . . . Samuel Antheil . . . Helen Apperson . . . Helen, come up here! Look at her, everybody! Helen's at the head of the class again this month. A or A plus in every subject. Very, very good, Helen.

HELEN *simperingly*: Thank you, Miss Smiley.

A VOICE *sotto voce—in mockery*: Thank you, Miss Smiley. *(A Bronx cheer)*

SOUND: *Class roars*

SMILEY: Who did that? Who was it? Raymond Baker, was that you?

RAY: No, M'am.

SMILEY: Sure?

RAY: Yes, M'am.

SMILEY: Hm! I hope not . . . Wait till we come to your report card . . . Nicholas Arrieto . . . Lee Arlas . . . That's a good card, Lee . . . Hugh Bailey . . . Room for improvement, Hugh . . . Raymond Baker . . . Well! Professor Baker!

(Class titters) All I can say, Raymond, is that this report card demands framing. *(Laughter from the class)* Now really, Raymond, it isn't as though all this work was new to you the way it is to Helen Apperson, say, or to Hugh Bailey. After all you were here last term, too. Or don't you remember that? *(Class laughs)* History, C minus; Mathematics D; English C; Deportment F; Science B plus . . . how did you accomplish that B plus, Ray? A little copying, perhaps? *(Reaction)* Drawing C plus . . . For goodness sake, boy, don't you ever want to graduate?

RAY *casually*: I like it here.

SOUND: *Class roars*

A BOY: Left-back Baker, the football player.

RAY *sotto voce*: I'm gonna knock your block off, mud-face.

SMILEY: What was that? What did you say?

RAY: Nothin'.

SMILEY: Nothing? Let me tell you something, Ray Baker, you keep your bullying and your temper for your tough friends. Don't you start that in here. If I get one more report of your fighting, I'm going to report you to the truant officer—and that reminds me: I see by the record that you've been absent four times this month on four separate days. What sort of disease is it that affects you just once a week?

RAY: Stomach trouble.

SMILEY *sorrowfully*: Tsk-tsk . . . Stomach trouble once a week, and a young boy like you. *(Sweetly)* And what do you do for it, Raymond?

RAY: Take medicine.

SMILEY: What kind of medicine?

RAY: Stomach medicine.

SOUND: *Laughter from the class*

SMILEY: All right, Raymond, all right. It's your future you're throwing away, not mine. If you want to finish up in a reform school, it's all the same to me . . . Here's your report card. I hope your parents like it . . . Harold Banfield . . . Esther Boretz . . . Eleanor Buckley . . . *(More names)*

SOUND: *Fade out on Miss Smiley's voice and the sound walking up for their cards—cue—fade in on Ray Baker whistling "Who's Got the Boloney?" And the noise of a plate and glass being put on a table*

MRS. BAKER *from a distance*: Jeffry.
(*Stop whistling*) Is that you, Jeffry?

RAY *interrupts his whistling*: No. (*Resumes whistling*)

MRS. BAKER: Oh, Raymond! Why are you so late!

RAY: Hadda stay after school. (*Whistles*)

MRS. BAKER: That's every day this week.

What are you doing in the kitchen?

RAY: Eatin'!

MRS. BAKER *coming closer*: You aren't eating that pie I baked for supper?

RAY: Of course not, Ma.

SOUND: *Steps—icebox being hastily opened and closed*

RAY *to himself*: Not now, anyway.

MRS. BAKER *coming into the kitchen*:

Can't you wash your hands at least before you eat?

SOUND: *Icebox being opened*

MRS. BAKER: You have been at the pie. It's been cut.

RAY: Not me. Maybe mud-face did it.

MRS. BAKER: Don't call your brother that . . . wait a minute. Where are you going?

RAY: Out.

MRS. BAKER: Nossir. You march upstairs and open your history book.

RAY: Aw, ma. I wanna play some ball before it gets dark.

MRS. BAKER: You know what your father said: "No play unless you're passing in school."

RAY: Well, I'm passing.

MRS. BAKER: Yes? (*Tensely*) Did you get your report card today, Raymond?

RAY: Oh, I forgot to tell you, Ma . . . There's a new rule! They're only going to give our report cards at the end of term now.

MRS. BAKER *quietly—with hurt emotion*: That's not true, Raymond.

RAY: Yes, it is, Ma.

MRS. BAKER: No it isn't.

SOUND: *Ray whistles "Who's Got the Boloney?"*

MRS. BAKER *bursting out—almost in tears*:

Oh, Ray, you're just getting worse and worse. I know what your marks are. I got a letter from Miss Smiley (*stop whistling*) this morning. What did you do with your report card?

RAY: I lost it.

MRS. BAKER: Yes! And you've been absent four times this month. You've been playing hookey again, haven't you?

RAY *with sudden emotion*: Listen, Ma.

I just can't stand school. I hate it, Ma.

MRS. BAKER *pleadingly*: If you did a little studying, you wouldn't hate it, Ray . . .

Good heavens, what am I going to do with you? You signed your father's name on some notes to Miss Smiley.

That's forging, Ray. It's forging. If a man forges a check, he's sent to prison.

RAY: I didn't mean anything, Ma.

MRS. BAKER: You never mean anything! And my nail scissors. What did you do to them? Put them on a car track?

RAY: I just cut some wire with them, Ma.

MRS. BAKER: You ruined them, Ray. A new, expensive pair of nail scissors.

RAY: I didn't know it would hurt 'em. I'm just trying to build a radio.

MRS. BAKER: Oh, Ray, I don't know what your father's going to do when he comes home. It would seem as though you're too old for a licking—but you don't act like it.

RAY *defiantly*: Nobody's gonna lick me.

MRS. BAKER: Where are you going?

RAY: Out!!

MRS. BAKER: No, you're not. You march upstairs and . . . Ray . . . Ray . . . Come back here . . .

SOUND: *Door slams as Mrs. Baker's voice fades, Ray fades in whistling "Who's Got the Boloney?"—stops—after a moment there is a call in the distance of "Red, hey Red!"—call repeated closer*

RAY *calling back*: Who's that—mud-face?

JEFFRY: Where are you?

RAY: Behind the sand pile.

JEFFRY *coming up*: Gee whinickers, I thought I'd never find you.

RAY: Where's the fire?

JEFFRY *in a nasal kid's sing-song*: Oh boy, are you gonna ketch it . . . Oh boy, I wouldn't wanna be in your shoes.

RAY: C'mon, cut the song and dance.

JEFFRY: Pop's home!

RAY: So what?

JEFFRY: Oh boy, oh boy, I wouldn't wanna be in your shoes! He told me he was gonna give you what's what.

You know what that means . . . Wham!

RAY: Aw bushwa!

JEFFRY: Yeah? O.K.—slappo! Slappo! That's what you're gonna get. With a belt. I heard him. Boy, I wouldn't wanna be in your shoes.

RAY: He ain't gonna hit me!

JEFFRY: Oh no! Socko, socko . . . that's all!

RAY: Aw, dry up.

JEFFRY: What! You better put tin in your pants. You better get sick or somethin'. Get a headache—get ptomaine poisonin'.

RAY: Nobody's gonna hit me!

JEFFRY: Gee, you're smokin'. Is that a real cigarette?

RAY: Naw, what do you think. It's a pretzel.

JEFFRY: Oh, boy, socko! Wait'll pop finds out.

RAY *with sudden resolve*: I'm gonna run away.

JEFFRY: What?

RAY: Nobody's gonna hit me anymore. I'm gonna run away.

JEFFRY: Run away? Oh, boy, kin I go?

RAY: Nuts. You're too small. I'd trip over you. I'm gonna travel.

JEFFRY: Where you goin'? Brooklyn? Massachusetts?

RAY: Naw, Colarada maybe—dig gold.

JEFFRY: Dig gold. Oh, boy!

RAY: Just wait'll I come back—with a million bucks or somethin'. I'll just walk into ol' P. S. 57 an' I'll say to Miss Smiley: "Hello, Sourpuss," I'll say—"Hello, Fishface, hello, you ol' St. Bernard—maybe you know mathematics," I'll say, "but I just made eighteen an' a half million bucks. How do you like that?" Then I'll poke her in the belly with my gold-headed cane.

JEFFRY: Diggity, I'd like to see that: "Hello, Miss Smiley"—bingo . . . Hey, Red, it's gettin' dark. You goin' to California, you better start now.

RAY: Colarada I'm goin', not California . . . What's the matter with you? . . . Listen, you gotta help me.

JEFFRY: Oh no, not me: I don't want no funeral.

RAY: Whatsamatter, you scared?

JEFFRY: Sure, I'm scared. When Pop winds up, it hurts. He don't play nice.

RAY: Aw for crying out loud—listen—you go in the house, see? Up to our room. I stay in the yard. Then you throw the stuff down. It's easy.

JEFFRY: Oh sure. Fine for me. Like fallin' out of an airplane.

RAY: Aw come on. You help me, I'll give you half of everything I find.

JEFFRY: I half the gold?

RAY: Anything else, too. Maybe I'm gonna be a gangster. Get a rod and stick up a bank.

JEFFRY: Oh boy! Bang! Bang! Public Enemy No. 6.

RAY: What do you mean six? Number One! Number One! . . . C'mon now, I'm gonna need my slicker an' my cap, an—an' a comb—an' my jackknife! and two shirts and a pair of socks . . .

SOUND: *Ray's voice fades—barking of a Movie Doorman comes in against a background of walking people and street noises*

DOORMAN: Five minutes, folks! Second show begins in five minutes! Plenty of good seats in orchestra and balconies . . . See that epic picture of American history: "Last of the Mohicans," featuring Randolph Scott and Bruce Cabot in a super special story of the French and Indian War . . . (Repeat)

SOUND: *His voice dies away—Ray's voice fades in against a background of walking people*

RAY: Take me in, Mista, take me in with you. I got a quarter.

MAN: No! Scram!

RAY *under his breath—after a slight pause*: Nuts . . . Lady, Lady, will you take me in with you? I got the money.

LADY: If you've got the money, why don't you go in yourself?

RAY: I gotta get a grown up, Lady. They won't let me in alone.

LADY: Well, they're perfectly right. It's after nine. You ought to be home in bed.

DOORMAN: Hey you, kid, beat it! C'mon, I told you twice already.

RAY *mumbling*: Aw, horsefeathers.

LADY: Hm! That kind of boy . . . (Her voice trails off)

DOORMAN: Second show in three minutes, folks. Plenty of good seats for this great picture starring Randolph Scott . . .

SOUND: *Doorman voice fades and Ray's fades in*

RAY: Take me in with you, Mista? Please, I got the money. I won't . . .

MAN: No . . .

RAY: Aw beans! . . . Oh, mista, take me in with you, please?

MAN: Sure, kid, what's your name?

RAY: My name? Well—what do you want it for?

MAN: Take your cap off a minute.

RAY: What for? Hey! . . .

MAN: Sure, hair red as a tomato. You're the Baker kid, ain't you?

RAY: No—I—my name is—eh—ehhh . . .

MAN: C'mon, kid, I been poundin' the streets for three hours lookin' for you. There's a couple hundred detectives'd love t'fan your tail for keepin' 'em on extra duty.

RAY: You a detective?

MAN: Yeah, an' you're a pain in my neck. C'mon . . .

RAY: Where you takin' me?

MAN: Home, where do you think?

RAY: Aw, gee, mista, my ol' man'll whale the stuffin's outa me.

MAN: You're breakin' my poor heart. I'd like to help him . . . Hey . . .

SOUND: *A short scuffle*

MAN *angrily*: Now don't you try runnin' away from me anymore or I'll start that lickin' right now. Come on, you little punk, or *(fade)* I'll kick you home.

SOUND: *Doorman repeats "Last of the Mohicans"—"Last of the Mohicans"—Ray sobs in frustration and anger—fade out on street noises*

BAKER: Why did you do it, Ray? *(Pause)* Answer me. *(Pause)* Why did you run off? Answer me. *(Pause)*. Runnin' away like a boy who didn't have a decent home. Drivin' your mother almost crazy. A fine kid to have. Well, say somethin'. Aren't you even sorry? All right, Ray, you're asking for it and you're gonna get it. *(Silence)*

SOUND: *A belt hitting bare flesh—a gasp from Raymond*

BAKER: You sorry now? Huh? *(Silence—belt again)* Say somethin'! *(Belt strikes twice more—a suppressed groan of pain from Red but no word)* I told you to say something. Say you're sorry . . . *(Silence)* . . . Just achin' to go to a reform school, aren't you? Just a rough, tough guy, can't be hurt? *(Belt strikes again—last—three times)* Cry, will you? Can't you cry? *(Belt strikes once more and then Baker's voice breaks—low)* Oh for God's sakes, boy, what am I going to do with you? You think I like to strap you? You stand there lookin' at me an' the hare's just burning out of you. *(With an intense cry)* I don't want you to hate me. I'm your father, Ray. I love you. But I got to do somethin', don't I? I can't let you ruin your life, can I? *(Silence)* Oh God . . . I don't know what to do with you, but I can't hit you any more. Go ahead, go to a

reform school if you want to so bad. See how you like it.

SOUND: *Footsteps—sound of door being opened and closed—silence—then Raymond starts to sob—it begins by his gasping for breath and ends by broken sobs of shame and pain and emotion—door being opened again—Jeffry's voice is heard in a whisper*

JEFFRY: Red, Red . . . *(Door is closed softly—Ray's sobs continue)* Gee, don't cry, Red . . . *(His own voice becomes teary)* Did it hurt much? Gee, you got blue marks on you. *(Ray sobs)* Gee, Ray, can't you do somethin'? Why don't you try studyin' or somethin'?

RAY *bursting out*: Aw, what's the use? I tried. I studied hard as the deuce last month. But I can't learn that ol' stuff. I don't see the use of it anyway. It makes me sick.

JEFFRY: But, gosh, there oughta be somethin' you could do so you wouldn't get licked.

RAY: Aw, what's the difference? I got good marks in Science an' Miss Smiley says I copied. She stands me up in front of the whole class an' makes fun of me.

JEFFRY: Why don't you tell ma?

RAY: Aw—I told her—what can she do? I just ain't gonna go to school, that's all.

JEFFRY: You play hookey, the truant man'll get you. He'll send you away.

RAY: Aw, what do I care. Think I care? *(He sobs again)* I don't care . . . *(Bursting out suddenly)* Gee, I wish things was different.

JEFFRY: Don't cry, Red. Aw, gee, now I feel like bawling, too.

RED: I just wish I could die. *(Sobs—crying fades away)*

SOUND: *Ringin' of a doorbell fades in—pause—bell rings again—sound of door opening*

COLLINS: Good evening, is this Mrs. Baker?

MRS. BAKER: Why yes.

COLLINS: My name is Collins. I used to teach over at Public School 57 and your son Raymond was once in my class.

MRS. BAKER: Oh!

COLLINS: I'd like to talk with you about him, if I may.

MRS. BAKER: Why, of course, come right in, excuse me . . . *(Door shuts)* Right in here *(Pause)* David . . . *(Footsteps)* This is my husband . . . David, this is

- Mr. Collins who used to teach Raymond.
- BAKER: Glad to meet you . . . Have a scat.
- COLLINS: I'd like to talk to you about Raymond, Mr. Baker.
- BAKER: O.K., but if there's any angle you can talk about that we ain't, you're doin' good. I've talked myself sick.
- MRS. BAKER: David!
- BAKER: Ahhhh—it's true! Mary, I'm gettin' tired of worryin' about that boy. I'm beginning to think he's not worth it.
- MRS. BAKER: You're wrong, David. He's a fine, bright boy. You know he is.
- COLLINS: I think he is, too, Mrs. Baker.
- BAKER: You know he run away last week?
- COLLINS: That's one reason I'm here.
- BAKER: God, I don't know. I gave him such a licking, it turned my stomach. But what's the use? I just told him one more playing hookey an' he could go to a reform school.
- COLLINS: Reform school's not a very good place, you know.
- BAKER: Sure, I know. I'm just trying to scare him.
- COLLINS: And it's a pity he can't be making good use of these years. There's a lot he could be learning.
- BAKER: Sure, we know what education means. But what's the use. I'm telling you . . . Ray's either dumb or he's lazy.
- MRS. BAKER: That's not true, David.
- COLLINS: No, Mr. Baker, Red's not dumb and I don't think he's lazy.
- BAKER: You don't know him the way I do.
- COLLINS: No, but I saw a good deal of him last year. How can he be lazy? I've seen him play baseball all day long.
- BAKER *laughing*: Well, sure, he likes baseball.
- COLLINS: That's what I mean. When he likes a thing, he's not lazy. Now look . . . I came here for a special reason . . . I'd like to get Red transferred to a different kind of school . . . where I think he'd be happier.
- BAKER: What kind?
- COLLINS: Oh, it's generally called a progressive school. It's based upon some of the more modern ideas about education.
- BAKER: Hm! Does it cost much? Because if it does . . .
- COLLINS: No, it's free. Most schools, like it are not. But this city's lucky.
- BAKER. Do you teach there?
- COLLINS: Yes, I've been there a year now.
- BAKER: Well, then, be frank . . . why haven't we heard about it? What's the catch to it?
- COLLINS *laughing*: No catch at all. It's a new invention that's been kept on the shelf. When enough people learn about it, and when the country wakes up to its possibilities, it'll be the form of education that all children get. Just now most of the schools are private and only fairly rich parents can afford it.
- MRS. B: And do you really think this school could make Raymond like . . . studying and . . .
- COLLINS: Yes, I think it could.
- BAKER: Now let me get this straight . . . You got a school can make any kid like mathematics?
- COLLINS: No.
- BAKER: Ahah! I know that! That'd be like pulling a rabbit out of a hat.
- COLLINS: Wait a minute . . . I didn't say he wouldn't turn out to like mathematics. He may. But we won't try to force it on him . . . or anything else. What we will do is find out what he does like. Then we'll help him further . . . get him to deepen his interest.
- BAKER: Listen, the only thing Ray's interested in is play and dime novels.
- COLLINS: I'll bet a box of cigars there are other things, too. He likes movies, doesn't he?
- BAKER: Well, movies!
- COLLINS: And listens to the radio?
- MRS. B: He's even trying to build one. (*With a little laugh*) He ruined my nail scissors doing it.
- COLLINS: There you are. Those are some of the things he's interested in. And I know there are more.
- BAKER: Yes, but what the devil has all that got to do with school?
- COLLINS: A good deal. We use those things in our school. Suppose we have a boy who's interested in movies . . . or let's say photography, a kid who gets a kick out of snapping pictures.
- MRS. BAKER: Ray likes that.
- COLLINS: All right. We teach a kid like him things he doesn't know about taking pictures. We encourage him to read up on it. Then we take him into the dark room. We show him how to develop the pictures. To do that he's got

to use certain chemicals. Well, that's how we get him started.

BAKER: Is that what the school's like?

COLLINS: No . . . it's just part of it. A kid like that goes along and pretty soon he may develop an interest in chemistry, and from there go into more serious study. Later, when he's a man, there's a good chance of his turning into a doctor, or a bacteriologist, or anything else like that.

MRS. BAKER: But, Mr. Collins, I'm afraid if you let Red go like that, he'll just run wild.

COLLINS *gently*: He's running wild now, isn't he? Isn't that just the trouble?

MRS. BAKER: Well, yes . . .

COLLINS: Don't worry. Our sole purpose is to develop discipline . . . but self-discipline, self-initiative, Red's been told to study but it hasn't done any good.

BAKER: We've got to admit that, Mary.

COLLINS: The real job is to get Red to study because he wants to, because there's something he's interested in learning.

MRS. BAKER: But isn't he going to learn Latin or Geometry or you know, like that?

COLLINS: He may, he may not. We're trying to fit our students for what they're going to do in life. If Red's going to use Latin in life, all right. But if he isn't, why waste time on it? Knowing how to fix an automobile may be more useful.

BAKER: Sure, that's horse sense. I'm all for that.

COLLINS: And our school is dead set against treating all kids alike. They aren't alike. They've got different ability and different interests and they're all going to be different when they grow up.

BAKER *laughing*: Red's certainly different.

COLLINS: Yes, but that's not bad only it's got to be guided. And one other thing! We give our kids a great many group activities because we want them to get accustomed to working with other people.

MRS. BAKER *passionately*: Oh David, let's send him, let's send him. Maybe he'll like it. Maybe it'll keep him out of the reform school.

COLLINS: I can about promise you it will, Mrs. Baker.

BAKER: O.K.! I'm with you and if it works out, I'll be your friend for life.

MRS. BAKER: When can Raymond start?

COLLINS: I spoke to his principal. He can start tomorrow if you want.

BAKER: I'll bring him myself. Where? What time?

COLLINS: How about my office at nine o'clock? The building's at the corner of Broad and Henry Streets . . . Just ask for me in the office.

SOUND: *Collins' voice trails off—fade in knocking at door*

COLLINS: Come in.

SOUND: *Door opening—desk chair pushed back*

COLLINS *with real warmth*: Hello, Hello, Red. I'm glad to see you.

RAY *with a mixture of diffidence and regard*: Hello, Mr. Collins.

COLLINS: Where's your father?

RAY: He said I should see you myself.

COLLINS: Good. Sit down . . . Well, you've been having a tough time of it, hey?

RAY: Kinda.

COLLINS: How's the old arm?

RAY: I can't play anymore. Pop won't let me.

COLLINS: Uh-huh . . . Red, what did your dad tell you about this school?

RAY: Well—he said I was gonna like it.

COLLINS: What do you think?

RAY: Aw . . .

COLLINS *laughing*: All right, kid. Now look, this is a different kind of school than P. S. 57. Maybe you won't like it. But I want you to give it a chance. Say, what did you bring those books for?

RAY: What do you mean, they're my school books?

COLLINS: Oh you won't need them here.

RAY: What? Ain't—ain't I gonna have to study books?

COLLINS: Oh, not if you don't want to. If you do, we have a library here that you can always use.

RAY: For crying out loud . . . Don't I have to take math?

COLLINS: Not if you don't want to, or need it.

RAY: Listen, I don't need it and I sure don't want it.

COLLINS: O.K., then.

RAY: An' history?

COLLINS: It's up to you.

RAY: Holy Mackerel, what kind of a school is this?

COLLINS: You'll see . . . You'll find out for yourself.

RAY: What am I going to study?

COLLINS: Let's not call it "study," Red. You're going to go to work on whatever you want. We'll show you what we do here and you can fool around with anything that interests you.

RAY: Anything?

COLLINS: Yes, but I'm warning you—don't try to do too much.

RAY: Haw—not me. I don't want to study.

COLLINS: All right. What do you want to do?

RAY: Really?

COLLINS: Yes, really.

RAY: Well—I guess I don't know.

COLLINS: Baseball?

RAY: Is—is that part of this school?

COLLINS: Oh, of course—baseball, swimming, boxing, tennis. We've got some pretty good coaches, too.

RAY: For crying out loud.

COLLINS: But I'm warning you, the other kids are swell players. Some of our girls could probably take you over in tennis without half trying.

RAY: Sure, I can't play tennis at all.

COLLINS: Want to learn?

RAY: Sure—an' scientific boxing, can I learn that?

COLLINS: Of course . . . now that takes care of part of the day. How about the rest?

RAY: Well—I don't know.

COLLINS: Your ma told me you were building a radio.

RAY: They wouldn't let me. I had to quit.

COLLINS: How about it?

RAY: You mean here?

COLLINS: Sure. We've got the tools and a workshop and somebody to help you out if you get stuck.

RAY *with sudden emotion*: Listen, you're not kidding me, are you?

COLLINS: No.

RAY: Can I start now? I wanna short wave set! I wanna get South America.

COLLINS: Whenever you say. But I thought you might want to go to the movies first.

RAY: I don't have any money.

COLLINS: Oh it's free. It's in the auditorium downstairs.

RAY: Here?

COLLINS: Yes.

RAY: A regular movie?

COLLINS: This one is. But sometimes we have special films on how an automobile works or how the blood circulates in the body or how clothing is made—things like that. Every once in a while we have a little movie that some of the students make.

RAY: Could I do that?

COLLINS: Sure. You can be in a play, too, if you want. We put on plays and the students and teachers act in them, and we build the scenery in the carpentry shop, and make the costumes and build the lights.

RAY: Could I do building? Could I work lights?

COLLINS: Yes—but I told you, you're starting in on too much already.

RAY: Gee, I can do all that. That'll be fun.

COLLINS: Sure, we all have fun here. Now let's get going. We don't want to miss the movie.

RAY: Say what is it? What's the name?

COLLINS: It's part of our history work: "Last of the Mohicans."

RAY: Last of . . . Huh . . . Huh . . . Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

SOUND: *Ray's laughter becomes jerky and turns into a half sob*

COLLINS: Red! Red! What's the matter?

What is it, boy? (*Ray just continues to sob and laugh*) Oh, now, kid, kid. It's all right. You're gonna be all right.

RAY *half sobbing*: I didn't know what to do. I couldn't keep going to school any more. I was all ready to kill myself or something.

COLLINS: Oh, kid. You poor kid. It's all right now. You're gonna like it here. I promise you.

RAY: I know. I know. I just feel so good.

COLLINS: C'mon, kid, you don't want to miss that movie.

RAY: No . . . No . . . listen, you're not fooling, are you?

COLLINS: No.

RAY: I don't have to take math?

COLLINS: Not if you don't want to.

RAY: And I can start in on the radio today?

COLLINS: This morning.

RAY: Well, then, well, well—what are we waiting for?

COLLINS *laughing*: Nothing, kid, nothing. C'mon, let's go, or we'll miss the picture.

MUSIC: *Swells and fades into . . . Pound of gavel in courtroom*

COLLINS: Well, that was about four years ago. Red started in with his radio and his stage lights and pretty soon he got interested in electricity. And then one day what did he do but come around to me and ask for some help in mathematics.

JOHN *chuckling*: Really?

COLLINS: Sure—and it's logical. Red wanted to know more about electricity, so he started to read up on physics. And when he got into physics, he needed to know mathematics; so there you are.

JOHN: That's wonderful.

COLLINS: It wasn't easy for him. He had to have encouragement and help and sometimes he wanted to give it up. But he stuck to it because he was interested and he came out of it a disciplined, hardworking boy.

JOHN: That's marvelous. It's a wonderful thing to hear.

CLERK: The Court will rise for His Honor, the Judge . . . Court will be seated.

SOUND: *Noise of people sitting down.*

COLLINS: Now Red's on his way to college to study electrical engineering. He's one of our best kids. He's healthy, he's strong and he's getting ready to take a useful place in society. (*Laughs*)

Oh, and I forgot, he plays the violin now, too. He got interested in that as well.

JOHN *laughing*: And history?

COLLINS: I don't know and I don't care.

He probably knows as much history as he needs to know.

JOHN: It's a pity all kids can't be taught that way.

COLLINS: I'm afraid it's more than a pity.

SOUND: *Gavel bangs*

CLERK: Court will please come to order.

Joseph Timko, step before the bench.

JUDGE: Joseph, I'm sorry. Your mother's a good, hard-working woman and you're all she has. I'd like to help her out by letting you stay at home. But your conduct doesn't warrant that. I only hope the reform school will make you appreciate your home a little more than you do now. Remember, you have your whole future ahead of you.

COLLINS: There you are, John, and I wouldn't give two cents for that future.

JOHN: Yes, but with half a chance he might turn out to be a Red Baker.

COLLINS: No reason why not.

CLERK: Case of Andrew Mazzini, Paul White, Victor Fleming. Step up, boys, step up before the bench.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

ALL YOU NEED IS ONE GOOD BREAK

A COMEDY

By ARNOLD MANOFF

ADAPTED FOR RADIO BY EDWARD GOLDBERG

(Produced by Peter Witt and Story Magazine over WHN, New York)

MUSIC: *Under*

MARTY: Marty Rothman, that's me . . . Martin S. Rothman, Esq. . . You never heard the name? Pardon me, I know that already . . . but . . . you'll hear of it soon. It'll be staring you in the face from all over. It's all in the breaks . . . One of these days, socko! Today, a nobody, tomorrow, Martin S. Rothman, Esq. Siss, boom, bang. Just like that . . . It's the odds . . . it's the law of averages . . . one of these days I gotta click . . . All you need is one good break and you're in. Meantime? . . . Meantime, all right . . . I'm nobody . . . On 169th Street yet . . . some dump that is, some neighborhood. I'm coming down the street one day, in my tan slacks and green sports shirt. I see two pypicks—guys I owe money to. I try to cross the street, but no dice. They see me. All right, so I talk to them.

SOUND: *Street noises*

HOCKFLEISH: Well, if it ain't Marty Rothman . . . the kid himself.

MARTY: Hello, Hockfleish. Hello, Willy.

WILLY: Well, well, the great Marty. In person.

MARTY: Well, gentlemen, do any of you gentlemen know of a job for me? A placement, a position? Yes? Or no?

HOCK: Marty. You owe me six-ninety in cash, not hot air, and I want it.

WILLY: Pay up, Marty.

HOCK: I'll do the talking, Willy. Now, whaddya say, Marty, the dough or no dough?

MARTY: Some company you're keeping these days, Willy. And you a man with a family.

HOCK: Don't change the topic of the day.

MARTY: Listen, Hockfleish, in the first place, take your mitts off my arm. You're not gonna slug me now, in the middle of Morris Avenue in broad daylight. In the second place, stop acting like a fat yutz and lend me another five dollars. I need it bad.

WILLY: *Laughs*

VOICES: *Laugh, too*

HOCK: Listen, Marty, you kidding or are you altogether nuts?

WILLY: You better pay up, Marty.

MARTY: Boys, I ain't gonna stand here arguing over a few nickels.

HOCK: Stand still or I'll split you in half.

MARTY: It's a fine commentary on the human race, when a guy is broke and gets the dirty end of the stick and his friends want to slug him for it.

WILLY: Cut the sob stuff. You took money, you made promises, now you're crying.

MARTY: I haven't got the dough.

HOCK: I seen you with a dollar the other day. Where'd you get it?

WILLY: Ah, let's leave him alone. He ain't got a job and his old lady's sick. Besides his whole family's on relief.

MARTY: Keep your mouth shut. Don't go spreading stories about my family all over the neighborhood!

WILLY: Ah—you're a small time fake. Go home and go to sleep.

MARTY: O.K. Boys. So long and thanks for nothing.

CHARLIE *off mike*: Marty! Marty!

MARTY *fade in*: What's on your mind, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Come in. Come inside the store a minute.

SOUND: *Door opens and shuts*

MARTY: O.K. What's eating ye?

CHARLIE: I see you gettin' in trouble with the boys. You better stay away from them . . . those bums. They'll take you for a ride yet.

MARTY: Ah—they're a bunch of phonies. Wait'll I really get my break, Charlie, then I'll show them. I'll give them such a going over that they'll never forget. I'll fix those guys for life . . . Say, is Benny Numbers around?

CHARLIE: Around, around. How should I know. How's your mother?

MARTY: Not so good. You ought to go to the mountains, Charlie? Twenty-five years you been in the candy store business and what have you got? High blood pressure and bills. Why don't you knock off and go away for a while?

CHARLIE: Martin, enough irritation I've got without you yet. When I need your advice, I'll send you a telegram prepaid.

MARTY: First thing I do when I win the sweepstakes, Charlie, is to send you to the mountains. I got a hunch I'm holding a winner. 700373. That's the one. I got a hunch.

CHARLIE: You got a hunch. I got a hunch. Everybody's got hunches. Who wins? Nobody.

MARTY: It's the law of averages. For four years I've been playing the horses, the numbers, the sweepstakes, bingo, schmingo and I've never been a winner. I'm overdue.

CHARLIE: Go get a job. Stop wagging your tongue all the time.

MARTY: Just like that . . . one, two, three, a. b. c., ichel, michel, pichel . . . twelve million gazebos out of work, and for me, Martin Rothman they're waiting with open arms. A job . . . don't make me for to laugh.

CHARLIE: What's the matter . . . there's no razor blades left to sell in the world? Nobody wears shoe laces no more? Go to the WPA. Go dig ditches. Otherwise you'll land in the gutter. Anyway, what's the use? I know you, you're a wise guy. A promoter. Broadway or nothing. You'll wind up behind the eight ball.

MARTY: Listen, Charlie, you find me one place, understand, one establishment where they'll give me a break and I'll work any hours, any salary, but it's gotta be a job with a future.

CHARLIE: A future you want, that's all.

MARTY: Listen, I've slaved for too many rats already. I got promises, I slaved, I got doublecrossed. The silk business, the clothing business, the hotel business, the restaurant business, the magazine business. Listen, I ran, I lifted, I served, I talked, I broke my back, my hands, my neck, I sweated, I groaned.

CHARLIE: Aye. Aye. Aye!

MARTY: Listen, I was so dumb that if they needed my blood to fill a rush order for Macy's, I woulda said thank you, sir, and started to bleed right away. And what did I get, ask me?

CHARLIE: What did you get?

MARTY: Promotion? A bonus? Nuts! I got laid off, fired. We're sorry, Martin, we're retrenching, we're contracting, we're re-organizing, we're slow, we're fast, we're hot, we're cold, bankrupt, dead, broke, capital, labor, murder. So, P.S. Martin Rothman, ten dollar shipping clerk got fired.

CHARLIE: You probably were a wise guy, and that's why they fired you instead of somebody else.

MARTY: That's right. The boss's nephew they always kept. I was only a second cousin. Comes the end of the season, they lop off the second cousin. Only the immediate family survives.

CHARLIE: So, even with that, a wise guy. Go home, Martin, you make me nervous.

MARTY: All I need . . . all I need is a few dollars to invest.

CHARLIE: A few! You owe me already four eighty-seven.

MARTY: So make it ten. Your heart's in the right place . . . So trust me a pack of cigarettes.

CHARLIE: Cigarettes yes. Cigarettes I can afford to trust you. What do I make on cigarettes . . . a half a cent? Here, take it.

SOUND: *Cellophane crinkle*

MARTY: Thanks, Charlie . . . You know . . . if I had ten million dollars. . . .

SOUND: *Match lighted*

MARTY: Boy! Did I need that cigarette! Charlie, I love you like a father. You're a nice guy. The only trouble with you

is that you're a poor man and you don't know when to place the ace of trump. If I were you, I'd borrow five hundred dollars by hook or crook, fix up the store, go on a vacation, come back with a smile and start life all over again.

CHARLIE: Martin, do me a favor, go home.

MARTY: For you, anytime. So long.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

MARTY: I went out. What else could I do?

A nice guy, Charlie, but too excitable, nerves all shot. Just give me ten thousand extra and I'd make 169th Street, I'd take it with the dirt, the trouble, the bills, the landlords, and I'd do something terrific. Would I promote them a neighborhood. I'd walk into Charlie and hand it to him on a silver platter. A landlord I'd make him. The big cheese. The boss, the Money man. That's what I'd do. Me, Martin Rothman, office in the penthouse, live and learn, arazza matazz, a digga doo, a tout suite and a paddeo. One good break, that's all . . . I walked into Bloom's delicatessen, there ain't no such other delicatessen in the world. (*Fade in ad lib*) The place was a nuthouse. I spotted Benny Numbers sitting in the back with a plate of cold cuts, potato salad and a morning paper. (*Fade*) I needled my way over and sat down.

SOUND: *Ad lib up then into B.G.—dishes*

MARTY: Benny, you look sick. Whether it's the heat or what, I'm curious to know.

BENNY: So, Mister Rothman, what's on your mind?

MARTY: I woke up this morning . . . listen I got a feeling . . .

BENNY: Oy! Already I got a bad taste in my mouth.

MARTY: Listen, Benny. This is my lucky day. I feel it. I know it. So stake me five dollars.

BENNY: Stake you what?

MARTY: Five dollars.

BENNY: Fi—you see these fists? Hah?

MARTY: So what?

BENNY: So what? So this . . . I gotta good mind to letcha have them both at once. Right in your dumb kisser.

MARTY: Go on, slug me, you'll win a cigar. Listen, Benny, a joke's a joke. I'm not a mouse and your present attitude is to me very pointless to say the least.

BENNY: Mention money once more and I'll fix you for life.

MARTY: O.K. so forget it . . . Benny, I don't know. People are funny.

BENNY: So is Charlie Chaplin. Don't bother me. You're a pyoick.

MARTY: So how can you deny me a measly five bucks? Listen, Benny, I'm overdue. Remember Mrs. Axelrod? Four years she plays one number then all of a sudden she hits? And wasn't I standing there when she comes in the candy store and says: "Benny, I got a feeling it's coming in today. Lend me a quarter. I haven't got a penny in my pocket." Remember?

BENNY: That was only a quarter. She never owed me a cent.

MARTY: Yeah, but suppose you seen the look in her eye. I know that look. It's a special look. I got that look in my eye now. I don't know what it is. It's a peculiar feeling, good and bad and a little crazy, but it's the goods.

BENNY: So whattya want me to do? Put up the five dollars for you because you feel crazy?

MARTY: Why not? You're a gambler. No good gambler ever turned down a hunch. It's fundamental. I read it some place.

BENNY: Nuts. You're so dumb I have only pity for you. Hunches don't mean a thing. The numbers is all percentage. Sometimes it's even fixed in advance. Sucker stuff! Even I'm a sucker for somebody else. The whole world is one big clip joint . . . that's my honest opinion.

MARTY: The trouble with you, Benny, is that you're too materialistic. No imagination!

BENNY: All right. So you got a quarter.

MARTY: A quarter?

BENNY: Yeh, I'm putting it up for you.

MARTY: Make it a buck.

BENNY: A quarter or nothing.

MARTY: All right, thanks for the charity. Now be a sport and lend me five dollars.

BENNY: Scram, pyoick . . . you got a quarter.

MARTY: All right, Benny . . . but one thing I gotta say . . . you shoulda never left the army.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

MARTY: I went out of Bloom's nuthouse. I was a little sore on account of Benny being such a moron, but what can you expect! I strolled down Morris Avenue.

I needed some money bad. Then presto, ipso, facto, the idea came. Idea 62. Into action. Adelante! Gesundheit! Let's go! I strolled into Gordon's drugstore. (Fade) Gordon was in the backroom doping the horses.

MARTY: Hey, Gordon. Is this a drugstore or a public waiting place? Front!

GORDON *off mike*: Who is it?

MARTY: Put away the racing form in the back there. You'll never get rich on the horses.

GORDON *fade in*: Whaddya want, Marty?

MARTY: You need some stamps? I'm on my way to the postoffice.

GORDON: No. No stamps.

MARTY: A drug store should never be without stamps. It chases away the customers.

GORDON: Customers, phooey. I got nothing to sell them anyway.

MARTY: Sell them what you got. Pay off a few bills. You'll get credit again. Take in some stock and in five months you'll be in the black again.

GORDON: Nobody's got any money. The neighborhood's shot to pieces Fifty percent on relief. Don't bother me.

MARTY: How many sweepstakes tickets you got?

GORDON: Seven.

MARTY: Maybe you'll win. Put new blood in the neighborhood.

GORDON: New blood, phooey. I'll sell this wreck for two cents. I'll give it away and take a trip to Bali and never come back.

MARTY: You play cards last night? How'd you make out?

GORDON: Broke even. Mishkin was my partner. He murdered my game.

MARTY: Too bad.

GORDON: Never play cards with a man that's got high blood pressure. Too high strung. Loses count all the time.

MARTY: Absolutely right.

GORDON: I'm sick of life. Without a good game once in a while, living ain't worth a nickel.

MARTY: Listen, stop moaning. Everything'll turn out for the best. I'm on my way to the post office. You want stamps or not? What do I have to do to do you a favor? Get down on my hands and knees?

GORDON: O.K. Get me a dollar's worth of twos and threes.

MARTY: All right then, c'mon, give me the dough. I'm in a hurry.

GORDON: I'll give it to you when you bring the stamps.

MARTY: I got to lay it out, yet, when I'm doing you a favor?

GORDON: What do you want from my life? Here . . . here's the dollar.

MARTY: Twos and threes.

GORDON: That's right. When are you coming back?

MARTY: When am I coming back? What's the matter? You expecting a rush? I'll come back when I come back, and it'll still be good enough for you.

GORDON: You know how I trust you? Like a rock should float.

MARTY: Take your dollar and go hang yourself.

GORDON: O.K. O.K. never mind the song and dance. Go get the stamps and don't forget the address where they belong.

MARTY: Sure . . . sure . . .

MUSIC: *Bridge*

MARTY: Well it worked. Took a lot of promotion, but it worked. A whole dollar, I had. I did some fancy figuring and decided I'd put sixty cents on number 942. And for twenty cents I'd go to the Loew's Boulevard. It was a good picture, the only trouble was I seen it before. In the movies I don't feel so good. I get out, it's six o'clock. I buy a paper. I lose my confidence. How could my number come in . . . a thousand to one . . . I open the paper. I took a quick look, I almost died . . . I was wrong . . . Wrong, wrong, wrong. I didn't say a word. Didn't open my mouth. It couldn't last forever. Maybe tomorrow I'd begin a lucky streak that would be like a skyrocket. I'd shoot up into the money so fast, they'd get dizzy watching me. Dizzy from my speed, from me, Marty Rothman. All right. Just another bad day. Might as well go home and have supper. After supper, I walk out again. Twenty cents I got. I took out my address book. Look it over. Diane, that's the one. Last summer, I picked her up at Orchard Beach. I called her up. She's minding her brother's kid for the night. Fine! An evening at home. Just the thing! I strolled along thinking. The girl I met that summer in the mountains. Helen. For her I would have laid down my life. A queen if there ever was one. So what? Me

with twenty cents in my pocket. Money was everything. Doctors she's got, lawyers. Excuses. The day I'd call her again would be like a revolution. The next time, she'd hear from me would be a day she'd never forget. (*Fade*) In her whole life.

HELEN: Flowers? American Beauties? For me?

BOY: Yes, ma'am.

HELEN: Who are they from? . . . No card?

BOY: No ma'am.

SOUND: *Doorbell*

VOICE: Messenger from Tiffany's.

HELEN: Oh!

SOUND: *Doorbell*

VOICE: Messenger from Saks Fifth Avenue.

HELEN: Oh!

SOUND: *Doorbell*

VOICE: Messenger from Hattie Carnegie.

HELEN: Oh!

VOICE: Tickets for the best show in town.

HELEN: Oh!

SOUND: *Doorbell*

VOICE: Here's your taxi, Miss.

HELEN: Oh!

SOUND: *Doorbell*

VOICE: Here's your seat, Miss.

HELEN: Oh!

VOICE: Here's your table, Miss.

HELEN: Who's it all from?

MARTY: Hello, Helen.

HELEN: Marty! Marty, darling! (*Fade*)

MARTY: That would be the next time I'd see Helen! She'd never forget it! I dismissed Helen from my mind. O.K. I was going to see Diane. I find the apartment, with a peephole yet. Snooty. I ring the bell. (*Fade*) The door opens.

SOUND: *Door opens*

MARTY: Well! Diane! It's a pleasure to see you again.

DIANE: Come in, Marty. Come in and take a look around. It's not mine, but here I am anyway.

MARTY: Nice layout, you got here, Diane. Where's the folks?

DIANE: Oh, they're gone. Didn't expect them to wait especially for you, did you?

MARTY: Well, well. Isn't it strange that we should meet again?

DIANE: Isn't it?

MARTY: Diane. It suits you, Diane.

DIANE: It's a fake. Dora is my name. Diane I use only on rare occasions. I got over that finally. Dora is my name. Call me Dora.

MARTY: Oh, the cynical kind.

DIANE: Yes, just an old-fashioned girl.

MARTY: Where's the baby?

DIANE: Asleep, why?

MARTY: Just curiosity. You know me. You say you gotta watch the baby for your brother. I'm curious.

DIANE: Just a curious young man.

MARTY: Well, I mean it . . . It's really good to see you again and I mean that from the bottom of my heart.

DIANE: Dear, dear. You're so emotional, aren't you?

MARTY: Nothing to be ashamed of one way or the other. When I feel something, I say it one, two, three.

DIANE: That's something.

MARTY: It's a lot, a whole lot if you stop to consider life once in a while.

DIANE: Why're you walking up and down like that? Nervous?

MARTY: Restless, sort of. Restless these days. Lots of things to think about. If all of us faced the facts, the real facts, such as biological facts, science, the truth, we'd be a lot better off and rid of our inhibitions and phobias.

DIANE: Where did I hear that before?

MARTY: Listen, the trouble with you girls is you think every guy is giving you a line. But when a guy comes along who talks facts for the sake of truth and justice, what do you girls do? You confuse him with everybody else.

DIANE: Let's talk about books. Don't you ever read books?

MARTY: Occasionally, but only when I'm in the mood. I prefer facts personally, biologically, and otherwise.

DIANE: A fact finder.

MARTY: Listen, Dora. You're just beautiful. That's all I got to say.

DIANE: Oh, Mister, please. So sudden, don't you know?

MARTY: So . . . that's how it is.

DIANE: So that's how what is?

MARTY: You and me and things.

DIANE: What about things?

MARTY: Who knows? We might all be dead tomorrow.

DIANE: Oh, do the low lights make you feel morbid? I'll put the bright lights on.

MARTY: Morbid? Me? Not me, just philosophical. But then I thought you were different.

DIANE: I'm different all right. But nobody seems to realize it.

MARTY: I realize it. You're different and beautiful and I don't mind admitting I'm starting to get crazy about you.

DIANE: You make up your mind pretty fast about girls, don't you?

MARTY: I'm attracted by you mentally and physically, is that a crime?

DIANE: No, but I don't exactly feel the same way about you.

MARTY: Why?

DIANE: I just don't—that's why.

MARTY: Listen, baby. You're beautiful. I'm falling in love with you. Your hair, your eyes, they make me wild.

DIANE: Goldarn it! Cut it out, Marty!

MARTY: I'm sincere. I mean it.

DIANE: Take it easy.

SOUND: *As of struggle*

DIANE: You know what you are.

MARTY: What?

DIANE: You're just a crumb.

MARTY: Hey, don't get excited just because a guy made a pass at you.

DIANE: Pass, my eye. If you had one ounce of decency in you . . . But you're just a crumb. I'm through with crumbs. Go home and read books . . . biology books.

MARTY: Listen. I'm sick of your kind. Me a crumb, me? But just remember this, baby. A man is a man and if you don't want him to be a man, then don't lead him on with tricks! You get that? I been around . . . I know.

DIANE: I can see that. You've been around. In the penny arcades and the burlesque shows.

MARTY: No. In the Waldorf-Astoria where you hang out.

DIANE: All right, all right. Goodbye now, please. Next time I'll know better. I'm sorry.

MARTY: Take back what you said, please.

DIANE: I take it back. Sorry, my mistake. Now goodbye.

MARTY: Thanks. Goodbye.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

MARTY: Of all the lowdown gags! Pardon me for breathing. I'm just a crumb, ladies and gentlemen. A fine how do you do! I had to laugh in spite of how sore I was. It was colossal. Next time

I'd let them do the talking. Silent, silent. An enigma, complete and fully. What a world! What a cockeyed world! And me? Who was I? A nobody as far as everything was concerned, but one thing I knew. I was bound to be a somebody. I felt it all the time. I came to the little park on 170th Street and sat down. Tomorrow, I suddenly decided, I would start out fresh, hard, cold, a piece of steel. The first thing tomorrow morning. I go downtown. (*Fade*) I go into the Empire State Building. I start from the top down.

SOUND: *Door opens*

MARTY: You got a job for a smart young man? Enterprising? Alert? Co-operative?

VOICE: No!

SOUND: *Door slams—door opens*

MARTY: You got a . . .

VOICE: No!

SOUND: *Door slams—door opens*

MARTY: You got a job for an enterprising . . .

VOICE: Huh?

MARTY: An enterprising young man. Cool, competent, capable. Can do anything?

VOICE: Yes. You're hired!

MARTY: That's how it should be. He looks at me. I look at him. Click, like electric. Steel meets steel. Every office in the Empire State Building. And if I didn't click there, I'd go to Radio City. The law of averages. Sooner or later, Click! I got up and started walking fast down to Morris Avenue. Better go home and get to bed early. Big day tomorrow. A new day with the break for me somewhere along the line. My ideas plus the law of averages. What could be the result? Obvious even to a baby. And besides. Add to that I was overdue. Tomorrow! Special! I felt it. I walked into the house. There sat my old man, his head in his hands, moaning like an old woman. (*Fade*) Something was not kosher here.

SOUND: *Door opens and shuts*

FATHER: *Moaning*

MARTY: What's up, pop? The world came to an end already?

FATHER: Ver gebrent with your wisecracks. A son I got. A tsurris I got.

MARTY: Talk, won't you? I'm standing here with a heart, not a revolver.

FATHER: Then stand. Stand till you're blue in the face for all the heart and brains you haven't got.

MARTY: Listen. Tell me what happened. I'm sick and tired playing potsy around the house. Where's mama?

FATHER: Bum! Outcast! They took her away. She may be dead by now.

MARTY: Who took her away?

FATHER: The ambulance. Who then?

MARTY: Who called them?

FATHER: Idiot. Who called them. We called them.

MARTY: All right, all right. What hospital is she in?

FATHER: The public hospital . . . a lotta difference it makes to you.

MARTY: Smart, smart. Whose brilliant idea was this? Yours?

FATHER: Stand there and make jokes. Makes jokes. Choke!

MARTY: What are you complaining about? You're still alive.

FATHER: It's the end. She herself asked for the ambulance. She couldn't stand it any more. The attack, it went on lasting like forever. So make jokes, my wise guy.

MARTY: The end! The end! Always with you it's the end. Listen, for all the information I can get I might as well talk to Frankenstein, the monster. Where's Frankie? Where's the kid sister?

FATHER: I sent her to Brooklyn to sleep over. I don't want her around here right now. You can go, too. Go ahead. Disappear, now's your chance.

MARTY: Never mind the weeps. You can sit here and pray. I'm gonna find out what this is all about.

SOUND: *Door opens*

FATHER: Where are you going, idiot?

MARTY: Take it easy, take it easy! I'm handling the works now.

FATHER: You, phooey. A poolroom bum! So what can you do?

MARTY: I'll show you! You can sit there and worry. I'll show you how I can handle this situation . . . If you think I'm going to let them do what they want with my mother, you're cockeyed . . . this is my lucky day, all right!

FATHER: Lucky day, phooey!

MARTY: I'll show you what I am good for . . . I'll get the biggest doctor in the city. In the whole country. That's what I'll do. A bum, heh? You just

watch me . . . You'll see what I can do.

SOUND: *Door slams*

MUSIC: *Bridge*

PROFESSOR *filter*: Hello?

MARTY: This is Martin S. Rothman. I wish to speak with the Professor, please. Immediately.

PROFESSOR: This is Professor Silverberg speaking. What is it?

MARTY: This is Martin S. Rothman, Rothman's Fancy Trimmings, Inc.

PROFESSOR: Yes, yes.

MARTY: Professor, my mother is in the Public Hospital and I want you to operate on her. It's an emergency, life or death.

PROFESSOR: Yes, yes.

MARTY: Professor, you're the only one in the world we have confidence in. I know you don't need the money, but we have confidence only in you.

PROFESSOR *filter*: That's very nice, Mr. Rothman. But you can't expect me to run all over the city at all hours of the night. The world is full of emergencies. I'm sure the Public Hospital will handle the case properly.

MARTY: Please, Professor . . . as a favor?

PROFESSOR *filter*: Well, do you know my fee?

MARTY: No expense is too much. Whatever you say.

PROFESSOR *filter*: All right, Mr. Rothman, I'll be at the hospital in an hour. But I'll have to see you before I do anything. My fee, by the way, will be fifteen hundred dollars if I operate.

MARTY: Thank you, doctor. I'll be there with a check for the full amount. I'll be there personally in an hour.

PROFESSOR *filter*: Fine. Goodbye.

MARTY: Good bye.

SOUND: *Receiver click*

MUSIC: *Bridge*

MARTY: Martin S. Rothman. I'd like to see Professor Silverberg.

NURSE: Oh, yes. There's the Professor over there.

MARTY: There? Thank you . . . (*Fade in*) Professor Silverberg? I'm Martin Rothman.

PROFESSOR: Rothman, I've been waiting for you.

MARTY: I'm extremely sorry, I'm sure.

PROFESSOR: Now look here, Rothman, I know everything. It's a Home Relief Case, entered in a free ward. You can't

get away with this. What's the idea? I could put you in jail for this gag.
MARTY: Just a moment. Allow me please to explain. I'm just returned from a buying trip to Paris, just this night when I returned I got the news. I'm ready to pay any amount you ask.

PROFESSOR: Rothman, either you're a crazy liar or the rottenest son a mother ever had. She's on Home Relief and you in Paris. And you're ready to pay me anything I ask? I think you're lying.

MARTY: You think I am lying while my mother is upstairs and maybe dead now?

PROFESSOR: She's in competent hands.

MARTY: This is an outrage and I'm shocked in every part of my senses.

PROFESSOR: Just a moment, my friend. I would like to ask you a few questions.

MARTY: O.K. Ask.

PROFESSOR: Now, Rothman. You've got a sick mother upstairs and this is no time for horseplay. You've just returned from Paris?

MARTY: On the Normandie.

PROFESSOR: I happen to know the Normandie doesn't dock until Saturday.

MARTY: You happen to know the Normandie doesn't dock until Saturday. Listen, I'm offering you good American money, any amount to do this operation and . . .

PROFESSOR: Look, Rothman. Put away that phony checkbook, and go home.

MARTY: I'll sue. I'll sue you and the hospital. If anything happens to my mother, I'll break you if it takes every cent I've got.

PROFESSOR: All right, sue me. Start tomorrow. But go home now. I think you've caused enough trouble. And next time think twice before you go into this kind of a deal, Rothman. Go home

now, boy and get some sleep. I get hundreds like you.

MARTY: Don't push me!

SOUND: *Of blow*

PROFESSOR: Get the police! Get the police!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Clang of jail door*

JAILER: All right, bud. You just stay in there and cool off for a while.

GUS: Welcome to cell 422. What you in for, bud?

MARTY: Don't call me bud.

GUS: Sorry, your Majesty. What are you in for?

MARTY: Assault and battery.

GUS: Huh. Petty stuff. What's your name? Mine's Gus.

MARTY: Hello. I'm Marty Rothman.

GUS: Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. All right. I can see you wanta get it off your chest. Go ahead.

MARTY: Me? I ain't got nothin' to say . . . I can't figure it out, though. Why I should have gotten so mad? Gosh, I hope my mother gets better. I hope she gets out of the hospital. Maybe I broke that professor's neck? Oh, well. What difference does it make? Maybe I'm dreaming? . . . No . . . This is a jail all right.

GUS: Yeah, it's a jail all right.

MARTY: Oh, well, I'll be out soon. Maybe tomorrow. I'm not through yet. Maybe this is the day I'll hit the right number. Maybe my sweepstakes ticket will come in. Who knows? Who can tell? O.K. all right . . . It's one in a million, but the law of averages . . . I'm overdue. So overdue that I just can't miss. All I need is one good break. Maybe that's it. Why not? The break! The break! My lucky star! My fate! That's all I need . . . just that one good break.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

A DRAMA

By LEOPOLD ATLAS

(A Columbia Workshop Play, broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System)

MUSIC: *Up full—then—down to back*

ANNOUNCER: A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH, a drama of the city, based in part on Paul De Kruif's "Why Keep Them Alive."

MUSIC: *Full—then down behind*

SOUND: *Low traffic background—hold*

ANNOUNCER: In the midst of the traffic torsions and thunder of a great city stands the world-renowned Carter Institute for Medical Research. Sublimely impervious and scientifically immaculate it stares, aloofly above the squat tenements surrounding it, into the distant and abstract sky. However, today within one (*Fade voice*) of its usually white and placid laboratories, (*Fade in the nervous jabbering of a monkey—it screeches almost continuously until cue*)

FREUNDLICH *a heavy Teutonic accent—excitedly*: Hold him, Danny! Hold him—don't let him get away!

DANNY: Boy, he's frisky. Look at that monkey go.

FREUNDLICH: Catch him! Hold him!

SOUND: *The chattering of the monkey rises—a chair falls with a crash*

FREUNDLICH: Look out, Miss Crawford!

DANNY *triumphantly*: I got him, Dr. Freundlich.

FREUNDLICH: Good! Hold him!

SOUND: *Monkey's chattering is shrill—almost frightened*

CRAWFORD: Not so tightly, doctor. You're hurting him. He's crying.

DANNY: Yeah, with joy at being alive again. Doctor, it worked! That serum worked!

FREUNDLICH: Yah! This proves it! This opens new vistas, new channels.

DANNY: Wait until Sam Allen hears this. It was mainly his idea, injecting this serum.

CRAWFORD: He ought to be here soon. He phoned he'd be in by three.

DANNY: If he knew this were going to happen, he'd never have gone away on on that three-day holiday. (*Screeching of monkey rises*) Screech away you old monk. You're among the living again.

FREUNDLICH: It was a good thing Sam went away. He needed it. He was plenty worn out.

DANNY: You're telling me, doctor. There were times when I wondered whether I ought to give him the shot in the arm instead of the monkey . . . It was tough work.

FREUNDLICH: And brilliant work. A goot head, Sam has. You, too, Danny.

DANNY: Thanks. (*The monkey starts screeching again*) Give him a lump of sugar, Miss Crawford, he deserves it. (*The P.A. box buzzer sounds*) Bet that's Sam now.

FREUNDLICH *at the box*: Yah? Vot iss?

VOICE *through box*: Dr. Allen is . . .

FREUNDLICH: Right in, right in, send him. No announcements for . . . (*Door opening*) Sam, Sam, my boy. How are you?

ALLEN: Hello, Dr. Freundlich . . . Dan.

DANNY: Did you ever see a dead monkey eat, Sam? Look.

SOUND: *Monkey chatter rises*

ALLEN: When did he come to, Dan?

DANNY: About ten minutes ago.

ALLEN: That's splendid.

FREUNDLICH *with heavy jocularity*: Yah, now you boys will eat, too. Full of stuffings. Banquets, dinners, social teas. Vait till that politician in the front office, Dr. Carter, to the papers gip this out. (*Then solemnly*) But now first you must begin to work. Instead of medals ask for laboratories, instead of dinners ask for materials, instead of acclaim ask for quiet and peace to do your work.

ALLEN *with great bitterness*: Ivory towers, you mean, don't you?

FREUNDLICH: Even quieter if possible. Yah, now you begin to check and recheck on your laboratory experiments, go over them and . . .

ALLEN *slowly*: I'm afraid that won't be possible, Dr. Freundlich.

FREUNDLICH *unsuspectingly*: Why not? Everything is in readiness. Your laboratories—

ALLEN: I'm through with laboratories for a while, Dr. Freundlich. That's what I came here to tell you. I'm resigning.

FREUNDLICH *shocked*: Resigning! What are you saying?

ALLEN: I'm leaving the Carter Institute—today.

FREUNDLICH: Did you have some trouble? Is something wrong here?

ALLEN: No, here everything is perfect—too perfect. In fact this institute is an ivory tower of perfection. We make our experiments, formulate our serums, write our reports, publish them and then return to our monk's cells for new experiments.

FREUNDLICH: And what more is there for a scientist to ask, Sam?

ALLEN: A world more, I've just discovered. A world outside for whom we here freely make our discoveries and serums, but who never obtain them because these discoveries are kept from them.

FREUNDLICH: I don't understand.

ALLEN: I'm just beginning to.

FREUNDLICH: Sam, what has come over you—what are you? Oh, Danny, Crawford—take the monkey back to the cage. (*"Sure" "Yeah"—steps—door open—close*) Now, Sam, what is disturbing you? What are you speaking—resign—resign—you have the most brilliant career ahead of you here—you have just made a big discovery, boy.

ALLEN: Yes, Dr. Freundlich, I have made big discovery—and that's why I'm

resigning. I stumbled around in the dark for years and regained my vision in three days. (*Fade*) I made a discovery three days ago—it had nothing to do with monkeys and ivory towers, it had to do with . . . (*Music*) . . . Human living—here and now . . .

MUSIC: *Up and down into* . . .

MARION: Hurry, darling. It's almost two in the morning. Let's get something of this Christmas eve in together.

ALLEN: Be with you in a minute, dear, just want to check up on Murgatoyd, the monk.

DANNY: Go on, you love-birds, get out of here. I'll take care of Murgy. Have a good vacation, Sam.

ALLEN: Thanks.

MARION: Imagine, Danny, I'm going to have him to myself for three whole days.

DANNY: The pleasure's all yours, I've had enough of him. Now you two get out before I throw you out.

ALLEN: Don't push, Danny.

SOUND: *Door opens—footsteps*

DANNY: See you in three days. (*Echo chamber*)

ALLEN: O.K. Merry Christmas, Dan.

DANNY *off*: Merry Christmas.

MARION: Merry Christmas, and don't be lonely.

DANNY *off*: Not with Murgatoyd around.

SOUND: *Door closes off*

MARION: Sweet of Danny to hold the fort while you're away.

ALLEN: Yes. He's a swell guy. (*Door opens—echo out—breathing deeply*) Phew, it's good to get a breath of cold fresh air again. (*Door closes*)

MARION: Isn't it? And think of it—we're going to have three whole days together. We're free!

ALLEN: For a little while anyhow.

MARION: For an eternity. Three whole days. (*In distance sound of singing "Noel"*) Listen, they're singing Christmas carols in that house.

ALLEN: It's a grand song.

MARION: The loveliest in all the world.

This, I think, is the loveliest night of all the year and you are the loveliest . . .

ALLEN: Hey, hey, wait a minute, lady, that's my speech to you.

MARION *with mock exasperation*: Then why aren't you saying it, you simple scientist?

ALLEN: I am—with my eyes.

MARION: Say it with your lips. I want to hear it.

ALLEN *as he evidently bends over to kiss her*: There . . . (*Kisses her very loudly*) Did you hear it?

MARION: Perfectly. A little off-key though. Would you mind trying it again?

ALLEN: Delighted. (*Kisses her again*) How's that?

MARION: Much better.

ALLEN *as they laugh*: There's a cab. (*Calls*) Taxi. (*Whistles*)

MARION *dismayed*: Oh, no, Sam. (*With humorous exasperation*) Do you have to get into a taxi to make love to me?

ALLEN *laughing with her*: Old college habit, darling. Of course not. But you're tired and it's cold and you're shivering.

MARION: Sam, if you stayed away from your microbes for a little while and devoted more time to me, you'd discover that when you hold a woman in your arms and she shivers, it's not always because she's cold. That's a scientific fact!

ALLEN: I'll make a note of it, professor.

SOUND: *A car pulling over*

CABBY'S VOICE: Cab, sir?

ALLEN: No, sorry. We changed our minds.

CABBY'S VOICE: O.K.

SOUND: *Car pulls away*

MARION: I couldn't think of driving home on a night like this with the snow falling so softly and silently and the wind—listen.

ALLEN: Yes . . .

MARION: Oh, I love it. I love the sound footsteps make on the fallen snow, don't you?

ALLEN: You're gloriously happy tonight, aren't you, darling? You're practically in love with everything.

MARION: Everything. Only this morning I made a little discovery of my own.

ALLEN: What?

MARION: You're not the only one who's going to make his little contribution to humanity, as Dr. Freudlich would put it.

ALLEN: Marion, you . . .

MARION *assertive*: Mmm-m . . .

ALLEN: Sweetheart. (*Evidently he kisses her—for there is a pause*)

MARION *exultantly*: Oh, dearest, this is the most glorious of all possible worlds.

SOUND. *From distance sound of a racing automobile and the festive, slightly intoxicated singing of a popular song*

MARION: Even those people in the car are happy for me. (*As car passes, she joins in song*) "And morning soon will be dawning." (*Laughs*) Everyone's happy tonight. (*Then suddenly alarmed as she watches the car*) Oh, they're driving too fast, Sam. They must be drunk . . . (*Cries out*) Sam, they're going to hit that woman at the corner! (*Crying out sharply*) Look out! Look out! (*A sudden horrible screech of tightened brakes*) They're going to turn over!

ALLEN: No, they're all right. They just skidded around. See, they're driving off, singing again.

SOUND: *Car and singing receding*

MARION: Oh, I was so frightened. But what about that woman? Did they hit her? I don't see her.

ALLEN: I don't like . . . oh, there she is . . . coming out of the shadows of that building, see . . . she seems all right.

MARION *a little aweful*: Sam, do you recall seeing that woman on the street before the auto passed us?

ALLEN: No, but that black coat isn't quite conducive to . . .

MARION *interrupting*: Sam, isn't it strange?

ALLEN: What?

MARION: A woman walking alone at this time of the night.

ALLEN *reassuringly*: Why no. She's probably coming home from some Christmas Eve party.

MARION: But alone—look how slowly she walks. What is she carrying in her arms? Can you make it out?

ALLEN: No.

MARION: She carries it as one would a child.

ALLEN: A child at this time of the night? Nonsense. She's most likely taking a package of food home to her kids—or . . .

MARION: But why does she carry it with her arms forward like a child—Why does she? Sam, she is hurt, she's staggering.

ALLEN: Too much Christmas cheer, I'd say.

MARION: No, no, Sam, she's hurt! See, she's leaning against the lamp post at the corner. You can see her now in the light. Her eyes are closed as if she were in pain.

ALLEN: Yes, but still . . .

MARION: Come, let's hurry. Maybe we can help her. Sam, don't back away, speak to her.

SOUND: *There is a moment's pause as he approaches her*

ALLEN: I beg your pardon, ma'am, but my wife and I saw that car almost run you down. You're not hurt, are you? (*Woman doesn't answer*) Are you in pain?

WOMAN *in a strangely lifeless voice*: Huh? Oh, no, I'm all right.

MARION: That car didn't hit you, did it?

WOMAN: Maybe it would have been better if it did.

MARION *with quick kindness*: Don't say that. Aren't you feeling well? Sam, perhaps that bundle is too heavy for her to carry?

WOMAN *with low-*tearful fright**: No. It isn't too heavy. I've borne it a long way and a long time. It isn't too heavy for me to bear now.

ALLEN: Here, just let me . . .

WOMAN *crying out frightenedly*: No—no, don't touch it—don't take it from me.

MARION: But we're not going to take it away. We only want . . .

WOMAN *as if withdrawing*: No—no.

OFFICER (*A heavy masculine voice*) (*coming in*): Say, what's going on here?

MARION: Oh, officer. This poor woman was almost run down by an automobile a moment ago. We saw it and wanted to know if we could be of any assistance.

WOMAN: It's all right, I'm not hurt. Please let me go.

OFFICER *suspiciously*: Wait a minute. What have you got there? It's kind of late in the night to be carrying bundles around.

WOMAN: No—no, don't touch it. Don't take it from me. It's all I've got.

OFFICER: Oh, so you're trying to hide it, are you? Well, come here, my fine girl. Let's see what you've got there.

MARION: Don't hurt her, officer.

OFFICER: I just want to see what she's got in that bundle—that's all. There've been several robberies around here lately.

WOMAN: I haven't robbed anybody.

OFFICER: Stand still while I unwrap this. Got it pretty snug, haven't you? What's

MARION *exclaiming half in admiration and half in astonishment*: Oh, what a pretty child!

WOMAN *tearfully*: Yes, isn't she?

OFFICER: Whose kid is this, lady?

WOMAN: Mine.

OFFICER: Sure you haven't kidnapped her?

What on earth would you be carrying a sleeping child around for at this time of the night in this kind of weather?

WOMAN *quietly*: She isn't sleeping.

OFFICER *skeptically*: No?

WOMAN: She's dead—she's been murdered . . .

OFFICER: What? What are you talking about?

MARION *half screaming*: Murdered, no!

ALLEN: Easy, Marion.

OFFICER *excitedly*: Who did it? Let me look at that kid. Say—this'll take looking into . . . (*He raps his club several times against the iron lamp post—then calls sharply*) Hey, George! Turn the car round this way! Step on her! Something's up!

SOUND: *Car approaching and simultaneously—in a slowly rising crescendo—a police siren—rising wail of siren drowns out all other sounds—then it diminishes gradually fading into a silence that is broken by a low babble of voices—underneath which is sobbing of a woman—door opens and closes—ad lib*

LIEUTENANT: Hello, Doctor. What did you find?

DOCTOR: False alarm, Lieutenant. That kid wasn't murdered.

LIEUTENANT *incredulously*: She wasn't you say?

DOCTOR: No, there isn't a mark of violence, strangulation or poisoning on the kid.

LIEUTENANT: That's queer.

DOCTOR: Matter of fact, she seems to have died a perfectly natural death. Rheumatic heart. Perfectly natural.

LIEUTENANT: I don't get this. What about the mother's story?

DOCTOR: Probably demented. Looks undernourished. Shock of her kid's death upset her mind completely.

LIEUTENANT: I'd better tell her. Listen, mother, listen to me. Your little girl wasn't murdered. You are mistaken, see.

MOTHER: No—no—she was murdered, I tell you . . .

LIEUTENANT: But the doctor's just examined her. He says she died a perfectly natural death . . .

WOMAN: Natural death! Children don't die natural deaths! Children were born to live . . . not to die. When they die, they've been murdered.

DOCTOR *sotto*: Better take her down to the psychopathic ward, Lieutenant. She's in need of care herself.

LIEUTENANT *sotto*: Right, Doctor . . . Better come with me, mother . . .

WOMAN *walking off*: Children don't die natural deaths I tell you! They are murdered . . .

SOUND: *Door closes*

MARION: Oh, Sam, did you hear what that poor woman cried?

ALLEN: Easy, darling.

DOCTOR: You folks can go now. Sorry to have detained you. Routine you know.

ALLEN: That's all right. Oh, Doctor, I'm Dr. Allen, bacteriologist over at the Carter Institute.

DOCTOR: Oh, yes, glad to know you.

ALLEN: Of what exactly did that kid die?

DOCTOR: Haven't made a complete diagnosis yet, but off-hand I'd say rheumatic heart.

ALLEN: But rheumatic heart can be checked, can't it?

DOCTOR: If it's caught in time, yes.

ALLEN: Why wasn't it caught in time?

DOCTOR: Probably neglected, or improper care.

ALLEN: Then this mother's accusation was not insane.

DOCTOR: What do you mean?

ALLEN: Neglect contributory to death is murder, isn't it?

DOCTOR: Why yes—huh? (*Taken aback*) I don't quite understand.

ALLEN: No? Come on, Marion. Time we got some sleep.

SOUND: *Now the night—of sound rises—four gongs—and as the second one begins to fade a strange nightmarish far-rag of sound slowly begins to rise and continue with a wildly increasing tempo—the sounds are distorted and seem to be whirling through Allen's sleeping mind—certain phrases stand out more clearly than the rest—a burst of singing "Noel-Noel"—"murdered — murdered — murdered"—"heart-break?"*

SOUND: *A skidding car*

FILTER: Oh darling, I'm so happy. This is the most glorious of all possible worlds.

Sam, Junior—Sam Allen, Junior, our son.

SOUND: *A piercing scream*

FILTER: Children are born to live, not to die.

SOUND: *A police siren*

FILTER: Children don't die natural deaths, children are murdered—murdered.

SOUND: *Again the crescent wail of the siren—punctuated by six reverberating strokes of the town clock—superimposed*

FILTER: This'll take a lot of looking into. Come on. Children don't die natural deaths. (*Followed immediately by a . . .*

SOUND *Frenzied plea in Allen's voice*: Children don't die! Don't die, son!

SOUND: *All rises to a tourbillon of sound within the space of the six reverberating gongs and as the last dies away there is a hushed silence*

MARION: Sam! Sam! Wake up!

ALLEN: What is it, dear?

MARION: Oh, I had such a frightful nightmare. That poor woman's words keep ringing through my mind.

ALLEN *repeating slowly*: "Children don't die natural deaths. They are born to live, not to die."

MARION: Oh, Sam, did that little girl have to die—wasn't there any cure?

ALLEN: Roberts will know . . .

MARION: Who's Roberts?

ALLEN: An old school-mate of mine—devoted his life to a study of rheumatic heart. Remember having a talk with him a long time ago.

MARION: Darling, then let's go to Roberts. I want to find out, too, why children die, if there seem to be cures to save them. I want to find out for our baby's sake, Sam.

ALLEN: Yes.

MARION: I want him to be born in a world where children don't die shamefully and needlessly—if there are cures at hand to save them. I want to know who's to blame for that little girl's death.

ALLEN: Roberts will know—Roberts must surely know. (*His voice fades*)

MUSIC: *Hold—then Roberts' hearty voice booms out*

ROBERTS: Yes, I know, Sam. I know this—nearly one out of every ten kids between ten and fourteen who dies, dies because of rheumatic heart-break.

MARION: How horrible.

ROBERTS: Yes, isn't it. But I'm mighty glad you came, Sam. It's high-time some of you microbe-hunters left your ivory-towered laboratories to find out why kids still die, especially after you fellows have discovered the serums and vaccines and toxins to save them.

ALLEN: Have you isolated the heart-break microbe yet?

ROBERTS: No, but we've done something almost as good. We know the microbes most powerful accomplice, without which he cannot exist.

MARION: In other words, if you eradicated the accomplice, the microbe itself must disappear.

ROBERTS *chucklingly*: Correct and scientific, Mrs. Allen. But not so easy.

ALLEN: Why not?

ROBERTS: The name of the accomplice is poverty.

MARION: Poverty?

ROBERTS: Yeah, and his side-kick—malnutrition. Funny thing about my pet microbe—he isn't a snob. Not he. In fact if anything he leans the other way. He's a regular democratic feller. A real American you might even say—a perfect politician. He loves the poor. Yeah, he loves them to death.

ALLEN: But you have found a cure for them, haven't you, Roberts? I seem to recall—

ROBERTS: Better than that—a preventative . . .

MARION: Then why isn't it applied?

ROBERTS: Well, it's a curious story, Mrs. Allen. When I tell you how simple the preventative is, and how we discovered it, perhaps you will understand. For ten years I have been hunting for something to destroy that microbe which we couldn't isolate. I was almost ready to throw in the sponge—and then one spring day my nurse, Miss Farmer and I made our inspection rounds through one of the worst sections of the slum districts, inhabited mainly by Puerto Rican immigrants. A little girl was dancing in the street in a circle of her friends. Miss Farmer and I . . .

MUSIC: *Fade into hand organ music and rhythmic clapping of hands and encouraging cries to little girl*

MISS FARMER: There's the little Montanez girl, Doctor. Doesn't she dance extremely well?

ROBERTS *grumpily*: Burning up valuable energy, that's all.

MISS FARMER *laughing at him—reprovingly*: Oh, come now, doctor, it's a lovely April day. Forget the old grouch and let that little girl enjoy herself.

ROBERTS: Farmer, if it were in my power I'd let that kid dance all her life-long. I wouldn't stop her for worlds, but something else might.

MISS FARMER *reproachfully*: Doctor, I'm beginning to suspect you've got a bad case of heart-trouble on the brain. Now that's a serious disease you know. Complications.

MONTANEZ *in greeting*: Señor Doctor.

ROBERTS: Oh, hello, Montanez.

MONTANEZ: You watch my little Dolores dance. She dances very fine, eh? Just like her mother, when she young girl in Puerto Rico. (*He sings a bar of the song towards Dolores in approbation*) With spirit she dance, like the sunny south. Maybe when she grow up she be fine dancer like Joan Crawford, maybe.

MISS FARMER: I'm sure she will, Montanez.

MONTANEZ: You t'ink so, Mees Farmer? Gracias, in this countree—the children can become anyt'ing—they . . . (*Recollectively*) Except my Juan, he . . . (*Then enthusiastically*) Ah, but my Dolores not die like him. She fine and how-you-call-it-peppee—like wine, eh?

MUSIC: *Gayly accelerates—crowd calls encouragingly—sound climbs to climax—suddenly there is a piercing scream—the music dies away dizzily*

VOICES: She's fallen . . .

What's happened . . .

She's sprained her ankle . . .

Dolores—Dolores . . .

Look, how blue she is.

ROBERTS: Here, let me through.

VOICES: It's the doctor.

Stand back. Give 'em room.

He help her.

ROBERTS *as he bends over Dolores who is whimpering frightenedly*: What is it, Dolores?

DOLORES *faintly*: It hurt here—ooh—it feel like . . .

MISS FARMER: Don't be frightened, Dolores. You'll be all right.

ROBERTS: Here, Farmer, listen to her heart. (*Ironically*) Don't be frightened, she'll be all right. Listen, go on. There's

music for you. An old song. Listen to that stethoscope.

SOUND: *Heart pumping arduously and with terrible rapidity—as Farmer listens*
MONTANEZ *tearfully*: What is it, Doctor?

What is with my little Dolores?

MISS FARMER: Have her carried upstairs. Let her rest.

A VOICE: I carry her, Uncle Montanez.

MONTANEZ: Si, José. You're a good boy. Doctor, tell me, has she the same trouble as my Pedro?

ROBERTS: I'm afraid so.

MONTANEZ *frightenedly*: But she no die, Doctor. She no die.

ROBERTS: I'll do the best I can, Montanez.

MONTANEZ *tearfully—almost as a lament*:

Why is it in Puerto Rico we never know such trouble? We are poorer there, but our muchas never break the heart. Only when they come Nord. It's a disease of the Nord . . .

MUSIC: *Up and down*

ROBERTS *breaks in*: And there, Sam, was the birth of an idea. In that old man's words.

ALLEN: You mean that rheumatic heart-break is unknown in the South?

ROBERTS: Exactly. There's something in the intense sunlight of tropical and semi-tropical countries that prevents heart-break from getting a foothold.

ALLEN: But that would only prevent the disease from starting. How about those who are already stricken? Could it cure them?

ROBERTS: That's what we were going to find out. There were some people who promised to donate some money to assist my research. With their aid we sent ten of the worst cases to Puerto Rico. Dolores among them.

MARION: And what happened?

ROBERTS: And there exposed to the wind, the rain, the salt air and most important—the sun . . .

MARION: They lived!

ROBERTS: Yes, they lived! After six months the streptococci miraculously disappeared, even the most deadly threatened of them were healed.

MARION: Oh, that was splendid, Dr. Roberts.

ROBERTS *a little bitterly*: Yep. It was a perfect example of the power of science when armed with money.

ALLEN: But what did money have to do with it?

ROBERTS: Well, after six months, the money so generously contributed ran out. We couldn't raise any more because of the depression. The kids had to return. Within half a year three of them suffered relapses and died.

MARION: Oh, what a cruel shame.

ALLEN: Just a minute, Roberts, I don't get this. The depression didn't alter the temperature of the Caribbean, did it?

ROBERTS *wryly*: No, that's still nice and warm.

ALLEN: And there is no change for the steadily pleasant climate of the south, is there?

ROBERTS: Not that I know of.

ALLEN: And the strong, healing hot sun—God knows no one owns that!

ROBERTS: Absolutely not. That's free, too.

ALLEN: Then why can't these kids be kept down—

SOUND: *Sharp knock on door followed by door opening immediately—a man's and woman's voices are heard*

ROBERTS: What is it, Miss Farmer?

MISS FARMER: Mr. Smith here, insists on seeing you. I've told him that . . .

SMITH *interrupting*: Excuse me for breaking in this way, Dr. Roberts, but I've got to hurry back to the shop or I'll be fired.

ROBERTS: What's troubling you, Smith?

SMITH: The kid, Doctor, he's getting worse. Can't we do something? He's just a little fellow you know and . . .

ROBERTS: You're following my instructions about rest and care, aren't you?

SMITH: Yeah, but it doesn't seem to be doing him no good. Isn't there anything else we can do?

ROBERTS *quietly*: Not at present, Smith. Just keep following those instructions and let's hope the boy'll outgrow his condition.

SMITH *brokenly*: I see. O.K., doc. Thanks and excuse me for—thanks . . .

SOUND: *Door closing*

ALLEN *aroused*: But, see here, Roberts, you've just been telling me about the powers of semi-tropical sunlight. You've discovered it yourself. Why didn't you tell this man that that would probably save his kid?

ROBERTS *with great—bitter intensity*: Yeah, wouldn't it have been kind of me, Allen, knowing that man, knowing that he makes twelve bucks a week and has three other kids to support—Wouldn't

it have been very kind of me to have told him to take his boy and winter in California or Florida this season.

ALLEN: Then merely because this man hasn't the money to take and support his family in the South, must his kid die?

ROBERTS: Not only his kid, Sam, but there are thousands of others like him.

ALLEN: But God knows, Roberts, there's certainly enough steel and concrete in our land of plenty to build health centers in every county and city in America . . . Yes, and thousands of eager young doctors to attend them.

ROBERTS: True, but still the fact remains that they aren't there.

ALLEN: Why? Why? That's the reason for this paradox?

ROBERTS: I don't know, Sam, don't ask me. I'm just a dumb doctor who's happened to have found a treatment for these kids after ten years of tough research. I'm not an economist always yapping about sound finance . . .

ALLEN: But even in sound finance—it's cheaper to cure people than to bury them. Something must be done, something must be done to stop the murder of our children.

ROBERTS: What?

ALLEN: I don't know, but I must think about it—there must be some way . . .
(*Fades*) Must be some way . . .

MUSIC: *Bridge*

ALLEN: That's the discovery I made in the past three days, Doctor Freundlich. A discovery about the lives of children—and that's why the life or death of a monkey leaves me cold . . .

FREUNDLICH: But, Sam, some day your discovery of the monkey serum may help thousands of lives . . .

ALLEN: Yes, like Roberts' discovery . . .

FREUNDLICH: Sam, you are young—impatient.

ALLEN: No, Doctor, it's no use. I'm resigning . . .

FREUNDLICH: Someday these remedies will be given to everybody indiscriminately . . .

ALLEN: Someday!

FREUNDLICH: These things take time.

ALLEN: But what about kids dying today, dying of diseases whose deadlines have long been past. This murder must stop, I tell you! Science is a mockery otherwise. Something must be done!

FREUNDLICH: Yah, sure.

ALLEN: What good is Roberts' discovery doing? Who is it benefiting? Not those who need it. And I've learnt that what's true of rheumatic heart is also true of diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, tuberculosis.

FREUNDLICH: But even if you tried to do something, Sam, you'd be one against thousands.

ALLEN: They may ignore me, doctor, but not the cries of their own children. Suppose if right this minute we could rig up one great microphone thru which they could hear in their own homes the screams of undernourished babies dying of meningitis, or the coughing of little ones choked with pneumonia or hearts breaking with rheumatism—and suppose they knew that not one child need suffer so, that science has discovered how to prevent and cure every one of these diseases, they'd be torn out of their complacency. They'd get up and demand that this mass-murder of their children be stopped. Give the people light and they'll find their own way.
Give the people light!

MUSIC: *Up*

MOON WATCH

A DRAMA

By BRUNO FRANK

ADAPTED FOR RADIO BY EDWARD GOLDBERGER

(Produced by Peter Witt and Story Magazine over WHN, New York)

SOUND: *Ad libs*

MUSIC: *In BG.*

PROFESSOR: Well, K'thani, where's the Sultan? How much longer do we wait before this procession starts?

K'THANI: Not long, Professor. It will start soon, now.

PROFESSOR: I would like to see this before I leave Morocco.

K'THANI: Of course. You don't see processions like this in your Vienna. There you have big universities and wonderful machinery and such . . . But you have no armies controlled by magic and drugged into discipline.

PROFESSOR: Drugged?

K'THANI: Yes. And not on hashish, Professor . . . That's against the policy of an "enlightened" sultan like ours. The soldiers are all natives from the wilder sections and they're kept in order by using magic and superstition on them . . .

SOUND: *Band music off mike*

PROFESSOR: Superstition? But what for?

K'THANI: The only way to make them obey is to tell them that the Sultan has a special kind of magic. That frightens them . . . There they are now. You see how well it works?

PROFESSOR: They do march well . . . The Sultan should be along any minute, eh?

K'THANI: Oh, no. First they line up to make a passage for him. Then, in a little while, he comes.

PROFESSOR: In a little while! Why we've been here . . . Let's see, we've been here an hour and twenty minutes now exactly.

K'THANI: That's a peculiar watch . . . It must be very old, Professor. May I look at it, please?

PROFESSOR: Certainly.

K'THANI: What are these things on top? These black and white spots?

PROFESSOR: They show the phases of the moon.

K'THANI: Where did you buy it? Here in Morocco?

PROFESSOR: My grandfather had it made for him in Venice a long time ago . . .

K'thani, is this guard going to stand right in front of us? I won't be able to see a thing . . . Could you move a little bit please? Guard! Could you move please?

K'THANI: He can't. He's not allowed.

PROFESSOR: You mean to say he's going to stand here like a statue through the whole thing?

K'THANI: He's supposed to . . . otherwise he'll be punished.

PROFESSOR: Then we won't be able to see the procession.

K'THANI: Why don't you show him this watch, Professor?

PROFESSOR: Show him the watch? Why?

K'THANI: Tell him it's a magic watch and it will do him harm unless he moves.

PROFESSOR: Oh, no. I wouldn't. It's not true.

K'THANI: Well, then, I'll do it . . . Here, you . . . See this watch? Look! Magic!

PROFESSOR: Here . . . K'thani . . .

MOHAMMED: Watch! A magic watch! Let me see!

K'THANI: There! See, Professor?

MOHAMMED: Please, may I hold the magic watch?

PROFESSOR: It's not a magic watch. It's just something that . . .

K'THANI: It's too late now, Professor.

PROFESSOR: Yes, so I see.

MOHAMMED: May I hold it in my hand, just once, please?

PROFESSOR: Let him hold the watch, K'thani . . . Look here, could you move just a little bit so that we could see when the Sultan comes?

SOUND: *Ad lib up*

MUSIC: *Up*

MOHAMMED: The black and the white. The watch tells the black and the white.

PROFESSOR: You better give it back. The procession is beginning.

MOHAMMED: Just a little more. Let me hold it a little longer.

PROFESSOR: You can see it later. Hurry . . . before the Sultan comes.

K'THANI: Hurry! Turn around before the Sultan gets here!

MOHAMMED: But . . .

PROFESSOR: Do you want to get killed? Turn around!

MOHAMMED: Yes, master.

MUSIC: *Up loud*

SOUND: *Cheers, etc.*

PROFESSOR: Whew!

K'THANI: You see that clean shaven man? The one with the gold robe coming past now. That's the Sultan.

PROFESSOR: He looks very young, doesn't he? That's surprising.

MOHAMMED: Let me see it again, master. Please. Before you go away, I must see it again.

PROFESSOR: Are you crazy? Turn around! The Sultan is right opposite us now! Face him! Don't turn your back to him!

MOHAMMED: Please, let me hold it.

PROFESSOR: Later. Later. I'll wait for you. Turn around before they notice.

K'THANI: It's too late, here comes the police.

PROFESSOR: What will happen to you now?

K'THANI: He'll go to prison. They might even kill him.

MOHAMMED: It doesn't matter. Let me see the watch again, master.

SOLDIER: All right, Mohammed. You're under arrest. Come along.

PROFESSOR: Here! Wait! Let me speak to him a minute.

SOLDIER: I'm sorry, I'm not allowed . . . Come, Mohammed.

PROFESSOR: The fool. The crazy fool . . . to risk his life because of a silly watch. A toy watch!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

PROFESSOR: I am Professor Purgstaller of Vienna, Governor. I've come to speak to you about that incident at the procession this afternoon.

GOVERNOR: Oh, yes. I heard about that. But there's nothing I can do. I'm only the consular representative of the French government. A sort of adviser to the Sultan.

PROFESSOR: But this poor fellow will be killed. You must stop it.

GOVERNOR: The actions of the Sultan's guard are his care. If they misbehave, the Sultan can do what he likes with them.

PROFESSOR: There must be something that can be done.

GOVERNOR: As far as I can see, there isn't. Why are you interested in this case, Professor? This fellow has nothing to do with you.

PROFESSOR: I was responsible, I caused the whole thing. Or rather, my watch . . . this watch, caused it.

GOVERNOR: Hmm . . . It's very odd, isn't it?

PROFESSOR: Yes . . . Mohammed, that's the prisoner, happened . . . well, I tried to get him to move a little by telling him it was a magic watch. He moved readily enough, but he was so fascinated by the thing that he was still staring at it when the Sultan went by. So, you see, the whole thing was my fault. Now, I must try to get him out of it.

GOVERNOR: I see. Well, as I said, there isn't anything that I can do. However, I can arrange an audience for you with the Sultan, and you can talk to him.

PROFESSOR: Oh, thank you. Thank you . . .

GOVERNOR: Oh, one thing . . . Explanations are all right . . . but something more concrete would help.

PROFESSOR: Concrete?

GOVERNOR: A present.

PROFESSOR: Oh.

GOVERNOR: Something of more than ordinary value, of course.

PROFESSOR: Hmm . . . I have a manuscript. An old history of the Berbers. Very valuable, that I was presented with by an old sheik. Would that do?

GOVERNOR: I don't know. It's worth a try . . . I'll see about the audience.

PROFESSOR: Thank you. Thank you.

GOVERNOR: Remember. I can't promise anything will come of it. If you save him, it will be just luck. That's all.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

PROFESSOR: Your Majesty.

SULTAN: You are Professor Purgstaller?

PROFESSOR: Yes, your Majesty.

SULTAN: The governor suggested that you had something you wanted to see me about?

PROFESSOR: Yes, your Majesty. It's about the fellow who moved in the line this morning. Mohammed. The one who is to be executed.

SULTAN: Oh, that. Unfortunate, wasn't it?

PROFESSOR: Yes, your Majesty. I . . . Well, as a matter of fact, I feel in a large measure responsible for the whole thing. I practically forced him to move as he did.

SULTAN: So the governor informed me.

PROFESSOR: Then your Majesty knows of the case.

SULTAN: Yes.

PROFESSOR: Before I depart from your esteemed land as a tribute, a humble tribute to so great a man, your Majesty, allow me to offer this book—this manuscript given me by a learned man of this land. It is a copy of the great History of the Berbers, written by Ibn Kaldun, the incomparable.

SULTAN: The History of the Berbers? Let me see it.

PROFESSOR: Here it is, your Majesty.

SOUND: *Rustle of pages*

SULTAN: Very pretty. Very pretty indeed. Fifteenth century, isn't it?

PROFESSOR: Yes, your Majesty.

SULTAN: Thank you for your good will, Professor Purgstaller. I shall have the pleasure of adding it to my extensive library collection.

PROFESSOR: Thank you, your Majesty.

SULTAN: I realize, of course, that so distinguished a visitor as yourself would be insulted by any attempt to offer a favor in return. Nevertheless, it is my wish that we mark this hour with a little deed of friendliness and charity.

PROFESSOR: Your Majesty is too kind.

SULTAN: This Mohammed, this servant of mine of which we were speaking, the one who was to be killed . . .

PROFESSOR: Yes, your Majesty?

SULTAN: The penalty is withdrawn. He shall go free.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

MOHAMMED: Master! Master!

PROFESSOR: Mohammed! Well, I see you've been released . . . Here! Get up out of the dust there. What are you doing that for?

MOHAMMED: You saved my life, master. The watch, the moon watch, it is magic, as you said. You saved my life.

PROFESSOR: You don't have to thank me, Mohammed. There's no need for it. I wish you the best of luck. Now. I've got to go. The boat leaves in a few minutes.

MOHAMMED: Boat? Boat?

PROFESSOR: Yes, certainly. I'm leaving to go home.

MOHAMMED: Master . . . please . . . you leave the country and what will I do?

PROFESSOR: You're young and strong. You'll find it easy to earn a living.

MOHAMMED: The Sultan. I've insulted the Sultan badly. No one will dare to give me work. You . . . you, master, you can help me with the magic watch that saved my life before.

PROFESSOR: You can go back to your own country, can't you?

MOHAMMED: Nobody knows me there. I left as a little boy. Take me with you, master. Take me to your court.

PROFESSOR: But what can I do with you? What could you do in Vienna?

MOHAMMED: I will be the lowest of your servants. I will be, less than your least donkey. I will never sleep. If you beat me till I bleed, I will still laugh with happiness. Only don't leave me behind in this strange country, which will be dark when you have left.

PROFESSOR: But Vienna . . . Austria will be just as strange.

MOHAMMED: There will be the master to protect me. The master and the watch that tells the moon where to go.

PROFESSOR: It does nothing of the sort, Mohammed, I told you that.

MOHAMMED: Did it not save my life today? It is a magic watch, master.

PROFESSOR: Well . . . it's a magic watch, then. And what has that to do with it?

MOHAMMED: You are my protector, master. With the watch that does wonders. Don't leave me here. In this country . . . all alone.

PROFESSOR: Well . . .

MOHAMMED: Please, master.

PROFESSOR: All right . . .

MOHAMMED: Thank you! Thank you, master.

PROFESSOR: That'll do—that'll do . . . Now get up out of that dirt and come along. Hurry, we haven't much time.

MOHAMMED: Master has saved my life again.

PROFESSOR: Maybe . . . but I hope I haven't made a great mistake for myself. This whole thing is pretty crazy to me. I hope it works out all right.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Door bell—door opens*

HANS: Herr Professor!

PROFESSOR: Well, Hans, home again, eh? And does it feel good! Ah! What have you for dinner? Noodle soup?

HANS: Yes, Herr Professor. And veal goulash with nockerln, and coffee.

PROFESSOR: Good. Good. Ah! It's wonderful to be home!

HANS: Yes, Herr Professor! . . . Hey, you! You can't come in here! This is the Professor's house! What do you want here? Go awa . . .

PROFESSOR: Wait—wait, Hans. That's Mohammed . . . he's the new servant.

HANS: He's going to stay here?

PROFESSOR *laughing*: Well, I'm a little amazed at it myself . . . but he is, Hans. He is.

HANS: But . . .

PROFESSOR: Now, Hans. There's no way out of it now. He's here . . . a thousand miles or more from home . . . and we can't send him back. Besides, he wouldn't go. He wouldn't move an inch.

HANS: But how did you ever get him, Herr Professor?

PROFESSOR: Well it's kind of complicated . . . You know my watch? The moon watch that I inherited from my grandfather? He was fascinated by it . . . almost got himself killed on account of it and when I saved him from that, he insisted on being my servant. It's the watch . . . He's got some idea that this watch rules his destiny. That it's a magic watch . . . or something like that. But he insisted . . . and what could I do with the poor fellow?

HANS: But what can he do here? He doesn't know his way about, or . . . or anything.

PROFESSOR: He'll soon learn. He's no fool.

I know I'm asking a lot of you, Hans . . . but you've been my servant here for years. You've put up with all kinds of antics. Bear with me on this one, too. All you have to do is treat him like a very intelligent child who still has a lot to learn about life. He'll be all right then, you'll see.

HANS: A child? Him a child? I wouldn't call him that. Not by a long shot.

PROFESSOR: But he is, Hans. With all a child's superstition and view of life.

HANS: Well, I won't be responsible for the consequences.

PROFESSOR: Consequences? Don't talk foolishly, Hans.

HANS: Just the same, I don't like it. There will be trouble. You just wait.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

HANS: Mohammed! Mohammed! What are you doing there? Get up! Don't stay there in the dark like that. Get up!

MOHAMMED: Huh?

HANS: What are you doing in the master's room, all alone in the house?

MOHAMMED: The watch. The magic watch. The moon watch.

HANS: What? What are you talking about?

MOHAMMED: The watch . . . see . . . it is dark now.

HANS: Yes. Of course it's dark.

MOHAMMED: The watch . . . it is black . . . there is no white. No white at all.

HANS: Now, come along, don't be silly. Why can't you leave the watch alone?

MOHAMMED: It's magic. Magic.

HANS: So you've said before. Lots of times . . . over and over again.

MOHAMMED: See here, and here . . . the white and the black. You and me. Both of us.

HANS: What? What are you talking about?

MOHAMMED: This. The watch, the face. The black, that is me. The white . . . that is you.

HANS: On that? That toy? What's the matter with you, anyway?

MOHAMMED: It's true. Mohammed is the dark, you, Hans are the white. Always they chase each other over the face of the watch. The watch that tells everything.

HANS: Mohammed, you're talking nonsense.

MOHAMMED: And some days the white is gone. Gone. And I am alone. Like now. Like today you are gone from the house for a long time. See how it says on the watch that you will be gone. So I stay and speak to the watch. I ask it for help, I ask it to bring you back . . . for always there must be two of us or the watch does not run, and my master will die.

HANS: What?

MOHAMMED: True . . . The master, when the watch does not run, the master will die.

HANS: But, Mohammed. That is not . . .

MOHAMMED: And when you go away, and it is all dark . . . I am afraid. Afraid.

HANS: But, Mohammed. Light always comes again. Always. If I leave the house, I'll come back again. Always. You needn't worry about that.

MOHAMMED: No. No. Some day you go out and not come back. Then we all die. Then the clock do not run and my master die.

HANS: Mohammed, you're talking like a child.

MOHAMMED: But you do not know what it means to be a humble and lowly creature like the servant Mohammed. To be left all alone in this house. To be able to do nothing and watch the clock tell death.

HANS: All that? All that in a watch?

MOHAMMED: Yes. In the magic watch. All there is of the world is there in the moon watch. Everything. Everything.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

HANS: And he says all of it is in the watch. I . . . it doesn't make any sense, Herr Professor. It makes me feel uncomfortable. Can it do that? Can the watch do that?

PROFESSOR: Hans!

HANS: But . . . but it's possible, isn't it? It might very well be as he says, couldn't it?

PROFESSOR: Are you crazy? That watch? Why you've seen that watch since we were both small. It's absurd.

HANS: But . . . Herr Professor.

PROFESSOR: No. It's out of the question. A foolish, childish idea. You know what's really wrong with him, Hans? . . . He's lonely.

HANS: That big, strong fellow. Lonely?

PROFESSOR: What has that got to do with it? He is alone here. Away from his

home, from his familiar surroundings. So he makes up this story to explain it. That's all.

HANS: But, Herr Professor. How do you explain that it was dark, that the watch showed the new moon when I was away from the house for the first time.

PROFESSOR: But it was the new moon, wasn't it?

HANS: Yes, Herr Professor.

PROFESSOR: Well, then. It was just a coincidence, that's all. A coincidence.

HANS: But, Herr Professor . . .

PROFESSOR: No . . . No more. It's absurd! The man is lonely, that's all. He has only the two of us . . . you and me, Hans. So he makes up a story about you being the white face of the watch and he the black. It brings us all closer together.

HANS: Yes, Herr Professor. If he is lonely . . . I know what that is, to be lonely like that. But what can we do about it?

PROFESSOR: There just doesn't seem to be anything to be done.

HANS: He's a good servant, sir. And steady, too. The day before yesterday he came to me with all his savings. He wanted me to keep them for him. Now, where else will you find that?

PROFESSOR: It's on my conscience. I don't feel right if he is unhappy.

HANS: Please, Herr Professor . . . I have an idea.

PROFESSOR: Yes?

HANS: Why . . . why couldn't I take him with me when I go out? After all, there aren't many people I know in Vienna. It's not as if I went visiting or anything like that. I just go . . . well to beer gardens, or to the Wiener Wald or places like that. Maybe he'd like that. And I would have company, too.

PROFESSOR: That sounds like a good idea to me. That's a fine idea, Hans. A fine idea.

HANS: And it keeps us together, too. Like on the watch.

PROFESSOR: Hans! You don't believe that now, do you? My old watch.

HANS: No . . . I don't think I do . . . But . . . It's just that I can't be sure, that's all. I can't be sure.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Fade in cafe noises—music in BG*

HANS: Well, Mohammed, how do you like this, eh? What do you think of night life in Vienna?

MOHAMMED: Nice. But very noisy. Noisy.

HANS: *Laughs*

MOHAMMED: I think I like it better in the trees . . . in the Wiener Wald like last week. That was nice.

HANS: Yes. It is nice. But that . . . well, that is not night life, and you must see the night life, too, Mohammed.

MOHAMMED: Yes. If you say so.

HANS: But I do . . . I do say so. You've got to see all of Vienna. All of it! After all, you live here now. You'll live here the rest of your life. You must get used to it.

MOHAMMED: Yes. The rest of my life.

HANS: Now. Would you like something to drink? Coffee?

MOHAMMED: Yes. Coffee . . . but no cream, please.

HANS *laughing*: But Mohammed, in Vienna you must have cream in the coffee. Big gobs of whipped cream. Heaps of it.

MOHAMMED: In my country . . .

HANS *sobers up*: Yes, Mohammed?

MOHAMMED: I am wrong. This is my country. Where the magic watch is, with the master. That's my country.

HANS: Yes. That's true, Mohammed. This is your country now.

MOHAMMED: I will have the cream.

LEISL *off mike*: Hans! Hans!

HANS: Huh? What?

LEISL *coming on mike*: Hans! Where have you . . . Oh!

HANS: Leisl, this is Mohammed. The Herr Professor's new servant.

LEISL: Pleased to meet you, I'm sure.

HANS: Sit down, Leisl, sit down. Where have you been? What have you been doing with yourself? I haven't seen you all summer. I missed you, Leisl. Vienna wasn't the same without you.

LEISL: Flatterer!

HANS: And your hair, what did you do to your hair? It looks wonderful this way.

LEISL: It's the new style. Do you like it?

HANS: You're beautiful enough to be a . . . a movie star.

LEISL: Hans, don't talk foolish.

HANS: It's true. As true as I'm sitting here. That new hair do makes you even more beautiful than you used to be. Where

have you been all summer long, anyway?

LEISL: Where have I been? As if you didn't know . . . up in the mountains of course, with the family. I told you that long ago. And besides you know we go up there every year.

MUSIC: *Background music into a Waltz*

LEISL: Oh, Hans! A waltz . . . let's dance it together.

HANS *low*: I can't.

LEISL: Can't? Why not?

HANS: Because of him . . . Mohammed.

LEISL: Mohammed? What has he to do with it? Anyway, he's asleep. Look at him.

HANS: I can't leave him alone.

LEISL: Is he dangerous?

HANS: No. Nothing like that. He's afraid of being alone

LEISL: A big fellow like that afraid?

HANS: He's afraid because he's in a strange country. I can't leave him.

LEISL: But he's asleep anyway. What difference does it make? He'll never know if you leave him for a few minutes.

HANS: All right. Let's dance . . . You know, I wonder what would happen if I left him for ever. I wonder.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

HANS: Leisl.

LEISL: Yes, Hans?

HANS: Leisl, we've known each other a long time, haven't we?

LEISL: Yes, Hans.

HANS: You know me . . . I mean . . . you know I'm a steady, reliable fellow. No monkeyshines or anything.

LEISL: Monkeyshines? You? Why Hans, you're as steady as . . . as steady as one of the rocks in this garden.

HANS: Yes, steady . . . Leisl . . . have you ever . . . ever . . .

LEISL: Yes, Hans?

HANS: It . . . it was nice of you to come over to visit me tonight.

LEISL: Why not? You asked me to come, so I came. After all, we're old friends, and it's nice here in this garden . . . What's the matter, Hans, you look so . . . so funny.

HANS: The watch. I keep thinking of the watch.

LEISL: What watch? What are you talking about?

HANS: The Herr Professor's watch. You know. The moon watch.

LEISL: Oh, that one. It's beautiful, isn't it?

HANS: Yes . . . Mohammed . . . Mohammed has a funny idea about that watch. He says it's our destiny. His and mine and the Herr Professor's. That if we ever separate, then, then awful things will happen.

LEISL *laughing*: How silly! You don't believe that, do you, Hans?

HANS: Well . . .

LEISL: Why that's superstition. It's foolishness.

HANS: Do you think so?

LEISL: Of course it is, why?

HANS: Well, I was just wondering. I . . . I wouldn't want to be responsible for . . . for anything.

LEISL: How responsible? What are you talking about?

HANS: Well . . . I've saved a lot of money now . . . a lot . . . if I left and got married now, for instance.

LEISL: Married? Are you planning to get married, Hans?

HANS: That depends . . . Leisl . . . Leisl, will you marry me?

LEISL: Well, I still . . . what?

HANS: Leisl, will you marry me?

LEISL: Hans, you . . . you . . . oh, Hans, darling.

HANS: Leisl, we will buy a little inn, perhaps, eh? In the mountains maybe . . . to keep you beautiful, huh?

LEISL: Oh, Hans.

HANS: To keep you beautiful . . . and we can have the rest of our lives in peace and quiet.

LEISL: It will be wonderful. Wonderful.

MOHAMMED *off nuke*: Hans.

HANS: Huh? What? Mohammed, is that you?

MOHAMMED: Yes.

HANS: Well . . . you . . . you know Leisl, don't you?

MOHAMMED: Yes. I know her.

LEISL: Mohammed, you can be the first . . . to . . . Mohammed, Hans and I . . . we . . . we're going to get married.

MOHAMMED: You are going away? You are going to leave the master?

HANS: Yes, Mohammed.

MOHAMMED: You can't. You mustn't. The watch . . . it's on the watch. You mustn't. We will die. The master and Mohammed, we will die.

LEISL: What is he talking about, Hans?

MOHAMMED: We are bound together by magic. By the watch. Do not break the bond, or Mohammed must die.

HANS: Now, that's silly, Mohammed. The watch isn't magic. It's just a watch, that's all. The whole idea is foolish.

MOHAMMED: No. It is true. I know. If you break the bond, then Mohammed must die. Mohammed must die.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

HANS: Mohammed. Mohammed, what are you doing with that knife?

MOHAMMED: The bond. You are breaking the bond.

HANS: Now look, Mohammed, that's just a silly idea that you made up because you were feeling lonely. That's what the professor says and he knows. Well, you've been here a long time now. There's no reason for you to feel that way any more! You don't need me.

MOHAMMED: Yes. But you are going away.

HANS: That doesn't mean anything, Mohammed. I told you that.

MOHAMMED: It is written. It is written. Your life and mine, they are the same. We are bound together on the watch. You will break the bond.

HANS: Mohammed, that's all nonsense. The whole thing is rubbish. The watch is just an old watch that belonged to the Herr Professor's grandfather. It's no more magic than my shoes are magic. Now forget this whole thing. Put that knife away and go to bed.

MOHAMMED: Mohammed will die.

HANS: Nonsense.

MOHAMMED: Here, look, see the watch.

HANS: How did you get the Professor's watch?

MOHAMMED: See, half white and half black. See it? We are together on the watch. If we are separated we die. Don't leave now.

HANS: Here! Give me that watch. Give it to me!

MOHAMMED: The light and the dark. Together. The light cannot escape the dark. The magic will work. Today it is my power. The magic in the watch says so.

HANS: Give me that watch . . . Give it here!

SOUND: *Struggle and then watch breaks*

HANS: There . . . it's broken now . . . you see? Nothing's happened . . . Mohammed! What are you doing? Put

down that knife! Are you crazy? Stop that! Don't do that!

SOUND. *Door open*

PROFESSOR. Mohammed! Hans! What's the matter? What's going on?

HANS: Mohammed . . . Herr Professor! Mohammed has stabbed himself.

PROFESSOR: What?

HANS: Yes . . . he . . . he . . . when he found I was going to get married. I tried to talk him out of it, and he . . . he stabbed himself.

PROFESSOR: Here. Help me lift him up on the bed.

HANS: He said I shouldn't get married, because it was in the watch. And then, when the watch broke, he . . . he stabbed himself.

PROFESSOR: Get me some water, quick!

MOHAMMED: The watch! The watch! It . . . it's broken . . . we are all . . . master, we are all . . . lost.

PROFESSOR: Lie still, Mohammed. Hans will be right back with some water and we'll have you bandaged up.

MOHAMMED: No, master . . . it's no use . . . the watch . . . the magic . . .

HANS: Here's the water, Herr Professor.

PROFESSOR: It's too late, Hans. Mohammed is dead.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

PROFESSOR *fade in*: Everlasting peace . . .

In the name of the Lord, amen.

HANS AND LEISL: Amen.

PROFESSOR: All right. Lower him.

HANS: Come, Leisl. Come away now.

LEISL: Yes, Hans . . . Poor Mohammed.

PROFESSOR: You don't want to think of that now, Leisl. You and Hans will be married soon. Don't let this spoil your wedding now.

HANS: Nothing can spoil that, Herr Professor, but . . . but you know, I'll miss Mohammed. It's too bad, he did that . . . I still can't understand why. Why he killed himself.

PROFESSOR: Maybe it was in the watch.

HANS: What?

PROFESSOR: Maybe it was in the watch. The moon watch.

HANS: Are you joking, Herr Professor?

PROFESSOR: No . . . Did you notice it before we put it into the coffin with him?

HANS: Why no, Herr Professor.

PROFESSOR: It was black, all black.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

ARENA

A DOCUMENTARY OF THE FEDERAL THEATRE

By HALLIE FLANAGAN

ADAPTED FOR RADIO BY AMITA FAIRGRIEVE

(Produced by Peter Witt over WMCA, New York)

(NOTE: This entire scene must have a montage effect and be played off very fast.)

1ST VOICE. Man: I'm telling ye the Federal Theatre . . .

2ND VOICE. Man *sarcastic*: So Uncle Sam landed in showbusiness. It's crazy!

3RD VOICE. Man: Federal Theatre is a big step towards true Democracy.

1ST VOICE: Federal Theatre? Ah, nuts!

WOMEN: I saw for the first time living actors . . . Wonderful!

2ND VOICE: Down with it!

WOMEN: Swell!

1ST VOICE: Must be abolished!

3RD VOICE: It's great!

1ST VOICE: The Federal Theatre . . .

ANNOUNCER *following quickly in the same intonation as the 1st Voice The Federal Theatre!* (Pause) *then normal voice*: On June 30th, 1939 the Federal Theatre, organized by your government to give work and livelihood instead of relief to unemployed actors in their own field, stopped by Act of Congress all its activities.

One of the greatest experiments in the history of the Theatre was ended. But the human, artistic and administrative experience remains with the American Theatre for good. This vast project was headed by an extraordinary woman. Her name, Hallie Flanagan. For years connected with the experimental theatres—at Grinnel and Vassar—she was the first woman to win a coveted Guggenheim Fellowship, so that she could make a comparative study of playwrighting and playproduction in 12 foreign

countries. In 1935 she became the Director of Federal Theatre. She remained at the helm until it was suspended. Since then she has devoted a great part of her time to writing a book which gives the complete story of the Federal Theatre, its continentwide activities, its fights and joys, successes and failures. This book entitled "Arena" and published by Duell Sloan and Pearce takes you behind the scenes of an unique adventure in the American Theatre.

Ladies and Gentlemen, listen to "Arena."

MUSIC: *Introduction fade into piano playing on a honkytonk instrument—hold under*

HOMER: It all began for me, Homer O'Day, one night in 1935, at Beanie's Beanery over on Second Avenue.

BEANIE *coming on*: Homer! How's this for a piece of news?

MUSIC: *Piano stops*

HOMER: Spill it, Beanie.

BEANIE: Homer, how'd you like to go back to the Orpheum Circuit?

HOMER: Who do you think you're kiddin'? Vaudeville's as dead as a mackerel.

BEANIE: Haven't you heard? Somebody got an idea and Uncle Sam took it up . . . They're starting theatres all over the country.

HOMER: What-do-you-know?

BEANIE: A lot. They're going to call them Federal Theatres. I went to see the

director today. A woman—Hallie Flanagan. She told me they're going to put all the unemployed actors back to work. 22,000 of 'em, Homer—count 'em, 22,000.

HOMER: How's that goin' to give vaudeville a shot in the arm?

BEANIE: Look, vaudeville performers are actors, too, aren't they?

HOMER: The best! I remember when I played the Palace . . .

BEANIE: We all do.

MUSIC: *Piano—music stops*

HOMER *it's dawning on him*: Say, do you mean we can do our acts again?

BEANIE: I've been trying to tell you, haven't I?

HOMER *excited*: Say, I could work up a swell routine. And you get your midgets together and do your act again. It sure was cute . . .

BEANIE: Cute! Imagine me now, a hundred pounds overweight, skipping merrily around with a flock of midgets.

HOMER: Beanie, once a performer, always a performer. Doesn't the old fire-horse always leap at the bell?

BEANIE: Sometimes the horse gets too old.

MUSIC: *Piano starts again*

HOMER: Now, Beanie, you're just a kid at heart.

BEANIE: Yes, but my heart belongs to this beanery . . . But it'll be grand for you, Homer. Imagine all the old gang that hangs out in front of the Palace, working again. Doing their stuff, having a job, their own kind of job.

HOMER: It can't be true—it can't!

BEANIE: But it is.

MUSIC: *Stops*

HOMER: Gee!

BEANIE: Don't stop murdering that tune, now. The customers like it. That's why I haven't let you starve to death.

MUSIC: *Piano again*

HOMER: O.K.—O.K. What happens next?

BEANIE: They're going to book variety units in every city. Go up and see Mrs. Flanagan in the morning. Daly's Theatre. And Homer, don't expect five hundred a week. They can't pay much.

HOMER: Who cares about the pay?

MUSIC: *Out*

HOMER: Gee, to smell grease paint again! To get the audience laughin'—to knock 'em out of their seats!

BEANIE: That's the spirit! I'm going to stay right here and tell the boys and

girls about it when they come in for a hand-out.

HOMER *dubious*: Some of 'em are pretty well cracked up.

BEANIE: Actors get just as hungry as others and being hungry isn't good for the morale. But they'll be all right now. Go to it, Homer. And phone me to let me know what happens.

HOMER: I'll phone the first thing in the morning.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Telephone rings*

HOMER *on filter*: Beanie, are you there?

This is Homer. What-do-you-know? I come up to Daly's and right off I get a job. Kind of a head man, lookin' the applicants over. You ought to see the bunch lined up here—spot acts, sketches, dancers, sympathy acts. Are we goin' to show this country somethin' or are we? . . . Goodby, Beanie, and thanks a million, old girl. They're waitin' for me.

SOUND: *Receiver up—hum of crowd*

HOMER: All right. Who's next?

IMITATOR: Mr. Homer, I'm an imitator—ten years with F. F. Proctor. Twenty imitations—steamboats, birds, babies, animals, funny laughing. (*Gives a few samples—ending with laughing*)

HOMER *very solemn*: I'm laughing my head off, right now. You're hired. Next! (*Pause*) Well, what's wrong? Why don't you go into your song and dance?

MAN: Mr. Homer, we've been talking it over. We don't want our names connected with this project.

HOMER: What's the trouble?

MAN: Well, we don't want to be known as relief workers.

HOMER: After we get started, you'll be theatre workers.

MAN: But everyone knows it's WPA. We just don't want our names to appear.

HOMER: So you don't want to act?

MAN: Oh, yes, I'll act, but . . .

2ND VOICE *angry*: Would you want your name to appear?

HOMER: I certainly would. (*Loudly*) Listen, everybody! Most of you are on relief now—you're just numbers on cards. Well, you can go on being numbers if you want to. It's personalities we're hiring here. Mrs. Flanagan doesn't want anyone in Federal Theatre on this project who isn't proud of it. These shows are goin' to be good and

we don't want anybody in 'em who won't give 'em everything he's got . . . Those of you who don't want your names connected with this job can walk out now. (*Pause—silence*) I notice nobody is makin' for the door. Next!

SOUTHERN VOICE: I can step, Mistah Homah. You want to see me?

SOUND: *Tap dancing*

HOMER: We can use steppers from Harlem, too. Next!

MUSICIAN *gabbing*: Musician, sir—piano, violin, musical saw board with a match or a playing card. Tap and toe, and M.C. Here's my credentials . . . acts I did for John Murdock and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

HOMER: You're hired. We're lucky to get you. Next!

STAGE STRUCK GIRL *shyly—stammering*: I want more than anything to act, Mr. Homer. I know I got it in me. Ever since I was a little girl I've wanted to act . . .

HOMER *interrupting*: So does everyone, sweetheart. We're not training amateurs. This is for professionals. Next!

SOUND: *Hum of crowd again—fade out*

MUSIC: *Up and under—hold*

HOMER: Yes, sir, and then . . . Then we got going. And did we cover the country? We played it from North to South. From East to West. We acted in barns, churches, broken down Vaudeville Houses, ballrooms, stations and recreation rooms. And among the 48 States of the Union where we gave them laughter and tears, music and all-round entertainment, there was included, quite naturally, the State of Florida, which I am picking now at random, having been described by Hallie Flanagan in a poem "Florida Wheel," included in her new book, "Arena."

MUSIC: *Out*

Now take for instance, Tampa, Florida. Different—and yet so typical of the things and thoughts with which we were confronted.

GIRL: In Tampa they want vaudeville, dance, and variety. In Tampa they want to laugh.

HOMER: A big, full-bodied tough town. A savage town, a hard town.

1ST VOICE: 45,000 Latins.

2ND VOICE: 35,000 Negroes.

3RD VOICE: We played in Spanish "It Can't Happen Here."

GIRL: Tampa was a star town. Pavlova danced here . . .

1ST VOICE: The streets were paved with flowers.

HOMER: The Barrymores played here and Joe Jefferson. Tampa built the Rialto, a luxury theatre, baths for the actors, gold leaf on the walls. They built the Rialto in the boom of '25. Broadway hits were housed here . . .

GIRL: Irene.

1ST VOICE: Two Men and a Girl.

HOMER: Two years and then the boom died. In 1927 dramatic stock came in . . .

1ST VOICE: The Patsy

2ND VOICE: Lightnin'

GIRL: Smilin' Through

HOMER: It folded up in seven weeks. Then the same story city after city. Burlesque. Movies. Closed for Repairs. Meantime the actors, good actors, pounding pavements. Looking for jobs and not finding any.

FIVE VOICES: '31, '32, '33, '34, '35.

HOMER: "Road Work?" . . . "Nope. Convict Labor" . . . Tobacco factories closing down . . . Nothing today . . . Nothing yesterday . . . Nothing tomorrow . . . Nothing . . . Nothing . . . Nothing . . . We reclaimed the Rialto; the actors scrubbed and painted it . . .

MUSIC: *Tuning up of instruments*

HOMER: They tuned up the orchestra . . .

They started up the show.

SOUND: *Tapping of baton*

1ST VOICE: It's got to be good, boys, the Government is back of us.

GIRL: Let's give 'em grand opera, let's give 'em "Carmen" . . .

2ND VOICE: Let's give 'em "Scheherazade"—we've got the dancers . . .

3RD VOICE: Let's give 'em Pinafore.

2ND VOICE: Let's give 'em all the swell stuff we always wanted to do.

HOMER: Let's give 'em new stuff written on the Project.

HOMER: Let's write our own show, a show about Florida.

1ST VOICE: Flash! Altars of Steel . . .

Miami Federal Theatre comes of age.

2ND VOICE: Flash! . . . Miami is being treated to a unique experiment . . . No intermissions but changing scenes.

1ST VOICE: Exciting and powerful.

GIRL: No solution, left hanging in the air.

3RD VOICE: Approve or condemn, the most interesting stage experiment in America today.

MUSIC: *In and out*

HOMER: New theatres . . . American theatres . . . Theatres in the making . . . Theatres from the past . . . Of the present . . . Pointing to the future . . . Theatres of the Florida Wheel.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

HOMER: Yet it wasn't all poetry. We had a lot of grief, too. We were for Labor every time. WPA is and always was Labor. But we couldn't be a closed shop, so the unions made us a bunch of trouble, first and last. (*Speaks rapidly*) Walkouts, strikes, picketing, people callin' each other names. Equity criticizin'. Everybody pullin' and haulin', gettin' in the way instead of gettin' together. You didn't know what they meant and they didn't know what you meant. It's always like that in show business, and this was show business all tangled up with WPA red tape. One day I stopped by to see Mrs. Flanagan about payin' my actors. She wasn't in, so I saw one of her secretaries. There were two telephones on his desk and one of 'em was always ringin', usually both.

SOUND: *Telephone ringing*

(*The following all very fast—on filter*)

1ST GIRL: Have Mrs. Flanagan call Actors' Equity immediately. Can she make a speech there tomorrow?

1ST VOICE: Mr. Roberts has drawn up a radio plan. He wants to see Mrs. Flanagan today.

2ND VOICE: Mr. De Rohan asks you to read the proof on Federal Theater Magazine. This is due at the printers' . . .

3RD VOICE: Can you go to the circus tonight? It's about those costumes . . .

2ND GIRL: Mr. Platt says Mrs. Flanagan must come to the stagehands' meeting.

1ST VOICE: Call Boston—Mr. Motherwell says someone is interfering.

1ST GIRL: Call the New York Times.

3RD VOICE: The dancers are acting up again. Mr. Beck says he can't stand it.

2ND GIRL: Two Chinese gentlemen in native dress want you to start a Chinese theater. Very polite. Will keep coming.

3RD VOICE: The Illo Manufacturing Company sent some material to Connecticut and they returned it C.O.D. Illo Company says we are responsible.

1ST VOICE: Can we send a puppet exhibit to Michigan? Mr. Portnow must know at once. (*Filter out*)

HOMER: Well, I could see he was kinda busy. Yet, I was in a tight spot myself. All about the money for my people. So I said (*fade*) to Mrs. Flanagan's secretary . . .

HOMER *up*: Look, I got to have my payroll on time.

SECRETARY: Homer, you know we're living from hand to mouth. I can't get your money this Friday.

HOMER: Didn't Washington authorize any?

SECRETARY: Yes, I had a telegram two weeks ago—\$20,000 for theater rentals and the payroll. But I can't get the money released from the local WPA.

HOMER: Our own money?

SECRETARY: Yes, money allotted to New York City for the Federal Theater Project.

HOMER: Then what's the delay?

SECRETARY *despairingly*: Nobody knows. The whole thing is getting to be a joke. The Project is being ruined by stupidity, inefficiency and delay. I feel like an idiot child that someone is trying to kid along.

SOUND: *Telephone rings—receiver up*

SECRETARY: Hello?

GIRL *on filter mike*: There's a telegram from Cleveland, signed by X. Clinker. He says he's having labor trouble and can Mrs. Flanagan come at once?

SECRETARY: You know she can't go. These people must figure out their own problems.

SOUND: *Receiver down*

SECRETARY: Homer, see that pile of telegrams on the spindle? From Seattle, from New Orleans, from Philadelphia, from Oshkosh, from Shinhopple—and every darn one of them says that Hallie Flanagan must come at once. Sometimes I think we've all gone crazy.

HOMER: Maybe we are. Maybe we have to be. A sane person couldn't take it.

SOUND: *Telephone rings*

MUSIC: *Bridge*

HOMER: But in spite of everything we put on a hundred shows in a hundred different places, and by October

1936 Uncle Sam had four smash hits on Broadway . . . "The Bad Man," Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here," and two Gilbert & Sullivan operas. Yes, we did Gilbert & Sullivan. Sometimes we played 'em straight, and sometimes in Swing.

MUSIC soft bold: Part of a song from the "Mikado"—"The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring"

HOMER. It was fun, standing in the lobby and listening to what people said on their way out.

1ST VOICE: There isn't any censorship.

2ND VOICE: There's too much censorship.

GIRL: Swing! I declare they'll be swinging Grand Opera next!

BOY: Imagine doing the Shag and the Susie-Q to those tunes!

3RD VOICE: I've seen it three times.

GIRL: Oh, there's Homer. What do you think of it, Homer?

HOMER *stolidly* I like it.

MUSIC: Up and out

HOMER: There were 300,000 boys in CCC camps that year, lots of 'em forty miles from a railroad station or a town. No entertainment in sight and they deserved the best. But they hadn't any theaters in camp, no props to speak of, so Mrs. Flanagan got Grace Heyward to write a CCC murder mystery that could be played without any special scenery, without even a stage. One hot night in a Virginia camp (*fade*) they got the boys together . . .

SOUND: Fade in restless audience—coughs—catcalls—shuffling feet and grumbling—ad lib

BOYS' VOICES: Gee, it's hot! Who wants to see a show on a night like this? Where's the stage, anyway?

YOUNG MAN: It's about a murder trial, isn't it?

BOY: So what? Let's sneak out of here and go swimmin'.

YOUNG MAN: Shhh! they're coming!

BOY: Who are those three old guys?

YOUNG MAN: The judge and the lawyers, stupid. Look at the prisoner!

BOY: Where?

YOUNG MAN: The one the cops are hangin' on to—he's in uniform.

BOY: Gosh! He's in CCC. This isn't a show. It must be real.

VOICES: Shhh!

SOUND: Steps—settling at chairs and table—Judge's gavel

CLERK OF COURT *off*: Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! This honorable court is now in session. Calling the case of the people against John Dory.

JUDGE Mr. District Attorney, state your case.

D. A.: Your Honor, we are going to prove that on the 24th day of May in the Year of Our Lord 1936 the prisoner, John Dory, did grievously assault and feloniously kill his sweetheart, Madge Merrifield.

JUDGE: But he must be tried by a jury of his peers.

D. A.: The jury has been chosen from members of this audience, Your Honor. (*Changed Voice*) Men, as you are called, please rise and answer. Jones!

VOICE *off*: Here.

D. A.: Barney!

VOICE *off*: Here, sir.

D. A.: Kerrigan!

VOICE *off*: Here, sir.

D. A.: Come forward and be sworn. We need twelve in all—you, and you, and you.

VOICES *off*: Yes, sir.

SOUND: Stepping of a crowd—excited buzz of audience—Judge's gavel—fade out

HOMER: There was an example of lettin' the audience perform! In every camp the boys made up the jury and sometimes they were the witnesses, too. For two years our actors toured the United States with that show. They played 258 camps in all. Gave those CCC fellows all the excitement of a real murder, without the bother of committin' a crime.

MUSIC: Bridge

HOMER: First and last, Federal Theater tried a good many experiments. Orson Welles was in it. (*Pause*) There's no limit to that boy's imagination. He did "Macbeth" with an all-Negro cast. He put on shows without any scenery, shows where the actors came up out of trapdoors in the floor and stood there, half in and half out, and said their lines and went down the cellar again. He could leave everything out of a play except the actors—and lights. He was always fighting for more lights. He liked to get weird effects no one ever thought of before. His theater was a little madder than the rest. Someone always runnin' around and shoutin' something like this.

MAN: Guess what Orson wants now! Don't buy flats, don't buy paints, don't buy costumes. Buy lights! He's going to put on "The Cradle Will Rock" in illuminated wagons. We don't need back drops or anything else, but we must have illuminated glass wagons.

HOMER *morose*: Well, we couldn't get 'em for him. After that show had been rehearsed a couple of weeks (*more and more vehement*), big cast, brilliant directors, swell music—a brand new bang-up show, music plus a play—the house sold out weeks in advance—what happens? I ask you! There isn't any money. They clamped down on the expenses! (*More naturally*) So Orson took the show down the street and put it on as a private enterprise. And that was the beginning of his Mercury Theater.

MUSIC: *Up and hold and segue*

HOMER: Perhaps the most important thing Federal Theater did was to introduce the Living Newspaper. It was a completely new conception of stage presentation—vital, provocative, new and different. These plays showed things the way they are in life, not on the stage. But what a fuss the actors put up over the first one! On the day of the dress rehearsal they actually called a protest meeting—right in the theatre. We were all up there—including Hallie Flanagan.

SOUND: *Fade in buzz of voices—resolving into . . .*

RINGLEADER: This show is tripe. It's not a show—it's a mess.

WOMEN: Why, it's just bits and snatches. Look at my part—look at it! I've got eight lines to speak—eight!

1ST VOICE: That's a long part. I've got three! What is Mrs. Hallie Flanagan trying to do? Are we putting on a play or an encyclopedia?

2ND VOICE: Homer, what have you got to say for this. It isn't theater.

HOMER: It isn't supposed to be. It's supposed to be life.

WOMEN: Well, you can't get away with it, I tell you. You've got a flop on your hands.

RINGLEADER: It's like a radio program and a topical review in the movies—with the worst features of both!

3RD VOICE: Homer has something to say. Quiet!

HOMER. I'll tell you what the idea is. How many actors do you see in a regulation stage play? Eight or ten—twelve at most. In these living newspapers Mrs. Flanagan can use fifty to a hundred people—put all those actors back on the stage with something to say. These shows have a message besides being entertainment. Yes, that's the idea! That's what Federal Theater is for!

1ST VOICE: That's not an idea. It's a brain-storm.

WOMEN: That telegraphic style will never go in the theater.

HOMER: It's human interest, history, current problems—all of them written in drama and played out on the stage. What more do you want?

CHORUS: We want a story!

HOMER: Well, here you have a dozen stories in a nutshell. But I tell you what . . . Let's make a compromise. Mrs. Flanagan asks you to withhold judgment until opening night. Wait at least till you see the public's reaction to this production. If it flops, we'll close it after the first performance. If it goes over the way we expect it to, we're starting something that will grow beyond our wildest dreams. Meanwhile, (*fade*) give it a chance . . .

HOMER: There wasn't any doubt after that. Those actors worked like beavers, like apostles. There wasn't any doubt after opening night, either—in fact, there wasn't any after the first scene. Did you see "Power"? Do you remember "Triple A Ploughed Under," "Two a Day," "Injunction Granted," and all the many others? . . . And the best and biggest of them all, "One Third of a Nation"? They put it on in a dozen different cities and in every one it was adapted to that particular town. In Philadelphia, for instance, it showed those old fashioned three-story brick houses, and in New York the fire escapes and garbage cans of East Side slums. That show did more to fix up housing problems in this country than years of work had done, by all the social services in America. But the public loved it because it was so real. And the critics fell for it, all over the U.S.A. Oh, there are so many things that I can't even mention now, but the story of Federal Theater can't leave out one

play—the play that made history by its unique presentation.

NEWSBOY *fades in shouting*:

Street noises—hold under

Extry! Extry! Federal Theater Opening tonight!

Sinclair Lewis says "It Can't Happen Here!"

Extry! Extry! Play about a dictator by Sinclair Lewis.

Opening in fifteen cities tonight—Extry! "It Can't Happen Here" is going to happen in fifteen places tonight!

Street noises—out

HOMER: There was an awful fight before that play was opened—in the first place, who ever heard of such a thing as openin' here and there and everywhere at the same time? But after the show the telegrams with the first reviews poured in!

SOUND: *Telegraph ticker—hold under*

HOMER: Hollywood . . .

1ST VOICE: Federal Theater boldly steps where the movies fear to tread.

HOMER: Cleveland . . .

2ND VOICE: Responsive audience keying up performance. Applause after first act tremendous.

HOMER: Miami . . .

3RD VOICE: Audience deeply interested, enthusiastic at curtain.

HOMER: Indianapolis . . .

1ST VOICE: Capacity audience including Governor McNutt, and many other notables. Play received most enthusiastically.

HOMER: And the same reaction in Omaha, Denver, Tacoma, Boston . . . Everywhere.

SOUND: *Telegraph ticker—out*

HOMER: But it wasn't all honey and it wasn't all applause. We were the most

conspicuous project WPA had, so we got the most criticism. Some of the criticism was fair, and some of it wasn't. Things began to happen.

Investigation committees were appointed.

At first Mrs. Flanagan ignored it all as much as possible. But suddenly everybody woke up to the fact that we had a tremendous fight on our hands—that it was a matter of life and death.

People who had always looked down their noses at Federal Theater rallied to its defense. Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times* and other distinguished critics. Barrymore, James Cagney, Edward Arnold, Edward G. Robinson, and many other popular stars. Tallulah Bankhead even went to Washington to speak before Congress in our behalf. She had those Senators in tears. Hallie Flanagan said . . .

WOMAN: "Federal Theater has stood from first to last against reaction, against prejudice, against racial, religious and political intolerance. It is ending as it began with fearless presentation of problems vitally touching American Life."

HOMER: But it was all of no use. On June 30, 1939, Federal Theater was stopped by Act of Congress. There is nothing left but the experience and a memory. And some of its songs still live and always will. Here is the greatest of them all, "Ballad for Americans," which was written by Earl Robinson and John La Touche, who were originally members of the Federal Theater project.

MUSIC: *Recording—"Ballad for Americans" (Last part)—up*

THE LEAGUE OF ANIMALS

A FANTASY

By ANTONI GRONOWICZ

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION FROM THE POLISH

By MADELINE MASON

ANNOUNCER: My friends,
There is no need to gild the lily,
This happened in the land of Zili,
The animals' country-land of glory,
Listen, my friends, and hear the story:

Once on a sunny afternoon
Guests came to visit the Baboon:
Came the Lion mane astreaming
Came the Wildcat teeth agleaming,
Lynx and Wolf and Ram and Fox,
The fat Pig, the hungry Ox,
The bumpy Camel, the shaggy Bison,
The Rattle-snake with all his poison,
The prancing Stallion, the slow grey
Ass,

The towering polka-dotted Giraffe.
SOUND: *An increasing babble of animal
voices together with sounds of hoof and
wing*

The Bear padded out of his cave in
the mountain

The Peacock, just like a feather foun-
tain,

Was handsomer far than the dull brown
vulture

But a nouveau riche as recent as cul-
ture.

The far-eyed Eagle flew above
With a cryptic gaze that wasn't love
While the Turkey gobbled grumpily
And the Ape manhandled a famished
Flea.

The Hare and the Elephant followed
after

And the hedgehog who would have
been charming if softer

Shot a quill at the Goose for fun
Just to see how fast he could run.

Well, my friends, there were more than
these:

We mustn't forget the industrious Bees,
The long-legged Frogs, the Crabs
oblique,

The Mule and the Donkey full of
cheek,

The audacious Rat, the scary Mouse,
All these gathered at the House
Of friend Baboon the long-tailed fel-
low,

Yes, every mammal, Reptile, and Bird
Came to say his special word
While the shadows spread and the Sun
grew yellow . . .

*(Wolf takes floor and convenes the
meeting with a few well chosen
words of greeting)*

WOLF: Fellow Beasts, thanks to our Host
The noble Baboon, he of the most
Long Tail, the animal World
Assembles here to deliberate
A problem that affects the fate
Of all of us. Can we survive
Unless we speedily eradicate
Murder and theft and ruthless plunder?
In short, in answer to your wonder
Let me announce a conference
For disarmament . . . whence
We will now discuss the root and source
Of animal strife and plot our course
Accordingly, thus we'll create
A paradise on earth, thanks
To the hospitality of our most
Long-tailed Baboon host.

VOICES. A toast: A toast to the Baboon:
To the Baboon: The Baboon.

BABOON: I am deeply touched, my friends,
deeply!

WOLF: Now I the Wolf propose as Chairman . . .

VOICES *protesting*: Who says you're chairman? Just like a bare man.

You have no manners: We didn't choose you.

And what is more we might accuse you.

WOLF: Silence! Silence! Don't be antique, We change our manners every week According to the immediate need . . .

VOICE: Did he say "greed"?

WOLF: Indeed,

For your own good, unselfishly,

VOICES: I . . .

All right: All right: We agree!

LION *roars*: I'll be Chairman! By my might

I'm King of Beasts in all men's sight!

WOLF *in sullen undertone*: No one believes that any longer!

Everyone knows the Tiger is stronger!

VOICES: The Lion! The Lion! We want the Lion!

WOLF: So be it. The Wolf hands the meeting over to the Lion.

After this orderly election

I wish to state my predilection

For a frank and open airing

Of our thoughts, however bearing

On the subject of this meeting.

I want no unproductive beating

About the old bush. Speak out,

Every one of you, with eloquent jaw!

Do I see the Fox raising his paw?

Fox: Mr. Chairman, fellow guests,

It is high time to rout the pests

That make of life a drear succession

Of ruthless murder and aggression.

I have a tender heart. It bleeds

For my poor brethren. What foul deeds

They suffer. I tell you I can't sleep

For thinking of the butchered Sheep,

The Cows, the Calves, the Horses slain.

Yes, let me make it very plain:

It is a most outrageous pity,

Our Jungle is as bad as any City!

VOICES: Yes! Yes! An evil den!

We might as well be Men!

Fox: Day and Night I have been dreaming

Of some way to end this scheming

Of beast against fellow beast

And I think I have it, at least

It seems to me a revelation!

A Non-Aggression Pact is our salvation!

No more suffering! A Paradise

For all—from Lions to Mice!

VOICES: Hear! Hear!

Fox: If I should sign a Non-Aggression Pact

With Goose and Turkey it's a fact

Our enemies would be dumbfounded

No more would Turk and Goose be hounded

By predatory foes.

Who knows

How great their progress then might be?

The same thing holds for me:

When I am attacked my allies rally.

Their'd be no Rome in Rand McNally

If the Geese had not cackled.

The Capitol

Would have fallen. Goodness knows

What maps would look like but for those

Faithful Geese. My friends . . .

All . . . our . . . trouble . . . ends

When Wolf and Lamb and Mouse and Cat

Have simply brought it down to that:

A Non-Aggression Pact well signed.

Then that for which we've always pinned

Is ours: Namely, our last breath

Will always be a natural death!

VOICES: Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!

LION: Our life is certainly a nightmare, The kind they're having in the Men's lair!

MONKEY: Mr. Chairman, may the Monkey have the floor?

LION: Speak, Monkey, but don't take more

Time than you ought—you talk too much!

MONKEY: But you must admit, to such Point! Well, then, I'd like to say

It seems to me a human way

Of doing things, the Fox's plan,

Mind you, though I descend from Man—

(I've no false pride, let me add!)

It's not for this that I have had

My doubts about the Fox's pact—

Men have accomplished quite a lot

And, be it not forgot,

We have a project to protect them.

And yet, alas, we do disdain them

And suspect them! It's most unanimal!

It's positively aboriginal!

VOICES: Down with the Monkey! He's talking nonsense!

LION: Quiet! Monkey, you give offense!

MONKEY: Well—human reason would tell—

SOUND: *Shouting*

LION: Silence!

MONKEY: I only wished to draw attention
To the crafty perverse intention
Of the Fox's project . . . He's a faker!

VOICES *shouting*: Down with him! Eject
this troublemaker! He's a muckraker!

LION: Silence! I'll do the ruling!
Monkey, enough of this drooling!
Sit down!

SOUND: *Uproar*

LION: Quiet! What's all this noise about?
There's no need to shout!

VOICES: The Ass! The Ass has something
to say!

LION: Well, I won't stand in his way!
Speak out, Ass!

ASS: This atmosphere of mass
Deliberation has its drawbacks:
It takes the courage of an Ajax
To remain unruffled.

And since you have so quickly muffled
The first speaker, what chance have I?
To raise a rumpus is easy. Why not try
To deliberate calmly? That is hard.

Who knows what trump card
Monk may have had up his sleeve
If we had given him time and leave
To produce it? Now don't interrupt . . .

What I am about to say is no abrupt
Conclusion, no flash-in-the-pan:

It is a calm, deliberate, ripe, plan
To permanently outlaw plunder

And affiliated crimes that sunder
Beast from beast: To render jawless

The predatory—to force the lawless
Into line my plan is simply flawless:

A League of Animals, the vital part of
it

A Supreme Council in the heart of it
To settle all disputes and quarrels.

Now when each animal has won his
laurels,

Meaning his membership, in this great
League

Then is the time that I will dance a jig
For then at last we'll have release

From worry and bask in everlasting
peace!

VOICES: Bravo! Bravo! He's outlawed
bad behavior!

He's Our Savior!

CHORUS: Long live the League of Ani-
mals; And the Zili Ass

who brings it to pass! Long live the Zili
League!

Long live the Zili Ass!

SOUND: *Confusion of voices*

LION: Silence! Let me call on our host
The beautiful Baboon, he of the most
Long Tail . . .

BABOON: Dear guests,
My hospitality suggests
That you partake of a repast
I have prepared for your refreshment.

VOICES: *Approving*.

LION: How like our thoughtful host!

PIG: Appeasement
Of the appetite always improves my
thinking!

VOICES: The Pig's brain is in his stomach!
For shame!

BABOON: We eat to live, I see no blame
In that!

VOICES: But the pig lives to eat: the fatty!

PIG: There's nothing so good as eating
and drinking!

An honest meal is the noblest work of
God!

MONKEY: I, Monkey, give that a nod.
Some feed the stomach, some the head,
But there's nothing equal to being fed!

BABOON: Well, we won't dicker, come!
The table waits, let's have some
Of this food none can live without!

LION: Wait, I want to give out
The question of the Council, please:
We must choose which of these
Distinguished animals shall serve it
As members. I propose the Wolf.

WOLF: I am honored, really, I don't de-
serve it!

May I in my turn nominate
The Fox? I esteem him a great
Constructive intellect.

FOX: Friend Wolf, I thank you for your
confidence.

LION: We will now vote. Let's dispense
With formality: All those in favor say:
"Aye!"

VOICES: Loud Ayes! (*A few drowned
Nays!*)

LION: The Ayes have it! Wolf and Fox
I congratulate you both on your elec-
tion

And think we've made an excellent
selection.

WILDCAT: Mr. Chairman, I, Wildcat,
nominate the Tiger!

TIGER: I, Tiger, nominate the Wildcat!

WILDCAT: I thank you for that!

LION: All those in favor . . .

VOICES: Aye. (*Again a scattering of Nays!*)

LION: The Wildcat and the Tiger will occupy neighbor

Seats in the Supreme Council. Who else?

VOICES: The Hyena! The Panther! The Vulture! The Lynx!

LION: Any objections?

SOUND: *Loud Nays—a few faint Ayes—off mike*

VOICES: This election stinks

LION: Unanimously elected!

VOICES: The Elephant! The Bear! The Jaguar!

LION: Are you all in favor?

VOICES: We are!

SOUND: *There is again in the background a distant murmur of dissatisfaction which now grows into a loud buzzing and hissing.*

SMALL ANIMALS: Why are we small ones frozen out?

Why can't we all be chosen?

Is this a closed corporation?

We the little beasts want representation!

LION: The big fellows know best

What is good for the little fellows.

SMALL ANIMALS: They have their nerve!

LION: Rest easy,

You shall serve

In an advisory capacity.

I now propose the Wasp—the Gnat—the Flea

For this committee. The loud word

Of the Fish—the Pike and Shark—

These must be heard—

And oh, yes, let us also hark

To the dear little Hummingbird!

I call for your votes on the wasp, the Gnat, the Flea

The Hummingbird, the Shark, the Pike,

That they may advise the Council if they like

Or dislike what the Council may decree.

All those in favor, loudly now, that is—Unanimously!

VOICES: Aye! (*Very loud*) Nay! (*As before, drowned*)

LION: Elected unanimously!

MONKEY: That didn't sound unanimous to me!

LION: Keep still, Monkey! It was loud—Loud is the same as

Unanimous!

MONKEY: What good is a Fish as an adviser?

He objects, and none is the wiser!

He has a lung but no tongue!

Upon my word

What good is a Hummingbird?

He has a tongue but no song!

Our Advisory Committee won't be heard!

LION: It should be unnecessary to mention

It's a good way to prevent dissension!

The honors are evenly distributed:

Both great and small have now contributed

To the success of the League.

Yes, indeed, the distribution is even.

VOICES *in chorus cackling*: Bravo! Bravo!

Everybody is given

Something! Well done! Well done!

LION: Do I hear the Goose? Speak up, Goose!

GOOSE: Please, Mr. Chairman, if I may Be so bold I'd like to say—

I hope it isn't being rude—

You have forgotten to mention food!

PIG *grunts*: Hear! Hear!

GOOSE: Now that we are all united

And so harmoniously plighted

To mutual encouragement

What's to be done about nourishment?

PIG: That's what I want to find out!

GOOSE: If our plan is utilitarian

Each one must be a vegetarian!

SOUND: *A low underbabbling*

GOOSE: We ought at once to introduce A vegetarian diet!

VOICES: Yes! Yes! No! No! We can!

We can't! We will! We won't!

LION: Quiet!

GOOSE: There is of course no earthly use

Denying there'll be difficulties:

Appetites are hard to please!

Some prefer a steak to peas,

And some of you will grow less fat,

There can't be any doubt of that,

When no more meals of tasty meat

Are yours to eat!

SOUND: *Smacking of lips—groans*

Well then, to put it in the raw:

I'm for a dietary law!

VOICES: It's the only way!

A vegetarian diet without delay!

LION: So be it! And now

In the name of our host,

He of the most

Longtail, let us adjourn

The meeting. And since our souls burn

Against unneighborly oppression,
We'll form a brotherly procession
And march in triumph to the dining
hall,

The great vertebrates with the small,
United in affection so fraternal
It cannot help but give us peace
eternal.

Come Horse, come Tiger, Elephant,
Hog,

Hyena, Jackal, Rat, Dog,
Come Wolf, Sheep, Fox, Hen,
Lizard, Serpent, Cat and Wren,
Mammal and Reptile, Snake and Bird,
The savage pack is the friendly herd!

SOUND: *The voices of the animals gradually turn into music with refrains of animal cries: crackling, bleating, barking, etc. This music serves as a background for the following by the Announcer*

ANNOUNCER: Later they will resume the meeting,

But now they have the joy of eating
And drinking, and by tradition,
Music and dancing in addition.

The Fox will bark, the Cow will moo
In unison and very true.

The Sheep will bleat, the Wolf will
howl

With harmonization by the Fowl.

A cakewalk will be danced by the
Monkey.

With clogging by the Horse and
Donkey.

The Rattlesnake's castanets
Will accentuate the Marmosets
In a Spanish dance. The Frogs will
croak,

The Nightingales sing of hearts that
broke—

All together in one chorus,
Each to each—no slave, no master—
Sticking like a porous plaster!
At least, that is the Ass's dope—
If they don't we'll get an awful jolt!

MUSIC: *Up and fade*

SOUND: *A prolonged, menacing roar*

LION: Fellow animals, we are met
Once more in conference. Let
me now before we embark
On our work tell you a homely stark
Truth: All is not as should be,
It's not strange, it would be
Super-animal to hope for better.
And yet, according to the letter
Of the League we should be able
To make our membership more stable.

Well, I confess, we're in a funk:
The Rabbits are gone, so is the Skunk.
The Panther's stepping high as a Prus-
sian,

The Fox takes whatever he gets a crush
on.

The Jaguar has eaten too much grass
And blames it all on the Zili Ass.

SOUND: *Cow moos agonizingly*

LION: Alas,

The Cow is in terrific pain—
She's looking for her son in vain!

SOUND: *More anguishing mooing*

LION: There's more to this than meets the
eye

And if I curb it by and by
As I may be forced to, don't blame me
If I behave too violently.

Remember,

I hate a dispute, I hate a brawl,
But if I have to I can lick you all!

This said, I introduce a member
Of the Supreme Council, the Tiger,

TIGER *growling*: Disarmament is our main
problem,

How to take their horns off them!

The Elk, the Bull, the bellicose Ram,
By Uncle Sam,

They should not be allowed to have
them!

And the stings

Of Gnats and Flies and Wasps and
Bees

Are poisonous things.

I say to you that none of these
Should be allowed. It isn't gay

To have a Gnat buzz in your way:

I've had it poison my whole day!

They must be disarmed!

VOICES: Bravo! Bravo! Hurray! Hurray!

LION: What has our friend Fox to say?

FOX: The removal of stings I quite ap-
prove

And I should also like to move

That we blunt experimentally

The bills of Hen and Goose and
Turkey—

They are too sharp for my conveni-
ence.

In the interest therefore of expedience
Sharp bills and poison stings must go!

VOICES: Hear! Hear! Bravo! Bravo!

LION: Let us hear next from the fatted
Pig.

PIG: So far I think we have done well.

I am delighted, truth to tell,

I am a very dainty tidbit

And was in constant danger from it.

But now your good intentions seem so boundless,
It looks as if henceforth my fears are groundless.

LION: Fat Pig, speak to the point.

PIG: Don't rush me, I'm too fat to hurry,
As I was saying, to be relieved of worry

Has filled me with such gratitude,
I'd like to take an attitude
As noble as our friends here. So,
If they are willing to eat grass I'll go
For nettles!

LION: Pig, this settles it. Unless you speak to the point

You must sit down! We are bent on disarmament!

PIG: Your pardon! I thought the subject was food . . .

What more important subject could
We discuss? It's my favorite topic!
And even though I am somewhat myopic

I see that the Tiger and Panther rejoice

And fairly drool at the sound of my voice!

At the mention indeed of a meal
Who doesn't cheer up a good deal?

VOICES: What about disarmament?

PIG: Now eating is ever so pleasant and yet

There's something about it we mustn't forget:

There's eating and eating: if the food is not good

You might just as well be chewing on wood.

Let me make it more plain:

You've got to enjoy it in order to gain.
Sometimes eating may not be eating.

Now Pheasant all plump is an excellent ration,

But grass by itself may induce constipation!

VOICES: What about disarmament?

All the Pig talks about is food!

PIG *grunting under his breath*: It all comes down to food in the end!

LION: Silence! Pig, sit down! Henceforth
Whatever is said here must be worth
Our while, whoever wishes to speak
Must speak clearly and concisely and keep

To the subject—disarmament and peace!

SOUND: *Roaring louder and louder*

LION: I don't like fairytales! I want reality!

Straight from the shoulder fact and brevity!

HEDGEHOG: Mr. Chairman, may the Hedgehog have the floor?

LION: Take it! It's yours!

HEDGEHOG: Let me say no roar

Frightens me! I am a Hedgehog!

Your threats and your shouts don't scare me!

I proclaim myself to be

A Hedgehog of the pure race of Hedgehogs!

Superior to all the lesser dogs,

Superior to all species of all time!

Any animal would have a tall climb

To equal me! I keep my distance. I believe

In keeping my blood pure.

You may be very sure

I am proud of mine

And will not contaminate it with any lesser line!

I am superior!

VOICES: What kind of beast is this? Show him the door!

HEDGEHOG: My dear animals, you must not object

To my frankness. I simply elect

To tell you the truth, Now listen to this:

We were discussing the problem of peace—

But why is it the conference plucks

Only the Turkeys, Hens and Ducks

Of their armament? Why is no mention made

Of the Lion and the Tiger? Why is nothing said

About the Panther and the Jackal,

The most dangerous of all?

They are the stumbling block,

The permanent obstacle

To universal peace!

Animals of the League, they are a disgrace,

An abomination on the face

Of the earth. They are always in a race,

They are always on the rampage,

Clawing and biting,

Raiding and fighting,

Let them give up their claws and their big teeth

And I will throw my armor at their feet!

LION roars: You insignificant atom of an atom!

You despicable nonentity of beastdom!

I am liable to forget where I'm at
 And crush you like a hat!
 Get out of our noble midst!
 Strike his name from our list!
 You're not worth the tip of my tail!

HEDGEHOG: Pray spare yourself this rant-
 ing! I fail
 To be impressed!

LION: I move we eject
 This contemptible coot!

SOUND *Uproar of Voices*

VOICES: Throw him out!
 Down with him! Long live the Hedge-
 hog!

SOUND: *Howls*

LION: Who said that? Who dares to
 praise the Hedgehog?
 Let that howling stop! Revolutionists!
 I know you!
 I myself will take care of the Cow,
 The Pig, the Sheep, I'll show you!

FOX: In that case, the Turkeys, Hens and
 Geese
 May rely on the Fox, also the Ducks,
 When under my protection, shucks,
 I'll see to it that no wild beast
 Comes near them!

WOLF: Ho! Ho! At least
 Let the Wolf admit the Fox
 Is clever! But your plan is too neat:
 If you protect them all, I get
 Nothing! My dear little Fox,
 I itch to give you a box
 On the ears! Paugh!

LION: Wolf, shut your jaw!
 The only way for us to solve
 This problem is to resolve
 On an harmonious understanding
 As to which animals we are handing
 Over to the safe protection of whom:
 Then there will be no room
 For quarrels. These bickerings will
 cease:
 We'll have our paradise of peace
 At last!
 Now what?

SOUND: *Uproar squeals*

VOICES: It's Mrs. Pig!

PIG *squeals*: Help! Help! The Foxes are
 eating the Pigs!

LION: Fox, this is an outrage!
 Your family should be in a zoo cage!

FOX: Nonsense, are we to blame
 If we get hungry?

SOUND: *Bleating*

LION: In the name of animaldom,
 What ails the Sheep?

FOX: The poor booby wants us to keep
 The Tigers away from his family!

SOUND: *Bellowing*

LION: In this riot it is animally
 Impossible to hear oneself think!
 Why does the Cow bellow as if some-
 one

SOUND: *Louder bellowing*
 Were skinning her alive?

SOUND: *Uproar-quacking-cackling*

VOICES: Help! Murder!
 Hens, run
 For your lives!

LION: Why is the Goose fleeing?

VOICE: The Crow! The Crow! Where is
 the Crow?

VOICES *in panic*: Let's go! Let's go!

SOUND: *Clatter of Hoo's and Whirring of*
Wings—greater and greater confusion

LION: Things have come to a pretty pass!
 Where is the august person of the Zili
 Ass?

VOICES *squealing*: The Ass! The Ass!
 Where is the Ass?
 Save himself who can!
 Someone has eaten the Ass!

CHORUS: The League's creator!
 Someone has eaten the Ass!
 The League's originator!
 The Zili Ass! The Zili Ass!

SOUND: *Melee of Animal Voices and*
Noise

MUSIC: *Up and out*

ANNOUNCER: My friends,
 This happened in the land of Zili—
 In Animaldom where willy-nilly
 The Fox still chases the poor Goose
 And the Wildcat is still a ferocious
 puss
 Where the Panther's taste for meat is
 chronic
 And keeps the jungle in a panic.
 The Vulture eats Crow, the finicky
 Stork
 Likes frog's legs; the Tiger dines on
 pork.
 The Leopard still carves up the Ox—
 I regret to report only the Peacock's
 Feathers are left. There's a jinx
 After the Duck in the shape of a Lynx.
 Oh dear, Oh dear! What have we
 here?
 The Baboon—the animals' noble host—
 The Baboon has lost his most

Long tail! The Monkey has hid
 In the top of a tree. I bid
 You all farewell—it can't be mended—
 The League of Animals is ended!

SOUND: *Coomg and fluttering of wings*
enter Dove with olive branch in beak

ANNOUNCER: Wait a minute, I hear sing-
 ing,

I see a little bird winging
 This way! Little bird, who are you?

DOVE OF PEACE: Can't you see? It's a
 nice how d'you do!

Not to recognize the Dove
 Of Peace! I've been flying above
 The world for years—and years—and
 years!

ANNOUNCER: Oh, yes! You're the bird
 one hears

About from time to time! You're late!
 DOVE: I like that! Why didn't they wait
 For me? Now what shall I do?

ANNOUNCER: I don't know, Dove, just
 chew

Your olive branch, I guess!

DOVE. Bless me,
 I've an idea—I've tried it before,
 But I'll try it again—

I'm off once more to tackle the men!

ANNOUNCER: Good-bye, Dove! Good-
 bye, all!

Wish the Dove luck—she's about to
 call!

ROYAL MARCH

A DRAMA

By ANDREAS LATZKO

ADAPTED FOR RADIO BY CHARLES O'NEILL

(Produced by Peter Witt and Story Magazine over WHN, New York)

MUSIC: *Fade in military band playing the "Marcia Reale," the old Italian Royal Anthem—over the band*

SOUND: *Crowd noises come up—cheers and excitement*

VOICES *up—away*: Viva Italia! Viva la guerra! Abajo l'Austriacci! Viva la bandera! Viva Italia-a-a!

SOUND: *Running footsteps fade in—music fades under following—remaining as background*

OLD WOMAN *fading in—calling*: Cesare! Cesare Pasquali!

CESARE *breathlessly*: Signora, I have no time! I'm late now!

WOMAN: This cloth you were making for me. It isn't finished . . . (Up) Wait, Cesare! Cesare, you promised me this cloth . . .

CESARE *away—up*: Signora, can't you hear the "Marcia Reale?" . . . I'm going to war!

SOUND: *Running footsteps away—cheering and band up triumphantly and into music bridge—bridge builds to high point—then drops abruptly—fade in faint moans and sounds of a hospital—footsteps—coming to a stop*

AUSTRIAN DOCTOR: Wie heissen Sie?

CESARE *weakly*: What?

DOCTOR *in English—impatiently*: Your name, your name . . .

CESARE: Cesare . . . Cesare Pasquali.

AIDE: An Italian prisoner, Herr Doktor. Taken at Monte Grappa. Hand case . . .

DOCTOR: The hand, please.

AIDE: Looks like gangrene, Herr Doktor.

DOCTOR: Hmmm . . . These two fingers must come off.

CESARE *panic*: But, please! I'm a weaver, those first fingers are my living!

DOCTOR: Immediately.

CESARE *piteously*: But listen, signor doctor . . . I'm a weaver, I tell you! A weaver . . . Oh, Holy Mother of God, don't let them take my fingers! (Up and fade)

MUSIC: *Bridge*

CESARE *fading in*: . . . and so they took them off, Tomas, like you'd shake off the ash from a cigarette . . . Like ash from a cigarette that Austrian doctor took them off . . . Like you would slice a piece of . . .

TOMAS *impatiently*: I know, I know, Cesare. You've told the whole village six hundred times . . . Look, there's something I want to tell you . . .

CESARE *in full swing*: And the pension they gave me for it! It wouldn't keep a fly alive . . . If they'd kept the two fingers and thrown me away, maybe the fingers could live on the pension, but I can't . . .

TOMAS *unsympathetically*: Well, that's the way it goes. What I wanted to tell you was . . .

CESARE: The way it goes? Look, is this a hand? Can a weaver spin wool with these two fingers gone? Can he?

TOMAS: Listen, Cesare. I'm in business and I'm not running a listening post . . . and I'm not running this inn as a hospital for war invalids. I didn't chop your fingers off, and I didn't ask you to take a room here and drink my wine all these years while you've been griping about it . . . So, today I made up my mind . . .

CESARE: But, Tomas, how can I pay when I can't get work? Even when I pick the olives I don't get full pay. I break my back all day and then they say for eight fingers, half pay. And even then, they give it the way they give to a beggar! This is my village, Tomas, I'm a paizan' here, but for all the people care, I could be some dog from the woods . . . And I went to war, Tomas . . . I was a soldier!

TOMAS: Look, Cesare. Everybody has his troubles. There's no sense crying over spilled milk.

CESARE: You think going to war was like spilling milk?

TOMAS *wearily*: Cesare, the war was over long ago.

CESARE: Over for everybody else. Not for me.

TOMAS: Look, Cesare. Have you got any people anywhere?

CESARE: Family? No . . .

TOMAS: I know you haven't got any money, because you've hocked everything you had. But if you know any place you can go, you'd better start thinking about it.

CESARE: A place to go?

TOMAS: I rented your room today. That's what I wanted to tell you.

CESARE *bewildered*: You rented my room?

TOMAS: Well, I've got bills, too, haven't I?

CESARE: But . . . but that's where I live!

TOMAS: I'll forget about the two months' rent you owe. You won't have to worry about that.

CESARE: But . . . it's such a little room, and . . .

TOMAS: It's all been done. I've got your other shirt and your knife in a bundle for you.

CESARE: Tomas, there's no place else in town I can go. And this is my town, Tomas! What'll I do?

TOMAS: Everybody's got his troubles, Cesare.

CESARE: In my own town! Even in Austria, when I was a prisoner, it was better than this . . . After the hospital, they sent us to this little village . . . and there was a peasant woman . . . a widow . . . and she let me help with the cows and stay with her . . . And she was glad I was with her . . . she cried when I went away, 'cried for

Cesare Pasquali. And she was an Austrian.

TOMAS: Well, why don't you go back to this widow if she was so glad to have you? Why don't you go back to Austria, if it was so wonderful?

CESARE: Dios!

TOMAS: What's the matter?

CESARE: Why didn't I think of that! Why shouldn't I go back to Austria? Nobody cares for me here, nobody'd even know I was gone . . . But in that village, this woman was glad when I was there . . . glad to say good morning to me . . . glad to have me with her when the snow and the wind came down at night in winter . . . Why shouldn't I go back to Austria? Why shouldn't I go!

TOMAS: It's all right with me, Cesare.

CESARE: But it's winter again now . . . and to get over those mountains . . . even if I had money for all the papers and stamps at the border . . . How can I get there, Tomas?

TOMAS: Look, Cesare, I've got work to do. What about doing your dreaming someplace else?

CESARE: No . . . I'll go to Austria . . . She had six cows . . . and she liked me . . . The only person in the whole world who ever cared whether I lived or died . . . I'll go to Genoa, that's what I'll do . . . I'll find work there and I'll get enough to get to Austria, even if it is winter . . . I'll start for Genoa tomorrow!

SOUND: *Pounding table*

TOMAS: Might just as well start tonight, Cesare. Your room's taken already . . .

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Fade in wind and rain effects—fade down into background throughout following scene—fade in knocking at door—door opening*

MAID: Who's there?

CESARE *cold—wet—miserable*: Signorina, please . . . don't be afraid of me . . .

MAID *sharply*: A beggar!

CESARE: No, no, signorina . . . It's just that . . .

MAID: The people I work for don't feed beggars.

CESARE: Wait, don't close the door! It's so cold and wet . . . just being able to stand here is something . . . Six days I've been here in Genoa, signorina, and for two days only one little bowl of minestrone . . . And this is such a rich

house . . . I thought if there was something you were going to throw away . . .

MAID: I'm a maid here. Not the cook.

CESARE: But if you could ask the cook . . .

MAID: I told you, the people here don't feed beggars.

CESARE: But, signorina, I'm not a beggar. I've walked till my feet are like two pieces of raw meat, looking for work. I was a weaver, signorina . . . and then in the war they took away these two fingers . . . Look!

MAID: Keep that awful hand away!

CESARE: Please, signorina, you're so young and pretty, you don't know what it is to be cold and hungry and have people not care what happens to you. I wanted to earn enough money here to get to Austria, but I can't even get enough to eat, to sleep . . . No, wait! Don't close the door! If there is any work I can do . . . sweeping or anything . . . You can see I'm not a beggar. I don't know how to say what they say . . . But if there is any work I can do . . .

SOUND: *A dog yelps—quick footsteps*

MAID *up*: Pierrino! Pierrino! (*Vexed*) Now look what you've done . . . The dog's run out in the rain . . . Pierrino! Pierrino, come back here!

CESARE *dismay*: Signorina, I didn't mean to . . .

MAID: Didn't mean to. If the door hadn't been open . . . Pierrino! You'll catch your death of cold . . . Oh, if the Signora ever hears of this. Pierrino! Here, Pierrino!

CESARE *guilt-stricken*: I'm sorry, signorina. Maybe if I . . .

MAID: Keep away! Do you want to scare him to death, too, with that awful hand of yours? . . . Here, Pierrino! Come here, darling . . .

SOUND: *Footsteps*

ANTON *fading in—mocking voice*: Signorina, don't strain that beautiful throat of yours . . .

MAID *frightened*: Who are you?

ANTON: Just a stranger . . . But I have a suggestion, signorina. Let me sleep on little Pierrino's soft cushion tonight. And I promise you won't have to call me more than once . . .

MAID: You keep away! . . . Holy Mother, are all the beggars in Genoa on this street tonight? Pierrino! Come in the house this minute!

ANTON: What do you say, *paisan*? Wouldn't the girl do better to ask us in? After all, a Christian is almost as good as a dog, isn't he?

MAID: Keep away, you! Pierrino, darling . . . (*Up*) Pierrino, you little seventh son of the devil, if you don't come in this minute, I'll lock you out!

ANTON *easily*: No, you won't, signorina. If your signora thought her poor little Pierrino was out here where we are on a night like this, she'd pass out cold . . .

SOUND: *Yelp of dog*

ANTON: Sure! Look at him running in now! Even the dog knows it's no night to be out on the streets . . . But I'll tell you what, signorina, if you've got another cushion, I'll make a deal with you. Let me sleep on it, and throw me a bone once in a while, and I'll bark every time some poor devil like this fellow here comes to the door to bother you by being alive.

MAID: If you two don't go away, I'll call the police . . . See if I don't!

SOUND: *Door slammed*

ANTON: Well . . . I guess that's that.

CESARE: It was too bad about the dog . . .

ANTON: The dog? Oh, naturally . . . Of course, it's all right for you to be out on a night like this . . . you're just a human being. Weather like this is only fit for human beings . . . human beings who have no money . . .

CESARE *wonderingly*: You talk funny . . .

ANTON: My accent? It's Sicilian.

CESARE: No, what you say. Like a joke, but you're not laughing.

ANTON: You think I sound a trifle bitter?

CESARE: No, no . . . what you say is true . . . It's just the way I think sometimes, but I couldn't say it like that.

ANTON *laughing*: Well, maybe you're smarter than I am, at that. It's safer to think it than say it.

CESARE: Safer?

ANTON: The police don't like people who make comparisons like that—between dogs and human beings.

CESARE: Why not?

ANTON: It's a long story, but they don't. Take my word for it . . . You're from the country, aren't you?

CESARE: From Liguria, near Savona . . . My name is Cesare Pasquali.

ANTON: Glad to know you, Cesare . . . even if you do look like a drowned rat . . . My name's Anton.

CESARE: Antonio?

ANTON: Antonio . . . Anton . . . it's all the same. But what are you looking at me that way for? Do you think I'm a cop?

CESARE: It's the way you look at me. Your eye . . .

ANTON *laughing*: Oh, that . . . That's only my right eye . . . or what used to be my right eye. It rolls around on its own that way, because it's made of glass.

CESARE: A real glass eye?

ANTON: Well, it's a cheap job. I found that out when I tried to hock it. But I gave a first class eye for it, believe me. That's the kind of a souvenir you get when you follow the band music and go to war for the dear old fatherland.

CESARE: No! Are you a war veteran, too?

ANTON: Well, I guess that's all I am now . . . I used to be a printer.

CESARE: A printer! You mean you can read and write and everything . . . A printer who makes books?

ANTON: I said I used to be a printer. The same bullet that got this eye gummed up the other enough to make me no use around a type case.

CESARE *eagerly*: I went to war, too. Look, I was a weaver and I lost these two fingers . . . just the ones I need most.

ANTON: And so you went back home and they gave you a big cheer and then after awhile they got sick and tired of you and didn't care whether you starved or not . . .

CESARE: Yes, but how did you know?

ANTON: And then they said that's the way it goes, and talked about spilled milk, and told you everybody has his troubles? And finally they wouldn't listen to you at all?

CESARE: That's word for word what they said . . . But how do you know all this about me?

ANTON: I was in the same war, Cesare . . . Look, where are you sleeping tonight?

CESARE: I don't know.

ANTON: Where'd you sleep last night?

CESARE: Under a bridge.

ANTON: Bridges aren't so good in this weather. How'd you like to come along with me and sleep where it's dry?

CESARE: I haven't got any money. That's why I . . .

ANTON: Who said anything about money? I said how'd you like a place to sleep?

CESARE: I don't want to be any trouble to anybody . . .

ANTON: Cesare . . . Cesare . . . you are a nice guy . . . a nice, hopeless guy . . . If you starved to death here, you'd probably come back from the dead to apologize to these people for being a bother . . . Look, there's an old grain shed down by the harbor. It's no palace, and the rats think they own it, but it's dry and you pile on enough flour sacks you can keep warm. I've been there for more than a week now.

CESARE: They let you stay there?

ANTON: They don't know anything about it. I've got a couple of boards loosened up in back and I duck in after the watchman makes his tour. And I've got a little brandy and most of a loaf of bread hidden there right now. The bread's as hard as a rock, but if you've got good teeth, you're welcome to half of it.

CESARE: You mean you really want me to come with you?

ANTON: Sure. You can help me outflank the rats.

CESARE: But you're a man who can read and write. Why should you want someone like me to . . .

ANTON: I don't know, Cesare . . . Maybe I'm tired of talking to myself, too . . . But come on if you're coming. I've got about six gallons of water in my shoes right now . . . Any more, and we'll have to swim there. (*Fade out*)

SOUND: *Footsteps—wind and rain effects up—and into . . .*

MUSIC: *Bridge*

ANTON *fading in*: Didn't you ever know what a magnificent raw material empty flour sacks are? You can make towels out of them, blankets . . .

CESARE: I never had one for a nightshirt before.

ANTON: Empty flour sacks were made to be changed into nightshirts, Cesare . . . A little short maybe, and the flour makes you sneeze once in a while, but now our clothes hanging over there'll be dry in the morning and we'll be like a couple of gentlemen when we get up . . . A little more of this brandy?

CESARE: I've had two drinks now.

ANTON: There isn't enough to save. Bread's all gone anyhow, and might just as well finish it up. Here . . .

SOUND: *Drinking from bottle*

CESARE: Ah! That warms you up . . .

This is a wonderful place, Anton, this grain shed . . .

ANTON: Well, it's a place . . . But where was it you said you were heading for when you came to Genoa?

CESARE: Well, maybe it sounds funny, but there's this little village in Austria, and . . .

ANTON: Austria?

CESARE: I was a prisoner there, during the war. And there's a widow there . . . a big woman, with yellow hair . . . and she's got six cows. She was glad when I was there, glad to have me, and I thought if I could only get back . . .

SOUND: *Anton starts laughing—wryly*

CESARE: What are you laughing at? You think I'm foolish to think I can get there? Because it's so far?

ANTON *not laughing*: I guess it's really pretty funny, Cesare . . .

CESARE: Funny? To want to get back to the only place where I could feel I was home?

ANTON: No, that's not funny, Cesare . . . But it's like trains meeting head-on in the Brenner Pass . . . Cesare, my accent bothered you before, didn't it?

CESARE: It's like they talk from Sicily, and then sometimes it isn't . . . But what were you laughing at?

ANTON: You can forget your dream about Austria, Cesare. It's not the way you remember it from the war. Not now.

CESARE: What do you know about it?

ANTON: That's where I come from.

CESARE: Where you . . .

ANTON: And that's what's so funny.

CESARE: You mean you're an Austrian? But you speak Italian . . .

ANTON: I was a war prisoner, too. In Sicily. And I knew a girl . . . just like your widow . . . Josefa . . . Her father owned two whole hills of vineyards . . . and it was always sunny and warm there . . . And that's why I came from Austria, Cesare . . . to go back there.

CESARE: Then you're doing the same thing I wanted to do.

ANTON: I told you it was like trains meeting in Brenner Pass . . . But you'd better stop yours right now, Cesare. You don't want to go to Austria . . . not now . . .

CESARE: But . . .

ANTON: The whole country's a poor-house . . . Has been, ever since the war . . . I've seen a man murdered in Vienna, just for a loaf of bread . . . There's no place there for you, Cesare. No work or hope or anything.

CESARE: But this woman . . .

ANTON: Cesare, stop dreaming. Don't you think the men came back in Austria after the war was over? If she still had the six cows, do you think they'd let her wait all these years for a poor cripple to come from Italy for her? Even if you could get there . . . with no money, no papers, no way even of keeping alive in Genoa?

CESARE: I never thought about the men coming back . . . (*Stricken*) Then that means that . . . there isn't any place for me to go . . . I can't go home, I can't go there . . .

ANTON *swift sympathy*: Look, Cesare, I didn't say that just to hurt you. It's the truth, that's all. And it'd be worse if you were up in those mountains when you found it out . . . But, look—why don't you come to Sicily with me?

CESARE *dully*: She didn't know I wanted to come back, but I always thought she'd still be there . . .

ANTON: Listen to me, will you, Cesare? You can come to Sicily with me . . . That's a place to go . . .

CESARE: Sicily?

ANTON: Where I was. It's sunny and warm down there, Cesare.

CESARE: But what this girl you talk about? Didn't the men come back to Sicily, too?

ANTON: What if they did? Suppose even she's married? We can still ask her father for jobs, can't we? And it's always warm there, Cesare . . . not ice and snow like in Austria . . . Figs on the trees and fish to catch in the sea . . . even if you haven't got a job . . . And the almonds'll be in blossom there pretty soon, Cesare! You ought to see them . . . they're like roses in snow . . . Why don't you come with me, Cesare?

CESARE: My father went to Sicily once . . . On a marble boat, from Carrara . . . He said you could milk the goats whenever you wanted a drink, and nobody ever said anything to you . . .

ANTON: Look, Cesare . . . If we can just pick up jobs enough here to get a little

money, we can fix it up with one of the German ships to get to Sicily. Maybe two boats. One to Naples, and one from there. You've just got to slip the mate some money, and he'll let you sleep in the lifeboats . . . And then when we get there, fish and figs and sun, and you can milk the goats all day long.

CESARE *doubtfully*: I told Tomas I was going to Austria . . .

ANTON: Cesare, don't freeze to death trying to get across the Tyrol for something that isn't there . . . And look, maybe Josefa did wait . . . and if she did, we'll both get jobs with her father . . . and it won't matter how many fingers you've got . . . What do you say, Cesare . . . will you come?

CESARE: You're sure you want me?

ANTON: Cesare, you're worse than that dog Pierroni. Of course I want you to come. Why, I don't know, but I do . . . Maybe because you're still honest, maybe because we both got kicked with the same boot, maybe just because I like you . . . But the two of us together'll show them, Cesare, even if we are missing an eye and a couple of fingers . . . They've been dealing us the cards so far . . . now we'll start dealing.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

CESARE *fade in—spelling something laboriously*: S-i-c-u-h-c . . .

ANTON: Only one 'c', Cesare.

CESARE: S-i-c-i . . .

ANTON: That's it.

CESARE: . . . c-i-l . . . (*Triumphantly*)
. . . c-i-l-y! Sicily . . . Is that right, Anton?

ANTON: Couldn't spell it any better myself, Cesare. You'll be a reader and writer yet.

CESARE: I was always ashamed to ask anyone else to show me, Anton, but with you . . . I don't know, it's different. I don't mind asking you anything.

ANTON: Well, as long as you don't start asking about the cafe again, it's all right with me.

CESARE: Anton, couldn't we go tonight? Just for one little cup of brandy?

ANTON: Nope.

CESARE: But look at the money we got for loading bricks . . . that job you found for us down at the docks. Couldn't we just take two lire and . . .

ANTON: Nope.

CESARE: Not to get drunk, Anton. Just one little cup . . . just to sit out and watch the people going by in the square. It's been weeks since we had any brandy, Anton. Not since that night when I met . . . We could just take one lira maybe, and . . .

ANTON: Listen, Cesare. What was the bargain we made that first night?

CESARE: That we'd go to Sicily . . . the two of us together.

ANTON: Sure, but how were we going to get there?

CESARE: We were going to sleep here in the shed, and get odd jobs, and save money, and then when we had enough we were going to wait for a German ship to come in, and then . . .

ANTON: Never mind about the German ship now. What'd you say we were going to do before that?

CESARE *contritely*: Save money.

ANTON: All right. That means no brandy. No brandy, no tobacco, no lottery tickets. Not till we get to Sicily. Then, if we want, we can wash our feet in brandy.

CESARE: I'm sorry, Anton. It was just that . . .

ANTON: That's all right, Cesare. I'd like a little brandy right now, myself. But it's no anything till we get that money together and catch that boat for Sicily.

CESARE *suddenly*: You know what, Anton?

ANTON: What?

CESARE: I was just thinking. Isn't it lucky I didn't shoot you?

ANTON: Didn't shoot me! . . .

CESARE: When I was a soldier, I mean. And you were a soldier for Austria. I could've shot you if we'd happened to be at the same place. And then I wouldn't ever have known you . . .

ANTON: I'll bet you never shot anybody, Cesare . . .

CESARE: And then we wouldn't be going to Sicily together, or anything. I could be starving, or frozen to death, for all anybody cared. Just because the band played "Marcia Reale" and I went off to be a soldier and shot you . . . because you were an Austrian . . .

ANTON: Look, Cesare, we know that nobody's an Austrian and nobody's an Italian, don't we? That's just something they think up when someone on top

- here wants to steal a piece of the map from someone on top there. And because we're little people, and not interested in maps, they get the band out and tell us we're Italians and Austrians. Then we get interested, and go get our throats cut.
- CESARE: But we don't, Anton. We know that everybody's all alike. Austrians, Italians, everybody . . .
- ANTON: Of course we're alike, Cesare. We want the same things . . . some sun, food, a woman, a little talk and some music maybe . . . and we get hurt by the same things. A bullet takes your fingers off and it knocks my eye out. And it doesn't care whether I'm Austrian or you're Italian. Any more than those ones on top do, after the band-playing's over and you come back and try to pick up your life again.
- CESARE: I like a band, though, Anton.
- ANTON: Bands are all right. It's what they use them for. But this isn't teaching you to read and write. How far'd we get?
- CESARE: I was spelling Sicily . . . Anton, when do you think we'll have money enough saved up to get there?
- ANTON: Pretty soon now, Cesare . . . pretty soon . . .
- MUSIC: *Bridge*
- SOUND: *Fade in water effects at the docks*
- CESARE *fading*: Sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two and two makes . . .
- ANTON: It makes sixty-four, Cesare. Fourteen more than we need!
- CESARE: Then we have got enough money, Anton?
- ANTON: Enough and fourteen over. Keep it out of sight, though. I want to ask one of these sailors if the mate's on board.
- CESARE: And look what a fine big boat it is, Anton! Fifty men could hide on a boat like that.
- ANTON: Shhh . . . (*Sharp whisper*) Want the whole dock to know what we're up to? Here comes a sailor now . . .
- CESARE *joyous whisper*: And he's Italian . . . He'll know . . .
- SOUND: *Footsteps*
- ANTON *up*: Signor! . . . Signor, just a minute, please . . .
- SAILOR: What do you two want?
- ANTON: Just if you could tell us something . . . Is the mate on board?
- SAILOR: Of course not. He's over in town, where everybody else is . . . Don't you know it's a holiday?
- CESARE: Holy Mary, I forgot! Anton, it's the day of the Unknown Soldier.
- ANTON: Then the boat isn't sailing today, signor?
- SAILOR: Today everybody gets drunk. Tomorrow noon we sail.
- ANTON *disappointed*: Oh, well, thanks, anyhow . . .
- SOUND: *Footsteps away*
- CESARE: Anton, why didn't I remember? Of course it's the Day of the Unknown Soldier. Nobody works today, not even on boats.
- ANTON: Of all the rotten luck!
- CESARE: But the mate'll be here tomorrow. Anton. We'll be able to get the boat then.
- ANTON: Everything all set, and they have to ring in this holiday on us!
- CESARE: Anton, don't be so worried. What difference does one day make now? We've waited so many weeks . . . all right, we wait one day more . . . And then we head for Sicily . . . For the goats and the sun and the . . .
- ANTON: How do we know what'll happen between today and tomorrow? And for the Unknown Soldier, too . . . That's a pip . . .
- CESARE: Look, Anton. I know what you need. We go to that little cafe up in the square and have a cup of brandy and watch the parade. All the fine people'll be out in the streets today . . . girls walking around, music playing, flags out . . .
- ANTON: If there were just some way of getting hold of that mate today . . .
- CESARE: Anton, stop being gloomy! We find him in the morning . . . Look, you're always telling me what to do, now I tell you . . . Today is a holiday, and we take a holiday, too! We got that extra money. We go to the square and we sit at a nice table with cloth on it . . .
- SOUND: *From away—band music starts to fade in*
- ANTON *doubtfully*: We said we wouldn't, Cesare . . .
- CESARE: But we've got the money all saved now. We're ready to go . . . Listen, you can hear the music already! Come on, just one little cup of brandy to celebrate . . .

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Fade in holiday crowd effects against band music—then fade both down under following scene*

CESARE *fade in—excited and already a little drunk*: Anton, look at all the people . . . And the plumes on the soldiers' hats, Anton . . . Look at the plumes!

ANTON: Look, Cesare, let's get out of this.

CESARE: Get out of it? Why?

ANTON: You've had three cups of brandy already . . . and I've had about enough of this Unknown Soldier nonsense.

CESARE: Nonsense?

ANTON: What else is it? Those big shots out there aren't crying for anybody that died in the war. They're just whipping the kids up for the next one . . . Come on, let's clear out.

CESARE: Anton, you've been looking sour all day. This isn't just like a funeral. It's for the victory, too. Can't you hear how they're cheering?

ANTON: The victory? Who ever wins a war, Cesare?

CESARE: Who ever? Didn't we win the war? Didn't Italy beat Austria? Oh . . . That's what's the matter, Anton! You feel out of it because Austria lost the war . . .

ANTON: Look, Cesare. What did you win?

MUSIC: *"Marcia Reale" begins off mike*

CESARE: Listen, Anton . . .

ANTON *wearily*: Cesare, if you can still hear me . . . we've got to go some place and cut up this bread and cheese. I'm starved. And I'm sick and tired of this noise . . .

CESARE: Noise? That's the "Marcia Reale" they're playing!

ANTON: What of it?

CESARE: That's the royal anthem . . . You've got to stand up when they play it.

ANTON: I'll stand up, all right. I'm getting out of here.

CESARE: Wait a minute, Anton. Now I know you're sore! And it's because you're an Austrian . . .

ANTON *impatiently*: Cesare, will you stop babbling? I wouldn't listen to the "Radetzky March" any more than I'll listen to that "Marcia Reale." I just don't like any of them.

CESARE: Oh, no. You're just saying that. You're sore because this is an Italian holiday. Because Italy won the war and

Austria got licked. That's why you're sore.

ANTON: Look, Cesare, that music is making you drunker than the brandy. You know where that stuff got you before, and you ought to know better, but because you have had a couple of brandies, I won't argue with you. I'm taking this bread and cheese and I'm going through that alley there and find a quiet place to eat it. And after that I'm going over to the shipping office and see if there isn't some way I can get hold of that mate and fix up about our trip tomorrow.

CESARE: It's because you're an Austrian. That's why you want to spoil this for me. That's why you want to go away . . . because you're an Austrian and the Austrians got licked . . .

ANTON: Cesare, I'm going away because I want to eat this bread and cheese in peace. Are you coming, or aren't you?

MUSIC: *"Marcia Reale" up and into brief bridge*

ANTON *fading in*: Let me take your knife, Cesare . . .

CESARE *still hurt*: You said Italy didn't win the war.

ANTON: I said you didn't win it, Cesare. Here, take your knife and the rest of the bread. I've got enough.

CESARE: Just because I go with you, are you trying to say I'm not an Italian? And didn't Italy win the war?

ANTON: Listen, Cesare, will you stop harping on that Italy-won-the-war stuff? I'm getting sick and tired of hearing it.

CESARE *triumphantly*: Of course you're sick and tired of it. Because it's true!

ANTON *a little exasperated*: Look, Cesare . . .

CESARE: Why don't you admit it? You're sore because the Italians were better than the Austrians and we chased your army back home. That's what's the matter.

ANTON: Cesare, you poor dope, do you think it makes any difference which way the war went? You lost it, and I lost it. That's all I know.

CESARE: We didn't lose the war, we won it! We chased you Austrians right back through the mountains.

ANTON *icy*: Listen, Cesare. I told you I didn't care who won the war, and I don't. But if you're going to start yelling like that, get your facts straight. You

say it's a victory celebration. What victory are you talking about?

CESARE *stupefied*: What victory?

ANTON: Did the Italians win one battle in the war? Answer me that. Did they win one battle?

CESARE: We won the war, didn't we?

ANTON *irritatingly calm—as though to a child*: The French and the British navy and the Americans won the war. And after the war was over, when the Austrians had quit because they were fed up with it, the Italians marched into the Tyrol with their hands in their pants pockets. Do you call that a victory? Walking in with your hands in your pants pockets?

CESARE: Why—the Austrians ran like rabbits!

ANTON: After the war was over, because they wanted to get home. Before that, the Italians did all the running. Listen, Cesare, if you're going to talk about soldiers at all, it's a matter of plain, cold fact that the Italians are the worst soldiers in Europe. Everybody knows that. For an attack—the French, the Germans, the British, they're all pretty much alike. But for a retreat—the Italians. They're the best retreaters in Europe . . .

CESARE *choked up with rage*: That's a lie!

ANTON *calmly*: Ask anybody. Ask a German, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, a Swede, anybody at all. The only time Italians win, is when you can walk in with your hands in your pants pockets. I'm sorry, Cesare, but that's the way it is.

CESARE: If that's what you think of Italians, what are you eating Italian bread

for? What are you doing here anyhow?

ANTON: As it happens, that's got nothing to do with it.

CESARE *in a passion*: As it happens, you come sneaking around talking about pants pockets . . . Why don't you go back to Austria? What are you doing in Italy?

SOUND: *Sounds of a scuffle*

ANTON: Cesare! Let go of me!

CESARE *crazily*: See, you're shaking like a rabbit already . . . you're scared, just like all Austrians . . . Now will you tell me why you came to Italy?

ANTON *equally mad*: All right. I'm here because the Italian women are easy. They give up even quicker than the soldiers. I'm here because . . . (*He breaks off suddenly—as though realizing what he's said—then, desperately*) Cesare, what are we doing? Cesare, we're both crazy. Listen, Cesare, I didn't mean that about the women. I just said it because . . . Cesare! . . . You've got that knife in your hand . . . Ces . . .

SOUND: *Impact of a knife through flesh—as Anton's words end in a bloody gurgle—sudden hush—then Cesare's voice like a frightened child's*

CESARE: Anton . . . (*Up*) Anton!

MUSIC: *In the hush the "Marcia Reale" begins to be heard*

CESARE: He was my friend and . . . (*incredulously*) . . . and now he's dead . . .

(*Up*) Anton . . . Anton, in the name of God, what were we fighting about?

MUSIC: *Over Cesare's terrible sobs the "Marcia Reale" comes up powerfully—up and out*

THREE STRIKES YOU'RE OUT

A COMEDY-ROMANCE OF A PIANO TUNER

By VERNON DELSTON

(A Columbia Workshop Presentation, broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System)

JOE'S ALTER EGO *on filter mike*: Spring is here. Warm spring is here. The air is warm. Winter is dead. You can tell winter is dead. The trees are getting green. The buds smell nice and sweet. Kids fill up the street with noise of running and yelling and horsing around. All of a sudden the winter emptiness disappears and kids spring up all over the place like mushrooms. They talk so loud they think everybody's deaf. You feel good in the Spring. Ninety bucks in the bank and one hundred and ten to go. A good motor, nice paint job and four good tires. Step on the gas and see America first. Hey stars, hey stars in the sky! You're gettin' in my hair. Those writin' guys with those fancy words. Those fancy words are a quarter a piece. What do those writin' guys say about Spring?

MARTY: H'ya, Joe.

JOE: H'ya Marty. I didn't see you coming.

MARTY: You looked like you're in a fog. Coming down to the club, tonight?

JOE: Nah. I don't think so. There's nothin' doin'.

MARTY: Sure, Joe. We pick the lineup for Sunday. You're pitchin' ain't cha, Joe?

JOE: I don't think I'll go.

MARTY: You feel all right?

JOE: Yeah.

MARTY: You sure you feel all right?

JOE: Yeah.

MARTY: The meetin' is going to be all about baseball. Baseball, Joe. You're not passin' it up.

JOE: It's too nice a night to be inside.

MARTY: My brother-in-law is keepin' that car in good shape for you. As soon as you get the two hundred smackers.

JOE: I got ninety saved, all ready. By the time the summer comes, I'll have the rest.

MARTY: O.K., Joe. He's savin' it for you. He'd like to see you have it. He knows you'll take care of it. It's some boat. Good mileage on the gallon.

JOE: Swell boat. I could take care of a job like that.

MARTY: That's what my brother-in-law says. He knows you can take care of a car. Come on, Joe.

JOE: I'm going to sit in the park for a while.

MARTY: I get it, Joe. You got one of those crazy spells comin' on you again, eh? You want to sit on the grass in the park. I understand you, Joe. I'm the one guy who understands you. You're not daffy, Joe.

JOE: Thanks.

MARTY: Honest, I don't think you're daffy.

JOE: Thanks.

MARTY: Some guys would think so, but not me. I understand you.

JOE: You . . . tell the fellas I'll see them tomorrow.

MARTY: I read about one guy who sat in the park all night watching the stars. He was a screwball with brain fever. A little utsnay (nuts) in the upstairs way, but you're a right guy, Joe. Any guy who can pitch like you is O.K.

JOE: I'll be seein' you!

MARTY: O.K. Joe. Don't get your feet wet.

(Exits)

MUSIC: *Fades in again under*

JOE'S ALTER EGO: Maybe he's right. Maybe I ought to go to the club tonight. A guy gets funny ideas in a park in the Spring. Save it. Save it until I get the car. Then I can branch out. Step on the gas and all's right with the world. God's in his Heaven and it's Spring in the park. (Pause) Maybe I better go back and join Marty and the boys. It feels good in the park. Don't look now, but there's a doll giving you the eye. Keep looking at the stars, Joe. Keep looking. Don't turn around. Oh—oh. It looks bad. She's speaking to you. It's . . .

MARY: I dropped a quarter.

JOE: Yeah, did you see where it rolled?

MARY: Oh, dear. Right around here I think.

JOE: Well, if it's in the grass, you haven't a chance of finding it.

MARY: Oh, dear. If I only had a match.

JOE: I don't smoke.

MARY: I don't like men who smoke.

JOE: I wish I could find it for you.

MARY: Oh, never mind. I shouldn't have put it in my handkerchief.

JOE: Here it is.

MARY: Oh, thank you.

JOE: It was right near my foot.

MARY: You must have good eyes.

JOE: They're all right.

MARY: It's a beautiful night.

JOE: Sure is.

MARY: Do you ever come to the park when they have the concerts?

JOE: Sometimes.

MARY: I'd rather go to the park on Saturday night than go to the movies.

JOE: I like the movies.

MARY: I like the movies, too.

JOE: Gee, it's a nice night.

MARY: My name's Mary.

JOE: I'm Joe.

MARY: Pleased to meet you, Joe.

JOE: Likewise.

MARY: Well, goodnight, Joe.

JOE: Goodnight.

MUSIC: *In behind*

JOE'S ALTER EGO: She likes me. That's O.K.

Joe. No harm done. It's spring in the park. Spring in the sky. Spring on Sunday, Monday . . . Spring on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday . . . Spring on Friday, Saturday. Tune those pianos. Blow the tuning fork. Tune that up-right. Tighten up the baby grand. Ten . . . twenty . . . thirty . . . save your

dough. Buy that car . . . ninety to go . . . Great paint job . . . good rubber . . .

MUSIC: *Up and cut*

JOE: Week went kinda fast.

MARY: It dragged for me. What do you do?

JOE: What do you mean?

MARY: Your work. What kind of work do you do?

JOE: I tune pianos. I'm a piano tuner.

MARY: Sounds interesting. You must have a good ear for music.

JOE: I don't know a thing about music. What do you do?

MARY: I'm a bookkeeper. I work for my father. He manufactures shirts.

JOE: You don't work either.

MARY: That's what everybody says. Just because I work for my father. I work hard sometimes.

JOE: Yeah (*laughing*). I pitch in our first game next week. Got to get my arm in shape.

MARY: I like horseshoes. My dad plays good at it.

JOE: Not horseshoes. Baseball. Do you like baseball?

MARY: Oh—oh yes. I like it.

JOE: Last year I saw the Brooklyn-Dodgers play fifteen times. Three double-headers. Did you ever go to a game?

MARY: Ye-e-s. I saw the Yankee Clippers play.

JOE: You mean the New York Yankees.

MARY: Are you romantic?

JOE: Why do you want to see the Yankees?

MARY: I like romantic fellows.

JOE: Yeah. I'm just a guy who doesn't bother nobody.

MARY: Doesn't bother anybody.

JOE: That's right. I get mixed up sometimes.

MARY off: Oh, it doesn't make any difference, really.

JOE: It's always nice in the park.

MARY: Would you like to come to a party with me next Saturday?

JOE: Look out Joe. Tell her you won't be able to see her next week. The club's got a special meeting. They're going to elect you baseball captain. You can't make it, Joe. Tell her you can't make it.

JOE: Saturday . . . I . . . I.

MARY: If you don't care to go . . . if you have a previous appointment that's all right. It's not very important . . . I'm not forcing you to go . . .

JOE: I'd like to go but . . .

MARY: Oh, that's all right . . . I understand. You don't want to go. You . . .

JOE: I didn't say I didn't want to go.

MARY: You didn't say it but I know how it is. I understand men.

JOE: If that's the way you feel about it.

MARY: Make believe I didn't ask you. I'm sorry I asked you.

JOE: Then you won't be sorry. I'll go . . . to the party.

MUSIC: *In behind.*

EGO: That's the way it starts, you dope. A party. And then another party. And now a movie. And another movie. And just when the weather's getting hot, and the baseball race is running true to form . . . The pitchers are ahead of the batters. Think about your dough . . . Seventy . . . eighty . . . ninety . . . one hundred . . . one ten . . . one twenty. Tune up that baby grand—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, sweep out the garage . . . see America first . . . Boss, you can look for another piano tuner . . . I'm hittin' the road."

JOE: Thursday . . . Maine 4-1179 . . .

SOUND: *Telephone ringing—repeated*

EGO: Now, it's your turn to ask her to a party, you sap.

MUSIC: *Fadeout*

JOE: The club is running a dance next Saturday. Would you like to go, Mary?

MARY *filter*: I'd love to meet your friends.

MUSIC: *Fade in swing number to finish*
SOUND: *Applause*

MARTY: Say, Joe. Nice doll you came in with. Where did you pick her up?

JOE: Cut it out, Marty. She's a nice girl.

MARTY: O.K. . . . O.K., Joe. I didn't say nothin'. All I asked is where you met her? That's all I said.

EGO: That's right, Joe. That's all he said. Why jump on the guy? A girl is a girl is a girl.

1ST VOICE: Well, if it ain't Joe. I ain't seen you in weeks.

2ND VOICE: Where you been, Joe?

JOE: I've been around.

1ST VOICE: Too good for baseball practice, eh?

JOE: My arm is a little sore.

2ND VOICE: You don't look so well. Workin' hard?

MARY: Oh, here you are.

JOE: Mary, I want you to meet some of the boys. This is Al and that's Pete, and this is my friend Marty.

MARTY: Howya, Duchess?

MARY: How do you do?

1ST & 2ND VOICE: Well. Gonna grab ourselves a dance. Let's break these two, Al.

MARTY: Think I'll swing out myself. Are you a jitter-bug, Mary?

MARY: I should say not.

MARTY: Then what kind of a louse are you? Ha-ha. Some joke, eh, kid? See you later Joe. Gonna grab myself a frail. Come on snake, let's wriggle.

JOE: Want to dance, Mary?

MARY: No, Joe.

JOE: What's the matter?

MARY: Nothing.

JOE: You feel all right?

MARY: Yes.

JOE: Something is the matter.

MARY: Well if you must know, I don't like your friends.

MUSIC: *Up slightly*

EGO: You led with your chin that time.

But here's your chance, Joe. Get back with the fellows. Tell her where to get off. This is the end. Twenty more bucks and the car is yours. Fill her up. Check the oil. Your arm feels good again. Pitch 'em in, Joe. You got your wings again. Whoopee!

JOE: There's nothing wrong with my friends.

MARY: They're crude and . . .

JOE: You can't say that about my friends.

MARY: Well, I have.

JOE: Why, we grew up together. They'd do anything for me. They'd give me the shirt off their backs.

MARY: That's too bad.

JOE: You better apologize or this is the . . .

EGO: Atta boy, Joe.

JOE: You better apologize or we're finished.

MARY: Come here, Joe. Don't run away. Let's dance.

JOE: I don't feel like dancing.

MARY: Yes you do.

JOE: Do you apologize?

MARY: Of course.

EGO: Ouch. She pitched one over on you Joe. Yes, Joe, that was that high, hard one straight across the middle. You got one strike on you, Joe, me lad. You tightened up in the pinches.

MARY: You didn't mean what you said did you, Joe?

JOE: Mean what?

MARY: About us being "finished."

JOE: No.

MARY: You know I love you, Joe. Do you love me?

JOE: Sure.

MARY: Next Saturday we're going on a boat ride. Daddy's club is having a benefit and I've got two tickets.

MUSIC: *Blares forth and fades gradually*

Ego: Kiss Saturdays good-bye. You had your chance but you flubbed it. The fellows are a little sore at you. You don't come around so often. You've gone high hat on them. Here it is near the end of the season and you only pitched one game. They don't believe you've got a sore arm . . . Those double feature pictures every Saturday night are ruinin' your eyes. You've only seen one baseball game this year. You used to be crazy about the game. Now you're just crazy. *(fade out)*

MUSIC: *Segues to other music.*

Ego: The World Series is over. Those darn Yankees won again. How time flies. At this stage of the game, you can be expecting an invitation for Sunday dinner. Nix on that, Joe. If you accept you're cooked. Watch your step. Don't let it get serious. Maybe she won't invite you. Who knows? Time flies. It seems like it was only yesterday. *(Fade out)*

MARY *fade in*: What do you do on Sunday, Joe?

JOE: Why do you ask?

MARY: Oh, I'd just like to know.

JOE: Hang out with the fellows. Go some place to eat. See a ball game. Movies sometimes. Lots of things.

MARY: Would you like to spend the afternoon at my house? You could have dinner and . . .

JOE: No, thanks Mary. I don't.

Ego: Atta boy, Joe. Don't get too involved.

MARY: Why?

JOE: I see the fellows every Sunday. We play ball or kid around or . . .

MARY: Oh.

JOE: I'd like to but . . .

MARY: I wouldn't want to interfere with your plans.

JOE: Thanks for asking me, Mary. I . . .

MARY: Of course the fellows are more important than I.

JOE: It's not that . . .

MARY: Afraid someone will bite you if you came to my house?

JOE: If that's the way you feel about it.

MARY: Forget I asked you. I hope you enjoy yourself.

Ego: That's a load off your chest.

JOE: If that's the way you feel about it.

I'll eat at your house.

MUSIC: *In under*

Ego: What did I tell you? You're stuck now. Cross Sunday off the calendar. Good old Sunday. He didn't mean any harm. Watch out you don't gain too much weight. You know how those dinners are. Look for the cigar that smells like old laundry. Look for the newspaper rattling to beat the band. Look for little brother making a pest of himself. Look for dear old mother, in her chair knitting. There's the house—might as well go in. *(fade out)*

FATHER: That's a nice boy Mary's got. Is it serious?

MOTHER: Bringing him to dinner today.

SOUND: *Paper rattling*

FATHER: Ahem, it is serious.

SOUND: *Door bell off*

MOTHER: I only hope he's an orphan. I hate mothers-in-law.

FATHER: Me, too. Your mother was the prize.

MOTHER: Honey, I don't want you to talk that way about my mother.

SOUND: *Door bell off*

FATHER: She was just an old nanny goat. There's the bell.

MOTHER: I'll answer it. Hello, Joe.

Ego: Don't be afraid, Joe. Walk right in.

It's just as I told you. *(Ad lib conversation—off mike)* There's the cigar. Look behind the smoke screen and you'll see the father. Whew, what a smell. Won't somebody open the window? Or throw away the weed. And the newspaper. Where's the chair with the nice groove it it? Ah, there it is. That's right, mother. It's your chair. Time to knit. Nice scene. Nice domestic scene. You should have brought your candid along to take a picture. Oh—oh. I made a mistake. There's no little brother. I guess I had them wrong. No little brother.

SOUND: *Door slams*

BROTHER: When are we going to eat? I'm hungry.

MOTHER: Don't be so rude, Buddy. When you come into a room, say, "hello."

Three Strikes You're Out

BROTHER: Hello. I'm hungry.

MOTHER: This is Joe. Shake hands with Joe.

BROTHER: A new one, huh? Sis's old fellow promised me a football for Christmas. But he doesn't come here any more. What are you going to get me for Christmas?

JOE: How about a catcher's mitt, young fellow?

MOTHER: Go upstairs, and wash up. We're going to eat soon, Mary will be down in a few minutes, Joe.

FATHER: I hear you're a piano tuner. Must know a lot about music.

JOE: Nothing at all. I've got a good ear, that's all.

FATHER: Must be interesting work.

JOE: Not so.

FATHER: Is there a future in it?

JOE: I don't know. I never thought about it much.

FATHER: Nowadays, my boy, you've got to find enough work to keep myself busy.
Ego: There it goes, Joe. He's pitching 'em to the corners. Duck before it hits you in the eye. You don't like it much, eh? Better get used to it. You're going to see a lot of him, unless you wise up now. Smell the chicken roasting. That isn't chicken. That's you, Joe, burning.

FATHER: Smell that? Best chicken you ever tasted. Mother is just about the best cook this side of the river.

MOTHER: Oh, Daddy, you're such a flatterer. Do you like chicken, Joe?

JOE: Yes, I like it. I like it a lot.

BROTHER: I'm hungry. Don't forget the catcher's mitt, Joe?

MARY *fading in*: Hello, Joe. Just get here?

JOE: A little while ago.

MOTHER: Come on in everybody. You sit over here Joe—next to Mary.

Ego: Relax Joe—relax. It's only a meal. Don't worry about it.

MOTHER: Buddy, sit here.

Ego: The next time you eat here will be next never. Eat heartily, my boy. Take a good look at the happy smiling faces. The brat is giving you the eye
(Pause) So's the mother. Watch your manners. Don't take such a big mouthful.
FATHER: Well, I always say there's nothing like Sunday dinner, especially if mother cooks it. White or dark meat?

JOE: Dark meat.

MOTHER: Oh, Joe.

Ego: The mother's talking to you.

MOTHER: Joe.

Ego: Swallow it.

MOTHER: Does your mother make salad this way?

JOE: I'm an orphan.

FATHER: Say, Joe, would you come around some night to tune our piano? It needs a tuning. Would you some night, Joe?

JOE: I'd be glad to.

FATHER: Make it Wednesday night.

(*Continue ad lib*)

Ego: Wednesday night, Joe. O.K. tune her up and that's the end. You had a good dinner. You owe them a tuning. You can step out just in time. They're beginning to look at you with that look. You know the look. They talk to you as if . . . (*fade out*)

JOE *fade in*: Hello, Mary.

MARY: You're late, Joe.

JOE: Late?

MARY: I expected you at 8 o'clock.

JOE: But we didn't have a date. I just came to tune the piano.

MARY: Of course, Joe.

JOE: Where's your family?

MARY: Movies. They go every Wednesday night. Screeno night.

JOE: We're alone then.

MARY: Isn't it nice to be alone?

JOE: Yes. Yes. Sure.

MARY: It's as if it was our home and everything belonged to us.

JOE: This is my tuning fork. Better get to work I guess.

MUSIC: *Begins to tune piano*

Ego: Propaganda, Joe. Pure propaganda. You're getting involved. You're riding on the wave. The undercurrent is taking you out deeper and deeper. Swim back, Joe . . . swim . . . swim . . . swim.

MUSIC: *Orchestra takes up piano tuning effect*

RADIO ANNOUNCER: At half time, Southern California leads in the Rose Bowl classic by the score of 7 to 0. It's a beautiful day, folks. The sun is shining so strong down here in our broadcasting booth, you can hardly distinguish the players' numbers. I wish you were all out here, folks, enjoying this super colossal spectacle as much as I'm enjoying it. What a day. What a game.

EGO: Those palm trees must be beautiful. That's the life. Sitting in the sun all day. Eating a bowl of roses. Squirt orange juice in your blood.

MUSIC: *Up and down*

RADIO ANNOUNCER: The heaviest snow-fall of the year has fallen on the Eastern Seaboard. Cold weather is expected to set in with below zero weather forecast for tonight.

EGO: Br-r-r- . . . It's freezing out here. Give me the spring anytime. What does a guy do to keep warm?

MUSIC: *Up and down*

RADIO ANNOUNCER: And here are some basketball scores. Notre Dame, 48, Wisconsin, 30. N. Y. U., 31, Georgetown, 23. Fordham, 21, St. John's, 19. That must have been a thriller. Columbia . . . (*fade out*)

EGO: The Garden jams 'em in. 2:20 for two seats. You don't mind spending that once in a while. It's a nice change and better than going to the movies every Saturday. Two hot chocolates is twenty cents more but you only do it once in a while . . .

MUSIC: *Up and down*

RADIO ANNOUNCER: With the Spring training season about to get under way, the big baseball news of the week is that Dolph Camilli has signed a two-year contract for a sum reported to be . . . (*fade out*)

EGO: This cough is getting you down, Joe. Florida, that's the place. Camilli signs. It's about time. Boy, what a sock! Hit 'em into the center field bleachers. Those rookies got the life. Free feed and a hot sun. That's the life. If you ever get rid of that cold . . . (*fade out*)

MUSIC: *Out*

MARTY: Hi, Joe. What's your hurry?

JOE: Hello, Marty. I got a cold.

MARTY: Don't see you anymore, Joe. What's the matter? The boys have been asking for you.

JOE: I've been busy.

MARTY: My brother-in-law sold the car, Joe. He got a guy who promised to take good care of it.

JOE: It was a good buy.

MARTY: My brother-in-law was sorry you didn't buy it. He knew you would take care of it.

JOE: Second hand cars are lots of trouble. I might get a new car, in a couple of months.

EGO: Stop kidding yourself. In a couple of months you'll be lucky you can buy yourself a kiddie car.

MARTY: You must be in the chips. Spring practice starts next week.

JOE: Looks like Brooklyn's year.

MARTY: Yeh. You comin' to practice, ain'tcha, Joe?

JOE: I'll try. I'm not promisin'.

MARTY: How's your arm? We need you, Joe. You're the best pitcher we ever had.

JOE: I said I'll try to be down.

MARTY: O.K., Joe. O.K. Take it easy. All I said was . . .

JOE: Gee, you think all a fellow had to do was to play baseball.

MARTY: You don't come around to meetings any more. We got some swell lookin' babes comin' down on Saturday night. You like that new song? (*Whistles: "The Dipsy Doodle"*)

JOE coughing: This cold is getting me down.

MARTY: If you're in a hurry, Joe, I don't want to be keepin' you.

JOE: I'm not in a hurry.

MARTY: You've changed, Joe.

JOE: It's this cold. I always get one at this time of the year.

MARTY: No, it's not the cold. It's you. The fellows think you're going high hat on them.

JOE: I haven't changed.

MARTY: They think you're stuck up.

JOE: Gee, just because a guy doesn't spend his time at the club they think he's got a disease or something.

EGO: You have got a disease, Joe.

MARTY: If you want to resign, say so.

JOE: Now you want me to resign. If that's the way . . . to resign. If that's the way . . .

MARTY: We don't want you to resign. Only . . .

JOE: Now you want me to resign. If that's the way . . .

MARTY: Listen, Joe. Come out for practice Sunday. You're still the best pitcher we ever had.

JOE: I told you I'll try. That's all I said. I'll try.

EGO: You'll try. Don't make me laugh.

MARTY: Be seeing you, Joe.

MUSIC: *In behind*

EGO: That settles it, Joe. You better call the break now. You're losing your friends. You're through with baseball. They think you're stuck up. Show 'em

Three Strikes You're Out

you're not. Pitch 'em in. Remember that three hit shut-out you tossed against the Claremonts. Fifteen strikeouts. What a day that was. You were a hero, Joe. You can do it again. Tell her. Tell her, tonight. This is your chance. Tell her after the movie. Your last movie . . .

VOICE: Watch the spin of the arrow folks. It's your last chance to win the big ten dollar prize. Watch it, folks. There she goes. Round and round and round. She's slowing up. Seventy . . . seventy-nine . . . eighty-three . . . eighty-four. Eighty-four wins the ten dollars. Step right up here and get your prize. Number eighty-four. Step right up, Miss. Don't be bashful. Ten dollars is ten dollars. That's not lettuce. Yes sir. Thank you. Stay in your seats, folks. Don't go away. Unless you want to miss the picture of the year. Yessir the picture of the year. And if all of you nice ladies and gentlemen will pay us a visit on Monday, we are giving away absolutely free, gratis and for nothing, the giant-sized encyclopedias to each and every one of you. Build up your library. Tuesday night our feature attraction will be free dishes for the ladies. On Wednesday Screeno again and on Thursday free Turkeys will be . . . *(Fade out)*

MUSIC: *Blares forth—fades*

JOE: I never won one of those things in my life.

MARY: Shh, Joe—the picture's on.

GIRL: Tonight's the night. Aren't you thrilled.

BOY: I'm as thrilled as a parachute jumper.

GIRL: Darling.

BOY: Yes, darling?

GIRL: Do you love me, darling?

BOY: I love my wife more than life.

GIRL: You are a poet. Oooh, I'm so happy.

BOY: It won't be easy at the beginninn. You'll have to scrub floors and wash clothes and . . . and . . .

GIRL: I don't care. As long as it's you and me.

BOY: Darling.

GIRL: Yes, darling?

BOY: Remind me to tell you every minute of the day that I love you.

GIRL: And remind me to tell you every minute of the day that I hate you.

BOY: I love you when you're playful.

GIRL: Did you always know we were made for each other? Did you? *(fade out)*

MARY *fade in*: Did you like the picture?

JOE: Sure. Did you?

MARY: It was so romantic. We almost won that ten dollars.

JOE: I never have any luck on bank night.

MARY: Next time, maybe.

JOE: I've got something to tell you, Mary.

MARY: What is it, Joe?

JOE: I've known you about a year now.

MARY: It's a year and two months. Remember when we met? In this park, too.

JOE: I think I was standing here when you dropped the quarter.

MARY: The year went fast.

JOE: What I wanted to tell you is that I have been seeing you.

MARY: I know, Joe. You don't have to say it.

JOE: You know what I was going to say?

MARY: Yes.

JOE: And you don't care? You're not mad?

MARY: Why should I be? We love each other and we ought to get married.

JOE: Married? I . . .

MARY: What, Joe?

JOE: We can't get married. I don't make enough money. I . . .

MARY: Ask for a raise. You've been working there long enough. Did you ever get a raise?

JOE: No.

MARY: After ten years in one place, you deserve one. Ask the boss to . . .

JOE: I couldn't do that.

MARY: Why not?

JOE: I don't know. I never . . .

MARY: Are you afraid he'll bite you?

MUSIC: *In behind*

JOE: I'm not afraid of nothing.

MARY: Oh, Joe, I knew you'd do it. I'm so happy. I love you, Joe.

JOE: O.K., Mary.

MARY: And you love me, too?

JOE: Sure.

MARY: We're just like the couple in the movie.

JOE: Yeah—just like the movie.

MUSIC: *Up and down*

EGO: Here's your big chance. Go ahead. Ask your boss for a raise. You've got

less than a Chinaman's chance. You can tell her you didn't get it. An easy out for you. The best thing that could happen. There's the boss. Ask him. Go ahead.

JOE: Could I talk to you for a minute, boss?

BOSS: Sure, Joe, what can I do for you?

JOE: I just wanted to . . .

BOSS: Is anything wrong? Isn't everything satisfactory?

JOE: I've been working here for ten years.

BOSS: You're one of my best and most trusted employees. You're a good tuner, Joe.

JOE: Thanks, boss. What I wanted to say is . . .

BOSS: Go ahead, man. Speak up.

JOE: It's just that since I have done my job so well for ten years I . . . well . . . I . . .

BOSS: Yes . . . yes. Go on.

JOE: I think, Boss, I deserve a raise.

BOSS: I have been watching you work for a long time, Joe. I'm glad you asked me. Because while I watched you, I kept wondering why my most faithful employee and best tuner shouldn't get ahead further than he is. After all, ten years to work in one place is a long time.

JOE: I was your first tuner, Boss.

BOSS: But now I know the answer. You didn't have enough push, Joe. You never complained about anything. You were always satisfied.

JOE: I've been treated all right.

BOSS: That's it, Joe. But you've changed now. You're becoming a go-getter.

That's what I like to see. You will find five dollars extra in your pay each week.

JOE: Gee thanks, Boss.

BOSS: A go-getter at last. It must be a woman. Don't tell me, Joe. It's always a woman. It's always a . . .

Music: *In and behind*

JOE: Dear Boys: I regret that I must resign from the club. I do not have time to go to baseball practice so I guess you will have to look for another pitcher. I am going to be married in a few weeks but I am very busy now visiting relatives and buying furniture. Mary's parents are fixing up the top floor of their house for us. I hope you boys will come around some time. If I have a night off I will come around to see you . . . (*Fade out*)

Music: *Up and down*

Ego (*Fade in*): Joe, me lad . . . It's three strikes and you're out. No second-hand car. No trips. No baseball . . . In the next thirty-five years of your life. Try to save one day that you can call your own . . . Just one. Your coffin day is at hand. I'm leaving you, Joe. I don't want any part of it. You were a great guy!

JOE: Where are you going?

Ego: I've been under cover too long. I need some fresh air.

JOE: Don't leave me. I need you.

Ego: No you don't. You can get along without me very well.

JOE: But you need me.

Ego: Don't make me laugh. See that guy over there? Standing on the curb.

JOE: Yes.

Ego: He's waving his thumb. He's hitchhiking to Florida. Florida, Joe. Remember?

JOE: I'm going to miss you.

Ego: I wish I could say the same for you, Joe. A car is stopping. He's got a lift. So long, Joe. Send my regards to Mary—with love. (*Fade out*).

THE "AMERICA'S" CUP

A HISTORICAL DRAMA

By PHILO HIGLEY

NARRATOR: The story of the famous "America's" Cup is one of daring, of foresight, of rugged perseverance. When the yacht "America" nosed into British waters for the first time, England still stood unrivalled as a racing builder. No other country had dared challenge her achievements.

In the autumn of 1850, Londoners were eagerly preparing the Crystal Palace for the International Exposition, to be held the following summer. A letter was dispatched to certain persons in New York, suggesting that America send over her finest sailing schooner, to represent our skill and seamanship in competition. In time, word of the challenge came to John C. Stevens, head of a remarkable New Jersey family of inventors and sportsmen; likewise Commodore of the New York Yacht Club. Stevens discussed the matter with his friend, George L. Schuyler, another influential member of the club.

STEVENS: You see for yourself, George, the idea's tempting. Take this sentence, for instance: "In view of the fame of the American pilot boats, we would much desire to see one here, as a representative of your skill in nautical affairs." I really believe Yankee tourists would be welcome for a change, George.

SCHUYLER: Hm, sounds like they want to flatter us a bit. Don't forget, England's always built better yachts than anybody else—and always will, I suppose.

STEVENS: Thinks she always will, you mean. They're putting up a brand new trophy next summer. Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, they call it. It's their first cup for an open race.

SCHUYLER: I'll admit the idea's got its fascination, John. But . . .

STEVENS: You know you'd go in on it, George! I'm sure of you at least. My brother Ned will come in, and we'll find some others. Colonel "Jim" Hamilton, perhaps, and John Finlay, and Hamilton Wilkes. That's enough backers, eh?

SCHUYLER: But I tell you, John, England is absolutely top dog at this kind of thing! They want to see the best we've got. Well, where are you going to find a yacht that's good enough?

STEVENS: I know a young man who could do the job.

SCHUYLER: Who's that?

STEVENS: Name's George Steers. Son of an Englishman who came here from the Royal Dockyard at Plymouth. Talented chap, very talented. Why, when George was a ten-year-old kid, he built himself a scow on the Hudson.

SCHUYLER: Live here in New York?

STEVENS: Oh, yes. We swear by George Steers in my family. I used to offer prizes for open sailboat races, remember? Well, when this lad was sixteen, he built the "Martin Van Buren," sailed her himself and took the race right out from under the noses of a lot of older men. That was in '36. I've kept an eye on George ever since.

SCHUYLER: Sounds like the sort of lad we'd need, John. About thirty now, eh? Well, let's have him up and talk about it.

STEVENS: Right now he's working for William Brown over on the East River, foot of 12th Street. Brown has a nice little shipyard there and George does his designing.

SCHUYLER: Might be just the place to build her, eh?

STEVENS: Exactly.

SCHUYLER: Time's the big consideration. It's November already. He'd have to guarantee to get her finished by . . . say . . . the first of April. She'd need to have her trial runs here by May, then start across to England . . .

STEVENS: I don't think you'll need to worry—with George Steers in charge. By the way, he built the "Mary Taylor," too.

SCHUYLER: You mean the pilot boat "Mary Taylor," with that new-fangled bow? Now wait a minute . . . This friend of yours is a revolutionary!

STEVENS *laughing*: Well, plenty of our sailing friends are re-modeling right now on just those lines, long, easy bow; straight keel with a strong drag at the stern-post. Personally, I think we're through with the old "cod's head-and-mackerel-tail" idea forever.

SCHUYLER *grumbling*: Don't be so all-fired hasty, John. Well, I for one am going to insist on a condition; if he can't get our new yacht ready and ship-shape by April, we don't accept her. And if she doesn't show well in the trials . . .

STEVENS *cheerily*: He'll take you up on that, or on any other challenge! Don't worry about George!

MUSIC: *Up*

NARRATOR: George Steers and his employer, William Brown, got the assignment. A contract was drawn up. Brown was to build a yacht of not less than 140 tons; Steers was to handle the actual modeling and construction. For the vessel, completely equipped and ready for sea, its sponsors were to pay the sum of \$30,000. But this was only on condition that she prove herself "faster than any vessel in the United States brought to compete with her in trials," or, for that matter, faster than anything of her size built in England. It was distinctly stated in the bond that, should she be beaten here or on the other side, the committee might reject her altogether. A large order for one young designer. The kindly Commodore Stevens sometimes worried about this.

SOUND: *George whistling as he works*

STEVENS *fading in*: Well, George, how's it going?

GEORGE: Mr. Stevens! Commodore, I mean, what're you doing way down here, on Sunday?

STEVENS *laughing*: I kind of thought you'd be hard at it, George, even if it is my day of rest. I wanted a walk

GEORGE: I'll admit I'm putting in all the time I can. While I was cutting the model I used up a lot of evening candle-light.

STEVENS: What're you up to today?

GEORGE: Well, you see, I like to go over her alone, when the men aren't here. Now we've got our frames set up. I've just been making a few little changes, "dubbing" off a bit here and there with an adze. Just little ideas that come to a fellow.

STEVENS: She's a beauty, George, or I don't know a schooner! But, will you be done on time?

GEORGE: Got to keep on hoping. Winter weather's been against us in an open yard like this. Oh, we'll have her ready, Commodore.

STEVENS: You know, I've been looking over the contract. There's one paragraph that troubles me a little.

GEORGE *laughing*: I guess I know the one you mean, sir.

STEVENS: I hope you weren't too hasty when you agreed to that.

GEORGE *calmly*: Oh, she'll win over anything her size.

STEVENS: I'm glad you're so confident, George. All the same, it's a big gamble for you and . . .

GEORGE: Funny. I just have a feeling about her, Commodore. She's—well, right somehow.

STEVENS: Some of my fellow-sponsors are a hard-headed lot. For myself, I'd like to release you from any—er—obligations.

GEORGE: It's kind of you, Commodore, but don't you worry. I'll stake my future on the "America." And she'll be ready for her trials in May. Why don't you race your sloop "Maria" against her, Commodore?

MUSIC: *Up*

NARRATOR: At last came the trial of the shining new yacht "America." 95 feet from stem to stern, 23 feet wide amidships, 180 tons, a frame composed of five fine woods. Sleeping space for twenty below decks. A marvel for her day! But, racing against Commodore

Stevens' own sloop "Maria" in the trials, things did not go quite as expected aboard the newly launched contender.

SOUND: *Water striking side of yacht as she runs before the wind*

SAILOR: She's gainin' on us, Mr. Steers.

GEORGE: Looks like it, Ben. Well, Mr. Schuyler, this is our first real test today, since we lost our rigging in that squall on Tuesday.

SCHUYLER: I'm wishing you the best of luck, Mr. Steers, but the course runs only a mile farther and Stevens's "Maria" is still ahead.

GEORGE: We ought to show more speed right now—with a good sailing breeze. I'm puzzled. Maybe it's these spars we've got . . .

VOICE off: Look at the "Maria." She must have seven lengths on us by now and goin' like a cannon ball!

SOUND: *Hubbub of excitement from crew*

SCHUYLER: We'll never come up with her now, Mr. Steers.

GEORGE: Doesn't look like it, I must say. Too near the finish.

SCHUYLER: Frankly, I'm discouraged. If we're going to England . . .

GEORGE: Give me a little more time, Mr. Schuyler. I'll only say what I've said before. I'd stake anything on the "America." She just seems right some way.

SCHUYLER: But, my dear boy . . .

GEORGE: I've been studying our spars. They're too light. Besides, I want to change the type of sail. Then we'll try again.

SCHUYLER: It's almost June already. Might take a month to sail her across to England. Time is pressing.

GEORGE: I know. Let's set another trial for a week from now.

SCHUYLER: I'm afraid we haven't time to waste on further trials. I'll say this, Steers. I'm impressed with the job you've done. She's a pretty craft. As Stevens says, you've put your soul into the boat. My friends and I might make this offer. You go ahead and fit her up as you see best, ready for sea. Deliver her to us by the second of June. We'll release you from all further trials and we'll pay you \$20,000 cash for her. How's that?

VOICES of crew off: "She's across the line!" "The Maria's won, Mr. Steers!" "Commodore's got us licked today all right!" etc.

MUSIC: *Up*

NARRATOR: Schuyler's offer was accepted.

Steers refitted the yacht with proper spars and a change of sail. Commodore Stevens crossed by steamer to await the challenger in France and on June 21, 1851, manned by a crew of thirteen, the "America" set out for Europe. Captain Richard Brown, famous Sandy Hook pilot, was in command. George Steers, his brother James, and the latter's seventeen-year-old son, George 2nd, joined the ship's company for the voyage. It had its unhappy moments . . .

SOUND: *Wind singing in full sails*

BOY: Say, it's wonderful, isn't it, Dad?

JAMES: Glad you came along, George?

BOY: Glad! Why, it's probably the greatest experience I'll ever have! Captain Brown says we might make Havre in three more days!

JAMES: Um—he's an optimist. The wind's been dying for the last hour.

BOY: If we did, that'd be just seventeen days! Think of it! But I guess you're right about today's run, Dad. Looks like we're heading straight into a calm. And just exactly a week ago the log showed 254 miles for the day! Remember?

JAMES: Yes. We'll be lucky if we make 40 today. Personally, I'd like to sample some French cooking for a change. Boiled beef has its virtues, I expect, but . . . Where's your Uncle George?

BOY: Well, I saw him on the after deck a little while ago. He was lying down.

JAMES: Let's go find him.

SOUND: *Feet cross deck*

JAMES: George! What's this? The master craftsman stretched out prone?

GEORGE just a moan: Oh . . .

JAMES: Anything I can do for you, old fellow? We have been tossed around a bit, I'll grant you.

GEORGE feebly: I've sailed all my life, Jim, but I never felt like this before.

JAMES: That was mostly on the Hudson, George.

GEORGE: I knew we shouldn't have started out with thirteen in the crew!

MUSIC: *Up*

NARRATOR: The "America" made the run from East 12th Street, New York, to Havre in twenty days, six hours. For

five days of that time she'd been becalmed, so this was a good showing, all in all. At Havre she was met by Commodore Stevens, Colonel Hamilton and others who had awaited her in France. The yacht was placed in drydock for cleaning and refitting. Her topsides received a smart coat of black, set off with gold; mainboom, gaff and mast-heads were painted white. Then, on July 31, with the Commodore aboard, the trim and hopeful "America" set out for Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, home of the world's first-ranking yacht club of that day. Her reception was more heartwarming than even Stevens had hoped.

LORD WILTON *with English accent*: I beg to introduce myself, sir. I am the Earl of Wilton, commodore of our "squadron," as we term our little club here. This is the Marquis of Anglesey, Commodore Stevens.

STEVENS: How do you do, my lord. It was kind of you to come aboard.

LORD WILTON: We've boarded you for two purposes, Commodore. We've already seen how neat and dashing your "America" appeared as she came skimming down Southampton Water. Now we want a look at first hand. The second reason is to tell you how heartily you are welcome, sir, to England.

STEVENS: Thank you. I'd like to have you meet George Steers, gentlemen, the designer of the "America." He's just come with her from New York.

LORD WILTON: How do you do, Mr. Steers. We've heard so much of the yacht-building prowess of Americans, it is a privilege to see an example. I'm indeed delighted to meet the man responsible for the graceful lines of this craft. Really, she's a beauty! Very different from our own yachts, of course—very different—but most interesting.

GEORGE: Thank you, sir.

LORD WILTON: I've already written you, Commodore Stevens, that our clubhouse is at your disposal throughout your stay. Most emphatically, I repeat that invitation.

MARQUIS: Won't you dine with us this evening, Commodore?

STEVENS: I should be very pleased, gentlemen. Tell me, what course has been laid out for racing?

LORD WILTON: Our regular course lies round the Isle of Wight. The starting point's just off the Royal Yacht Club's quarters, here at Cowes. That means we pass outside Nab Light, then south round St. Catherine's Point and north-by-west up to Cowes. Fifty-three miles in all. Of course these waters may not be best for your type of schooner, Commodore. They're often rough and strangers have called Cowes Roads too cramped for starting . . . but

STEVENS: But, Lord Wilton, we have no complaint. We're ready to accept whatever is your practice here. I suppose we're very confident—but that's American, you see.

LORD WILTON *laughing*: Good, good! I like that spirit, Commodore.

SOUND: *Distant shouts*

We're drawing in to the mooring. Listen! There's been intense anticipation of your arrival. I do believe the whole town's gathered there to see you dock. And some of London, too.

SOUND: *Shouts increase in volume*

It's their way of saying you are welcome, sir. You, your crew and America's first invader of these British waters. Do listen! Most unEnglish, I *must* say.

MUSIC: *Up*

NARRATOR: The "America" caused endless comment, ranging from favorable to dubious. Nothing quite like her had been seen in English waters, no racing yacht with such unconventional, lean lines, such rakish and back-tilted masts. After a few trial spins by the Yankee invader, August 22nd was at last set as the day for the great race, the first open race ever sponsored by the Royal Yacht Squadron. Though experts liked the strange look of the "America," they still could not believe she stood much chance against the fourteen British entries. These included the Duke of Marlborough's 205-ton schooner "Wyvern" and the famous cutter "Aurora." Southampton was jammed with visitors. Cowes itself was overflowing. Even Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were present, aboard the royal steamer. Sharp at ten o'clock, on a bright and breezy morning, the starting gun was fired.

The "America's" Cup

SOUND: *Wind whipping sails—water slapping sides*

STEVENS: Well, George, we're at it, at last!

GEORGE: Off to a slow start, Mr. Stevens. I don't like that. We're last of the field this minute.

STEVENS *joyful*: We won't be, George, we won't be! Feel that spray from our bows, boy! How about it, Captain Brown?

BROWN *gruff*: Well, I don't just like the way that "Aurora's" speedin' on ahead. (*Calls out*) Let's get our jib up, boys, and no delay!

GEORGE *strained voice*: Breeze's veering round to the south. If only we can keep that wind . . .

STEVENS: This is the real thing, eh, George? Look at the shore boats and steamers, a regular fleet, they're spread for miles!

GEORGE: Well, Cap'n Brown's sure got us well in hand. I guess the only thing I can do now is pray.

MUSIC: *Up*

NARRATOR: Ten miles out, the "America" ran fifth, then slowly she crept up on her rivals. Nab Light was passed—and she was in the lead! The long hot day wore on. At half-past five in the afternoon, she rounded the Needles, three-quarters of the way towards home. It was still thirteen miles to the finish but, now, she had left the nearest yacht, "Aurora," some seven miles astern. There was suspense aboard the steamer of Her Majesty the Queen.

QUEEN: Can't you see anything, Albert?

ALBERT: My dear, I am trying but . . . yes, there! A spot of white! Do you see it? Just there below the chalk cliffs!

QUEEN *excited*: Which yacht is it? Tell me quickly!

ALBERT: Look there! The breeze is falling dead. I wonder now if she can hold her pace.

QUEEN *impatient*: What is it, Albert? Ask that sailor with the spy glass, somebody! He should know!

LORD IN WAITING: At once, Your Majesty! I say, my man . . .

ALBERT: See, my dear! She's lowering her foresail to run before what wind is left! Here's your man now.

SAILOR: You sent for me, Your Majesty?

QUEEN: What yacht is that?

SAILOR: The "America" . . . mum.

QUEEN. The "America" first? You're sure?

SAILOR: I am, Your Majesty.

QUEEN: Then what is second?

SAILOR: Please, Your Majesty, there ain't no second.

(*Pause*)

QUEEN *coldly*: Come, Albert. We shall go below for tea.

MUSIC: *Up*

NARRATOR: In the dusk, with only a breath of wind, the "America" slipped home to Cowes—the victor. The cup of the Royal Yacht Squadron was hers as well as the wild acclaim of bewildered Britishers. That night in the streets of Cowes and Southampton they were singing a new parody on a familiar tune . . .

SOUND: *Shouts and hubbub of a crowd behind verse sung by two or three voices to the tune of "Yankee Doodle"*

VOICES: Yankee Doodle had a craft,

A rather tidy clipper,

And he challenged, while they laughed,
The Britishers to whip her.

Their whole squadron she outsped,
And that on their own water;

Of all the lot she went ahead

And they came nowhere arter . . .

A MAN: Come on, boys, a drink to the Yankees an' that devil boat they built!

SOUND: *Shouts and hurrahs—then fade to . . .*

NARRATOR: Much water has run beneath the bows of gallant yachts since that long-ago summer. But since its first award, to Commodore Stevens of the New York Yacht Club, the "America's Cup" has stood for high achievement on the seas, for friendly competition of the keenest order, both British and American; perhaps best of all, for a closer and warmer understanding between the sportsmen and the peoples of two nations. A few years after that first capture of the great silver trophy, Commodore Stevens and his friends deeded it in trust to the New York Yacht Club, by whom it is still held in custody. There it is supposed to remain until some other nation can win it. The pace which the first "America" set her competitors in sport hasn't yet been equalled, in nearly a hundred years of striving. Since 1851, a long and notable series of races has been sailed for the same cup. Sixteen times it has

been challenged. Some of the highlights through the years.

1ST VOICE: August 1870! America's "Magic" wins on New York Yacht Club course over British schooner "Cambria"!

2ND VOICE: August 1876! American schooner "Madeleine" beats the "Countess of Dufferin," two races!

3RD VOICE: September 1887! American sloop "Volunteer" beats cutter "Thistle" of Scotland, two races out of two!

4TH VOICE: Sandy Hook Lightship course! October 1893! New York Yacht Club's sloop "Vigilant" wins against English cutter "Valkyrie" II, three races out of three!

MUSIC: "Columbia, The Gem of The Ocean" *up and down*

1ST VOICE: October 1899! Sir Thomas Lipton, valiant sportsman, challenges with his "Shamrock" the First! America's "Columbia" wins, three races out of three!

2ND VOICE: October 1901! Lipton returns with "Shamrock" II. Three races again go to the "Columbia"!

3RD VOICE: "Shamrock" III, "Shamrock" IV, "Shamrock" V, all challenge in their turn, winning more and more hearts for Sir Thomas! But the cup stays here.

4TH VOICE: September 1934! America's "Rainbow" beats T. O. M. Sopwith's "Endeavor" from England. Thirty mile course. Four races out of six!

1ST VOICE: The same story in August and September, 1937. This time Sopwith's "Endeavor" II beaten four races out of a possible seven.

2ND VOICE: Who will be the seventeenth challenger? And when will we race again on peaceful seas?

MUSIC: *Up*

NARRATOR: And the first yacht "America"? What of her? Her story has been fabulous, exciting. After her Cowes victory, she was sold as a private cruiser in England and there she passed through several hands. In America's Civil War, she served as a blockade runner for the

Confederacy; was sunk in a Florida river, salvaged by the Union navy and promptly added to the Northern fleet blockading Charleston Harbor. After the war, a practice ship for Annapolis cadets. Later, a private yacht for General Ben Butler, passed on to his son, his grandson . . . still winning races now and then over far more modern craft. Then, for some years, she lay unused, half-forgotten at a Boston dock.

At last, still mindful of her glories in the past, a group of interested yachtsmen rescued her from an obscure old age, collected subscriptions for her reconditioning and presented her to the nation. In September, 1921, she was borne back in triumph to the United States Naval Academy, honored and cheered by crowds at every port along the way. An elderly ghost, not as dashing or trim as in her youth, often rebuilt, refitted . . . but still the "America." Once back in her old berth at Annapolis, she was accepted for the government by Rear Admiral Henry Wilson.

ADMIRAL WILSON: On behalf of the United States, gentlemen, it is my great privilege to welcome this brave old ship, home at last, we feel, from her long wanderings. It is a privilege, likewise, to express our heartfelt thanks to the committee which has striven so untiringly to restore the "America" to us. Her trip here seems to have been one long triumphant progress, a series of honors that proves she has never been forgotten by Americans. I can only say that here, in her last resting place, she will have the deep affection and respect of the men of this Academy. May she spend many mellow and quiet years of ease with us, the reward of a long and eventful life of service.

SOUND: *Hurrahs from cadets*

MUSIC: "Anchors Aweigh"

NARRATOR: And at Annapolis she still lies today, respected and cherished. She has earned this rest.

MUSIC: *Up for finale*

SHERRIL

A DRAMA

By WHIT BURNETT

ADAPTED FOR RADIO BY EDWARD GOLDBERGER

(Produced by Peter Witt and Story Magazine over WHN, New York)

Boy: I had a brother once. His name was Sherril. I killed him. I'm not telling you a melodrama. I won't be arrested and hanged. I didn't kill him yesterday. It was a long time ago and I don't remember it all the time, only sometimes when something reminds me of the way I was then. Sherril . . . my brother . . . was younger than I. This is important. Maybe it explains a little why I was so mean to him. His hair was lighter and softer than mine, his eyes wider and bluer. He was a beautiful child. But I was nine and he was five . . . You know how it is . . . nine and five? (*Fade*) Well, nine is somebody. Nine has seen the world.

Boy: Hey! Sherril! What you doin' there on the kerb? Dreamin'? Get outa the way! Can't ya see we're tryin' to play here?

SHERRIL: I was just thinkin'.

Boy: Yah! Thinkin'! You was fallin' asleep, that's what! G'wan upstairs and go to sleep!

SHERRIL: I was just thinkin'.

Boy: Thinkin' of what?

SHERRIL: Nothing . . . just things.

Boy: What kinda things?

SHERRIL: Things. Just things.

Boy: Ahh! You're crazy! Crazy in the head! G'wan away now . . . and don't be follerin' me either, or you'll get that pretty head of hair of yours all mussed up. G'wan now!

SHERRIL: All right.

SOUND: Kids yelling—fade down into . . .

Boy: Nine is somebody, five is still curls. Sometimes I would find him sitting still in a corner, thinking like that . . . just

thinking. I'm always puzzled about that, now that I've grown older. I've talked it over with other people. I'm sure now . . . he would have been somebody. Somebody important. A writer, maybe a poet. But at nine, you're a weed growing wild and five is still in the hothouse. One day that year, we had a cloudburst and the sand hills near our house came down in great rolling hills. The rain cut deep ditches in the road in front of our place and we kids weren't long (*fade*) in discovering it, I can tell you.

2ND Boy: Hey! Hey, look . . . looka this hole in the ground. Wow!

3RD Boy: Gee whiz, it's deep, ain't it?

VOICE: Awful deep. I bet it reaches way over our heads, I bet.

Boy: I'm going in. Here I go! I'm jumpin' in first! Yay!

2ND Boy: } Me, too! Here I come!
3RD Boy: }

Boy: Gee, I can hardly see anything. It's dark down here, though. It's over our heads. I bet we're half way to China almost.

SHERRIL: What're you doin'? Did you find something down there?

Boy: Go back, Sherril. Go back. You wanta fall in? Whatsa matter with you anyway? Go on home.

SHERRIL: I'm looking.

Boy: Well, don't look. You'll fall in and hurt yourself or something, and then you know what'll happen?

SHERRIL: No, what?

Boy: I'll get blamed for it, that's what. Now you get away from there. Go on, get away and go home.

2ND BOY: Hey! Hey! Let's race down to the other end of this here ditch . . . Last one down is a stuffed monkey.

SOUND: *Kids yelling (for a second)*

BOY *panting*: I won! I won! Joe's a monkey! Joe's a monkey!

3RD BOY: Joe's a monkey! Joe's a monkey!

2ND BOY: I am not! I am not!

BOY: Hey! Hey! Kids, look! Look at my hands! Look! I can peel them off! Look, I can pull the skin right off 'em.

2ND BOY: Gosh! It comes right off! The skin comes right off!

3RD BOY: That's awful funny . . . I can't do that with my hands.

2ND BOY: Look at him peel it right off!

BOY: Whee! Looka that one. That's a long piece! That's as long as my whole hand almost.

SHERRIL: Let me see. Let me see.

BOY: Say! Didn't I say not to come down here, Sherril? Didn't I?

SHERRIL: Uhhuh.

BOY: You ain't big enough to be in this here ditch.

SHERRIL: Let me see your hands. Please.

BOY: Didn't I say don't come down here? Didn't I?

SHERRIL: You said I was to stay away or I'd fall down. But I climbed down. I didn't fall in, I climbed down.

BOY: You get fresh and I'll smack you one. Fresh kid! Now you get on up otta this here ol' ditch.

SHERRIL: Please let me see your hands.

BOY: You want me to smack you?

SHERRIL: I . . .

SOUND: *Smack*

BOY: There! I said I'd smack you, didn't I? Now you get on out of here. This is for grown up kids. (*Fade*) Get out of here now.

BOY: He went away after that. He walked up to a shallow spot and climbed out of the ditch. He was kind of quiet the next few days and then, one day, Sherril stayed in bed. (*Fade*) There was something the matter with him.

MOTHER: His temperature just keeps going up! Oh, I wish that doctor would hurry. I can't understand what's taking him so long.

BOY: He's awful funny, isn't he, mom? He looks like he's asleep, but he keeps talking. Doesn't that wake him up, mom? Doesn't it?

MOTHER: No . . . oh, thank goodness! Here's the doctor!

SOUND: *Door opens and shuts*

MOTHER: Oh, Doctor, I was afraid you'd never get here.

DOCTOR: Well, it takes time. Takes time . . . Now, what's the trouble?

MOTHER: It's Sherril . . . he's got a very high fever, and he's delirious, too. I can't imagine what's wrong with him.

DOCTOR: Let's have a look at him.

MOTHER: He's in here, doctor.

SOUND: *Door opens*

SHERRIL: *Talking words*

DOCTOR: Uhhuh . . . fast pulse . . . temperature . . . let's see, temperature a hundred and one . . . hmmm. How's the other young fellow? Anything wrong with him?

MOTHER: Well, he had a little sore throat a few days ago, but he's all right now.

DOCTOR: Let's see your throat, son. Open your mouth. Say Ahh.

BOY: Ahh!

DOCTOR: Uhhuh.

BOY: Look at my hands, doctor! Ain't they funny? I can peel them right off. Look!

DOCTOR: Don't do that, son.

BOY: Yes, doctor. But it's awful funny, ain't it?

MOTHER: Don't say ain't, son . . . Is it serious, doctor? Will Sherril be all right?

DOCTOR: Scarlet fever. They've both got it. That hand peeling is one way you can always tell it.

MOTHER: Scarlet fever?

DOCTOR: That's right. The house will have to be quarantined. I'll send a man out this afternoon to put up a Quarantine sign.

MOTHER: But the boy here, he's been playing around all the time with the other children. He's been out every day.

DOCTOR: Hmm. That's bad. Well, he'll have to stay inside now. He mustn't leave the house.

BOY: Can I even go in the yard?

MOTHER: You heard what the doctor said, son.

BOY: Yeah, but I won't see anybody in the yard.

DOCTOR: I'm afraid you'll have to stay in the house, son, until this is over.

BOY: Aw, shucks!

MOTHER: Now, son.

DOCTOR: About food . . . Can you make arrangements with a neighbor to do your shopping for you?

MOTHER: We'll manage . . . But doctor, how about Sherril? Will he be all right? He's going to get well, isn't he?

DOCTOR: I hope so. Scarlet fever's a very treacherous disease.

MOTHER: You mean he may not? He may die?

DOCTOR: It's not that. I'd rather not say one way or the other. Your Sherril is a very sick boy, that's all. *(Fade)* A very sick boy.

BOY: I remember the windows in the front room were darkened and my mother never went to bed. She never took her clothes off, and my father didn't go to work. I used to sit around all day and look at the hills from our front room sitting there looking at them and thinking that I'd had the scarlet fever and hadn't even known it. I was all tired now and weak, sort of, but I wasn't sick. I was big, and nine years old and not sick. *(Fade)* One day, my aunt came to the fence with a bag of food.

AUNT: How is he, Jane? Is he much better?

MOTHER: He's still running a temperature. He doesn't seem to improve at all.

AUNT: Oh, dear.

MOTHER: They've tried everything, but he doesn't seem to improve at all. The doctor says if he doesn't get any better soon, he's going to have a consultation.

AUNT: A consultation! That really is serious.

MOTHER: Yes . . . I don't know what to do . . . I . . . I . . . He just lies there in bed and tosses and tosses and talks in his fever.

AUNT: Now, Jane, don't you worry. He'll be all right, soon. Dr. Anderson's a good doctor, isn't he?

MOTHER: He's the best doctor in town.

AUNT: Well, then, it'll turn out all right. Why, Sherril'll be out of bed and running around in a week. You won't know there's been a thing wrong with him.

MOTHER: I hope so. Oh, I hope so. *(Fade)*

BOY: I remember the consultation, too.

There were four doctors in the kitchen standing around and talking low and sitting down and getting up. My mother was nervous and walking around and my father, who's a big man, stood around, too, and sat down and got up. They were waiting for something definite they spoke of that I couldn't

understand. *(Fade)* Something called a crisis.

MOTHER: He's quiet now. He's not delirious any more.

FATHER: This is the crisis all right . . . He'll pull through all right now, Jane. Don't worry about it. He'll pull through all right now.

BOY: What's the crisis, ma?

MOTHER: Hush, son . . . it means Sherril's going to get better.

FATHER: You shouldn't be in here. What are you doing in here?

MOTHER: Let him stay now. Come over here. Come here with us.

BOY: All right, Ma. He's quiet now, huh, Ma? He doesn't talk any more.

MOTHER: Yes. He's quiet now. *(Starts to cry)*

FATHER: It's all right, Jane. It's going to be all right.

MOTHER: Pray . . . if you never prayed before, oh, pray!

FATHER: There . . . take it easy now. Please, you're all over-wrought now. Soon as he gets past this, he'll be all right.

MOTHER: Yes, dear . . . I know . . . I know . . . but I can't . . . I can't help it.

FATHER: Here . . . here, take this . . . take this handkerchief . . . here, let me.

MOTHER: Son, get down on your knees with us—do you want your brother to die?

FATHER: Here, Mother, what are you saying?

BOY: No, no, I don't.

MOTHER: Look at him. Go over and look at him.

BOY: He looks all queer, Mama. All pale and white. Funny sort of. He's not warm any more, Mama. Maybe he has no temperature any more.

MOTHER: What? Let me see . . . let me see. It's over! The crisis is over. Sherril, look, Sherril, open your eyes. We're going to get you the nice pearl-handled pocketknife tomorrow. You won't have to wait till Christmas. Tomorrow. You just get well now, Sherril. Do you hear me? Do you hear me? Sherril! *(Fade)* Sherril! Sherril!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

BOY: I'm telling you all this because it's so clear in my head now. Clear, as though it were happening in front of me and I was taking a picture of it to

put in my head to keep. Maybe that's what I did at the time. Maybe these are the pictures I took then and that I've had in my mind all these years. I stood in the dark by the curtain when the doctors came in. Dr. Anderson leaned over my brother and he shook his head. All the doctors were there, and they leaned over my brother and one of them said:

VOICE: Remarkable head, too bad. A real artist's head. What a pity!

Boy: Then they all walked out together into the room where my mother had gone, and in a little while they all left the house. A few days later, we had the funeral. I don't want to dwell on the funeral. That isn't the point. The thing is this . . . I gave him that sickness. That was what killed him. That's why he's dead now. I remember I thought at the time, It's funny just he got it. Why not any of the other kids? They touched my hands. But Sherril, I slapped Sherril. I had killed Sherril, not only by giving him the sickness, but by meanness. That's how I figure it now. I killed my brother by meanness. And it's too bad. I wouldn't do it now. I'm not that way. I've been talking it over with a girl I know . . . I could have got him a job here in this town where I am now. I'd be out of school and I'd *(Fade)* say to him now . . .

Boy: You keep on at school and read a lot of things, Sherril. Good books, you know, poetry and good things and learn how to write.

SHERRIL: I read a lot now.

Boy: You got good stuff in you, Sherril, I can tell. You're going to be an artist.

SHERRIL: I get good marks from my English teacher. I like to write. It's fun . . . and important . . . you know?

Boy: Sure. Sure. You're going to be an artist, and so am I. We'll be two artists, brothers, maybe different, but we can help each other. What do you say, Sherril?

SHERRIL: Sure. That's a fine idea. I like that.

Boy: You've got a poetic style, and I've got a stronger style. I see things more as they are. I'm a little tougher. But that's all right, Sherril. When I get going, I'll help you.

SHERRIL: I knew you would.

Boy: I'll help you bring out all the good things. And you've got fine things in you. *(Fade)* I'll help bring them all out. *(Pause)* That's the way it would have been. If I hadn't killed him. He would have been an artist, a poet. There's nothing bigger than that, nothing finer. I want to be a writer, too. I can see back from where I am now, I've been pretty mean, pretty contemptible. I see things clearer now. I've been talking the whole thing over with this girl . . . of mine . . . I think she knows what I mean . . . I think she understands. It's funny to look back and see yourself . . . It's hard to think you had the same name even . . . And that's what's puzzling me now. There's nothing wrong with my name, Mark. Mark Stowe. But I'm not all blunt like that. Mark. I've written poems even . . . and I've been thinking . . . what, if I should write a poem, a good one . . . a real good one, and sign it, not Mark Stowe but . . . well . . . Sherril Stowe? Do you see what I mean? And then, by and by, there would be another poem . . . and after a while I would just go ahead and use it all along. Can you understand that? How I would be more . . . more him then? More Sherril?

Music: *Up and out*

BOY WAITING

A DRAMA

By JAMES POOLER

ADAPTED FOR RADIO BY EDWARD GOLDBERGER

(Produced by Peter Witt and Story Magazine over WHN, New York)

JAMIE: Father, do you believe that after a person is dead, he can come back again?

FATHER: You've listening to gossip, Jamie. Some of the fishermen's talk.

JAMIE: But is it true, Father?

FATHER: Do you believe it, son? That the dead return?

JAMIE: You see, father, it's like this . . . Willie Conroy's mother loved him hard and his father and his little brothers . . . And Willie said that tonight because it's All-Soul's Eve she would come back to the island to tell him so.

FATHER: Well, Jamie. I don't know about these things. I have my own opinions, but I don't see why they should be yours, too.

JAMIE: You mean you don't believe it, father. It's not true?

FATHER: These are things that nobody can ever say one way or another about, Jamie. You have to find out for yourself. You want to be with Willie?

JAMIE: He asked me.

SOUND: *Knock on door*

FATHER: Come in.

SOUND: *Door open and shut*

FATHER: Good evening, Willie.

WILLIE: Good evening, Mr. Deever. Hello, Jamie. Can you come?

FATHER: What are you planning to do during the evening, Willie?

WILLIE: We're going to wait for my mother.

FATHER: Wait? Just wait?

WILLIE: Yes, sir.

FATHER: Have you ever thought that this might not be true, Willie?

WILLIE: Not true?

FATHER: It might be just superstition, you know, Willie, and not true at all.

WILLIE: Oh, no! It's got to be true. She's got to come . . . she's got to tell me . . . oh all kinds of things . . . especially about how I'm taking care of the kids. I'm sending the young ones to bed early. But they'll hear all about it in the morning. I promised to tell them all about it.

FATHER: What does your father say to all this?

WILLIE: He . . . he doesn't say anything at all . . . but I don't see him much since mother died. He's out working late now.

FATHER: I see.

WILLIE: Please, sir . . . please, can Jamie come and stay with me? Please? to help me wait?

FATHER: Well, . . . do you want to go, Jamie?

JAMIE: Yes, Father.

FATHER: And you won't be disappointed if you don't see anything?

WILLIE: But . . .

FATHER: You can go, Jamie . . . but remember . . . I'm not saying you will or you won't. What you see and what you hear you can believe, that's all. What you don't see or don't hear, you've got to disbelieve.

WILLIE: But she'll come. She's got to come.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

WILLIE: We'll have to be quiet. The two kids have just fallen asleep in the other room. How about making some tea?

JAMIE: That's a good idea. It'll help keep us awake maybe.

WILLIE: Where's the kettle . . . Oh, there it is.

SOUND: *Water into kettle—sound cut—kettle on stove*

WILLIE: We can sit down now . . . until the water boils. Sit over in that chair, why don't you.

JAMIE: What time do you think it'll be, Willie?

WILLIE: Not for a long time. Not for hours yet, I guess.

JAMIE: Oh.

WILLIE: I think she'll come from the west . . . where the cemetery is. Don't you think so?

JAMIE: I don't know.

WILLIE: She'll have on her long black dress, the one my father bought her once. She was wearing that last.

JAMIE: Yes. That was a pretty dress.

WILLIE: She had a pretty face, my mother.

JAMIE: I don't remember her very clearly. Was she tall, Willie?

WILLIE: Oh, fair.

JAMIE: Was she light or dark?

WILLIE: In between, sort of.

JAMIE: I bet she never scolded you or anything.

WILLIE: Sure she did. She whipped me, too, when I was bad.

WILLIE: What time is it now?

JAMIE: It's about ten I guess.

WILLIE: They're supposed to come about midnight, but I think she'll come sooner.

JAMIE: If she comes.

WILLIE: It's much too soon, though, now . . . look around, does everything look all right to you?

JAMIE: Sure. It looks fine.

WILLIE: Everything's got to be right . . . that table!

JAMIE: What's the matter with it? It's fine.

WILLIE: I've got to move that table.

SOUND: *Table moved very little.*

JAMIE: It was only an inch out of the way.

WILLIE: That's the way she kept it . . .

JAMIE: Is that somebody coming? Listen!

WILLIE: No . . . that's not her. I know her step.

JAMIE: Yes.

WILLIE: I'd know it any time.

JAMIE: How about playing a game? Tic-tac-toe maybe. You can put in the first.

WILLIE: No. I'd rather not. What time do you think it is now?

JAMIE: A little after ten maybe.

WILLIE: I better put the tea in the kettle. She liked strong tea. . .

JAMIE: Willie, maybe she won't come back at all . . . remember what my father said.

WILLIE: She'll come back.

JAMIE: The wind'll be coming up soon.

WILLIE: Yes.

JAMIE: Do you suppose the wind'll be too strong to hear her coming . . . if she comes?

WILLIE: We may not hear any steps. I don't know how they come back. She may just . . . just be here.

SOUND: *Key in lock*

JAMIE: What's that?

WILLIE: What?

SOUND: *Door opens and shuts*

WILLIE: Oh, it's my father come home.

CONROY: Hello, Willie.

WILLIE: Hello, Father.

JAMIE: Evening, Mr. Conroy.

CONROY: Evening, Jamie. Well . . . I see there's some tea on the fire.

WILLIE: Will you have a cup, Father?

CONROY: Yes . . . I'm glad you came, Jamie. You and Willie are good friends. You seem to think like he, he tells me.

JAMIE: We like the same things mostly. And I wanted to be with him tonight.

CONROY: Oh, yes. Tonight . . . you know, I think this whole thing is a . . .

WILLIE: Here's the tea, Father.

CONROY: Thanks, Willie . . . I think I'll go to bed right after. Working at the fish shanty tires a man . . . so I'll just go off to bed.

WILLIE: I could call you.

CONROY: Yes. I thought you would . . . Willie, why isn't the sugar on the table?

WILLIE: She never used . . . here it is.

SOUND: *Dishes*

CONROY: Good tea, Willie.

JAMIE: I like tea . . . it helps keep me awake.

CONROY: I tell you what, lads. You two go off to bed now and I'll sit here and . . . and when you're to be called, I'll call you.

WILLIE: Oh, no. I'm supposed to . . . supposed to see that you go to bed nights.

CONROY: I'm not tired now.

WILLIE: We've slept early anyway. You go to bed and we'll call you.

CONROY: Sure, Willie, sure. I'll go. And, Jamie, you sit with Willie and talk and . . . and . . . You're good lads you, too. And tonight, looking at you even I don't know. Maybe . . . maybe . . . maybe Willie's right and I'm wrong . . . maybe.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

WILLIE: Do you think, Jamie, it could be after 12?

JAMIE: No, Willie, it couldn't be. Waiting always makes the time seem longer.

WILLIE: So I thought. It couldn't be 12 yet.

JAMIE: I'm getting a little sleepy.

WILLIE: I hope she comes soon. Then she can talk longer. I'll have more to tell the others.

JAMIE: The others?

WILLIE: The two kids.

JAMIE: The night's awful long. There's never been a night so long.

WILLIE: We're waiting for her, and waiting is long, don't you think?

JAMIE: Yes . . . that's probably what it is.

WILLIE: Do you think they come back and you don't see them, maybe?

JAMIE: I wouldn't know.

WILLIE: Yet we're the only ones . . . don't you think it would be us she would come to see? What else would there be for her? What else?

JAMIE: I don't know, Willie. I don't know.

WILLIE: I wonder how long it is until dawn.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

WILLIE: Jamie . . . she didn't come.

JAMIE: I . . . I guess I fell asleep, Willie. I'm sorry.

WILLIE: She didn't come, Jamie. She didn't come . . . and she was going to tell me all about taking care of the kids. How will I know now?

JAMIE: Maybe she did come, Willie. Maybe she was here but we didn't have the eyes to see her.

WILLIE: No. No, I'd know . . . I'd know for sure . . . and if she was here, why didn't she tell me about taking care of the two of them?

JAMIE: But you can't tell. How can you?

WILLIE: I would have known she was in the room . . . just by the way it looked maybe . . . or something . . . I'd have known right away.

JAMIE: Remember what my father says . . . you can't know unless you see. She might have been here . . . right next to you . . . right in the same chair maybe.

WILLIE: No, it was a lie, the whole thing. She didn't come . . . they were trying to fool us because we're small, that's all. She didn't come.

JAMIE: No, Willie. I don't think so . . . I don't think they'd do that. It's just . . . well, it's just something we'll never find out about, like my father says. Maybe she was here and maybe she wasn't; we'll never know.

SOUND: *Kid's voices off mike*

WILLIE: Hush . . . here are the others.

JAMIE: What'll you tell them?

WILLIE: I don't know. What can I tell them? They'll want to hear . . . they'll want to know all about it.

JAMIE: But there's nothing to tell . . . what will you do?

Boy: Did it . . . ? Willie, did it . . . ?

WILLIE: Yes, it happened.

Boy: She came? Ma came, for real?

WILLIE: She came. She came and talked to me . . . Jamie, Jamie . . . that's right isn't it. That's what she told us to say, isn't it, Jamie? That's what my mother wanted us to say.

JAMIE: Yes, Willie. That's right.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

THE MAN WHO BROKE BINGO

A COMEDY

By DAVID T. GOLDEN

SOUND: *Factory siren blasts knock-off signal—machine noises come to grinding stop—fade in time-cards being punched at one second intervals—then fade out—fade in footsteps of two men slowly walking on pavement—hold*

MIKE *fade in*: Well, another day shot t' pieces, eh, Joe?

JOE *tiredly*: Yeah, another day shot, Mike.

MIKE *reflectively*: I wuz just thinkin', back at the factory—sudden-like y'know—where's it all gettin' you, fella? What's in it in the end, sittin' on a bench and feedin' a machine like you wuz a . . .

What'cha call that thing again, Joe?

JOE: A robot, Mike.

MIKE: Yeah, that's it. And I sez to myself, you ain't gettin' any younger, fella; not by a long shot.

JOE *tiredly*: Forget it, Mike. I get enough of that at home.

MIKE *sympathetically*: The missus naggin' at you again, Joe?

JOE *sighs wearily*: Yeah.

MIKE *interested*: What she say, Joe?

JOE *tiredly*: You know; the same old thing: I am a flop in life.

MIKE *resentfully*: That ain't fair. You work pretty hard in the shop, Joe. You always make a livin' for her.

JOE: She says a guy with a high-school education like I got should be on top by now, so she could have a fur coat and a car. Maybe she's right.

MIKE *sympathetically*: You ain't got no luck, Joe, that's all. You gotta have luck in this world.

JOE: Yeah. I guess you're right, Mike.

MIKE *brightly*: Say, how's about steppin' in for a quick one before I turn off here? It'll cheer you up, Joe, sure thing.

JOE: Yeah, it sure would, Mike, but not tonight; the missus told me to come right home tonight.

MIKE *let-down*: Oh . . . Well, don't take it to heart, Joe. You just wasn't born lucky, that's all. It could be worse.

JOE: Yeah, I guess so.

MIKE: Well, here's my corner, Joe. So long, fella. (*Going off*) See you in the mornin'.

JOE: Well, so long, Mike.

SOUND: *Fade Mike's footsteps quickly off—Joe's footsteps wearily resume walking*

JOE *to self*: Good old Mike. (*Deep sigh*) Wasn't neither of us born with too much luck, I guess. Sure would have enjoyed a quick one with him tonight, though. (*Deep sigh—fade*) Just ain't got any luck, that's all.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Fade in sound of spoon regularly dipping into plate of soup—fade in Joe sipping soup orally*

TILLIE *fade in—angrily*: You ought to be ashamed! Ashamed of yourself! Ashamed, do you hear! Do you hear!

JOE *meekly*: Yes, Tillie.

TILLIE *sneers contemptuously*: Yes, Tillie. Is that all you can say? You with . . . with your high-school education, with all your learnin'. (*Raises voice*) Is that all you can say!

JOE *meekly*: This soup'll be gettin' cold, Tillie.

TILLIE *furiously amazement*: The soup'll be gettin' . . . Oh! Oh! You . . . you . . . (*Restrains self with difficulty*) Now you listen to me Joe Runkleberry. I want you to listen to me carefully.

JOE *meekly*: All right, Tillie.

TILLIE: *Stop slopping that soup! Stop it, I said!*

JOE: I'm awful hungry, dear. I've had a hard day at the shop. We've got to produce these days.

TILLIE: That's it. That's it; you've got to produce. But for who, Joe Runkle-

berry, for who have you got to produce? For me? For your wife, who has lived with you for ten years?

JOE: Now, Tillie.

TILLIE: Don't you Tillie me, you . . . you . . . (*Restraints self with difficulty*) I want you to answer me. I want you to answer me, Joe Runkleberry, do you understand?

JOE: I've done my best to make a livin' for you, Tillie. Ain't I?

TILLIE *sneering laugh*: To think that I once thought you was wonderful. To think that it was only ten years ago I said to myself, with his education and everything, I will make a success out of him; all he needs is a wife like me. (*Repeat laugh*) What a fool I've been. Look at yourself, little man. You are getting gray and bald. You are getting fat and sloppy—an old man.

JOE: We've all gotta get old sometime, Tillie.

TILLIE *tearful anger*: Well, I don't want to! Not this way—married to a failure! Look at Mrs. Zaleski, at Mrs. Callahan! Their men buy them fur coats, cars! And you . . .

JOE: I'm finished with the soup, Tillie. Got anything else?

TILLIE *hoarsely*: This—this is the last straw, Joe Runkleberry. You have deliberately said that to insult me.

JOE: Now, Tillie . . .

TILLIE *going off*: This is the end. I'm through. I'm through, Joe Runkleberry! (*Rapidly off—weeping*) Ten years! Ten of the best years of my life wasted on a—a—oh . . . (*Slight pause*)

JOE *deep sigh*: Ain't got no luck, I guess, that's all. Do my best. Work hard as a dog. No good. Want to be a success for Tillie's sake. Don't know how. Still worse. (*Yawns sleepily*) Just ain't got no luck. (*Drowned by sleep*) I . . . guess. (*Begins snoring*)

SOUND: *Slam of door*

JOE *jumps awake*: Wh-wha—Who's there! (*Calls out*) Say, Tillie, did anyone just come (*To self*) S-a-y, what's this! Well, I'll be—a note! (*Reads*) Dear Joe: As I have just told you, I am through. I am sick and tired of being married to a failure in life and I am—I am leaving you. So . . .

SOUND: *Telephone rings—stop*

JOE *dazed*: Hello.

MIKE *filter throughout*: Hello, Joe. Is this you?

JOE *dazedly throughout*: Hello, Mike.

MIKE *cautiously*: Anybody listenin' in, Joe? The missus, I mean.

JOE: No, Mike . . . Go ahead . . . talk.

MIKE: Look, Joe, I was just sittin' here, thinkin', maybe Joe can get out for a quick one. I says to myself, poor Joe, he needs a quick one bad tonight, and am I or ain't I his friend? We work together in the shop for a long time, don't we? So I called you up, see? What about it, Joe?

JOE: Er? . . . Oh . . . Thanks, Mike, but . . .

MIKE *cautiously*: What's the matter, Joe: the missus? Got you hog-tied again?

JOE: No. No, it's not that, Mike . . .

MIKE: It ain't! Then what're you waitin' for, fella! Come on! It will cheer you up, sure thing, Joe.

JOE *dully*: Yeah. Maybe you're right, Mike. All right. (*Fade*) All right, Mike, I'll meet you . . .

MUSIC: *Up and out*

SOUND: *Jute-box music and other tavern noises up—fade and out with slam of door—street noises at night—fade in Joe and Mike's slightly unsteady footsteps on pavement—hold*

SOUND: *Fade in Joe and Mike laughing gaily as if from the sheer exhilaration of being three-quarters intoxicated*

MIKE *laughingly*: Boy, that sure was a hot one, Joe! So what did you say after . . . (*Fear*) Look out, Joe!

JOE: What for?

MIKE *amazed*: You wanna get run over, Joe?

JOE *condescending little laugh*: You are slightly plastered, my fren'. I will not get run over. I am on the sidewalk. If I had a car, I would get run over.

MIKE *laughing*: That's right, ain't it, Joe? I am a little plastered, ain't I? . . . How you feelin'?

JOE: I am feelin' a hun'ed percent, Mike. A hun'ed percent.

MIKE: An' I am feelin' a thousan' percent, Joe, a thousan' percent . . . What did I tell you? It is the quck one which has done it.

JOE *dignified*: I will not argue with you, my fren'. I will say, one quick one deserves another. (*Quickly*) Let's go back.

MIKE *laughingly*: Wait a minute, Joe; we have had too many quick ones, al-

ready. You haven't got that much bad luck, fella.

JOE *very dignified*: See here, my good man, I do not like that one bit. You are bein' very insultin', if you please.

MIKE *amazed*. Gosh, Joe, what's come over you? You are not the same man!

JOE: Never min' that. You have said I have got bad luck, my fren', which is a lie. I have not got bad luck. In fact, I am the luckiest man in the whole world.

MIKE *amazed*: You don't say? (*Confidentially*) Y' know somethin', Joe?

JOE: What?

MIKE *thoughtfully*: I think I will get married to a battle-axe, too, and get rid of her so I will maybe feel lucky.

JOE *pugnaciously*: Oh, so now you are bringing my missus into it, eh?

MIKE: But, Joe, I only was . . .

JOE *sternly*: She has got nothin' to do with this, un'erstand? . . . I just feel lucky, thass all . . . In fact, there ain't nobody livin' which is luckier than me! Is that un'erstood finally?

MIKE *happily*: That is very good news, Joe. Very good. And I am very glad.

JOE *sneers*: Oh, so you do not believe me? I am a liar . . . O.K. O.K., I will prove it to you. I will prove it to . . .

BARKER *fade in rapidly*: Yessir, yessir, you are just in time for the next show! Tonight, two stellar attractions direct from Broadway! (*Fade and hold under*) A newsreel! A travelogue! A comedy! A thrilling, flaming episode of that super-colossal serial: The Big Gorilla! And last but not least — Bingo! Bingo tonight, ladies and gentlemen! All for the same price of admission! So come right in! Step right up to the box office! (*Up*) Step right up! Step right up!

SOUND: *Footsteps of Joe and Mike coming on—stop*

JOE *coming on*: Say. Say, you, who are you?

BARKER: Ha, ha, ha, ha! The weather's kinda under t'night, if you get what I mean, eh, gents? (*Repeat laugh*)

JOE: Oh, so you think I am a spy? . . . Who are you and what are you doin' here!

BARKER: This is a movie, pal. I'm the barker here.

JOE: Bark! Go 'head, I just dare you to!

BARKER *laughing*: Boy, that's a honey, all right! . . . Look, pal, why'n't you two gents go inside and see the show? We got Bingo tonight. Maybe you can win yourself a buck or two—if you got luck.

JOE *dignified*: I will take you up on that, my fren'. I will let you know I am the luckiest man in the whole world.

BARKER *repeat laughter*: Y'sure look it, pal, and how! O.K., s'pose you try your luck? What do you say; gimme the dough and I'll get the tickets for you . . . 'Ata boy! (*Going off*) I'll be right back, gents.

JOE *disdainful laughing*: What a fool! What a fool! . . . I will break the house. I will wrap it up and take it home with me.

MIKE *enthusiastically*: You said it, Joe! You said it, fella!

JOE *sneers*: Oh, so you do not believe me? . . . Well, my fren', I will prove it to you. I will prove it to you if it is the last thing I . . .

BARKER *off*: O.K., gents, come and get it . . . (*on*) Here's your bingo cards. One for you, pal, and one for . . .

JOE *disdainfully*: Tear his up. Tear his up. It is me which is the lucky one, my fren'. I got so much luck I . . .

BARKER: Yeah, yeah, I know all about it . . . O.K. now, right through this door for inside, gents.

SOUND: *Squeak of swinging doors opening*

BARKER *going off—facetiously*: Well, so-long, gents, and may your luck be as strong as your breaths! (*Fade laughter out*)

SOUND: *Swinging doors squeak shut*

MUSIC: *Brief bridge*

LOUIE *fade in—as if from stage of theatre*: . . . and so, ladies and gentlemen, not only does the Cinema Theatre show you a full-feature program, consisting of two feature attractions (*hold under*) and especially selected, high-class shorts, but

JOE *coming on*: Mike! Mike, we are being followed!

MIKE: No, Joe. This is the usher.

The Man Who Broke Bingo

we also have bingo here every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday! All for the same price of admission, ladies and gentlemen! In other words, my dear patrons, or as Shakespeare would put it if he ever came here for a show, if he was alive today, which it is too bad he ain't, (*up*) you can cin-e-ma for your money—cin-e-ma; get it, ladies and gentlemen! Ha, ha, ha!—You can cin-e-ma for your money at the Cinema Movie Palace than is maybe good for you and is maybe not so good for me, likewise. (*Repeat laugh*)

JOE *smoldering*: This is an outrage. He is gypping me. (*Calls out across theatre*) Hey! Hey, you! I wanna play Bingo! Un'erstand!

SOUND: *Stir of audience*

LOUIE *ingratiatingly*: Eh? What was that, my friend? Was that you who spoke, neighbor?

JOE *calls out*: You said it, pal! I wanna play bingo! Bingo, un'erstand! Thass why I'm here! Thass why everybody is here!

SOUND: *Audience breaks into applause and ad lib shouts of agreement*

LOUIE *placatingly*: All right . . . All right . . . All right, my friends . . . There, that's better . . . And now for Bingo! . . . The bank tonight, ladies and gentlemen, is three hundred dollars! (*Fade*) That's right, my friends, three hundred is what I said! Not a penny more, nor a penny less! (*Up*) Now take your Bingo cards out, ladies and gentlemen . . . 'At's the idea . . . Now look at them. You will see there twenty-five numbers, each row of five under the letters that spell out Bingo. Now punch

JOE: I do not like it, un'erstand!

MIKE: Shhh, Joe, or we will get thrown out on our ears . . . Here are two seats, Joe

JOE: We will take them, my fren'. (*Fade*) Excuse me . . . Excuse me, please . . . Excuse me . . .

JOE: I do not like that guy's face, Mike. He is trying to gyp me. I want to play bingo.

MIKE: Shhh, Joe. We will get the bounce.

the middle number, which is something else we give you free, ha, ha, ha . . . (*Clears throat*) Anyhow, you've got to have five numbers punched diagonally, vertically, or straight across to win. (*Calls out*) O.K., Pete . . . Thank you, Pete. Now look at the screen, ladies and gentlemen. You will see there a little dial our projection room has flashed on it. Wherever that little arrow there in the middle stops, that's the number you will punch, ladies and gentlemen. The first prize tonight, my friends, is two hundred and fifty dollars (*Fade*) Yessir, that's what I said, you heard me, two hundred and fifty dollars! A neat little sum, a neat little sum, neighbors! Whv, I once knew a man who sold his mother-in-law for half that price, ha, ha, ha . . . (*Up*) But—there is one little catch to this little proposition . . .

SOUND: *Groan from audience*

LOUIE *maliciously*: In order to win first prize, you must have your five numbers punched on the first seven spins of the arrow . . .

SOUND: *Louder groan from audience*

LOUIE *laughs maliciously*: Now, now, my friends, you're not going to let a little thing like that bother you, are you? (*Repeat laugh*) . . . (*Calls out*) O.K. Pete, let 'er rip! And there she goes, round and round, and where she stops nobody knows! The first number is thirty-eight! . . . (*Fade*) O.K. Pete! . . . The wheel of fortune spins and spins and . . . And the second number is double-o! . . . O.K. Pete, step on it!—And thar she roars, folks! Round and

SOUND: *Faint click*

MIKE: Did you hear that, Joel?

JOE: I am not interested.

MIKE *amazed*: You ain't, Joe! You still feel lucky, don'tcha! Don'tcha!

JOE: I am the luckiest man on the universe, my fren'.

MIKE: Boy, is this excitin' or is this . . . What's the matter, Joel? You are not even watchin'!

JOE: I am not interested, my fren'.

MIKE *amazed*: You are not inter . . . (*Begins sniffing tearfully*) I did not think you would do this to me, Joe. Me, which is your buddy and . . .

round she goes and . . . The third number is ninety-one! . . . She's off! Spin, spin, little arrow, and tell these good people . . . And this time the number is twenty! Twenty is the fourth number! . . . And she rides again! Over hill and . . . And the fifth number is seventy-three!

JOE calls out: Bingo!

LOUIE scared. Er! Wha—what was that you said, neighbor? (*Feeble little laugh*) It—it was you who spoke, wasn't it?

JOE: I am coming up to collect.

LOUIE repeat laugh: Yes, yes, of course. C-c-come right up, my friend. (*Wishfully solicitous*) Now—now be careful you don't fall coming down the aisle . . . We wouldn't want anything to happen to such a fortunate man; would we, folks? (*Repeat laugh*) Uh, huh, watch out for those stairs now. It would be just too bad if you happen to break your neck at a time like this, wouldn't it? (*Repeat laugh*)

JOE coming on: I will collect my money now.

LOUIE: The man is in a hurry, folks . . . Well, I will check your card now and see if . . .

JOE: You are wasting your time, my fren'. I have got bingo.

LOUIE repeat laugh: Well, we'll see, we'll see . . . Now the first number is . . .

JOE: I have got it.

LOUIE growing panic: Yes, yes, of course; so you have . . . The second number is . . .

JOE: I have got it.

LOUIE: The third number is . . . The fourth number is . . . The fifth number is . . . (*Groans*) Folks . . . he's got it . . . The gentleman has won Bingo . . . He has won Bingo in only . . . only five spins.

SOUND: Audience applauds politely—hold

MIKE off—shouts: Yay, Yay! Whoopee! LOUIE sadly: All right, folks, all right . . . I will now pay this gentleman off.

SOUND: Stop applause

JOE calls out: Hey, Mike.

MIKE off—eagerly: Yeah, Joe, yeah!

JOE nonchalantly: Come on. I will buy you a quick one.

MUSIC: Up and out

SOUND: Juke-box music and other tavern noises up—fade and out with slam of door—street noises at night—fade in Joe and Mike's slightly unsteady footsteps on pavement—hold for fade in—Joe and Mike laughing uproariously

MIKE laughingly: On'y five spins, on'y five spins! I cannot forget the look on that guy's face when you win, Joe! (*Up laughter*) Maybe we should have take him with us for a quick one, too, eh, Joe?

JOE: I am a lucky fool, Mike. Thass what I am—a lucky fool.

MIKE: Y'know, Joe, I'll tell you something. I am a lucky fool, too. Thass because you are my buddy. You are my bes' fren' an' thass all there is about it! There ain't another like you!

JOE: You said it, Mike; you said it.

MIKE: This is the life, Joe. This is the life, eh, Joe? (*Begins sniffing tearfully*) Oh, Joe, Joe, if on'y we do not have to go back to the shop tomorrow.

JOE pugnaciously: Who says we are goin' back to the shop? Who says so?

MIKE: Is thass so, Joe?

JOE sneers: Oh, so you do not believe me?

MIKE: Is thass so?

JOE placated: Thass different . . . Come on.

MIKE: Where we goin', Joe?

JOE: We are goin' to play some more Bingo, my fren'. Thass where we're goin'. We're goin' to break every house in the country. We are goin' to wrap 'em up and take 'em home. I am the luckiest man in the whole world! . . . Come on.

MUSIC: Bridge

1ST MALE fade in—as if from stage of theatre: . . . and the fourth number is twenty-two! . . . And around and around she goes and where she stops nobody knows! And the fifth number is twelve!—

JOE calls out: Bingo!

1ST MALE: Er? What was that? . . . Oh, no; there must be some mistake, mister. You'd better check your card again. Nobody gets bingo in only five spins. Why, it's almost impossi—

JOE going off: I got Bingo!

MUSIC: Brief bridge

2ND MALE as if from stage: . . . and the fifth numeral is sixty-six!—

JOE calls out: Bingo!

The Man Who Broke Bingo

2ND MALE: But—but . . .

JOE *going off*: I am coming up to collect.

I got Bingo!

MUSIC: *Brief bridge*

JOE *calls out*: Bingo!

MUSIC: *Brief bridge*

JOE *calls out*: Bingo!

MUSIC: *Brief bridge*

JOE *calls out*: Bingo! . . . Bingo! . . .

Bingo! . . . (*Fade*) Bingo!

NEWSBOY *fade in rapidly*: Extra! Wau-

extra! "Mystery Man Beats Every

Bingo Game In Town! Threatens To

Do Same Throughout Entire Country!

Leaves On Tour To Carry Out Threat!

(*Fade rapidly*) Extra! Wau-extra!

Read All About The Bingo Man!"

MUSIC: *Brief bridge*

SOUND: *Roar of speeding train up and out*

JOE *fade in—calls out*: Bingo! . . . Bingo!

. . . Bingo! . . . (*Fade*) Bingo! . . .

Bingo!

MUSIC: *Brief bridge*

SOUND: *Roar of speeding train up and under*

1ST FEMALE *gossipy whisper*: Yes, yes, that's him, my dear, that good-looking man in the second seat, with that rather plain-looking fellow.

2ND FEMALE *admiringly*: He is handsome in a manly sort of way, isn't he?

1ST FEMALE: And such luck, my dear! Why, it's positively uncanny! There isn't a Bingo game in five cities he hasn't beaten! And in the first five spins, no less!

2ND FEMALE *impressed*: Really!

1ST FEMALE: But of course, my dear!

Don't you read the papers; they're full of him! The man is rapidly becoming a national figure, if not international! The greatest scientists in the world are absolutely clamoring for a look at him! Those autograph fiends almost tore him apart in the last city he visited! Why, my dear, it's just too, too tremendous!

2ND FEMALE *wistfully*: Some people have all the luck, don't they? I've yet to win one of those bingo things, even the last prize, let alone the first, and heaven knows, how many times I've tried. (*Sighs*) I certainly wish I knew how he does it.

MUSIC: *Brief bridge*

LAWYER *fade in*: Your Honor, we want to know how the defendant does it! Does he do it with cards! Does he do

it with mirrors! Does this man who travels around from city to city winning the first prizes in bingo games, leaving havoc and disaster in his wake, does this man use—yea, I might even say, even in this court of justice, does he employ magic—the black arts! And until we learn the truth, Your Honor, the motion picture exhibitors of this grand, glorious and still sane metropolis respectfully request that (*fade*) Your Honor grant an injunction against this man which will save our fair city from . . .

MUSIC: *Brief bridge*

SOUND: *Telephone rings wildly—click of receiver lifted from hook*

MIKE *into telephone—impatiently*: Yeah, yeah, the "Bingo Man" knows he won the . . . So what; let the dope appeal the case all he wants to; by that time the "Bingo Man" will have every game in this . . .

SOUND: *Telephone rings wildly—angry click of receiver returned to hook—stop ring*

MIKE *into telephone—growing anger*: Yes! Yes!—No! The "Bingo Man" ain't givin' no more interviews and that's . . .

SOUND: *Repeat*

MIKE *into telephone*: Hello,—listen, lady, I don't care who you represent, the "Bingo Man" ain't givin' no lectures to no women's socie . . .

SOUND: *Repeat*

MIKE *into telephone—barks*: Now what do you want! . . . Well, you tell this Dr. Eckstein or Epstein or whatever you call him he can go talk his mathematics over with somebody else! The "Bingo Man" don't wanna be annoyed, see!

SOUND: *Angry click of receiver returned to hook—telephone rings wildly—hold—Mike groans despairingly*

SOUND: *Second telephone begins ringing—third, fourth, fifth phone joins clamor—also doorbell—hold under*

JOE *coming on—clicks tongue in mild reproach*: This is terrible, Mike. You are not bein' a nice secretary, I have been woke up from my sleep. (*Yawns expansively*) You know I am used to sleepin' until at least two p.m. every day, my fren'.

MIKE *apologetically*: Gosh, Joe, I'm sorry, but . . .

JOE: Ah! What is this? Some more telegrams?

MIKE: Yeah, Joe, two of 'em.

JOE *loudly*: Read 'em to me, my fren'.

SOUND: *Rustle as if of telegrams being opened*

MIKE: O.K., Joe . . . (*Reads*) "Darling Joe, I love you, stop. I am sorry for everything, stop. Heard about your big success and think you are the finest husband in the whole world, stop. Please forgive me, stop. Your loving wife, Tillie."

JOE *thoughtfully*: Very interestin'. Very interestin'. What does the next one say, Mike?

MIKE: The next one says (*Reads*) "Amalgamated Societies of American Motion Picture Exhibitors meeting at Ritz-Waldorf Hotel, stop. Have magnificent proposition to make you, stop. Beg you attend meeting at earliest convenience, stop. Simon Hyman, president." You goin' to answer 'em, Joe?

JOE: Come. We will have a quick one first, then we will go to the Ritz-Waldorf, my good man.

MIKE: But, Joe, Tillie—what about?

JOE *absently*: Tillie?

MIKE: Yeah, Tillie, Joe. Y'know, your missus.

JOE: Oh! . . . Well, throw her in the wastebasket, Mike. (*Fade*) Throw her in the wastebasket.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Fade in angry buzz of male voices as if in heated conference*

HYMAN: Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Brothers of the Amalgamated Societies of American Motion Picture Exhibitors, do not forget you are gentlemen!

SOUND: *Stop buzz*

EXHIBITOR *as if jumping to feet angrily*: Gentlemen! Who cares whether we are gentlemen or not! We are being ruined, our audiences are beginning to call us all kinds of phonies, a revolution is coming, almost, and he wants us to worry if we are gentlemen or not!

SOUND: *Repeat angry buzz*

HYMAN: Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

SOUND: *Stop buzz*

HYMAN: Gentlemen, Bingo will live!

EXHIBITOR: It has to live! I have tried giving away all kinds of dishes to my customers! Books by the gross lot! Bicycles! Even baby-carriages! But will they take 'em? Will they come to my

theatre for such attractions? No! They want Bingo! Give 'em Bingo! But how are you going to give it to them when now they only want to win the first prize? Nothing else satisfies them? Don't the "Bingo Man" always win first prize, why can't we? They holler; and call me a phoney! How you gonna give it to 'em? I wanna know!

SOUND: *Ad lib angry voices repeating "Yeah, how you gonna give it to 'em!"*

HYMAN: Gentlemen! Gentlemen! give me a moment, please!

SOUND: *Stop voices*

HYMAN: That's better . . . Now I'll tell you how we're going to give them Bingo. I have sent the "Bingo Man" a telegram asking him to come here. We'll make him an offer . . .

EXHIBITOR: That's all right! But how do we know he'll come here! How do we know he'll accept an offer!

HYMAN: There are no two ways about it, Gentlemen, he's got to! We've got to see to it that he does! If he don't, Gentlemen, if he don't, this one man will ruin the moving picture industry in this country and we with it! So . . .

SOUND: *Door opens*

SECRETARY *coming on*: The "Bingo Man" and his secretary have arrived, Mr. Hyman.

SOUND: *Excited stir*

HYMAN: Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Compose yourselves!

SOUND: *Stop stir*

HYMAN *clears throat*: Send them in, Miss Jones.

SECRETARY: This way, please, Gentlemen. Right in here, please.

JOE *coming on—critically*: Not bad. Not bad at all, Mike. Almost as high-class as the hotel we live in.

MIKE *coming on—contemptuously*: A dump, Joe. A dump.

HYMAN *effusively*: Mr. "Bingo Man!" Delighted! Delighted! . . . Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you—the "Bingo Man" in person!

SOUND: *Wild applause—stop*

JOE *bored*: This is all very well, but let us get down to business. I am in a hurry.

HYMAN *ingratiatingly*: Yes, yes, we're not going to take much of your time . . . Sit down, please.

JOE *bored*: Guess I might as well. (*Yawns*) Feel kind of tired, anyway.

HYMAN *ingratiatingly*: Fine, fine . . . And now for business . . . Bluntly, sir, our organization is willing to offer you five hundred thousand dollars—five hundred thousand, mind you! . . . If you'll just sign this little slip of paper . . .

JOE *yawns widely*: What does it say?

HYMAN *ingratiatingly*: It's a little agreement, just a little agreement that says you'll never play Bingo again as long as you live. That's all.

JOE *yawns widely*: Not interested.

HYMAN *shocked*: Wh-wh-what was . . . (*Desperately*) Make it six hundred thousand dollars!

JOE *yawns widely*: Nope.

HYMAN *voice rising*: I'll raise it a hundred thousand!

JOE *sleepily*: Sorry, Gentlemen (*Yawns widely*) not . . . not interest . . . (*Begins snoring—hold throughout*)

HYMAN *desperately*: Make it eight hundred thousand! Eight hundred thousand and not a cent more, s'help me! . . . Make it a cold million! . . . (*Under*) This is our last offer! I'm warning you! I'm warning you, young man, this is our final offer! . . . A million dollars! . . . A million dollars! . . . A million dollars! A . . .

MIKE *frantically*: Joel Wake up! F'r gosh sake, Joe, wake up! The man's gonna give you a million! (*Fade gradually*) Wake up! Wake up, Joel! F'r the love of Pete, Joe, wake up! You're gettin' a . . .

TILLIE *fade in rapidly—angrily*: . . . million times I've called this fool already and . . . Wake up! Wake up, Joe! For the millionth . . .

JOE *stops snoring*: I'll take it!

TILLIE You'll take what?

JOE: Er! What! . . . (*Realization*) Oh . . . Oh, it's . . . you . . . Tillie.

TILLIE *mimics contemptuously*: Oh, Oh, it's you, Tillie . . . Well, who else did you expect it was? That beautiful young hussy you was probably dreaming about? How do you think she'd like standing here in my shoes, cursed with a man like you, a man which hasn't a stitch of ambition in his whole make-up, comes home to slop up his supper and falls asleep like I was a piece of stone!

JOE *meekly*: I was very tired, Tillie.

TILLIE: Tired! Tired! And don't you think I'm—oh, what's the use! What's the use of anything with a man like you! Go get your hat and coat!

JOE: Are—are we goin' any place, dear?

TILLIE: Yes, we're going to the Cinema Theatre, dear. Tonight is Bingo night . . . And let me tell you this, Joe Runkleberry, if you don't win even one little prize tonight—if you don't win just one little prize—Oh, go on and get dressed!

JOE *meekly—going off*: Yes, dear, but I'm afraid it's no use. I just ain't got no luck. (*Fade*) I just ain't got no luck, that's all . . .

THE LONG HOUR

A FANTASY FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY

By THOMAS E. O'CONNELL

(Broadcast over National Broadcasting Co.)

SOUND: Triple call of hunting horn—distant—crash of thunder—repeat horn—second crash of thunder—howling wind
TRISTAM coughing in childlike manner:

Yes, Tommy, I've waited a long time for them to come back; a long time. (He sighs and recites slowly)

And long for me is each hour new born

*Stricken, forlorn, and emit with grief
For the hunting land, and the Fenian bands,*

And the long haired, generous, Fenian chief.

But they did come, Tommy, one time, I was there. And Shane and Declan, and old Rob, too. We were all there when they came, and it seems so long ago, so very, very long ago. I remember that it was Friday and I could see the fire-shadows on Declan's face, and the whole street was burning across the river, Tommy, and the Post Office, too. And, after, I remember the sun. The dawn came up and it made a ruby patch on the marble floor through the stained glass window. And Rob was all twisted there, I remember, and his blood made even a ruddier stream on the marble of the cathedral floor than the patch from the stained glass window.

SOUND: Crash of thunder—triple horn calls—all fade into . . .

MUSIC: 113-E "Londonderry Air"—full then fade for . . .

ANNOUNCER: The presents at this time a special St. Patrick's Day feature written by Thomas Edward O'Connell.

MUSIC: Up and fade into . . .

SOUND: Sporadic rifle firing in background—occasional bursting of shell in distance—intermittent background for SHANE: Listen. Hour after hour. Don't they ever stop? (Fades away from mike) H'm—more boats coming up the river, and more troops coming up the roads, I suppose.

ROB: It don't take no Joseph to propheesy that, me bucko. (Sighs) Throops to the lift of us, throops to the right av us, throops in front av us. (Long sigh) Theermopeelus! Leo-ni-das at the Pass all over again! You'll wish you was back in Noo York before this is over, Shane.

TRISTAM coughing: Well, you can file a story after all, Shane; they did rise, didn't they?

SHANE fading in slow: I'll file a story all right. (Disgust) Uprising! Here's what the re-write on this story will be. (Mockingly) Special to New York: Royal troops in Dublin today succeeded in evicting some insurrectionists from a post office where they had maintained since last Sunday a field headquarters for a purported uprising which failed, however, to materialize. Militia under Sir John Maxwell placed the leaders and several volunteers in the ill-fated enterprise under martial arrest. Some casualties were reported among the insurgents and a few public buildings in O'Connell Street were damaged by fire caused when warning shells fired by a royal gunboat ignited some frame structures on Dublin's South side. (Sigh) That's what will come of this.

TRISTAM bitterly: "Some insurrectionists . . ." "purported uprising . . ."

ROB *distant and fading in*: Save yer bullets, me bucko. Y'll be needin' thim an' that very soon—if not sooner. 'T is me, to be sure—the Fogarty—an' it's Dairmuid av the Chistnut Hair himself never leapt so high ner so far as Fogarty's leapt this sad night. Ay de mi! Over finces an' down alleys . . . an' . . . an' . . . (*Long sigh*)

DECLAN: Did you see anyone?

ROB: Did I see anyone? Me bucko, thousands, thousands, well there was two av thim, sepeparated they was, but I'm sure there's more. He made such a ruckus, he did!

SHANE: Who did?

ROB: That liftenint, to be sure, who else? But it's wan of thim long stories that happen so quick an', well . . .

DECLAN *fading*: I'd best get back to the window.

ROB: Y'd best git away from that windy an' back to County Limerick, I'm thinkin'. They'll be on us, I'm sure as the teeth in me mouth—the both av thim.

TRISTAM: There were two of the militia?

ROB: No, there's two theeth. Oooh, to be sure there was two av thim. Away he run.

SHANE: Away who ran?

ROB: Why, the other wan av course! (*Sadly*) The liftenint stayed, God rest his karki soul . . . (*Sighs*) . . . How I did lay on wiv thim bricks.

TRISTAM: What's the news, Rob?

ROB: Aah, the worst entirely. They can't be lasting the tomorrow out—the Post Office is wrecked—the south-end is encircled.

TRISTAM: What of DeValera and MacDonough and—

ROB: And the dead min sthrewed about ivery which way. Aah, a frightful sight to be sure—an' me wivout a drop on me premeeses for to forteefy me sensitive natoor. Dee Valera, y'say? Well now, he's givin' thim lead and fire over to Boland's Mills . . .

TRISTAM: And MacDonough?

ROB: Now there, Trist, is a trageddy, d'ya see. I in me inquisitive way, you might say, didn't I overhear—well, to be thruthful I had to bate him over his head to git it out av him atall, atall—but a sphit av a liftenint advises me, d'ya see, that reenfforcements is comin' tomorrow down Clanbrassil Street—and

poor MacDonough, d'ya see, over to Jacob's factory an' . . .

TRISTAM: Good! Then he's in gunshot range, firing position, on Clanbrassil.

ROB: That he is. Only MacDonough is afther a manner of speakin' laborin' under a misopprehension—what wiv all the communcations desthroyed—an' there he sets expectin' an attack, as he was previously advised, holdin' his min an' barecaded to the theeth, only, lads, there won't be no attack. So there he'll sit an' his Majesty's throops will march practically under his nose, unmeelested, take the Post Office, and there's an end to yer Uprisin'—exciprt for the details av moppin' up an' . . . an' hangin'—(*Sighs*) Theermopeelus!

TRISTAM: But . . . but you're sure that they will come down Clanbrassil?

ROB: No, no I'm not; but that Karki upstart liftenint was—before his accedint!

TRISTAM: And MacDonough could hold them off, if he knew?

ROB: Fer a month! Mow thim down like wheat!

TRISTAM *quietly*: We must get word to him.

ROB: To be sure, God love you. (*Sigh*) Well, we did all we could.

TRISTAM: But we haven't done anything . . .

ROB: We must get word to him!

SHANE: Don't be an idiot! How can you get word to him?

TRISTAM *slow*: I don't know.. But if we crossed the river we might . . .

ROB: Cross the river! Holy Saint Christopher, Trist! Wiv all thim sintrys and gunboats? Sure, much as I'm fer it, it's imposeeble . . . like . . . like swimmin' the Hellspint!

TRISTAM: We'll have to do something.

ROB: Well, let's pray for the dear man.

SOUND: *Rifle shot below—crash of glass close*

ROB: We're taken! We're surrounded!

SOUND: *Two close rifle cracks—whistle below*

DECLAN: They've spotted us! Saw me in the window! Down, lads—

ROB *fading*: Where are they? Let me have a look, lad.

SOUND: *Scattered five shots—more glass shattering close*

TRISTAM: How many do you see, Declan?

ROB *off mike*: There's forty-five av thim if there's a soul! An' ivery wan a

schrollin' arsenal—an' us only four!
Sure, it's Theermopeelus all over agin!
SHANE: How many, Declan?

DECLAN *off mike*: I make five of them.
Three guns over to the left there and
I count two flashes below.

TRISTAM: A reconaissance patrol—five or
six men.

ROB: Well, they're creatin' the havoc av
a whole rigimint!

DECLAN *fade in*: Psst! One of them . . . is
bein' . . . a mite careless . . .

SOUND: *Click of gun-bolt close on mike*

DECLAN: . . . a bit over-exposed, you
might say.

SOUND: *Close crack of rifle—scream below*

DECLAN *shouting*: Take that back to Sir
John Maxwell. (*Aside*) Got him.

ROB: Good, good. The dirthy swine, may
God have mercy on his soul Amen.

SHANE: They . . . they're setting up some
sort of . . .

TRISTAM: Yes, yes, I can see them. Over
in the bay of Grady's shop . . .

SOUND: *Chatter of machine gun—crash-
ing wood and glass close*

ROB: Th'ana'm an Dhia! It's shattered
entirely wiv glass I am!

DECLAN: They've set up an automatic!

SHANE: A machine gun!

TRISTAM: Down on the floor, everybody.
Down, lads, quick!

SOUND: *Long chatter of machine gun—
prolonged crashing of wood*

SHANE: They'll shoot the whole front of
the house away!

DECLAN *tense*: That gun—we've got to
put it out! Grenades. I'll give them a
couple of those and then we'll scoot
out the back . . . they'll try to hold us
here while they send back for another
patrol to surround us.

ROB *moaning*: We're thrapped! Thrapped
entirely!

DECLAN *chiding*: Why now, Rob, this
here is a lark this here is. Sir John's
little men is playin' at sojers—with a
machine gun . . .

ROB: Divil a lark, me bucko . . . wiv the
bullets an' thim there greenades and the
shot an' the shell like to be blowin' the
very caubeen off the head av me!

DECLAN: It wouldn't be that you're afraid,
now, Rob?

ROB: The Fogarty was niver afraid av
man, baste, er the divil, 'tis only the
battle wivin me brist that disthurbs
me.

DECLAN: A battle is it?

ROB: Yus—me cool judgmint an' me hot
timper are at odds d'ya see, one wiv
the other—an' it's the divil's own time
I'm havin' entirely to restrain myself
from leapin' on the inimy, unarmed an'
definceless tho I be! Afraid! Why,
lad, in '67 now, there was what you
might call an Uprisin'! (*Shouts*) "Out
an' Make way fer the Fenian min!"
Fear? Fogarty niver knew the word . . .

SOUND: *Terrific burst of machine gun fire
—loud close shattering*

DECLAN: Get down, Rob!

ROB: I'm kilt! I'm desthroyed! (*Moan-
ing*) Holy Mither assist me in me
agony! Sweet St. Pattrick help!

TRISTAM: Rob! Here, let me see! (*Re-
lieved*) Why, why you're only ripped
a bit, here . . .

ROB: Ripped? Sure, 'tis tore to fragmints
I am! (*Moans*)

TRISTAM: Why, it's only a tear . . .

ROB *terrified*: A—a tear y'say!

TRISTAM: Yes—here, in your coat sleeve!

DECLAN *laughing*: Just a gash in your
armor, Finn McCool!

ROB: Aah, y'd not laugh if I had me
strenth! Give me that pop gun ye
young spalpeen and I'll blow the livin'
. . .

DECLAN *tense whisper*: Shshsh! Wait!
The moon—it's behind a cloud—hand
me one of those grenades. (*Pause*)
That's it! (*Very slowly*) Another one,
Shane . . . aah . . . stand clear now
. . . I've got a little present fer them
. . . a couple of Easter eggs . . . Stand
clear men! (*He grunts*)

ROB: Give it to thim, Declan, give it to
thim!

SOUND: *Two very loud explosions below
—screams*

DECLAN *shouting excitedly*: Now run for
it! (*Fading*) Follow me! I know a
place down the river, Trist: some loose
lumber! We'll float across.

SHANE: There's no cover across the river.
Troops everywhere!

ROB *moaning*: Aah, if I had only a place
of rest—a wee sanctuary!

DECLAN: That's it! A sanctuary! A
church, lads! They'll never look for us
in a church. (*Fading off*) But hurry
for the love of God.

SHANE: But even if we warn MacDonough
—it wouldn't help, only prolong this
thing.

TRISTAM *exultant*: Then by the grace of God, we'll prolong it. A sacrifice, Pearce said, a sacrifice to electrify all Ireland and shock the world! If it's a holocaust that's needed . . . Let's make it a holocaust! We will get to Mac-Donough! (*Fading*) If you won't go with me, then I'll go alone!

DECLAN *off mike*: We're with you, Trist, but hurry!

SHANE: Oh, for the love of God, why did I ever get mixed up in this insane business—this, this nonsense. (*Sighs*) All right, I'm coming.

SOUND: *Far off whistles*

DECLAN *fading in and out*: There's the other patrol coming! Please, Shane, hurry out of this place! Come on, Rob.

ROB *wearily*: Holy St. Christopher at the Ford! Me in me old age floatin' like a —a chip on the Hellspint! (*Fading*) Patrols! Sintrys! Gunboats! Theermopeelus—Theermopeelus!

SOUND: *Whistle and shouts coming in very slow over*

MUSIC: "Londonderry Air"—*fade up very full—hold—fade on cue—to low BG.*

TRISTAM *on cue with fade of theme—coughing, childlike*: Yes, I remember, Tommy. We were there, Shane and Declan, and old Rob, and I—we were there—and we did cross the Liffey and it was very cold in the water, Tommy, very, very cold. And then we crept around the Great Fire and the shells burst over our heads . . . and, and then —at last—we reached the Cathedral. I—I must have been hurt, Tommy, but I do remember that we reached the Cathedral. And Declan was to sneak through the night to MacDonough—because he was a soldier and he knew the ways of those things—and he left us . . . there in the Cathedral. And it was very dark, and very lonely in the huge place. We seemed to be so . . . so small under the great shadowy arches. And the faces on the great stone saints seemed to move in the flicker of the altar-lights but . . . but it was so long ago it seems . . . I don't remember very well . . . I was hit sometime . . . my leg . . . I don't remember so well about the Cathedral across the Liffey with the saints moving in the altar-lights and the great black arches fading away into the mighty ceiling far in the gloom overhead . . . (*fade*)

And our voices were so hollow in the cold darkness . . . and it seems so long ago that we were there, Tommy . . . so . . . very . . . long . . . ago . . .

MUSIC: *Up full briefly—fade slowly to kill covering*

SHANE *off echo*: It's almost dawn, see—the sky is lightening and look, Rob, a sunbeam streaming through the stained glass window up here. What a brilliant red patch it makes on the marble floor! (*Sigh*) Sunrise over Ireland! It must be beautiful over the bay this morning; how quiet it is, how peaceful and calm —after last night!

ROB *low in echo*: To be sure it is, Shane. A beautiful dawn. (*Fade out of echo*) Here, let me up there wiv you on the ledge . . . (*He grunts with effort and speaks clear of echo*) . . . ahh, to be sure (*Sighs and quotes softly*) *Th'and'm an Dhia! But there it is—The Dawn on the face of Ireland! God's angels lifting the night's black veil*

From the fair sweet face of my sire-land!

O Ireland, isn't it grand you look—Like a bride in her rich adornin' And with all the pent-up love O' my heart

I bid you—the top o' the mornin'!

SHANE *softly*: The top o' the morning, it's been a long time since I've heard that, Rob, fifteen years.

ROB: I remember when you wint away, after fifteen years it must be sweet on the ears, lad . . .

SHANE: Yes, yes it is. (*Sigh*) It's—it's good to be home again, Rob.

Echo—faint

TRISTAM: No, no I must go! After Finn my father! I must find Lewey's son and Diarmuid and Fergus and Goll and the Son of Ronan and Osgar, my son! There is a great thing we must do by the river; we must do it again against the King of the World! (*Shouts*) Where are the men of the Fianna of Ireland! (*Moans*)

ROB: Aah, the poor man—out av his head agin.

SHANE: He's feverish, but he'll be all right. A few stitches in that leg and he'll be up and around in no time.

Echo—fade in full

TRISTAM: The blooms, they have withered around the house of my father Finn,

around the house of the seven-sides at Alvin; and the house itself is gone . . . No more does Bran, my brother, the great hound of Finn, my father, bay on the hill of the Fiann at Leinster . . . he is gone . . . they are all gone.

ROB *fading up full in echo*. Aah, pinin' afther the old hound he is! Listen at him ravin' about thim old pagans! All thim old crusty soldiers av a thousand years ago! Nobody in the whole av Ireland is on such inteemate terms wiv thim as Tristam—sure, he could whistle up Bran hisself if that old hound was alive atall, atall.

SHANE: Mmmm—Bran? Of course there never was such an animal. Even a thousand years ago. Half-dog, half-human. You don't believe in Bran the great hound of Finn McCool, do you?

ROB: Av course not, I don't, to be sure—but—I've seen him.

SHANE: Rob Fogarty!

ROB *mysteriously*: Aah, but I have—out where Alvin used to be, near Kildare! (*Soft*) Big as a house—two houses—he was, an' sort av foamy—boundin' out av the fog wiv the misht drippin' off the sleek coat av 'im, and 'im bayin' his old throat out. Off into the fog he wint, wiv the gold chain av Finn clangin' away on the rocks . . . (*Sighs*) I didn't touch a drop fer five days afther—I was that nervous' . . .

TRISTAM *weakly*: Shane—Shane! Rob!

ROB: Aah, he's returnin' to his own mind agin!

SHANE: Yes, Trist how do you feel?

TRISTAM: All right . . . I . . . I must have fainted again. Is . . . is Declan . . . ?

ROB: Why, he's gone no time at all yet! But I'll take a look out the windy fer you. (*Fade*) Up on the ledge here, although I don't think . . .

SHANE: I wish I could make you more comfortable, Trist.

TRISTAM: I'll be all right—those troops ought to be coming down Clanbrassil soon, Shane?

SOUND: *Far off pealing of mass bells*

SHANE: I hardly think that . . .

TRISTAM: The Mass bells! It's six, Shane! (*Sigh*) Many a Soggarth Aroon will be praying for his poor flock this day!

SHANE: If anyone can get through to MacDonough, Declan's that man; now you relax a bit and try to sleep.

TRISTAM *sadly*: Sleep, Shane? Hmmm, there is no sleep. (*Moans*)

SHANE: Poor Tristam . . . (*Sigh*) . . . Poor fellow.

TRISTAM *moaning low*: We were but fifteen men when we took the King of Britain by the force of our arms and by our own force. (*Moans*)

SHANE *sigh*. Delirious again! Lost in ten centuries past!

ROB *fading in*: Well, there's nobody in the street atall, atall . . . not a soul. (*Pause*) Of agin is he? It's a pity to listen to his deeleeerious ravin'! An' him thinkin' he's back wiv the old giants, the old Fiann of Ireland.

SHANE *to himself*: "The great horn will sound again its triple-crash . . ."

ROB: Now what are you mumblin' about!

SHANE: Oh! Oh, nothing, I was thinking of a prophecy.

ROB: A prophecy is it! Well, this is a fit place fer one, black as Dante's pit except for that stained windy blazin' up there, an' thim stone craytures starin' down the back av me neck . . . an' thim altar lights flickerin' . . . an' dith an' destruction on ivery side av me . . . (*Sigh*) it's down right tomb-y in this place.

SHANE *fading*: Declan should have been back by now. I'll take another look from the ledge—Lord, but it's quiet.

ROB: Aah, quiet, I don't like it. It's a . . . a Omen! Soon there'll be noise enough, I'm thinkin'.

SHANE *out of echo—fading in*: The street is deserted, I wonder where Declan could have—wait!

SOUND: *Far off shots—far off whistle*

SHANE: There's somebody running out there!

ROB *fading in rapidly*: What were thim shots? Who's runnin'? (*Grunts with effort*) Here, Shane, yer hand. Aah, I can see now!

SHANE: I can't quite make out who . . . Rob! Rob . . . it's—it's Declan.

ROB: Declan? Where's Declan?

SHANE: Over there—see? He's running away from . . .

ROB: The militia! They're afther him! He's trying for the church door.

SHANE *dismayed*: The cathedral door! But—but we chained it up, Rob.

ROB: Good Lord in Heaven! Well, un-chain it! (*Fade*) Unchain it fast!

SHANE *fading*: But they'll be on him in a minute! Hurry to the door!

SOUND: *Far off shots—running footsteps echo fading in*

ROB *puffing*: We'll have to hurry—Shane. Here—take this end—here and I'll take . . .

SOUND: *Rattling of chains etc.*

SHANE *puffing*: Don't talk, hurry with that chain, here give me that . . .

SOUND: *Muffled echoed pounding on door . . . Staccato*

SHANE: There he is! Pounding on the door! (*Shouts*) It's all right! It's all right, Declan! We'll have you safe in—in no time.

ROB *puffing*: Save your brith, he can't hear through that door, here . . . here's one unraveled.

SOUND: *Second pounding more urgent—shots still closer—whistle*

SHANE *alarmed*: They're getting closer! We'll have to hurry!

ROB: Aah, me thremblin' old hands! Mither o' God they'll have him in a minute!

SOUND: *Desperate pounding—sliding of chains*

SHANE *shouting desperately*: We hear you Declan! Hold on just one minute!

SOUND: *Far off rattle of shots—patter of slugs on door*

ROB: Aah, Dear God. They've got him trapped in the doorway—hear the slugs raining on the door?

SHANE: Here's the last of the chains! Give me a hand here, Rob.

SOUND: *Rifle volley—hail of slugs on door—whistle*

ROB: Mither O' God perpect the boy. Listen at thim slugs, Shane.

SOUND: *Pounding grows sporadic—faint—stops*

SHANE: The chains are off, Rob. Hurry now! Rob! Can't you hear?

ROB *soft*: It's . . . it's too late, Shane. Declan isn't . . . he isn't poundin' . . . no more.

SHANE *screams*: Declan! Declan Coyne! Are you all right, Declan?

SOUND: *Heavy timed battering of door*

ROB: They're at the door, Shane! The chains, man!

SHANE *dazed*: But—but Declan! He's—he's out there.

SOUND: *Another heavy assault at door—rattling of chains*

ROB: There's nothin' we can do fer Declan, lad! Fer the love o' God git thim chains back on. They'll burst the latches!

SHANE *dazed*: But . . . he was so young . . . so . . . so brave! And they . . . they've killed him. Rob, they've killed him!

ROB *shouts*: Get thim chains on or they'll kill all av us.

SHANE: Yes, here, but they'll shoot through the door!

ROB: Let 'em shoot! It'd take a cannon to go through thim timbers! That's the sweet lad! Hurry now wrap 'em around good! They'll never force this door, even wiv a batterin' ram.

SOUND: *Rattling of chains—rhythmic smashing at door*

ROB: That almost does it! Here, lad, I'll finish here. You go back to the ledge—get the rifle. Hurry now!

SHANE: Of course! The rifle!

ROB: Well, hurry and git to the ledge, lad! Go on!

SOUND: *Echoing run of footsteps—pounding a door fades to very low BG.*

TRISTAM *fading in as door pounding fades out*: Where are the strong men of the Fianna of Ireland gone! Will they not come to help me now, and I an old man and blind in my eyes? (*Mutters*)

Footsteps stop

SHANE *fading in—breathless*: The rifle—where is—aah, here it is. (*Fade*) Now to jump up on the ledge and . . .

SOUND: *Far off whistle—shots—shouts*

ROB *fading in—breathless*: Have you the rifle, lad? Aah, aah good! If we only had another one!

TRISTAM *fading in—shouting*: Lift up your arms, Fianna of Ireland, and give three shouts of blessing to whoever will hinder this foreign enemy!

ROB: Stay back in the shadow, Trist! Get away from this ledge!

TRISTAM *shouts*: Three shouts of blessing, I say. Lift up your arms.

ROB *sigh*: Aah, God—listen to it! An—an old man, an American—and a—a lunatic—against a rigimint.

SHANE: Rob! I have it! the grenades! Declan left his grenade pouch here!

ROB: God bless your good sinse, lad. He did that! (*Fade*) Right over here it is . . . (*Definite blank pause—then fade back in*) . . . and it's plinty av damage they'll do this day er my name is

not The Fogarty. Here, Shane, you take the greenades an' give me the rifle! I haven't no more the good sthrong arm I had in '67!

SOUND: *Far off smashing at door stops*

SHANE: Listen, Rob!

SOUND: *Far off drum beat fades very very slowly in*

ROB: Aah, so they've give up thyrin' to smash down the door have they?

SHANE: Yes, but . . . but listen! (Pause) Drums, Rob, drums on Clanbrassill . . . the re-inforcements.

ROB: And . . . and Jacob's factory quiet as a tomb! Declan couldn't get through, Shane!

SOUND: *Drums closer—suddenly growing shouts of many men in distance fade in the climax with drums—whistles*

SHANE: Look, Rob! Look! The volunteers swarming out to meet the troops from Clanbrassill!

ROB: Aah, God love 'em! (Shouts) Give it to thim, me buckos.

SOUND: *Shatter of glass very close*

SHANE: Look out, Rob. The bunch that shot Declan! They've come around and are firing at us!

ROB: Oh they are, are they?

SOUND: *Three sharp close cracks of rifle*

ROB: Thim's fer Declan Coyne wiv the Fogarty's compliments! (Aside) Give 'em a greenade er two, lad!

SHANE: Rob—I think—yes, Rob! They're bringing up a mortar!

ROB: Quick, lad, a greenade, before they get set! Here, knock the rest av that windy out and give yerself plenty av room to swing!

SOUND: *Crashing of glass—sporadic far off rifle fire*

SHANE: Stand clear, Rob! Here goes . . . (He grunts)

SOUND: *Boom of grenade—count three after cue line "Here Goes"*

ROB: Good, lad, good! But a little too far to the right! Wait a minute.

SOUND: *Close sharp crack of rifle*

ROB: Aah, he was pointin' his rifle this way; God rest his soul!

SOUND: *Heavy rifle fire breaks out in BG—faint bugle tattoo*

TRISTAM: Hear it! The horn of the Fianna of Ireland!

ROB: Keep down, Trist! Give thim another grenade, Shane!

SHANE: They've almost got that mortar set up, Rob! Stand clear! (Grunts)

SOUND: *Boom of grenade—count three—bugle closer—rifles heavier*

ROB: Not far enough, lad! Put some hist in it!

TRISTAM raving: Hear it! I hear it again!

The triple-call of the great horn of the Fian! Rise up! Rise up according to the prophecy I say. Rise up to the horn of the Fian Goll. Goll! Goll! Rise I say!

ROB: Stay back, Trist! Aah, listen to his mad ravin' about that bugle.

DECLAN filter—mike: I do hear it! And I have risen! And it is I am here at your side, buckler to your buckler!

SHANE desperate: They've set up the mortar! I—I can't throw that far. Stand away, Rob.

SOUND: *Boom of grenade—quick very loud boom of mortar—loud crash of brick and glass close—battle noise growing louder*

ROB: Mither O' God, they've started with the mortar! Here, let me . . .

SOUND: *Three sharp close cracks of rifle*

ROB: I—yes—I got one av thim—but, throw, lad, throw.

SHANE groaning: I—it's too far! Look out, Rob!

SOUND: *Boom of Grenade—much louder boom of mortar—very close—crasbing*

TRISTAM exultant: Ha-ha! How goes the battle Goll? Hear how the waves crash of their losses! How the thunder bursts it on high!

SOUND: *Two close cracks of rifle—two more*

ROB: Aah! Another one av thim's down! But they're gettin' the range lad! And I'm most out of amoonition!

SHANE: Look! The volunteers! They're dropping like flies! They're falling back! If MacDonough could only know what all this noise means! If he knew they were battling here—two minutes away!

ROB: Look, alive lad! There's a couple sneakin' up . . .

SOUND: *Three close cracks of rifle—two loud booms of mortar—terrific crash of stone and wood very close (two)*

SHANE: O my God! They've got the range! They're blowing the wall in! If—I could only throw—far enough! Stand back! (Grunts)

SOUND: *Boom of grenade—screams faint—battle noise closer*

SHANE: I hit it, Rob! I hit the mortar! (Pause) Rob! Where are you?

ROB *weak-off mike*: The—the Fogarty's down—down to be sure!

SHANE *shouts*: Are you hurt, Rob!! Are you caught in the stone?

ROB *faint gasping laugh*: No—no, lad! The Fogarty's not hurt—nor—nor caught! He's—he's kilt and crushed—entirely!

SHANE: Rob! Rob!

TRISTAM: How goes the Battle now, Goll? And where is Dairmuir? Where is Dairmind of the chestnut hair that he had not risen to the prophecy, that he has not shook off his sleep at the crash of the horn of the Fiann! Rise up, I say, Dairmuir! It is a great thing we must finish here. Rise up, Dairmuir!

SHANE *dazed*: Declan—and—now Rob! And Trist raving!

ROB *filter-mike*: And if we do finish it I am here, buckler to your buckler.

SHANE *dazed*: Rob gone—Declan gone—only Trist and I.

TRISTAM: And what way is it now with the son of Ronan, Goll and Dairmuir? How goes the battle now?

SOUND: *Battle noises up—distinguishable human shouting fades slow in*

SHANE: They'll take us—and MacDonough won't know—won't come—how can I—what can I do. (*Shouts*) Tristam! What can I do?

TRISTAM *exultant*: How the world doth shake with the fury of our fighting.

SHANE *desperate*: Listen to me, Trist! It's Shane. What can I do?

TRISTAM: It is a great thing we are finishing! But there are only three! Where is the son of Ronan, where is the son of Ronan.

SHANE: Trist! Please, get hold of yourself! Stop that mad raving! Listen, the volunteers have been annihilated, troops are pouring into the Square. If we could get MacDonough out of that factory—attract his attention to this Cathedral!

TRISTAM *sadly*: Son of Ronan! Where are you that you have not risen?

SHANE *screams*: Tristam, can't you understand? Rob is dead! Declan is dead! The cause is lost. We have to attract MacDonough's attention to the square, to the Cathedral. (*Softly*) To the Cathedral! (*Joy*) The bells! The Cathedral bells! You can hear them all over Dublin!

SHANE *fading*: Up in the Tower. MacDonough would know those bells!

TRISTAM: Son of Ronan! Will you not rise to the prophecy and stand once more with Goll and the Dairmuir and with me against the King of the World?

SOUND: *Battle noise to climax—whistle fades up to close*

1ST SOLDIER *fading in*: Through that hole in the wall men! There's one of them! Take him alive, Sargent!

2ND SOLDIER: Lively men! They're all in here somewhere!

3RD SOLDIER *close*: 'ere's one av thim sir! An ol' man! Dead 'e is!

4TH SOLDIER *fading up close*: He's no good dead. Grab that fellow over there.

TRISTAM *slowly—slightly off mike*: Aah, they close in. Goll! Dairmuir! This is the last of our stand! And the son of Ronan not with us!

3RD SOLDIER: I got 'im, sir! 'e's off 'is chump, sir—balmy! Thinks 'es a King, 'e does, sir!

SOUND: *Loud ear-shattering wild clamour of Cathedral bells*

1ST SOLDIER *shouting over din*: Who's ringing those bells! Sargent! Stop that man in the tower, right up there in the landing!

TRISTAM *shouting*: This is the end of the Fianna of Ireland and the Son of Ronan not standing. Where is the Son of Ronan?

1ST SOLDIER: Stop those bells, I say. They'll bring all Dublin over here! Wait! I'll stop them! I'll stop them right now!

SOUND: *Hollow reverberating sharp crack of rifle—bells toll listlessly—then significantly stop—battle noise fading*

2ND SOLDIER: He's down, sir! Fell clear down to here. He's dead, sir!

TRISTAM: Rise up son of Ronan! To stand with Goll and with Diarmuid and with me! For this is the end of the Fianna of Ireland and it is right that you should be here. Rise up, I say.

1ST SOLDIER: Oh stop that mad ranting, you fool . . . Who is the Son of Ronan? There's nobody here but, but three dead men, three dead men and—a lunatic.

SHANE *filter-mike*: And it is that I am here—here with Goll and with Diarmuid and with you to stand once more for the last time against the king of the world.

TRISTAM: Ay, you have arisen at last son of Ronan! This, then, is the last of the Fianna of Ireland. But someone will re-

member the thing we did do this day when the triple horn crashed and we did shake off the long sleep—in the long hour of waiting some one will remember about Goll and Diarmuid and the son of Ronan and I against the King of the World for Ireland.

1ST SOLDIER: Mad! Raving, crazy mad. Take him away, men.

TRISTAM *fading*: I tell you some one will remember in the long hour the thing that we did do this day—in the long hour they will remember.

3RD SOLDIER: Balmy! Orf his napper! Talkin' with nobody—nobody at all! Fair gives a fellow the shykes it does! Absolutely orf 'is chump—a lunatic and—three dead men! (*Low whistle*)

MUSIC: *Up slow to full—hold—on cue to low bg*

TRISTAM *fading in—coughing*: And they thought I was insane, Tommy—but I wasn't—because Goll was there at my side and Dairmuid and the Son of Ronan—and they said they couldn't see them, that they couldn't hear them—but they were lying, Tommy—because they were there with me when the triple-crash of the Horn of the Fiann of Ireland sounded—like the prophecy said—they came back—to stand once more 'gainst the King of the World for old Ireland—but it seems so long ago—and I—I remember that they left me sometime—Shane and Declan and Old Rob—they went away and they left me all alone, alone against the King of the World, until the horn sounded and the men of the Fiann shook off the long sleep and—and came to stand with

me! But where did Rob and Declan and Shane go, Tommy? Why did they leave me? I—I don't remember their leaving me—I do remember though—a ruby patch on a marble floor—but the patch was bigger than the sun made through the stained glass window—and—and it trickled in the dusty sunlight—yes—they left me, Tommy, and I can't remember—only a patch—a ruby patch on the marble floor.

VOICE: Yes, Uncle. But you're tired now, you better go to bed.

TRISTAM: Yes . . . Yes I am tired. (*Fading*) But . . . but somebody will remember what we did across the Liffey one day . . . somebody will remember in THE LONG HOUR.

CHILD: Daddy?

VOICE: You better run off now, too, Tommy.

CHILD *fading*: Yes, Daddy. Right away. (*Pause—off muke*) Daddy?

VOICE: Well?

CHILD: Daddy is—Well, Harry and Jimmie and—Well, is Uncle Tristam really crazy? Is he, Daddy?

VOICE: Of course not, child. Now you run off to bed.

CHILD *fading out*: All right, Daddy. G'nite, Daddy.

MUSIC: *Up slowly*

VOICE: Tristam crazy?

SOUND: *Very faint battle noises—faint hunting horn*

VOICE: I—I wonder? I—I don't know—really don't know!

THEME: *Hunting horn repeat faint—up to full crescendo hold*

MUSIC: *On cue fade to bg*

TELEGRAM FROM HEAVEN

A COMEDY

By ARNOLD MANOFF

(Produced by Peter Witt and Story Magazine over WHN, New York)

BABE *fade in*: Yeh, you marry a guy . . . a good guy, a little soft maybe, but a decent guy, and it's a tough life, tough-times, . . . and you get to know him, really know him after a while so you don't want him lying dead somewhere, you don't want him crippled, you want him big and strong and alive, working for something better all the time . . . yeh . . . but when they take him and throw him away to the dogs . . . (*Fade here*)

MUSIC: *Blues—slow and weary—melody fades out as the beat comes up and blends into . . .*

SOUND: *Heavy feet coming up steps—up and out—door opens and shuts*

NAT: Babe.

BABE: Nat.

NAT: Hy, kid.

BABE: Hy.

NAT *mock happy*: I'm bustin' with glee, Babe. I'm shriekin' with joy. Let's go out and tear up the town. Whaddya say?

BABE: Yeh, sure . . .

NAT: Yeh, sure . . . well you know . . . the little telegram from heaven?

BABE: I ought to . . .

NAT: It was a genuine, hundred percent, first class phoney. Get it?

BABE: Yeh?

NAT: I mean phoney! There's no such company. There never was. There's no such street in Brooklyn, Manhattan, Bronx, Richmond or Queens. There never was. Miracle Street! Wonderworks Inc.! I should've known it was nothing but a cheap, rotten gag!

BABE *almost indifferent*: A gag, huh?

NAT: I walked a million miles. Miracle Street. Miracle Street. I didn't believe

the directory, I didn't believe the cops. I went to Marshall Street, Mitchell Street, Maxwell Street. Ah . . . what's the use of talkin' . . . I went nuts! When a guy's been outa work as long as I have, and he gets a wire saying come for a job! he don't stop to think. He just flies. Well, I flew like a blind dumb dope all over the city and then it came to me. Miracle Street! Wonderworks Inc.! Somebody's idea of a practical joke. (*Sighs bitterly*) What a joke.

BABE *matter of fact*: I'm sorry, Nat.

NAT: I tell ya Babe, I'm so through I don't know if I'm coming or going. What a world! What a stupid, cock-eyed world! I don't know. It's all in the cards, I suppose.

BABE: Cards, my foot.

NAT *dazed*: What? What did you say, kid?

BABE *quietly*: I said—instead of moanin' and groanin' you ought to be mad. Boiling mad. But you're not. You don't really care.

NAT: O.K. wiseguy—tell me who to be mad at. I don't even know who did this dirty job. Who did it! Tell me. I'll break his bones. I'll sue him or something! Say Babe? It couldn't have been Harry, could it?

BABE *sharply*: No!

NAT: Phil? You know he is that type, now that I think . . .

BABE: No.

NAT: Not Phil eh? How about Jimmy? You don't think because I owe him forty-eight bucks—he—na, not Jimmy. Never Jimmy. He wouldn't . . .

BABE: Nat.

NAT: Yeh, what . . .

BABE: Don't faint.

NAT: Who's faintin', what for?

BABE: That little telegram from heaven: "Come for a job, thirty-five per week. Wonderworks, Inc."—I sent it.

NAT: Huh? Aw go on. Stop foolin', kid, I've had enough foolin' for one day.

BABE: Western Union wasn't foolin'. They charged thirty cents for the miracle.

NAT: Babe! Now please, honest. Did you send it?

BABE: What do you think?

NAT: I don't believe it. *(Pause)* Yeh. You sent it. You did it. I believe it now. You sent it.

BABE: I'm sorry, Nat. You had it comin'. I was hopin'—well—I just had to give you a stiff jolt . . . Don't look at me like that . . . I'm not crazy.

NAT: So you wanted to get a rise outa me?

BABE *derisively*: You're not getting sore now, are you?

NAT: Oh no! I'm not gettin' sore. Not me! Not chicken livered, yellow belly Nat. I'm not sore! I'm enjoying all this. After all—aren't you my wife. Don't I love ya? What's a little jolt now and then between a husband and his wife?

BABE: Oh, so now you're gettin' up steam.

NAT: You asked for a rise, kid, well I feel a powerful one comin' on! As a matter of fact I'm gonna jolt right the blazes out of here! But before I go . . .

SOUND: *Dishes—breaking furniture crashing at intervals between*

NAT *grunting and heaving*: How's that for a rise! Some jolt! Watch this!

SOUND: *Final clatter of glass*

NAT: Amen . . . and good-by!

SOUND: *Door opens and slams shut*

BABE *pensive*: Yeah man . . . Oh yeh—whew . . . *(Laughs dryly)*—He got mad all right . . . Ladies and gents, I hereby announce that my husband, Nat, who likes to be called Slub, got boiling mad on account of how his wife, Babe, sent him a phoney telegram and he has just busted up his house and has departed for parts unknown. Well, I guess I'm supposed to get all gooey and hysterical now. Oh no! Not me! That little telegram was comin' to him . . . *(Softly)* I just had to hurt him, that way—I mean—he meant enough to me that way. He's a good guy, a little soft maybe, a little dopey. You know, times are hard, times are tough. I was

always telling him. You gotta be more than just a good guy in times like these. You gotta be a hard guy, you gotta be a tough guy, you gotta learn fast. Well—he's mad now. It took a long time, a long long time to stir up that baby—it too—well take that night . . . *(Laughs—fade out)*

NAT *fade in*: It's a hot night, huh?

BABE: That's the fifth time.

NAT: Fifth time what?

BABE *mimicking*: It's a hot night, huh?

NAT: O.K.—O.K. . . . it's hot anyway. I'm almost sweatin'.

BABE: You're always almost sweatin'.

NAT: What a dame. I've known dames, Babe, but I never knew one that could make a guy feel so slumsy, stupid and generally blah, like you make me feel.

BABE: Maybe they didn't try. I've seen better and worse.

NAT: Yow! You know, you're lucky I'm so good-natured. Nobody but a guy like me would tolerate you. I'm probably the kindest man in the world.

BABE: Oh, darling!

NAT: Huh!

BABE: Yeah. You liked that, oh darling, didn't you? Kind of made you feel you've got some extra-special magnetic appeal like in the movies, huh? Don't kid yourself, most men at your age still look kinda mushy around the gills, and you're no exception.

NAT: Go on. Go on. I know. You worked hard all day. And your feet hurt. And you hate your job. And that piece of slime, Mr. G.C. is up to his old tricks again. And your nerves are shot, and all men are beasts, and it's a man's world, and etcetera, etcetera, and etcetera.

BABE: You forgot, and now I'm wasting time sitting up here on a roof with Nat, excuse me, Slug the Great.

NAT: No moon, no stars, no soft music . . .

BABE: Love in bloom under the ariel wires with a perspiring lover, sticky tar all around. *(Mimicks)* It's a hot night, eh Babe?

NAT: You're O.K., Babe.

BABE *mimicks*: You're O.K., Babe.

NAT: Oh, c'mon, give me a break. Say something nice.

BABE: Nice? *(Laughs)* . . . You know—I would if I could. It starts nice inside but by the time I get it into words it

comes out . . . well—it comes out like it comes out.

NAT: O.K. then. Just answer yes or no, true or false. I'm not the handsomest guy in the world, but I'm not the worst lookin' either. Right?

BABE: Right.

NAT: You're no prize package yourself. There never were no Cadillacs waiting outside your door. An old Buick maybe once in awhile. Right?

BABE: Right. I'm no bargain, I admit it.

NAT: You and I, we're just a couple of post-war number one, pre-war number two, inbetween babies. WPA me, and bargain basement you. The sky is black, the future is blacker. We're living in a whacky world and all around us the mad wolves are howling.

BABE: What've you been doing? Memorizing editorials from the papers?

NAT: I heard it over the radio—a poet said it. Maybe it was a politician, I don't know.

BABE: Well . . .

NAT: Well, so as I was saying, what's the use of people like us living alone by ourselves. For two bucks and some abracadabra we're legally entitled to get off the roof, out of the parks and the hallways and into a room. Love we got.

BABE: Just a second . . . Where did we get love all of a sudden?

NAT: All right. So we haven't got love. But we've got something. Six months hanging around together proves we've got something, doesn't it? Or are you after money? Haw, haw!

BABE: Haw, haw . . . (*Seriously*) Nat, you don't wanna get married. You're scared stiff of getting married.

NAT: What's it to you whether I'm scared or not?

BABE: Well, I'm scared. And I'm twice as tough as you are so I can imagine how scared you must be.

NAT: What's there to be scared about?

BABE: You find words for it—I don't know. All I know is WPA and bargain basements, ten million out of work, and war . . . all around . . . and you're such a mild, good-natured guy. You gotta be hard, you gotta be tough to get along these days. Words don't count. O.K., Slub. As a real fine lady says, I consent to your proposal. Are you burning with happiness?

NAT: Yeh. I'm burnin'. Boy, how you make a guy miserable.

BABE: You'll survive.

NAT: Can't you say son^gething nice even now?

BABE: What do you want^g me to say? Tell me something nice to say to you and I'll say it.

NAT: I give up.

BABE: Oh don't give up.

NAT: Babe!

BABE: Yeh?

NAT: Just say you think it'll work out O.K.

BABE *laughs—then mimicks Nat*: I think it'll work out O.K., Slub.

SOUND: *Starts to chuckle and begins to laugh—tone getting gayer and fading out*

MUSIC: "Wedding March"—first^g four notes slow—then accelerate very rapidly—end abruptly

VOICE: Two dollars please.

BABE *fades in*: As fast as that—may^g be faster and we're standing in the rain outside the courthouse—married. Nat with a silly grin—me, too, I suppose—and then we went into an ice cream parlor to celebrate and before we knew it, the morning was over and we had to go back to work. He took the subway and I took the street car, and when I got to the store old G.C. said where the h— were you all morning, and I said my aunt died and he said baloney you're docked a half a day's pay, but I wasn't in a mood to get sore. Nat didn't have a cent outside his salary and then he had to figure to give his mother at least two dollars a week—it was all figured out and settled in three weeks or so, and we had the room and a half and most of the furniture and we were just getting really used to each other and being married, I remember it was Monday coming home from a movie . . . (*Fade out*)

NAT: Look, Babe. There's something I have to talk about. Let's walk around the block.

BABE: Can't we talk in the house? If it's your allowance, Nat, I'm sorry.

NAT: No, no, no. The allowance is all right.

BABE: You're not sick?

NAT: No . . . nothing like that.

BABE: Well I can't imagine what it could be . . .

NAT: I'm trying to tell you.
 BABE: O.K. But you better make it good.
 NAT: All right, here goes. You've gotta quit your job right away.
 BABE: What!
 NAT: You've gotta quit your job because right now we're breaking the law, we're chiseling the Government.
 BABE: Who says so!
 NAT: The law.
 BABE: What law?
 NAT: The law about WPA. You can't work for money while I got a WPA job.
 BABE: What am I supposed to work for, my health!
 NAT: You're not supposed to work at all.
 BABE: How does the law figure we can live on your salary?
 NAT: The law don't figure. The law just says what you do, not how to do it.
 BABE: Yeh? Well, then you get off the WPA and get a job someplace else.
 NAT: Would I be on WPA if there were jobs someplace else?
 BABE: I know, I know, but Nat, we can't—we just can't.
 NAT: Babe, listen. I'm being investigated this week. It's no use. It's either your job or mine . . . I can't lie, I can't phenagle. That's the way it is. You'll manage, Babe, you're smart that way, you'll manage, won't you Babe? Anyway your job is so rotten it's worth the twelve bucks a week to be rid of it, heh, heh.
 BABE: Heh, heh.
 NAT: Tell you what I'll do for you. I'm twenty-six cents to the good on my allowance this week, I'll buy you a three cent soda.
 BABE: Save it for Christmas. Let's go up. I've got a lot of figuring to do.
 NAT: More figuring?
 BABE: More and more and more.
 NAT: I'm sorry, Babe.
 BABE: So am I. We're both sorry. Everybody is sorry. You can't eat sorry. It's indigestible.
 MUSIC: *Suggest theme of woman on her way to market in the morning—fade in . . .*
 SOUND: *Busy street noises—peddlers cries—fade under*
 FRUIT MAN: 'Morning, Madame . . . What'll it be today? Oranges, apples, pears, plums, tomatoes, potatoes, teradeda—what'll it be?

BABE: How do you sell the bananas?
 FRUIT MAN: Three for five, six for ten.
 BABE: Is that so? Everybody sells four for five.
 FRUIT MAN: Three for five, Lady, and all you can get four for five, I'll eat one by one.
 BABE: Last week you yourself sold me four for five.
 FRUIT MAN *irritated*: Three for five.
 BABE: Four for five. (*Start to fade*)
 FRUIT MAN: Three for five. (*Fade out*)
 MUSIC: *Same as before but slower—up and out*
 BABE *fade in*: Three quarters of a pound of chop meat. And I want to see it chopped.
 BUTCHER: Yes, Ma'am.
 BABE: You know the last time I bought meat here you overcharged me. I saw the same cut for two cents cheaper in the super-market.
 BUTCHER: You'll see a lot of things cheaper in the super-market. It ain't a person. It's a machine. O.K., 14 cents.
 BABE: 14? I figure 13.
 BUTCHER: I know you figure 13. If I said 13 you'd say 12. Don't I know you? 14 cents, lady.
 BABE: 13 cents, Mister.
 BUTCHER: 14, lady. (*Start to fade*)
 BABE: 13, Mister. (*Fade out*)
 MUSIC: *Same as before and much slower*
 SOUND: *General street noises up and fade under*
 VOICE: Five pounds for a quarter.
 BABE: Twenty-three cents all over, go on, I'm no sucker.
 VOICE: The price is too high? You don't like it? Go fight City Hall.
 BABE: Twenty-three all over.
 VOICE: Twenty-five. Take it or leave it. (*Fade out*)
 SOUND: *General street noise up and fade under*
 VOICES: Five pounds a quarter! Three for ten! Nineteen cents a dozen only nineteen. (*Fade out*)
 MUSIC: *Same as before—very slow and drag to discord—fade under and out as . . .*
 BABE: Oh, mother, oh, mother . . . you would've never believed it but what a smart little chiseler I turned out to be. There wasn't a better penny-pincher in the whole neighborhood. The store-keepers used to run and hide when they saw me two blocks up the street.

Yep . . . That's how it was and that's how we managed . . . Oh, it's mean to haggle and bargain and chisel and scrimp . . . but you gotta pay the rent and the electric and the gas and you gotta eat and trying to do all that on Nat's salary was a full time job. Talk about clothes, talk about good times (*laughs*) and Nat, he was getting so quiet . . . hardly ever spoke about anything except on Sundays, if it was nice and we'd go to the park, or the beach . . . (*Fade out*)

SOUND: *General noise on beach—shouts ice cream hawkers, etc. fade under*

NAT: Oh, Babe! Babe!

SOUND: *Up noise and fade under*

NAT *fade in*: Babe . . . oh, Babe . . . where are you? Hey, Mister, did you see a girl in orange bathing suit? Oh, Babe!

SOUND: *Up noise and fade under*

BABE *off mike*: Nat! Here I am, Nat! (*Up*) Oh what a dope . . . Here I am . . . over here! Here!

NAT: Oh, there you are! (*Off mike*)

BABE: Boy you got some eyes . . . can't even find your own wife.

NAT: Yeh, you try it with sixty million people all around . . . I had the spot marked right on the line with the comfort station . . .

BABE: How's the water?

NAT: What water! That's no water. That's a flooded subway in the rush hour . . . (*Laughs*) I just took one plunge and boppo . . . someone sat on my head . . . I almost drowned . . . wow!

BABE: You would! Hey, don't do that! You'll get me all wet!

NAT: Oh so you're afraid of getting wet! Ever see how a dog shakes himself? *Britt* . . .

BABE: Oh you rat! (*Squeals*) Oh you're so mean! Now you've got sand in my hair.

NAT (*Sings to tune "Farmer in the Dell"*): The sand is in her hair . . . the sand is in her hair . . . tera tera tera tera . . . the sand is in her hair (*Holds the last note operatically—breaks short*) What's to eat, I'm starved!

BABE: What would you like?

NAT: Don't tell me, don't tell me.

BABE: Here . . . bite into this.

NAT: Mmmmm . . . good . . . what's in it?

BABE: Oh just a lot of chopped up stuff.

NAT: I knew it! I knew it! Take it away. It's got onions in it.

BABE: Nuts. Eat it or starve!

NAT: You mean you ain't got nothing else but this! No lox? No salamm!

BABE: Eat it and like it!

NAT: It's getting less crowded. They're starting to leave. You chilly, kid? Here take my sweater.

BABE: You wanna go, too?

NAT: Naa . . . let's stuck around a while yet. The sand is warm. I don't wanna go. Tomorrow's Monday, then Tuesday, Wednesday . . . naa . . . let's hang around a while. Smell the ocean?

BABE: Mmmm . . . ahhh . . .

NAT: Drink it in, kid, drink it in.

BABE: I'd like a house by an ocean.

NAT: You know?

BABE: What?

NAT: Give a guy some fresh air once in a while, a beach, the sun . . . like this . . . all these people coming here . . . for what? A little air, sun, water . . . stuff that don't cost nothing . . . and then it's all over just when you're enjoying it . . . you gotta move on. Tomorrow is Monday . . . blah! Let's fight! Put up your dukes!

BABE: I don't wanna fight. Go make your dumb tricks on the sand. Go on. I like to see you, you fall on your head.

NAT: Put 'em up!

BABE: Oh now, Nat, stop it! There! How'd you like that.

NAT: That's it, come again. No! No! I said fight! Not wrestle!

SOUND: *Both laugh between grunts and tugs rising in pitch—fade out*

BABE *panning hard*: I like wrestling better. (*Sighing and then quietly after a pause*) It's more intimate (*chuckles*) huh?

NAT *tenderly*: You said it, kid.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

BABE: That was Sunday—oh we were happy all right every once in a while—I don't like to talk economics but on sixteen bucks a week for two, figuring it all out—you ain't got much time for happiness—and then when you got the time—it don't come so easy. It ain't like the cold water faucet—you can't turn it on or off. But we got along and that's saying plenty in itself. Then when they passed a new ruling and Nat had to get off the WPA cause he'd been on more

than eighteen months—well, I tell you, it was such a tragic situation, just like in a book—it was so tragic that we couldn't believe it and we just laughed—boy how we laughed—yeh. So—I went back to G.C. one morning.

G.C. (*Fade in*): Well, well, well—look who's back in town. And what can we do for you, Madame?

BABE. Save it, G.C. What's the chances of pounding the beat again?

G.C.: Same old mouthpiece, eh?

BABE: All right, all right. I didn't come here for a workout in stale repartee. Just say the word. Yes or no?

G.C.: Well, I'll tell ya. I could use you but I'm afraid to take you on. You're a first-class trouble-maker. You know that, don't you?

BABE: What do you want? An oath of allegiance?

G.C.: I'll settle for less. I don't want you shootin' off your mouth. That's all.

BABE: Oh, now, Mr. G.C.!

G.C.: You're a good worker, Babe, I don't mind telling you, but remember, no trouble! Same post, same salary.

BABE: Thanks, G.C.

G.C.: You can start now if you like.

BABE: Thanks, G.C. You haven't got a job around for a man have you?

G.C.: A man? What do I need a man for when I can get girls like you a . . .

BABE: Dime a dozen.

G.C.: Oh, I didn't say that. Don't start getting fresh now. I only need one man around here and that's me, G.C.

BABE: I get it. Well, thanks, G.C. I'll be seeing you around.

G.C. *laughs*: You sure will. You sure will. (*Fade out*)

BABE *fade in*: . . . and so I had my old job again. And it was back behind the counter on the old beat and down from Nat's 16 a week to my 12, and Nat not knowing how to manage the meals and falling way in debt, always behind in the rent, the gas and electric, grocery bills, always behind, and poor Nat going nuts looking for work, willing to do anything and getting an awful shellacking day after day and week after week, and then he just lay back and wouldn't go downtown anymore, and it was awful to see him slowly going to pieces, starting to dream about miracles happening to him, playing the numbers when he had a few cents, ly-

ing around all day waiting for a telegram from heaven to save his life. I'd come home and he'd be listening to the radio, the baseball game and the war news—and then the night baseball game and the night war news. When there was something special on like a Joe Louis fight, he'd be happy for days in advance and then right after the fight he'd sink down again just waiting, waiting for something to happen to him . . . a miracle—and poor thing—he'd try to cheer me up.

MUSIC off mike: Slow blues as radio tuned low hold throughout scene

NAT: Lay off that shirt, Babe, and go to sleep.

BABE: It's got a hole. I gotta fix it.

NAT: I like it that way.

BABE: You would. I always knew you were a slob.

NAT: You work too much. Always doin' something.

BABE: I like to do.

NAT: Look at me. I was made for luxury. I'm the silk upholstered type yeh—and once things start coming my way, kid . . .

BABE: What things?

NAT: Yeh—don't you worry. Something's bound to break soon. You never can tell when you get a letter, a telegram—like from heaven! Yeh! It happens. You never know when. And boop! There you are. You gotta job or something. And you're back in the running.

BABE: You believe that!

NAT: You gotta believe something, Babe, you just gotta.

BABE: I guess you do.

NAT: Don't you believe something good can happen to me. What's the matter? Am I the one guy that nothing good can ever happen to him?

BABE: Nat.

NAT: Yeh.

BABE: I hate to tell you this.

NAT: Then don't tell me.

BABE: It won't make much difference, so I might as well.

NAT: O.K. Deliver.

BABE: You're folding up, Nat. You're collapsing on all sides. You're getting so miracle-whackey you ain't on earth no more. You ain't going to win no sweepstakes, Nat. But I guess you gotta believe something.

NAT: Aw come on, kid. Don't talk like that.

BABE: You know how a woman feels about a man?

NAT: I get a faint idea once in a while.

BABE: She'd rather see him dead than dying bit by bit—know what I mean?

NAT: What do you want me to do, run for president?

BABE: Skip it. I don't know the answer. I can't put my finger on it. I ain't smart enough. All I know is that you gotta be tough. You gotta hold out even when you don't know all the answers. You're smart. You find the answer.

NAT: Aw, Babe. Something'll turn up.

BABE: Yeh. But it might not be what you think. You haven't hit rock bottom yet, you're still floating around in the dream water.

NAT: I guess you think a lot of me, huh?

BABE: I don't measure it like that. But I'll tell you this. I'd do anything to get your motor working again. I'd even bounce a bat off your skull if I thought it would do you any good. And when you feel that way about a guy I guess he means something to you.

NAT: Sweet wife. Lovely wife.

BABE: Yeh. Listen, slug. You guys don't see women. You only see beautiful white visions, all soft curves, all made up for a close up shot in the movies. Well maybe there are some women like that always saying the right things—but I'll tell you something. Gals like me—we're the majority. We're the real goods. Nobody puts us in the movies. We're what is—take or leave it.

NAT: Is that so?

BABE: Yeh, and here's your shirt.

MUSIC: *Out and start anew*

BABE *fade in*: Well, as I said before. I couldn't stir him up with words so I figured to get him another way. I figured the thing to do was to get him all steamed up fast and then let him down like a ton of bricks. Sort of shock him and scramble his guts. I don't know just why I decided to do it but it seemed to me that that's the way I had learned to take it and get along without folding up. Things bunning me up and letting me down, hurting me, making me mad and everytime it happened I learned something else, learned it hard like a rock. Well, he was my boy and I had to do something about him.

Smack him in the puss, hard! I went into the Western Union office on my lunchtime and I sent him that little telegram from heaven, the one for which he'd been waiting so long. When I came home that evening . . . (*Fade*)

NAT: . . . and after you eat, kid, I got a little surprise for you. Go ahead, kid, eat. I made the whole works with my own little hands.

BABE: What's the surprise, Slug?

NAT: Go on eat, eat, enjoy your meal! I worked hard on it, salad and everything.

BABE: Well all right. Stop jumping around like a lunatic.

NAT: Why not? I am a lunatic. I'm a wild man. I'm King Kong, that's who I am. I'm Joe DiMaggio. Wanna see me do a Russian kazotsky! Watch. Tya tya ta tadarada ta da ta dadadarata. (*Off mike*)

BABE: Aren't you eating?

NAT: Me? What for? I don't have to eat. I'm one of those Yogis. We don't eat for weeks sometimes.

BABE: Well come on—the suspense is terrific. I'm dying.

NAT: Yeh? Well, Babe old kid—don't drop dead before you take a squint at this!

BABE: A telegram! (*Reads*) Come job tomorrow morning. Thirty-five per, Wonderworks, Inc. 24 Miracle Street, Brooklyn. Well, what do you know about that!

NAT: Yeh—I know it sounds fishy. Wonderworks, Miracle Street, but it ain't. It's real. It's a real wire. It can't be a phoney, Babe, can it! It's probably that Box 22 address I wrote to last week. That's them! Box 22! I'm sure it's them. The ad was in the Brooklyn Eagle.

BABE: Well, I'll be—who would've dreamed it?

NAT: Me! I've been dreaming it for a year.

BABE: I just don't know what to say.

NAT: But I do! The first thing you can say is no more G.C. bargain basement. On my salary we can roll in luxury. I got it all figured out just where we're gonna move—wow! Calm me down, Babe, before I—listen, kid, you got any dough with you?

BABE: I got enough to live on for the rest of the week. Why?

NAT: You can't get used to it, eh? Still talking about enough to live on for the rest of the week. Listen, how much you got?

BABE: I got almost two dollars.

NAT: Gimme.

BABE: Now look, Nat. I didn't figure you'd get this wild, after all you haven't got the job yet.

NAT: It's in the bag. Gimme. I gotta get a shirt and a tie.

BABE: Oh I see. Gonna put up a front, eh?

NAT: Yeh. If I only had a decent lookin' suit. Say you don't think we could go out and buy a suit on time right now do you?

BABE: Oh, no. It's too late for that. I'm sure it's too late. They'll never alter it anyway, by tonight.

NAT: I guess so. Why didn't I think of it this afternoon? But I was excited and everything. It's like waking up in a new world.

BABE: Yeh. Well . . . You go for the shirt and tie. I'll do the dishes.

NAT: Ah! I got it! I'll go over to Harry and borrow a suit from him. He's just my size.

BABE: Don't give him any collateral.

NAT: Don't worry, kid. I may sound nuts but I'm not. I'm just a guy that's got a job. Boy, I'm telling you—well I'm on my way—hold the fort, baby! America, here I come!

SOUND: *Door opens and shuts*

BABE *fade in*: . . . and he didn't sleep all night, I'm sure, just lay there sort of talking and chuckling to himself, and every once in a while he woke me up and told me about something new he'd figured out we could do on the thirty-five bucks which wouldn't be. Yeh, like I said before—you marry a guy, a good guy, a little soft maybe, but a decent guy and it's a tough life, tough times—and you get to know him, really know him after a while, so you don't want him lying dead somewhere, you don't

want him crippled . . . You want him big and strong and alive, working, fighting for something better all the time—and you get mad seeing how it happens and you get to want him mad, too . . . Mad and tough and fighting against it—and if you're a gal like me you figure it out, to do something for him . . . Maybe you're going to hurt him bad if that's all you can do but you take the chance . . . Maybe he blows up and gets mad and busts up the house and walks out like this one of mine . . . Maybe he never comes back—but that's the way it goes . . . That is, if you want to use the word, a kind of love you get for somebody . . . He's goin' on twenty-four now . . . I'm about the same . . . I guess we're kids at that—take it from me I don't want to lose that Nat of mine—but don't you see I really did him good . . . wherever he is, whether he comes back or not, he'll never go in for miracles again—no more waiting for telegrams from heaven—everytime he thinks about it he'll remember what I did—and he'll get mad all over again and that's how I want him, tough and mad and fighting and when a man's that way a girl's got something. And you got to take a chance for that. You gotta risk losing. Seems I've known it all my life . . .

MUSIC: *Fade in off muke blues as before and hold*

BABE: That's a kind of love you get for a guy—you gotta see him alive no matter what—no matter he don't come back and it's like no torch song ever yet written when you know he's gone—and when you don't know where and you don't know if—and here you are waiting—sitting in front of the mirror—looking at yourself—wondering if you'll ever get over it if he never comes back . . . once we said it will work out O.K.—but in the meantime—take it from me girls, it—ain't—no—picnic.

MUSIC: *Theme*

JOHN WHIFFLE CONCENTRATES

A FANTASY

By NORMAN SAK

SOUND: *Dishes being washed—continue in back of conversation until otherwise noted*

JOHN: You see, Mary, it's a tired world and it wants to escape from itself.

MARY: Such a thing isn't possible.

JOHN: Nothing is impossible.

MARY: You can't escape from the world without dying.

JOHN: Yes, you can.

MARY: How?

JOHN: In dreams. When we dream, we lose contact with the universe.

MARY: Sure, we do, but dreams aren't real.

JOHN: No, they aren't.

MARY: And they don't last very long.

JOHN: True.

MARY: And when we wake up, what we dreamt about is gone—but not us. We're still there.

JOHN: And that's what's wrong with the whole system of dreaming! There should be more regulation. Don't you see? We shouldn't be there.

MARY: Oh, John, stop that silliness.

JOHN: There's nothing silly about it. It's a logical deduction.

MARY: When a person dreams, how can he be somewhere else when he wakes up?

JOHN: Very simple.

MARY: Simple? . . . Oh, you mean sleep walking.

JOHN: No, Mary. Concentration. Intense thought. The idea is very easy. It's the solution that's perplexing.

MARY: Concentration? How will that do it?

JOHN: I'll explain. It was several nights ago I dreamt I was an animal.

MARY: Yes. You thought you were a dog. You howled for half an hour. I couldn't wake you up. But . . .

JOHN: And a week before that, in my dreams, I was a grasshopper, hopping from flower to flower.

MARY: But you aren't one now. It was just a dream.

JOHN: It was more than a dream. It was reality.

MARY: Now John, dreams are just imagination.

JOHN: Nevertheless, the dream was true, at the time.

MARY: How?

JOHN: I'll explain. You see, Mary, we have souls.

MARY: I know that.

JOHN: When we dream, our souls leave us. They separate from our body.

MARY: They go off and have a good time by themselves.

JOHN: In a way, Mary. All things have souls.

MARY: Even animals, and birds, and trees?

JOHN: The animals and birds have them. Centuries ago it was thought that trees and plants had souls. But that isn't true.

MARY: Do the souls leave the animals when they sleep?

JOHN: Of course. When in dreams, the soul is freed. It drifts around.

MARY: So when you dreamt, the soul of a grasshopper hopped into you.

JOHN: That's right.

MARY: Then that's why you thought you were one!

JOHN: The same thing happened when I dreamt of a dog.

MARY: But, John, wouldn't it be awful if you woke up before the dog's soul could get away . . . and you couldn't stop barking?

JOHN *laughing*: No, Mary, that couldn't happen. The soul is too fast for that.

SOUND: *Cut washing dishes*

MARY: There. That finishes the dishes.
(*Worried*) Are you sure, John?

JOHN: It moves with the speed of light.
There's nothing to be frightened of.

MARY: Then how will you escape from the world?

JOHN: Concentration.

MARY: You said that before, but it still isn't any clearer.

JOHN: That's all there is to it.

MARY: Are you going to concentrate when you are asleep?

JOHN: No, that can't be done.

MARY: And why not?

JOHN: Because your brain is also asleep.

MARY: In what way will you do it?

JOHN: While I'm awake. I'll concentrate—hard—and the soul of some animal will enter mine. I'll concentrate some more (*jubilantly*) and I'll be that animal!

MARY: Now you are jollying me.

JOHN: No, Mary. It's just as easy to be the animal as act like it . . . Anything can be done with concentration.

MARY: Anything? Could you have washed the dishes by doing it?

JOHN *laughing*: No.

MARY: Can you make apple pie by concentrating?

JOHN: No.

MARY: Can you fix the gate that way?

JOHN: No, I can't.

MARY: Then—I don't believe it!

JOHN: Nevertheless, it is true.

MARY: You can't prove it.

JOHN: I will. I'll make up my mind that I'm going to be something . . . I'll think hard about it, my shape will change, and I'll be that thing.

MARY: Just by thinking hard?

JOHN: Yes. It may happen immediately, and it may take very long and patient thought . . . You see, it has never been done before.

MUSIC: *Quick short crescendo, high on scale, on organ—sustain at highest note for two seconds—or suitable mood music—repeat when 'concentration sound' is noted in script*

JOHN *after sound*: I'll be the first!

MARY *fearfully*: You're jollying me, aren't you, John?

JOHN: No, Mary. It's the truth.

MARY: But why do you want to be an animal?

JOHN: Because I'm tired. I'm tired of working in a hot store, tired of getting

sore feet and corns, tired of walking around.

MARY: Then stay home, John.

JOHN: If I did that, I would get tired of home. I'd find something to do. I couldn't stand still.

MARY: If you changed into an animal, you couldn't smoke your pipe or wear your slippers.

JOHN: They would be worth doing away with. An animal can't do much work. That's the joy of it.

MARY: But they get tired.

JOHN: Yes . . . A pleasant sort of tiredness. They seem to enjoy it. I don't relish this—human tiredness.

MARY: John, don't you . . . ?

JOHN *breaking in*: I'll be a bird!

MARY: A bird?

JOHN: Yes!

MARY: No!

JOHN *he is fired with the idea*: Certainly!

I should have thought of it before!

There will be nothing to do but fly around all day, singing, jumping from branch to branch!

MARY *worried*: You can't, John!

JOHN: I can! I won't have to bother about clothes or shaving! I won't have to go to so much trouble to bathe! I'll just splash in a puddle!

MARY: What will I do, John?

JOHN: You'll still be here . . . But—I'll be a bird!

MARY *frightened*: John, you mustn't . . . Don't stand there so stiff with your eyes closed . . . It scares me!

SOUND: *Concentration motive*

JOHN *calmly*: Quiet, Mary . . . I'm concentrating.

MARY: You can't do it!

SOUND: *Concentration motive*

JOHN: There's no change yet.

MARY *low*: John!

SOUND: *Concentration motive*

JOHN: No, I can't . . . I'm afraid I can't. Not yet. But I will, in time!

SOUND: *Fade out John's last few words—pause second—fade in sound of neighbor's talking—slightly off mike*

NEIGHBOR: Oh, John! John Whiffle!

JOHN *on mike*: Yes, neighbor Wilson.

NEIGHBOR *off mike*: Will you come over here a moment? I want to talk to you.

JOHN: Sure . . . What is it?

NEIGHBOR *near, then on mike*: This sounded a bit silly to me, but your

- wife tells me you're planning on being a bird.
- JOHN: That's right. I'm concentrating hard on it, every day. Soon I'll change my form.
- NEIGHBOR: You really mean it?
- JOHN: Of course.
- NEIGHBOR: You aren't . . .
- JOHN: No, don't argue. Just accept the fact. You'll see the truth, in time.
- NEIGHBOR: All right. Think you'll get much enjoyment flying around all day?
- JOHN: Oh, yes. Not only that, it will be more restful. A bird doesn't soak his feet in hot water . . . At least I've never seen one do it.
- NEIGHBOR *slowly—realizing*: You do sound serious. I believe you will go through with it.
- JOHN: Thanks for your confidence, neighbor.
- NEIGHBOR: Well, if you're determined on doing it, you'll have to be careful about one thing.
- JOHN: And what's that?
- NEIGHBOR: My cat. Fluff hates all birds.
- JOHN *laughing*: Oh, I'll keep out of her way. I've nothing to worry about.
- NEIGHBOR: You haven't, eh?
- JOHN: Not a thing.
- NEIGHBOR: Well, how about your wife? You don't intend to continue clerking in the department store when you're covered with feathers.
- JOHN: No.
- NEIGHBOR: Then who'll support her?
- JOHN: Oh, we have quite a bit of money in the bank. And the wife can sell the car; she doesn't drive, anyway—and my stamp collection. Then there's the insurance.
- NEIGHBOR: You won't be here. That is—your body. How will they know you're dead?
- JOHN: They won't. I've just disappeared.
- NEIGHBOR *laughing appreciatively*: Well, that is a neat trick!
- JOHN: When I'm definitely proven dead, we can collect the insurance.
- NEIGHBOR: You mean your wife can collect it.
- JOHN: Yes, and she can get along on what we have until then. Even without that, there's enough money.
- NEIGHBOR: Well, I'll grant you one thing, I can't see anything wrong with it.
- JOHN: There's nothing wrong with it. It's perfect! Say, neighbor, why don't you become a bird with me? It'll be a change to happiness.
- NEIGHBOR: You know, I—I'd like to.
- JOHN: Fine! All you have to do is . . .
- NEIGHBOR: No, I couldn't. The wife wouldn't let me.
- JOHN: How can she stop you? Just think hard enough—and you're a bird . . . That's all there is to it.
- NEIGHBOR: Not with my wife around! She'll say no and no it will have to be. I'm afraid I'll have to make it some other time.
- JOHN: Awfully sorry. Would have liked to have you flying with me.
- NEIGHBOR: Maybe later, neighbor.
- JOHN: Yes, after I've had my metamorphosis.
- NEIGHBOR: That will be too late. I'm afraid I can't understand bird conversation.
- JOHN: You won't have to. I'm going to keep my voice. That's the wonderful thing about it.
- NEIGHBOR: Well, I wish you luck.
- JOHN: Thanks . . . I better get down in the cellar and finish my house.
- NEIGHBOR: House?
- JOHN: Yes. Bird house. Got to live somewhere.
- MUSIC: *Bridge*
- MARY: John, haven't you changed your mind about being a bird?
- JOHN: No.
- MARY *hoping*: You don't really think it's possible?
- JOHN: Why, of course, Mary.
- MARY: But you can't. You shouldn't.
- JOHN: There's no law against it. Not that I know of.
- MARY: There's nature's law. You were born a human. You can't change into a bird any more than a bird can suddenly turn human.
- JOHN: As long as I bother none, there's nothing to stop me from doing what I made up my mind to do.
- MARY: What about me?
- JOHN: I'll be here, Mary—always—but I wish you'd change with me.
- MARY: No, I couldn't—I haven't the will power for it. I wish you'd be content with life as it is.
- JOHN: Well, leave it be. Now I'm going to concentrate again.
- SOUND: *Concentration motive*
- JOHN: Anything happening?
- MARY: No, John.
- JOHN: It must happen . . . Yes . . . Yes!

SOUND: *Concentration motive—then drop last sustained note on organ very low, behind high pitched oscillator tone—continue until cue*

JOHN: I can feel something stirring inside me . . . I am changing . . . Mary, I'm getting smaller!

MARY: John!

JOHN: My features are changing!

MARY: John!

JOHN: I'm becoming a bird! A bird!

SOUND: *Mary screams*

MUSIC: *Segue organ and oscillator tone into bird call—flutter of wings—fade out—fade in sound of Mary sobbing—John consoles her*

JOHN *bird call*: Now, now, Mary. Everything is all right. I'm still here. (*As she continues*) I can still talk. Nothing is different, outside of my appearance.

MARY *less worried now*: You're sure you won't leave me?

JOHN: Yes, I'm sure.

MARY: You won't fly away with some other bird?

JOHN *laughing*: Of course not.

MARY: Then it may be all right . . . Stand on my finger. (*Flutter of wings*) You do look pretty. That's a nice coat of feathers you have, John. Brilliant colors.

JOHN: Yes, I've been entirely altered. And listen to my call. (*Bird call*) Don't think me conceited, Mary, but I believe I'm beautiful.

MARY: You are. It's hard to believe that you were once a man.

JOHN: The reason so little advance has been made in life is that people are told things are impossible and they remain content with the fact.

MARY: I'll believe everything hereafter, John.

JOHN: And you'll be the wiser for it, Mary.

MARY: John, I'll put that old bird cage in the kitchen. You can live there, and I can watch you all day.

JOHN: No. It would feel like a prison. There is a small bird house I made in the cellar.

MARY: Oh, fine!

JOHN: You can nail it on the window sill so it won't be knocked off.

MARY: But what will you eat?

JOHN: Mostly worms.

MARY: Worms!

JOHN: All birds eat worms. Didn't you know that?

MARY: I won't be able to cook for you any more.

JOHN: Of course you will! I can still have my favorite; apple pie and milk. I'll peck at the pie and drink the way all birds do.

MARY: It may not be so bad, then. Will I have to dig worms for you?

JOHN: No, you'll find a box of them in the cellar. They will be enough for a long while.

MARY: But when they are gone? When winter comes, how will you live?

JOHN: Apple pie, bread crumbs, birdseed and milk. That diet is good enough for any bird.

MARY: And are you sure there'll be enough money until I collect the insurance?

JOHN: There's no ground for worry. We have money enough.

MARY: I hope so.

JOHN: Mary, you'll have very little expenses from now on.

MARY: It's good the home is ours. That means no rent to pay.

JOHN: You've always eaten like a bird. Now that I eat like one, too, we can live on practically nothing.

MARY: John?

JOHN: Yes, Mary?

MARY: I don't want to complain or argue against what you've done, but—won't it be dishonest to collect the insurance? You're not dead.

JOHN: No, I'm not . . . But they can't prove it.

MARY: They can't?

JOHN: No. I just won't let them know what's happened.

MARY: But you're still here, John.

JOHN: Only as a bird.

MARY: What evidence have I to show you've disappeared, so we can get the insurance?

JOHN: You don't have to. I'm just not here.

MARY: But you are.

JOHN: I am here, yes . . . but then again, I'm not. Do you understand, now?

MARY: No. You haven't disappeared. You're here.

JOHN: I have . . . The policy is made out to John Whiffle, age 35, height five foot seven, weight one hundred fifty five. Health good. Am I right?

MARY: Yes, John.

JOHN: Well, I'm not that John Whiffle now. I'm just a bird. Of course you can call me by my first name.

MARY: Of course, John.

JOHN: Others will call me Icterus Galbula. That means Baltimore Oriole.

MARY: Are you an oriole?

JOHN: I don't know. But the name sounds nice. That's why I took it.

MARY: You aren't listed in the policy by that name.

JOHN: No. And as a bird, my age doesn't exceed half a year. My height is slightly over two inches and I weigh less than half a pound.

MARY: That doesn't agree with the insurance policy at all.

JOHN: So that proves I've disappeared—even though I'm still here.

MARY: I see now, John.

JOHN: Promise you won't cry about it any more, Mary.

MARY: I won't. I'll get used to it.

JOHN: You're bound to. Why, I can sing to you all day long. Listen. (*Bird call*) Can Henry Wilson entertain his wife like that?

MARY: No.

JOHN: Well, then, there's nothing to worry about.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Newspaper city room—type-writers—conversation, etc.—fade in back of reporter and Mac*

REPORTER: Mac, this thing is the eighth wonder! You've got to let me cover it!

MAC: It sounds like a publicity gag to me. Who ever heard of an actual re-incarnation during life? Or to be factual, at any time?

REPORTER: It's true. True! The guy actually turned himself into a bird, feathers and all!

MAC: Yeah? Then how can you tell it's him? Is he wearing a serge suit?

REPORTER: No. It talks. Talks, I tell you! Talks like a man and sings like a bird!

MAC: What!

REPORTER: Yes!

MAC: You're sure this is straight?

REPORTER: Positive. It even eats worms!

MAC: Have you seen it?

REPORTER: No, but I got it from a reputable source.

MAC: Beat it, then, and get that story! But so help me, if it's a fake, you're in for plenty of trouble!

REPORTER: I'm on my way! (*Fade out and into*) Oh, Mr. Whiffle!

JOHN *bird call*: Yes?

REPORTER: Your wife told me I could find you here, standing on the clothes line.

JOHN: What can I do for you?

REPORTER: I'd like some information. I'm a reporter.

JOHN: Sorry, but there's no story here.

REPORTER: That's where you're wrong. It will be a wonderful story. We're going to make you famous. Immortalize you. Your name will be heard throughout the nation.

JOHN: Not if I can help it.

REPORTER: Your transformation will dominate all history.

JOHN: Oh, no.

REPORTER: Come, now, Mr. Whiffle. First of all, will you agree to negotiate only with our paper?

JOHN: I don't want any publicity. I just want to be left alone and rest my feet.

REPORTER: You shouldn't feel that way. The newspaper and newsreel contracts will run into quite a bit of cash. All yours, Mr. Whiffle.

JOHN: No, I have enough money.

REPORTER: Well, you'll at least let me have a picture.

JOHN: No. It wouldn't do you any good. No one could prove I'm a human in the form of a bird.

REPORTER: There must be witnesses beside myself who heard you talk.

JOHN: My wife and neighbor are all. They'll disagree with you when I insist on it, and your pictures will be worth nothing.

SOUND: *Bird call*

REPORTER: But you've made history! You can't refuse!

JOHN: And why can't I?

REPORTER: You just can't. You owe it to the public.

JOHN: I owe the public nothing. It never did anything for me.

REPORTER: Think of science! The world will be at your feet!

JOHN: No. These aren't the feet I used to have.

REPORTER: Please reconsider, Mr. Whiffle.

JOHN: Sorry, I can't. I just want to be left alone with my bread crumbs and worms. (*Bird call*) Now scat!

REPORTER: But Mr. Whiffle.

JOHN: Scat, I said! (*flutter of wings—bird chatter*) Scat!

REPORTER: All right, I'll go . . . Sorehead.
(*Fade out last two words*)

JOHN *laughing*: Well, I'll bet that's the first time a bird ever chased a man away.

NEIGHBOR *away from mike*: Oh, John!

JOHN: Yes, neighbor Wilson.

NEIGHBOR *still away from mike*: Will you fly over here, please? (*Flutter of wings—neighbors now at mike*) I noticed the way you chased that reporter away. Marvelous. It was funny to see him running. (*laughing*) You know, I told him about you.

JOHN *with venom*: Oh, you're the one.

NEIGHBOR: I didn't think you'd mind.

JOHN: Of course I mind! Can't a man—I mean a bird, have any privacy?

NEIGHBOR: I'm sorry.

JOHN: It's all right. But if he comes to you again, tell him you made a mistake. You can call it—say it was a mirage of nature.

NEIGHBOR: Yes, I will.

JOHN: Don't let him use you as a witness. That's all he needs to print his story in that fool paper. He'll print it anyway, but I don't want you to furnish proof.

NEIGHBOR: I won't.

JOHN *dismissing the matter*: Well, why did you call me? Anything important?

NEIGHBOR: Look . . .

JOHN: Say . . . Mmm . . .

NEIGHBOR: Well, do you call that important?

JOHN: A worm! About five inches long, too. Say, thanks!

NEIGHBOR: Don't mention it. Here.

JOHN *bird chatter*: Will you join me?

NEIGHBOR: I—I've just eaten.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Fade in crowd—intermingle a few bird calls—bring single voices up over crowd noise*

1ST VOICE: That's him! The robin over . . .

2ND VOICE: It doesn't look like a man. It's a fraud!

3RD VOICE: Can't believe a word you read in the papers.

4TH VOICE: I tell you it's that sparrow in the garden patch.

1ST VOICE: That must be him on the drain-pipe.

3RD VOICE: I don't believe it!

1ST VOICE: I tell you it's that robin!

SOUND: *Low bird call on mike, over voices—tapping of bill on window—window opening*

MARY: Is it you, John?

JOHN: Yes. I thought you'd never hear me. Let me in.

MARY: I was wondering where you were.

JOHN: Lot of nosy people around.

MARY: There is quite a crowd outside, isn't there?

JOHN: Close the window so I can talk.

SOUND: *Window closing—crowd noise down, low in background—bird chatter*

JOHN: There. That's a little better. I'm glad to get away from that racket.

MARY: Having that fence put up around the house was a lucky thought. It keeps them out of the yard.

SOUND: *Flutter of wings*

JOHN: I'm the one who's lucky. If they got in the yard they would have driven everybody, including myself, away from here.

MARY: They didn't. Sing for me again, John.

SOUND: *Bird call for few seconds*

MARY: Oh, that's beautiful.

JOHN: How much money have we taken in so far?

MARY: Ninety dollars, just for today.

JOHN: Fine. I noticed you had a large sign printed. And just what I wanted.

MARY: Yes. "Ten cents to see the backyard John Whiffle disappeared from."

JOHN: That's it.

MARY: But why don't you want to let people know you're here?

JOHN: You won't get the insurance if the adjusters think I'm flying around in the back yard, singing my head off.

MARY: I see, now. Oh, John, you have a splendid brain even for an oriole.

JOHN: Despite my size . . . That crowd will tire of surveying our property in a week or so, hoping to see me, and leave us alone. (*Bird call*) The money we're getting makes it worth enduring.

SOUND: *Fade out last few words—pause for transition—voice of agent as heard from top of tree where John is—John in mike*

AGENT *from below*: Mr. Whiffle . . . Oh, Mr. Whiffle . . . Mr. Whiffle. You up there . . . I know it's you . . . I was hiding behind the garage and heard you swearing at the worm that got away.

JOHN *in mike*: Well, what do you want?

AGENT: I'm from the Top Notch Bird Seed Company.

JOHN: Another salesman! We don't want any! Go away!

AGENT: Oh, you have me wrong, Mr. Whiffle. I'm not selling anything.

JOHN: Everybody is selling something. What's your racket?

AGENT: I'm giving you something. Something for nothing.

JOHN: Set it down at the base of the tree. Thanks and good-by.

AGENT *laughing*: Oh, Mr. Whiffle, you have a sparkling wit.

JOHN: Compliments won't help you. What's that you have in your hands? A box of bird seed?

AGENT: No, Mr. Whiffle. If you'll just jump on this inked stamp pad and press your feet on the bottom of this contract, we'll give you a barrel of our wonder bird seed.

JOHN: Contract?

AGENT: Yes. It merely states that you've eaten Top Notch Bird Seed, and are convinced it's the best on the market . . . It's the only brand you use.

JOHN: I don't like your bird seed. I've tried it.

AGENT: We'll give you two barrels of Top Notch Bird Seed.

JOHN: I don't want any.

AGENT: Here's a much better offer, Mr. Whiffle. By merely signing this statement and making a short phonograph record for us in which you tell pet birds, in bird language, of course, that Top Notch Bird Seed is the best, we'll support you for the rest of your life.

JOHN: I'm not interested. Good-by.

AGENT: If you'll tell me what offer will be reasonable.

JOHN: None. Now scat, before I drop some of these horse chestnuts on your head!

AGENT: Mr. Whiffle, I—Ow! Fine way to treat a gentleman. (*Fade out*)

JOHN *chuckles*: That's the fourth agent I've frightened away by dropping chestnuts. (*Chuckles again—bird call*)

SOUND: *Rustle of newspaper*

MARY: Here's Martha's picture in the paper, John. She's getting married next Sunday. Been engaged for five months.

SOUND: *Slight flutter of wings*

JOHN: Hmm.

MARY: Oh, the women's social club is giving a tea in two weeks. Mrs. Anderson is . . .

JOHN: Oh, hang the tea. Can't a bird even read the paper in peace? Turn to the front page. I want to see the news.

SOUND: *Rustle of newspaper*

JOHN: What's going on? Hmm. Nothing but trouble. If there could be a universal change of form so all were birds, there might be a chance for peace in this upside-down world.

MARY: Yes . . . Oh, John.

JOHN: What now?

MARY: It says a cold spell is expected in a few days. That means winter is near.

JOHN: Eh? Winter?

MARY: Yes. I'd better bring the plants in off of the porch. It will be too chilly for them.

JOHN: Mary, winter!

MARY: Of course, John. It always comes after fall.

JOHN: I'd forgotten all about it.

SOUND: *Bird call—flutter of wings*

MARY: What's the matter?

JOHN: Winter means snow; hard frozen ground. The trees will be completely bare.

MARY: Surely. I'll bring you into the house. You'll be very warm.

JOHN: I can't live in the house. I'd die . . . I'm an outdoors bird.

MARY: You mustn't remain outside!

JOHN: I must leave, then.

MARY: Leave? Where are you going?

JOHN: Away, Mary.

SOUND: *Bird call*

MARY: John.

JOHN *slightly off mike*: I'm going away for the winter!

MARY: John! Come back!

JOHN *off mike*: Take the next train to Florida, Mary! I'll meet you there!

SOUND: *Bird call—flutter of wings—fade out*

BACK TO 1960!

A FANTASY

By EUGENE W. MOORE

*(Broadcast on the American School of the Air, Columbia
Broadcasting System)*

MUSIC: *Suggestive of life in the slums—
up and out*

GIRL: No fair hidin' in the ash can under
the stairs.

BOY: I'll hide where I like.

GIRL: You're terrible dirty. Your mother's
gonna be awful sore.

BOY: I don't care. No fun playin' in the
halls. Come on outside.

GIRL *eagerly*: All right. But let's play tag.

BOY *responding immediately*: Then try
and catch me!

SOUND: *Racing footsteps down corridor*

BOY *tauntingly in sing-song fashion*: Bessie
can't catch me—Bessie can't catch me—

GIRL *screaming*: Watch out!

SOUND: *Thud of two bodies colliding*

BOY: Gosh! Excuse me, Mister.

SOUND: *Slow heavy footsteps receding*

BOY *unable to comprehend*: Funny guy!
Ran right smack into him and he didn't
say nothin'.

GIRL: You're lucky! I thought sure he'd
hit you.

BOY *belligerently*: Hit me? Nobody can
hit me and get away with it. Besides I'd
tell my old man. (*Suddenly*) Well,
come on! You didn't catch me yet.

SOUND: *Racing footsteps*

GIRL: No fair! I touched you before.

BOY *shouting off mike*: No you didn't
. . . (*Sing-song*) Bessie can't catch me
—Bessie can't catch me—

SOUND: *Fade out racing footsteps and
sounds of children playing—cross fade
footsteps ascending stairs*

PAUL *to himself*: We're not far removed
from the cliff dweller . . . Winding
staircases leading to cavernous recesses
in the cliffs—or a hole in the wall . . .

What's the difference? . . . No wonder
I can't get a job . . . Cliff dwellers
have no need for architects . . .

SOUND *Rattling pails approaching*: Steps
are a strain on the heart they say. What
about pounding the sidewalks looking
for a job? Takes both heart and guts out
of a man . . . I'd climb a million steps
for a job. Anything for a job! . . .
Anything for a job! . . .

JANITOR: Heads up! Heads up!—Hey!
What's a' matter? Ya blind? Cantcha
see I'm loaded down with garbage cans?

PAUL: Oh, excuse me.

SOUND: *Steps continue and cans rattle on
but stop suddenly*

JANITOR: Just a minute, Wright. When
am I gettin' the rent?

PAUL *absent-mindedly*: I don't know.

JANITOR *incredulously*: Don't know?
Well, I'll be . . . ! (*Sarcastically*)
From now on, that's what I tell the
boss. When's Wright gonna pay the
rent? I don't know I'll tell him.

SOUND *as janitor proceeds*: Cans rattle
again and fade while footsteps *con-
tinue ascending stairs*

PAUL *to the rhythm of his footsteps*: No
job—no rent . . . Simple, isn't it? . . .
No job—no rent . . . No job—no rent
. . . No job—no rent . . . No job—
no rent . . .

SOUND: *Continues throughout montage
as Paul's voice begins to fade*

MONTAGE *begins quietly but builds in
perfect crescendo*: . . . no job—no rent
. . . no job—no rent . . . no job—no
rent . . . no job—no rent . . . no job
—no rent . . . no job—no rent . . . no
job—no rent . . .

(A): No help wanted.

(B): Rent please.

(C): Too many architects.

CORA: How long must we live in this rat trap?

COLLEGE PRESIDENT: The school is very proud of this graduating class . . .

(A): No help wanted.

(B): Rent please—

(C): Too many architects.

CORA: How long must we live in this rat trap?

COLLEGE PRESIDENT: You young architects are equipped with the latest techniques and have at your disposal the best material that science so far has developed.

(A): No help wanted.

(B): Rent please.

(C): Too many architects.

CORA: How long must we live in this rat trap?

COLLEGE PRESIDENT: Go forth from this classroom to reconstruct and rebuild our great continent! America needs architects!

SOUND: *Footsteps out*

MUSIC: *Agitato—up to maximum—quickening tempo*

(A): No help wanted.

(B): Rent please

(C) Too many architects.

CORA: How long must we live in this rat trap?

CHORUS: America needs architects!

MUSIC: *At maximum*

PAUL *hysterically*: Stop it! Stop it!

MUSIC: *Out abruptly as*

SOUND: *Door slams*

MUSIC: *Faint strains of chamber music from radio*

SOUND: *Elevated train outside window rumbles by and fades*

CORA *small frightened voice*: Paul!

PAUL *tiredly*: Oh, Hello, Cora.

CORA: Why were you holding your head when you came in?

PAUL: Headache, I guess.

CORA: Some aspirin?

PAUL: No. Don't bother. Really . . .

CORA: You look awfully tired, you poor dear. Sit down and rest . . . That's it . . . Here's a cushion . . . You're home rather early.

PAUL *absently*: Early? Oh, yes, should have stayed home in the first place. No sense in looking for a non-existent job.

CORA: Well, I'm glad you came home early. I'd like to go to the Fair today. I'll prepare you some lunch first.

PAUL: No. Please don't. I'm not hungry. (*Hopefully*) Any mail today? I expect an answer from an ad.

CORA: Only a couple of bills and bill collectors.

PAUL: Any other pleasant happenings?

CORA: Saw another mouse.

PAUL: Wait till the warm weather comes, my sweet. You'll see all his relatives including his country cousins. And we'll be swamped with bugs.

CORA. Paul! You're being vicious!

SOUND: *Elevated train rumbles by*

PAUL *bitingly*: And a box office seat to the elevated! Wonderful thing scientific housing. We know all about it today . . . You know, adopting new materials to the creation of livable structure, livably furnished, at a cost within the reach of every Tom, Dick and Harry . . .

CORA: They're beginning . . .

PAUL: Beginning, huh? If they made a real beginning—I'd have a job. It's the eternal race between new houses and slums, and the slums are always way ahead. There's no proportion anywhere . . . Obsolescence side by side with modern gadgets. Look! We've got a radio—but no central heading. Electric lights but no bathroom in the apartment.

CORA: You should try to be a little more optimistic, Paul.

PAUL: I do try! But what's the use?

CORA *reflectively*: Sometimes I wonder if having a baby would make some difference.

PAUL: Well of all the crazy ideas!

CORA: Oh, I know. It sounds terribly impractical and all that. But I can't help feel that it would give us something to look forward to.

PAUL: No sense in having a kid you can't afford to keep.

CORA: But, dear. You're bound to find a job sometime.

PAUL: I'm beginning to doubt it.

CORA: Well, if you're going to be pessimistic.

PAUL *shouting angrily*: How do you expect me to be?

CORA: You needn't bite my head off, Paul.

PAUL: I'm sorry.

CORA *pleasantly*: Let's forget our troubles and go to the World's Fair . . . (*Off*)

mike) It will just take me a second to put on my hat. There's so much to see at the Fair. I understand that the Futurama is simply wonderful . . . (Pause) . . . It's amazing how this last year's hat holds its shape, and it's one of those basement bargains.

SOUND *Elevated train rumbles by (on mike)*: Well, lazy bones . . . Are you ready?

PAUL: Cora. You go ahead. I'll stay home.

CORA: But I don't want to go without you.

PAUL: Please. I just want to be alone.

CORA: And brood?

PAUL: Call it what you want.

CORA: Then I'll brood with you.

PAUL: That's exactly what I don't want you to do.

CORA: But darling, can't I be of some comfort?

PAUL: No! You've comforted me very systematically for months! And why should you? What do you get out of it?

CORA *shocked*: Systematically?—get out of it?

PAUL: How can you comfort me with your whole heart when this rotten existence takes it out of you? (Pause—then with sudden exasperation) You needn't look at me like that! I don't want comfort. Don't you understand? (Accenting each word) I don't want comfort!

CORA *losing her temper finally*: All right! Then I'll go to the Fair myself! Maybe you're right. It will do me lots of good to get away from you for a change! (Accenting syllables) Good-bye!

SOUND: *Door slams*

PAUL *quietly—with deep emotion*: Poor kid.

SOUND: *Elevated trains rumble by—cross fade with*

MUSIC: *Agitato—up and under . . .*

SOUND: *Fade up commotion of crowd*

STATION GUARD: World's Fair Express! World's Fair Express!

SOUND: *Out*

MUSIC: *Of strange quality permeating Cora's stream of consciousness*

CORA: I comforted him systematically! What an awful thing to say! Poor Paul . . . I know he's unhappy . . . But he didn't have to be so mean . . . I ought to go back to him . . . No! It might be a good thing to spend some time away from each other.

SOUND *fade up commotion of crowd*: Heavens! . . . I'm crying! . . . What will people think?

MUSIC: *Out*

GUARD: World's Fair Express! . . . Watch your step, lady . . . Watch your step.

MAN: The doors are closing! Hurry up!

BOY: Pop. Let me hold the door for Mom.

SOUND: *Out*

MUSIC: *Thru Cora's lines*

CORA: I know, I won't enjoy a thing without him . . . We could be happy on so very little . . . The thought is maddening! . . . A job with some security—then we could live like normal people—have something to look forward to—a decent home—and even a baby . . . We have a right to those things.

SOUND *begins to cross fade with music*: People are beginning to stare at me.

MUSIC: *Out*

SOUND: *Commotion of crowd up and sound of subway door closing*

MAN: Phew! We just made it.

WOMAN *trying to catch her breath*: The trains are only a couple of minutes apart. I don't know why you had to run me to death catching this one . . . Sonny! Be careful with the lunch or the cake will be crumbs by the time we get to the Fair.

SOUND: *Rumble of subway—cross fade with*

MUSIC: *Agitato—up to maximum and out*

CONDUCTOR: World's Fair! Last stop! . . . (Cross fade with)

MUSIC *of festive character*: World's Fair! Last stop!

SOUND: *Commotion of crowd—musical horns from omnibuses and automobiles*
1ST GUIDE: On your right, ladies and gentlemen, is the theme exhibit of the Fair—the Trylon and Perisphere . . . Inside you will see the World of Tomorrow—a city of light and air and green spaces . . .

CORA: This is wonderful . . . I wish Paul were here . . .

PAUL *mockingly—almost whispered*: It's the eternal race between houses and slums—and the slums are always way ahead.

2ND GUIDE: Before us is the Hall of Man . . . See? . . . There is its theme inscribed above the pillars . . . "Man wanders over the restless seas, the flowing waters, the sight of sky and forgets

that of all wonders man himself is the most wonderful."

MUSIC: *Builds to crescendo*

CORA almost whispered.
Paul! Don't be such a pessimist!

PAUL: This rotten existence takes the heart out of you . . .

CORA . . . But darling, can't I be of some comfort to you?

MUSIC: *Up to maximum*

PAUL: I don't want comfort! I don't want comfort! I don't want comfort!

(A) Hall of Medicine!

(B) Hall of Science!

(C) The Federal Building!

(A) Court of Peace!

(B) Westinghouse!

(C) General Electric!

(A) Stuenmetz Hall!

(B) Man-made

Lightning!

(C) The Time Capsule!

(A) Town of Tomorrow!

(B) City of Tomorrow!

(C) World of Tomorrow!

(A) General

Motors!

(B) Highways and

Horizons!

1ST GUIDE: Ladies and Gentlemen! The Futurama!

CORA: Here at last!

1ST GUIDE: . . . the largest and most life-like scale model ever constructed! You ride in sound chairs viewing a world of future cities and countryside . . . Spectators experience the sensation of travelling hundreds of miles and viewing scenes from a low-flying airplane.

SOUND: *Commotion of crowd cross fades*

EMMY: This line's a mile long, if it's a foot, Henry.

HENRY: Moves fast though, Emmy. We're almost there.

EMMY: Thrilling the way the ramp winds! Seems to lead right into the future.

HENRY: Don't know 'bout that, Emmy . . . But it'd sure make a swell scheme for a double-deck cow barn back home.

EMMY: Henry! You're impossible! Lan' sakes! I didn't know the Futurama was just around this bend.

HENRY: Now watch those moving chairs, Emmy. Last time you hopped a merry-go-round you sprained an ankle.

EMMY: That was a long time ago.

HENRY: Call twenty years long? Seems like yesterday.

SOUND: *Out*

MUSIC: *Of an idyllic nature*

CORA: This chair is so nice and soft, I could almost go to sleep . . . I wonder what Paul's doing?

VOICE filtered—to the accompaniment of music—voice gradually takes on a live quality: Come tour the future with General Motors! A transcontinental flight over America in 1960. What will we see? What changes will transpire? This magic Aladdin-like flight through time and space is Norman Bel Geddes' conception of the many wonders that may develop in the not-too-distant future. But we have arrived in this wonderful world of 1960! Sunshine, trees, farms, hills and valleys, flowers and flowing streams . . . this world of tomorrow is a world of beauty. These eternal things wrought by God are lovely and unchanging . . . But man has forged ahead since 1939. New and better things have sprung from his industry and genius . . .

MUSIC: *Out*

(*Voices of Paul and Cora are of a hushed quality.*)

PAUL: No sense in having a kid you can't afford to keep.

CORA: But dear. You're bound to find a job.

PAUL: I'm beginning to doubt it.

CORA: Well, if you're going to be a pessimist.

MUSIC: *Continues*

VOICE becoming smoother and more distant: Directly ahead is a modern experimental farm and dairy . . .

CORA: Darling, Paul! He was going to conquer the world . . . Our honeymoon was beautiful . . . Life with Paul was always so sweet. Must it go sour now?

MUSIC: *Out*

PAUL biting—very exaggerated: And a box office seat to the elevated. Wonderful thing scientific housing.

CORA: Paul was never bitter . . .

MUSIC: *Continues*

CORA: Things could be so different—only . . .

The design is perhaps startling because of the terraced fields and strip planting. The fruit trees bear abundantly under individual glass housings. Strange? Fantastic? Unbelievable? . . .

. . . But now we are arriving almost on top of the world . . . the world of 1960! The altitude is 15,000 feet. In the foreground as we travel along note the winter lodge, the mountain cabins, the ski run . . .

SOUND: *Low drone which begins to sound like an airplane motor*

CORA: That droning sound in my ears . . . Can't seem to shake it off . . . Like being in an airplane . . .

. . . The Motor way continues through the mountains, although it is only visible here and there as it threads its way along . . . Descending the mountains are various lanes of the Motorway, spreading and winding down toward the valley and cities below . . .

MUSIC: *Strange quality and distant*

CORA: Heavens! Am I seeing things? That toy world under me is getting bigger and bigger.

. . . Far across in the distance is a vast, towering city. Look far, far across the valley. The city is forty miles away. The world (*Voice becomes smoother and more distant*) . . . of 1960 has been

CORA: Paul would love this . . . (*Familiarly*) . . . New concepts—new techniques.

enriched by new concepts in science and research, new techniques in production and distribution, and by a new understanding of the true function of industry as an integral part of the nation's social and economic life . . .

CORA: Im practically on top of the city now . . . Looks like Manhattan—and it's all so real . . .

. . . But now we approach the great metropolis of 1960 . . . We will bank high over the city for a spectacular view of its many wonders . . .

In 1939 this American city actually existed. Today in 1960 it is much larger, divided into three units, residential, commercial and industrial . . .

The city of 1960 has abundant sunshine, fresh air, fine green parkways, recreational and civic centers, all thus the result of thoughtful planning and design.

MUSIC: *Agitato—up to maximum and out*

CORA: Why . . . I'm in an airplane!

HOSTESS: Next stop Pennsylvania Station!

CORA: Just a minute, Miss. Where am I? Have I been asleep?

HOSTESS: You're in New York now, Miss.

CORA: New York? Impossible! Why . . . I've never seen anything so lovely . . .

(*At a loss for words*) It . . . it's heaven can wait!

SOUND: *Plane landing and coming to a stop*

HOSTESS: All out for New York! All out for New York!

SOUND: *Commotion of small crowd*

CORA: I guess I'll just have to get off . . .

(*Pause*) . . . Well . . . now that I'm out of the plane where do I go? There must be some mistake . . . I'll ask that man in the automobile . . . Pardon me, Mister, but is this really New York City?

DRIVER: Yes, Miss, this is New York City. Pennsylvania Station.

CORA: Then where are the trains.

DRIVER: Underneath the field.

CORA: I don't understand at all, but I'd better hurry . . . Poor Paul will be starved waiting for dinner. How do I get the bus?

DRIVER: Where do you want to go, Miss?

CORA: 506 West 10th Street.

DRIVER: Step into this car, please.

SOUND: *Door opening*

CORA: But it's private.

DRIVER: Part of our service, Miss.

CORA: Well, if you insist, but I still don't understand.

SOUND: *Door closing—low purr of motor which takes on quality of a low hum as the car speeds*

CORA: Driver! You're speeding! And right in mid-town!

DRIVER: We're on a cross-town speedway.

CORA: Cross-town speedway? Of all things . . . This must be paradise. Gardens and playgrounds all over the place.

DRIVER: Here we are, Miss.

SOUND: *Out*

CORA: Already?—Why I don't live here. Are you sure this isn't Westchester?

DRIVER: This is West 10th Street, Miss.

CORA: Funny . . . And there's the address marked plainly on the entrance of that elegant apartment house . . . I'll get out and look anyway.

SOUND: *Door closing and car pulling away*

CORA: Oh, just a minute . . . Now I'm in a fine fix. He drove off and heaven knows where I am . . . (*Suddenly*) Well of all things. My name is on the door.

PAUL *off-mike—approaching*: Oh. There you are.

CORA: Paul!

PAUL: Thought I'd come home early.
Where's the baby?

CORA *too much for her to accept*: The what?

PAUL *suddenly remembering*: Oh, of course. He's at the nursery this time of day. We'll need larger quarters now that he's growing up. Just think! Tomorrow he'll be One!

CORA: But, Paul.

PAUL *garrulously*: Wonderful thing these community nurseries. Nothing like scientific training right from the start. Bet he's the brightest baby in Zone C.

CORA: Zone C?

PAUL: You know, Cora. The way he plays with his blocks shows that he has a real sense of construction. (*Proudly*) Yes, sir. He's going to be an architect like his old man!

CORA *aside*: Has he gone mad?

PAUL: Besides the world needs builders. We're always building and we'll never stop building . . . We've created a heaven on earth, and we got to keep it that way!

CORA *at the bursting point*: This is too much! How can I tell him? The truth sticks in my throat! We live in a dirty tenement somewhere . . . Paul! You're out of work. Don't you remember . . . You always said time after time—if you had a kid you'd never let him be an architect.

PAUL: What are we standing here for? Let's go in. The latest news will soon be broadcast.

CORA *tearfully*: Paul! Where are we? Where am I . . . He doesn't hear me, or the words aren't coming out of my mouth.

PAUL: Come on, Cora, or we'll miss the news.

CORA *with sudden resignation*: Oh, well . . . It's all very beautiful anyway . . . But where was I when I became a mother?

MUSIC: *Up and out*

PAUL: Sit down and relax, my sweet.

CORA: What a heavenly apartment? All light and air. Gardens to look out on . . . Just the kind of a place that Paul always wanted to build . . . (*A short scream*) Oh!

PAUL: What's the matter?

CORA: The calendar! . . . (*Aside—on second thought*) Then he can hear me.

PAUL: What about the calendar?

CORA: It's May 30th, 1960!

PAUL: How careless of us.

CORA: Then it is wrong.

PAUL: Sure. But it's nothing to scream about. I'll fix it in a jiffy.

SOUND: *Tearing of paper*

PAUL: There! June 1st, 1960 . . . That's more like it.

CORA *on the verge of mental collapse*: More like it, did you say?—More like it? . . . Oh-h-h-h—Somebody tie me down.

PAUL *alarmed for the first time*: What's the matter with you, Cora?

CORA: The matter?—Paul! I just realized something terrible! . . . I'm twenty years older!

PAUL: You're raving!

CORA: Maybe I am . . . But what's more important . . . Do I look old?

PAUL: I don't know what's gotten into you.

CORA *persistently*: Paul! Do I look old?

PAUL: You look as you've always looked.

CORA *hoarsely*: Tell me the truth, Paul! I'll stand it like a soldier.

PAUL: You never looked a day over twenty-one to me.

CORA *despairingly*: Men are all alike. 1940 or 1960 vintage—they all hand out the same kind of soap. Now, Paul, I want the truth.

PAUL: Take a peek into that mirror over there if you don't believe me. Maybe that'll fix what's ailing you.

CORA: I'm afraid.

PAUL: Now go on.

CORA: All right—All right. Don't push!

PAUL: There. You're in front of it now. But how do you expect to see yourself if you keep your eyes closed. Open them up. That's it!

CORA *sighing with relief*: Oh, thank heaven! I may have lost my mind, but not my looks.

PAUL: I can't figure you out. (*Suddenly*) I got it! It must be the movie that was televised last night! You know, the one about love and strife in the volcanic forties.

CORA: Sounds familiar.

PAUL: Familiar? Why, you've identified yourself.

RADIO: The National Press Service now brings you the last-minute news bulletins.

PAUL: There goes the radio. I had it set for the news bulletins.

RADIO: Another air record has just been established by the new 250 passenger stratosphere plane which, only a few moments ago, completed a flight from Los Angeles to New York in 6½ hours . . .

CORA *stunned*: 6½ hours!

RADIO: The National Baby Foundation reports another record. The country's birth rate is the highest in its history. It's a good thing too, the Foundation reminds us, since the nation's employment statistics show there are more jobs than there are employables.

PAUL: We could use a lot more architects and engineers.

RADIO: And here's a European item. The last remnants of the Siegfried and Maginot lines, ugly reminders that war once existed on this planet, have been removed. In its place a vast community of garden homes have been built. The magnificent schools that straddle the border between North France and Germany are controlled by both governments and are attended by children of both nationalities . . . That's all for now.

CORA: What happened to that war?

PAUL: It was called off.

CORA: Called off? Why?

PAUL: Because people didn't want war, of course.

CORA *seeing the light*: Oh?—I never thought of that.

PAUL: They decided to use the same manpower, mental and physical, to build the better world we live in today. What we see around us is the historic result of better social organization, new concepts in science and research, new techniques in production and distribution.

CORA: Seems to me I heard something like that back in 1940.

PAUL: Are you going to start that 1940 business again?

CORA: I'm trying to forget about it. But something tells me that we belong back there.

PAUL: Have a cigarette. It might steady you.

CORA: Thanks. Are there no end to miracles? The cigarette lit by itself!

PAUL: Every child knows that moisture from the lips at one end of the cigarette

ignites the chemically treated tip on the other end.

CORA: If things don't stop happening, I'll swoon.

PAUL: Perhaps I'd better turn on the fan. There!

CORA *short scream*: Look!

PAUL: Look where?

CORA: Up there! The fan!

PAUL: What about it?

CORA: It's suspended mid-air. A propellor without a motor.

PAUL: Cora! Will you stop behaving like that! Motors haven't been used for fans and many other things for years. The propeller is suspended in an electro-magnetic field. It just spins when you turn on a current.

CORA: I'm dreaming.

PAUL *anxiously*: . . . And I'm calling a Doctor.

CORA: Why are you pushing that button, Paul?

PAUL *very patiently*: Try to remember now, my pet . . . There's an infirmary and Doctor attached to every house. It's only a matter of seconds after I push this button that the Doctor will be here. Now just sit quietly and relax. Everything will be all right. (*Aside*)

I wonder if she's a victim of amnesia.

SOUND *buzz*: Come in, Doctor. Come in.

DOCTOR *very professionally*: Where's the patient?

PAUL: Right here, Doctor.

DOCTOR: What seems to be the matter?

CORA: Well, you see—

PAUL: You'd better let me explain, Cora.

CORA: But—

PAUL: You see, Doctor, she seems to have forgotten everything that's happened since 1940. That was a long time ago.

DOCTOR *reminiscently*: Call that long? Seems like yesterday.

CORA: Where'd I hear that before?

DOCTOR *resuming professional air*: Sounds like a simple case of amnesia.

PAUL: That's what I thought.

DOCTOR: Does she recognize anyone?

PAUL: She recognizes me.

CORA: Oh, yes, Doctor, I recognize him. After all, he's only my husband. But what about that baby I'm supposed to have? Do you suppose I'd recognize it?

PAUL: There! You see?

DOCTOR *patiently*: My dear, young lady. I was the baby's Doctor. (*With more emphasis*) Your baby's Doctor.

CORA: Now look here, Doctor. Don't you stand there and try to talk me into a baby! It's bad enough he tried to do it.

PAUL *anxiously*: What are we going to do, Doctor?

DOCTOR *grunting professionally*: Hmph! Clear cut case of rejection! I'm afraid there's nothing I can do. I'll recommend the case to a psychiatrist immediately. He'll work the problem out with your wife. Good-day!

CORA *losing patience*: The baby's Doctor! I like that!

PAUL *pleading*: Cora. Please! Come to your senses.

CORA *making a final desperate effort*: Paul! Try to understand . . . I'd like to believe all this, but it's all too perfect . . . I could be awfully happy . . . But I just know it's not so . . . We live in an obsolete tenement amid dirt and poverty.

PAUL: You're raving again.

CORA: I'm not raving! I'm trying to make you understand. This is how things ought to be . . . not as they are. We live in an age where despair and hope are at each other's throat, an age of wars, an age of terrible contradictions and confused values . . . We live in a world where useful people like yourself can't get work—even though there's more work to be done than there are people to do it . . . A world where almost a third of the working population is out of work . . .

PAUL: You're having a nightmare!

CORA *laughs ironically*: Of course—it's a nightmare!

MUSIC: *Distant and strange*

PAUL: I'll shake the nightmare out of you!

SOUND CHAIR VOICE *distant and strange*: The city of 1960 has abundant sunshine, fresh air, fine green parkways.

CORA: Stop shaking me!
Stop shaking me! Stop shaking me! Stop shaking me! (*Begins to fade*) Stop shaking me! Stop shaking me! Stop shaking me!

MUSIC: *Builds*
Stop shaking me!

PAUL *monotonously*: You're having a nightmare you're having a nightmare you're having a (*Begins to fade*) nightmare you're having a nightmare you're having a nightmare you're having a nightmare . . .

VOICE: Modern and efficient city planning—breathtaking architecture—each city block a complete unit in-itself. Broad, oneway thoroughfares—space, sunshine, light and air. (*Begins to take on earlier quality of smooth radio voice*)

But here is an important intersection in the great metropolis of 1960! In a moment we will (*at maximum volume*) arrive on this very street intersection—to become part of . . .

MUSIC: *Up to maximum*

VOICE: this self-same scene in the world of tomorrow, in the wonder world of 1960, 1939 is twenty years ago! All eyes to the future!

MUSIC: *Hold briefly and out.*

VOICE: The attendant will assist you from your travelling chair.

ATTENDANT: Wake up, lady.

CORA *dazed*: Where am I?

ATTENDANT: You've been asleep. You're in the Futurama.

CORA: *Futurama?* (*Realizing suddenly*) Oh, I see . . .

ATTENDANT: This way out, lady.

CORA: Let me through! Let me through!

ATTENDANT: You can't go that way, lady.

CORA: Oh, can't I?

ATTENDANT *calling*: Come back here!

Where do you think you're going?

CORA *shouting off-mike*: Back to 1960!

MUSIC: *Agitato—up to maximum and out on signal from director*

PRAGUE IS QUIET

AN EXPERIMENTAL FANTASY

By LEWIS JACOBS

CUE:

ANNOUNCER: We now turn you over to our correspondents in European capitals.

MUSIC TRANSITION

1ST CORRESPONDENT: Your Berlin reporter has just learned that Wilhelm Fischer, an Elite Guard, returning from maneuvers in Prague on the night of November 17th, was shot and killed by a Czech sniper . . .

SOUND: *Switching to another station*

2ND CORRESPONDENT: This is your correspondent in Copenhagen, Denmark. The following account of events in Prague was given out to the papers by a neutral observer who found his way here from the Protectorate. (*Another voice*) On November 17th, German police broke into all student dormitories in the city's largest university and without allowing the students to dress, tied them in groups and led them away.

SOUND: *Switching to another station*

3RD CORRESPONDENT: Your Daily Herald reporter in London has just learned that yesterday Nazi police and Storm Troopers killed or wounded 30 students in a Czech university and arrested 1000 others. Twelve students were lined against a wall and shot, their bodies left in the yard where they had fallen for 24 hours as a warning . . . (*Fade*)

RADIO OPERATOR *fading through*: Von Sturm signing off. Von Sturm signing off. Prague is quiet . . . Prague is quiet . . . (*Fading*) Prague is . . .

MIDNIGHT STREET NOISES: *Fading through*—car passing—footsteps scurrying—window shuts—silence—from a distance two horsemen approaching over a cobblestone street—above the sound of the

horses' hoofs we hear the mounted Elite Guards

1ST HORSEMAN: An ominous night. All Prague is quiet.

2ND HORSEMAN: Nonsense. Your imagination.

1ST HORSEMAN: It's more than that, Hans. I feel ashamed.

2ND HORSEMAN: An example had to be made.

1ST HORSEMAN: Twelve young men shot for no reason.

2ND HORSEMAN: Your fine feelings, Wilhelm, may some day be mistaken for treason.

1ST HORSEMAN: I shot into the air. I saw only what looked like my own boy's face.

2ND HORSEMAN: I did not hear that remark. Schoolboys have no business with politics. This is war, remember.

1ST HORSEMAN: War Politics. Words with many meanings.

2ND HORSEMAN: You are too sensitive for soldiers' work, Wilhelm. You should have remained in your school in Berlin teaching the glories of a past history. Doubts—questions—must be stifled. Even as the student demonstrations today.

1ST HORSEMAN: I was not trained to become a murderer.

2ND HORSEMAN *bringing his horse to a halt*: Careful, Wilhelm! Our Gestapo leader may already be here.

1ST HORSEMAN *pulling his own horse up*: He! Here!

2ND HORSEMAN: He will soon ferret out who is behind these stupid demonstrations.

SOUND: *Horses start again*

1ST HORSEMAN: More violence. More terror. More murder.

2ND HORSEMAN: Hold your tongue!

1ST HORSEMAN: How will all this end?

2ND HORSEMAN: Questions again! You're talking yourself into trouble, Wilhelm.

1ST HORSEMAN: My head's in a whirl, Hans. Today's happenings were too much for me.

2ND HORSEMAN: Then keep quiet. Your German was beginning to sound like Czech gibberish.

SOUND: *Both ride along in silence for a moment*

1ST HORSEMAN *pulling his horse up sharply*: Hans! Stop!

2ND HORSEMAN *stopping*: Damn it! What is it now!

1ST HORSEMAN *alarmed*: There . . . there . . . did you see it?

2ND HORSEMAN: See what? . . . I see nothing.

1ST HORSEMAN: That statue there! There in Rautheshouse Platz!

2ND HORSEMAN: Old Johannes Hus . . . symbol of the Czech republic . . . republic, indeed . . . I see no reason to stop.

1ST HORSEMAN: But it . . . moved!

2ND HORSEMAN *starting his horse*: Bah! You'll be telling me it spoke next . . .

1ST HORSEMAN *starting his horse, too*: I tell you it did move!

2ND HORSEMAN: Better tell it to the doctor when we get back to headquarters.

1ST HORSEMAN: Oh I know what you're thinking. But I'm certain it moved. As certain as . . .

2ND HORSEMAN: Enough of this foolishness! (*Fade in rain*) Hurry, it's beginning to rain.

SOUND: *They speed their horses up and ride along in silence for a moment—the patter of rain continues throughout the remainder of the scene*

1ST HORSEMAN: There is an inscription on that statue, which the Czechs believe will someday come true . . .

2ND HORSEMAN: Superstitious nonsense!

STATUE *whisper of the metallic voice of the statue Johannes Hus*:

You may kill the goose

But a hundred years from now

There will come a swan

Whom you will never kill!

1ST HORSEMAN: For God's sake, Hans, did you hear it? The inscription!

2ND HORSEMAN: I heard nothing. Keep going.

1ST HORSEMAN: I'm afraid, Hans . . . afraid.

2ND HORSEMAN: Wilhelm Fischer, I place you under arrest! You will direct your horse before me to the guard house . . . My gun is aimed straight between your shoulder blades. No tricks. Forward!

SOUND: *The horses of the two Elite Guards gallop off—fade through . . .*

THE VOICE OF THE STATUE *automaton*: The ancient sculptor who carved my inscription

Carved better than he knew.

The deeds committed by intruders

Herald a blight to rue.

SOUND: *A cordon of goosestepping Elite Guards approaching—over them the voice of statue*

The relief guard. Already on their way.

They'll be favored by another presence

No prisoner, yet one who'll welcome

The companionship of his guarded brothers.

SOUND: *The guards are now full up—as they goosestep past the mike—the hollow footsteps of the statue emphasized can be heard following them*

OFFICER: Company halt!

SOUND: *Marching stops—opening of an iron door*

OFFICER: Corporal Freund and the relief guard. 3rd regiment, 2nd patrol reporting for duty to prison barracks number 18.

RECEIVING OFFICER: Corporal Klinger offers his thanks. A bitter day it's been with those students. Enter Corporal Freund.

SOUND: *The goosestepping guards march into the prison barracks—the statue follows—its steps stand out clear and sharp behind the others—the prison gates close.*

(*Silence*)

SOUND: *Fade in a ticking clock—over the ticking the slow but rhythmic approach of the statue—over that, the whispering of the prisoners*

1ST PRISONER: Josef! Wake up!

2ND PRISONER *yawning*: Ugggh it's black as night here . . .

1ST PRISONER: Don't shove so. My back!

3RD PRISONER: You two at it again? Remember the guards . . .

1ST PRISONER: I'm scared. I should never have listened to you. My body aches from the beatings . . .

2ND PRISONER: And my head aches from your jabbering . . .

3RD PRISONER: Can't you guys keep quiet even in prison?

4TH PRISONER: Sh . . . sh . . . someone's coming.

5TH PRISONER: Remember! no names . . . no organizations . . . no information of any kind . . .

STATUE *whispering*: Spoken like a soldier, not a prisoner.

PRISONERS (*all together*): Who was that? (*Silence*)

1ST PRISONER: They've planted spies among us:

2ND PRISONER: Keep quiet everybody. It's a trick.

3RD PRISONER: Pretend we're asleep.

STATUE: There is no need for fear. I come to help not harm you.

4TH PRISONER: Who are you?

STATUE: A countryman.

5TH PRISONER: Why can't we see you?

1ST PRISONER: Your voice sounds strange for a countryman.

STATUE: You must believe me. There is no time for explanations. The day has been bloody. The night may be more so. But keep the morrow in mind.

2ND PRISONER: A prisoner knows no tomorrow.

STATUE: A prisoner with a cause does. You are not mercenaries. The enemy is. Even though you are deprived of weapons and means of fighting, you must not lose hope. No, never that. Nor allay the bitterness that has been beaten into you. It is through that bitterness that defeat will turn to triumph . . .

3RD PRISONER: We have heard those words before. History books are full of such . . .

STATUE: And you shall continue to hear them until Prague is free again. Despite the stone and steel which separate and imprison you, you are not divided. Others stand waiting . . . to heed . . . to join you. (*Begin fade*) Remember Johannes Hus!

(*Silence*)

SOUND: *A babble of excited voices*

1ST PRISONER: It was he! A voice across the centuries!

2ND PRISONER: An omen. We must not despair.

3RD PRISONER *crying out*: Prague has re-awakened!

SOUND: *Bugle call to arms—prisoners shout — cheer — whistle — pandemo-*

nium breaks out—fade through running—guards down corridors

OFFICER: Halt! (*Guardsmen stop—officer shouting to prisoners*) If you don't stop this infernal racket I'll have every one of you shot!

(*A sudden abysmal silence*)

SOUND *Entire prison breaking out into a mass chant*: Strike out, imprisoned, wretched, disposed! Strike out!

(*The microphone becomes mobile giving the effect of moving through the prison corridors to pick up the chanters*)

PRISONERS:

Mankind's woe is Prague's misery.

Prague's misery is civilization's doom.

Shudder world. Violence reigns.

Death comes now and ruin.

1ST CHORUS: No ruin!

2ND CHORUS: No ruin!

3RD CHORUS: Strike out, imprisoned. Be free!

ALL: Strike out the murderers for Liberty! For liberty!

OFFICER: Fire!

SOUND: *A volley of guns go off—chanters stronger—voices full—behind them guns going off*

3RD CHORUS: Strike out, wretched, imprisoned, disposed!

2ND CHORUS: Strike out the autocrat, the dictatorship, the dynasty!

1ST CHORUS: Strike out their lust, their terror, their infamy! (*Guns fade into*) Their whole rotten system of tyranny!

SOUND: *Tolling bells clear and up—then down again under voice of statue*

STATUE:

Roll on, sorrowful bells of Czechoslovakia

Roll on.

You Prague, and you Kladno, and you Beroun,

You Horowice, and you Kosice, and you Brno,

And you hundred other cities and municipalities.

Hold your tears and lift your heads

Deny this martial law, this foreign blight

Stamp out this shame.

Clear your name!

Roll on, oh bells, roll on

Ever on . . .

Roll across the face of stricken Czechoslovakia!

SOUND: *Tolling bells echoing across great distances—slow fade out—fade in rain falling—over it a low moan*

STATUE *whispering*: Wounded, bleeding, Czechoslovakia.

(*The moan is repeated—a woman scurries across a courtyard in the direction of the moan*)

STATUE *whispering*: As word precedes the miracle

Death forecasts life.

SOUND. *The scurrying figure stops—it is a young woman—she begins to sob—falling rain continues throughout the scene*

A WOUNDED COLLEGE STUDENT: Do not cry, Freda . . . neither for me nor for my fellow students who gave their lives today . . . we would have died in any event.

GIRL *through sobs*: Blessed Mother of the Resurrection, please do not take him away . . .

STUDENT: Silly Freda, devout Freda . . . You should have been a magdalene, painted for the great town church . . . and I . . . I an unruly boy . . . throwing pebbles up at you . . . jealous of the sun . . . caressing your cheeks . . .

GIRL *fit of sobbing*: Werner! Werner!

STUDENT: There, there. The jest was ill taken. What's happening with the living?

GIRL: Hush. You must not speak . . . I'll get you to a doctor . . .

STUDENT: No use, Freda . . . I'm done for . . . like the rest of them. . . . What about Prague?

GIRL: Quiet . . . All too quiet . . .

STUDENT: And the countryside . . . the factories . . . the market places . . . the taverns . . . what about them?

GIRL: Nothing stirs but the wind . . . An ominous wind . . . A plague has come over the land . . .

STUDENT: A brown plague . . . But there was a day . . . yesterday . . .

GIRL: You are in pain . . . I must get you to a doctor.

STUDENT: A day of days . . .

GIRL: Still darling . . . a day of sorrow . . .

STUDENT: No, Freda, no sorrow . . . twelve of us gave our lives . . .

GIRL: Quiet, sweet . . . Let me lift you . . . The doctor will soon have you well again. . .

SOUND: *She tries to lift the wounded student—he cries out in pain—she places him down again*

STUDENT: Too late, Freda . . . I belong here with the other eleven . . . A dozen examples to warn the living and to harden them . . .

GIRL: Hush, darling, hush . . .

STUDENT: There's nothing to fear now . . . Freda . . . My pulse goes . . . but my image remains . . . That should give you strength—strength, Freda. . . . What is this strange new presence I feel? Do you see anyone, Freda?

GIRL *praying*: Not yet, Mother of Christ . . . Not yet . . .

STUDENT: Your sobbing breaks my heart, Freda . . . Even more than the bullets from their guns . . . That called for courage . . . tears bring on tenderness . . . Dry them, Freda, and think of our stricken land . . . That will make you strong again . . .

SOUND: *Girl stills her sobs*

STUDENT: There, that's better . . . Now bend over me . . . Not as a sweetheart . . . as a mother . . . There . . . so . . . tell me . . . is that tears from your secret heart? Or is it rain that beats down on my face? No . . . better not speak . . . let me . . . for . . . time is short . . .

STATUE *whispering*: You may kill the goose

But a hundred years from now

There will be a swan

Whom you will never kill!

STUDENT: I seem to hear old Johannes Hus . . . You remember him, Freda? That statue in the square . . . We used to play there as children . . . Remember how we would read its inscription aloud? How do the words go, Freda? I've forgotten them.

GIRL *between sobs*: You . . . may . . . kill . . . the goose . . .

But a . . . hundred . . . years . . . from . . . now . . .

(*Filter*) There . . . will . . . be . . . a swan . . .

Whom . . . you . . . will . . . never . . . kill . . .

STUDENT *over girl's recitation*: For it was in death that Johannes Hus came to the living. More clearly than ever I see him now—even though I'm no longer a part of the living and he is no longer a part of the dead . . .

GIRL: Your words are bloodless . . . your eyes are blazing . . .

STUDENT: How far away everything seems . . . Yesterday we came to school with the sun in our hearts . . . It was in our words in class . . . in our defiance when the imported professor tried to still us . . . and then . . . when we barricaded ourselves against the troops . . . the sun sent rays of hope through our bodies . . . then they marched us out into the yard . . . and stood us soldier-wise against the wall . . . facing drawn rifles . . . A cloud seemed to pass over the sun as I looked into one of the soldier's eyes . . . He turned away . . . remembering his own boy . . . after that a sickening thud as the yard came up to embrace us . . . (*A shriek of pain escapes him*) Kiss me, Freda . . . quickly! (*They kiss—a moment of silence except for the falling rain—then the student releases himself from the girl's embrace and faintly*): The burden of the sun is now yours, Freda . . . I felt it in your burning face . . .

STATUE *whispering*: There will come a swan

Whom you will never kill!

STUDENT *fainter*: I seem to hear old Johannes Hus, whispering again . . . flags are waving . . . men are marching . . . smoke comes from factory chimneys . . . I hear laughter . . . the countryside rings with gayety . . . The world once more seems a happy place . . . Blinding rays break through the heavens like the pictures in my father's bible . . . People are dancing crazily . . . streets seem to revolve . . . faster

and faster . . . I see . . . a . . . ball of . . . rushing . . . blinding . . . fire . . . fire . . .

SOUND: *There is a volley of guns*

STUDENT *shrieking*: Freda! I see!

Silence

SOUND: *Girl breaks down—sobbing freely over her sobs*

STATUE *whispering*: You may kill the goose

But a hundred years from now

There will be a swan

Whom you will never kill!

SOUND: *Girl's sobbing—rain falling*

STATUE: *Fading through as though from great distances—the tolling of bells over all. Roll on, sorrowful bells of Czechoslovakia*

Roll on.

You Prague, and you Kladno, and you Beroun,

You Horowitz, and you Kosice, and you Brno,

And you hundred other cities and municipalities.

Hold your tears and lift your heads

Deny this martial law, this foreign blight

Stamp out this shame.

Clear your name!

Roll on, oh bells, roll on

Ever on . . .

Until the stricken face of every nation
Is healed . . . again!

SOUND: *Bells up full—fade through*

VOICE OF RADIO OPERATOR: Von Sturm signing off . . . Von Sturm sign off . . .

Prague is quiet . . . Prague is quiet . . .
Prague is . . .

MUSIC: *Up and fade out*

DERRICKS ON A HILL

A DRAMA

By ROBERT WHITEHAND

(Prize-winning play in Drake University Radio Contest. Produced by
WSUI, Iowa City)

NARRATOR: It is a spring evening in the heart of the Oklahoma oil fields. The noise of the drilling wells can be heard faintly within the Jenkins shack. A young woman is sitting by the window looking dreamily out at the derricks. Her brother, just home from work, enters this room, which is used for kitchen and living-room. He starts washing his face and hands.

SOUND: *Swish of water*

BUCK: When do we eat? (Pause) I said, when do we eat?

MARGE *absently*: Eat . . . ?

BUCK: Yeh—supper. Say, are you loony again? What's the matter with you?

MARGE *quickly*: Nothing! Nothing at all! Honest, Buck!

BUCK: Last night you put pepper on the meat when you know Harry and me don't like pepper. Then you threw away the white of an egg and try to beat the shell. The next thing I know you'll try to open a can of beans with a crowbar.

MARGE: Don't you ever get tired nagging me? That's all I hear, day and night.

BUCK: Maybe I ought-a be glad you aren't twins. Where's ma?

MARGE: Down to the mail-box.

BUCK: It's a wonder you wouldn't make trips like that and save her all the extra steps you can.

MARGE: She was expecting something extra special and wanted to get it herself.

BUCK: Was she all right today?

MARGE: She still goes around dazed-like.

BUCK: Last night Harry and me could hear her mumbling in her sleep.

MARGE: She hadn't ought to carry on thisaway. Men get killed every day.

BUCK: You talk like you'd lost a mother-in-law instead of your own father.

MARGE *indifferently*: The dead can't be with us always. It's time we forgot.

BUCK: I reckon you and me and Harry have already. It's only ma that keeps on remembering. What're you looking at them derricks for? Is there something pretty out there?

MARGE: I was just thinking . . .

BUCK: About your driller friend, I reckon.

MARGE. Maybe.

BUCK: You keep running around with him, and you'll come to no good end.

MARGE: You're a fine one to talk about the company I keep. I've never seen you being particular.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

BUCK: 'Lo, Ma.

MOTHER: Ain't Harry here yet?

BUCK: I guess he had a hard day getting that well rigged up and ready to steam.

MOTHER: It scares me for him to be out working on a new derrick.

MARGE: He's old enough to take care of hisself all right.

BUCK: There's nothing to worry about.

MOTHER: You and Harry are just like your dad was, coming in any time for your meals with never a care in the world.

BUCK: Mostly the meals are later than we are.

MOTHER: You won't have to worry about them being late anymore.

BUCK: How's that?

MOTHER: Marge is leaving tomorrow.

MARGE *startled*: Leaving! What're you talking about?

MOTHER: This letter's from your grand-pap. He's coming tonight for you to go and live with him in the city.

BUCK: That'll be one break for the Jenkins family.

MARGE: You never told me anything about all this.

MOTHER: You'll get a chance to make something out of yourself. You can go to school and study. Maybe you'll get a job.

MARGE: What if I don't want to go?

MOTHER: If you'd lived in the oil fields long as I have, you'd jump at a chance to get away.

MARGE: But I like it here fine. It's like living in a world where nobody rests and nobody needs to rest. There's men hurrying and trucks moving all the time.

MOTHER: You don't know how the sight of 'em drains everything out of you till you don't want to get up mornings. You don't know yet what it's like to get sick of the smell—and that infernal racket.

BUCK: You can't change Marge. Once she gets her mind set, she's worse'n a deaf mule.

MOTHER: I never had my way in many things, Marge. But now you might as well go and pack.

MARGE: I figured on going to town this evening.

BUCK: So that's where your mind's been all evening—on that two-bit driller.

MARGE: Anyway he makes more money than you or Harry.

MOTHER: You got no call to be talking about your brothers that-away.

MARGE: Then make him quit running Al down.

MOTHER: Marge ain't seen him for a long time, son.

BUCK: Where was she last night?

MARGE: I went to the dance.

BUCK: See there!

MOTHER: Now leave her be, Buck. She's tired out with carrying the groceries from town this morning.

BUCK: Maybe that ought-a help her remember who's paying the bills around here.

MARGE: You don't let me forget. But maybe you won't . . . (*stops suddenly*)

BUCK: Won't what?

MARGE: Nothing. (*Pause*) It's mighty scrimpy bills you pay.

MOTHER: We do need a little more money, son. The funeral cost us everything.

BUCK: Ma, you got to stop thinking about things that're past.

MOTHER: I'm beyond thinking now. It wasn't so unlikely to happen, and I wasn't surprised when they come and told me. Anybody that lives in the oil fields for thirty years without getting killed must have something almighty behind 'em. And even that can't keep 'em from getting hurt always.

BUCK: You stop worrying. Next month we'll have more money for you. We're going on to that new Illinois field.

MOTHER: Buck, do we have to move? Couldn't we stay here for a while?

BUCK: We got to go where the jobs are. This field's about drilled in.

MOTHER: You're getting more like your pa every day, always on the go, afraid you'll miss a new boom . . . and me wanting all the time to settle down to one place so's I could raise a garden. After you been looking at nothing but the hard ground, black with oil and cut up with ditches, you just want to set for a long time where you can see green trees and grass.

BUCK: There'll be lots-a trees in Texas.

MOTHER: Couldn't you hire out as pump-ers and settle down here?

BUCK: Not me and Harry. We're the moving kind. The air starts feeling thick after we've been in one place six weeks.

MOTHER: Sometimes a body gets tired of always moving from place to place. Especially when you've always wanted a nice clean house with solid walls and a feather bed you can sleep on without getting the backache.

BUCK: Don't me and Harry take care-a you?

MOTHER: I reckon we manage to get by all right. Son, will you go for a loaf of bread?

BUCK: Sure, ma. If Harry comes in, tell him I got something planned for to-night.

MARGE: Something planned—no wonder you never give ma enough money for groceries.

BUCK: A man's got to have a party now and then.

MARGE: Yet you fuss when I go to a dance.

BUCK: All right! All right! Have it your own way! Have everything your way!

SOUND: *Door opening and slamming*

MARGE: So you're going to move again . . . Like when we left Ohio—then Texas.

MOTHER: Now you see what can happen if you stayed here. You'd marry some driller or roustabout and follow him to each stinking boom. You'd be caught in the oil fields for the rest-a your days, and when your man was killed you'd follow his sons.

MARGE: This is where I belong. There's something about the derricks, something that makes me want to stand and look at 'em for a long time.

MOTHER: But in a few years you stop looking at 'em and after a while you even forget what they look like. You just hear 'em pounding in your ears.

MARGE: I like to sneak off sometimes and listen to the drilling. The derricks stand tall and straight like they were pushed up through the ground. Then puffs of steam come out of the rotaries and float up in the air like little clouds.

MOTHER: A derrick's just steel braces men use to get the oil. And somebody's always getting killed—like your pa was. You ain't forgot how they came to tell us that pipe slipped and hit him.

MARGE: People get killed every place—even in the city where you want me to go.

MOTHER: But a city won't change your own flesh and blood till they don't seem a part of you. It don't make you feel like there's something pressing in on all sides, trying to smother the life out of you. And you get to where there's no feeling left inside for the things you once liked.

MARGE: That's just you, Ma. Other people are different.

MOTHER: There ain't a woman lived in the oil fields long without knowing the sorrow of losing someone dear.

MARGE: I'd rather live for a little while where I like it instead of a long time where I don't.

MOTHER: You don't live a short time. You live a long time, and the longer you live the more you hate the fields. And when the wind changes and you

hear the rotaries outside, you nearly go crazy. It's a sound that never stops.

MARGE: It's a sound that I want. All this is a part of me, the fields, and derricks, and rotaries . . .

MOTHER: You're young.

MARGE: Don't you understand? Something you hate might be the thing that'd make me happy.

MOTHER: You don't know.

MARGE: I've got to learn—I've got to find out for myself.

MOTHER: I won't let you learn it the way I did.

MARGE: Ma, listen. If I told you that I can't go with grandpap—really can't—would you believe me?

MOTHER: It'd be more likely to say you can't because you don't want to.

MARGE: Then you wouldn't believe me. All right I'll go and pack.

SOUND: *Door opening and closing—then a knock*

MOTHER: Hello, Bill. I ain't seen you for a long time. Come right in and make yourself to home.

SOUND: *Door opening and closing*

BILL: Mrs. Jenkins, I . . .

MOTHER: And stay for supper, too. Harry'll be here in a few minutes.

BILL: That's what I wanted to see you about, Mrs. Jenkins. About Harry.

MOTHER: What on earth can it be? Bill, you and him didn't throw over your jobs?

BILL: No . . . something slipped. It was the crownblock, when we . . .

MOTHER: Bill! Is Harry hurt? Is that it?

BILL: Somebody had to come and tell you, and since I knew him everybody thought I should.

MOTHER: Where's he at?

BILL: They come in an ambulance and took him into Seminole.

MOTHER: Nobody can do for someone that's hurt like their own mother can. We'll have to hurry so's I can catch a ride over to Seminole.

BILL: I'm afraid there's no use going . . .

MOTHER: What! (*Slowly*) Not that . . . Not Harry like that . . .

BILL: I'm sorry, Mrs. Jenkins. The men did everything they could.

MOTHER: It couldn't of been Harry! How do you know it was! You didn't see him, did you?

BILL: It ain't nobody's fault. Things like that just happen.

MOTHER *brokenly*: I reckon it can't be helped. Only it had to be me and mine twice.

BILL: If there's anything I can do . . .

MOTHER: There's nothing anybody can do now.

BILL: It's getting dark. Want me to light your lamp?

MOTHER: Not yet a while.

BILL: They said for me to tell you that Harry'll be ready tomorrow afternoon.

SOUND: *Door opening and closing*

MARGE: 'Lo, Bill.

BILL: Hi, Marge.

MOTHER: I'm glad it was one of his friends that came and told me.

BILL: Well, good night.

SOUND: *Door opening and closing*

MARGE: Ma, what is it about Harry?

MOTHER: He's dead.

MARGE: Ma! What're we going to do?

MOTHER: A woman don't know what to do for a dead son when she's used to seeing him working and eating in day time and sleeping at night.

MARGE: But he's coming home. Everything's all ready . . .

MOTHER: Things like this always come quick, like lightning, or like there was somebody beyond that won't let you do with your life what you want to.

MARGE: Buck'll be back in a little bit.

MOTHER: He'll have to know.

MARGE: Then what? What'll we do then?

MOTHER: Tonight'll be the worst. Tomorrow we'll see Harry all laid out in a brass coffin, like your pa was. We'll walk by and look at him again before they shut down the lid.

MARGE *frightened*: Ma!

MOTHER: Somehow I knew all my life this would happen.

MARGE: I've been trying to tell you all day . . .

MOTHER: What will happen is bound to happen, no matter what a body hopes or believes.

MARGE: I can't be here tomorrow.

MOTHER: What is it you're saying?

MARGE: I got married this morning . . . You've got to understand. You and Buck ain't liking Al, but I do, and I'm the one that'll have to live with him.

MOTHER: But you didn't tell me . . .

MARGE: I came back from town intending to tell you, but I just couldn't. Then I thought I'd go on away and write to you from wherever Al and me went.

MOTHER: You'll have to let him know somehow . . . about Harry.

MARGE: But I don't want him to know. Me and Harry never got along. It wouldn't make any difference to him what I did.

MOTHER: He's your brother.

MARGE: Al is expecting me tonight.

MOTHER: Harry'll be expecting us tomorrow,

MARGE: It ain't but a little time before I'm supposed to meet Al.

MOTHER: A girl should be with her kin in times of sorrow.

MARGE: It ain't fair for something like this to happen—now.

MOTHER: Things that happen can't be helped.

MARGE: They're lighting up the derricks early tonight. When it gets dark and the lights flash on, it's like looking at a whole new world.

MOTHER: You'll be staying?

MARGE: Ma, you couldn't expect it. Anyway there's nothing I could do.

MOTHER: Just being here is something.

MARGE: I've been counting on this night for a long time, longer even than you know about.

MOTHER: It wouldn't seem right for you not to be here.

MARGE: But I can't stay—not on my wedding night.

MOTHER: You've got to.

MARGE: I can't, I tell you! (*Reverently*) It seems like my whole life is ready to start all over. I couldn't stop that; could I?

MOTHER *slowly*: No . . . I reckon you couldn't. But maybe you can come over tomorrow.

MARGE: That's it! I'll come and see you tomorrow! Ma, there's Buck coming up the hill! I don't want him to see me leaving!

MOTHER: You'd better go out the back way.

MARGE: Yeh! He won't see me then! (*Softly*) Ma, I'd stay with you—but a person's got to go with the thing that pulls them strongest. You know that, don't you? Goodbye, Ma.

MOTHER: Goodbye.

SOUND: *Door opening and closing—the rotaries growing louder—another door opening and closing*

BUCK: Ain't Harry here yet?

MOTHER: He ain't coming home tonight.

BUCK: Where's he staying?

MOTHER: In Seminole. Bill came and told me.

BUCK: That old devil! Here I go and plan a party for him, and he goes off on one of his own. I'll bet he's got a date with that redhead he met at the dance last week. The lucky stiff! If he went in the old maid's home on a blind date, he'd come out with a good-looker.

MOTHER Sit down, son. Supper'll be ready in a minit.

BUCK: Where's Sis?

MOTHER She's gone away for a while.

BUCK: Ma, is anything wrong?

MOTHER. What makes you think there is?

BUCK: You're acting kind of queer.

MOTHER: I shouldn't be. Now you go on and enjoy your meal. And after supper you and me must have a talk.

FRONTIER FIGHTERS

A HISTORICAL ADVENTURE

I: WYATT EARP

By NATHAN BERLIN AND RICHARD PACK

MUSIC: *Theme up and under*

ANNOUNCER: FRONTIER FIGHTERS!

MUSIC: *Theme up and under*

ANNOUNCER: Gun men . . . cattle rustlers . . . train robbers . . . that's what we think of when we hear stories of the Wild West. Billy the Kid, the James Boys, and a hundred other outlaws are the famous names of Frontier Days. Yes . . . these are the names that we remember . . . but there are other names, and other men, who really made the West. Men whose six shooters spoke not for crime, but for the law. Their names may be lost, but their deeds. . . well, there's a million square miles of peaceful, prosperous country that stands as a monument to their deeds. To these men . . . the marshals of the West . . . America owes an everlasting debt. They made possible the great nation we have today. What thrilling stories there are in their battles for the law! And what a man we have to tell you those stories! Just listen to the Old Scout . . . and what he has to say about . . . FRONTIER FIGHTERS!

OLD SCOUT: Well, they call me an old timer, and I guess I am. Some of the youngsters seem to think that the Old West that I knew really wasn't so tough . . . that it was something like a comic opera. I don't know. The men I knew seemed plenty tough to us. I don't like to say anything against the G men you boys are always telling me about. They sure know their business. But sometimes I wonder what they'd have done if they'd been in Wyatt Earp's boots. Course . . . maybe you never heard of Wyatt. Say . . . I can see him now . . . tall, kinda slender, and sorta loose in the joints. There

never was a better fightin' man. But the story of Wyatt Earp really goes back to when he was a kid. You don't become a great fighter without training, and Wyatt got his, right by the end of the Civil War. Wyatt's pa, Captain Nicholas Earp, had decided to move his family from Illinois out to California. Not up in the gold country, but to San Bernardino, where a man could raise a mighty fine crop if he wanted to work. The Earps were pretty well known in those days . . . they could all shoot, and shoot straight, and it wasn't any surprise that the folks goin' out to California with the Earps elected the Captain to head their train . . .

SOUND: *Fade to BG noises of horses neighing—wagon wheels crunching—shouts of mule drivers, etc.*

MAN: Guess we're pretty near ready to start, eh Captain?

EARP: Start at crack o' dawn tomorrow.

MAN: Good! Party all complete now?

EARP: Just one more wagon . . . fellow from down Springfield way . . . name of Jenkins. Hope he's not late.

MAN: Hey . . . there comes a wagon now.

EARP: That must be him.

SOUND: *Sound of wagon coming to a stop*
JENKINS *off mike*: Whoa there. Any of you gentlemen tell me where I can find Captain Earp?

EARP: My name's Earp.

JENKINS: I'm Jenkins, Captain. Might'y glad to know you.

EARP: Howdy. Like you to meet Joe Bates here . . . he's going with us.

JENKINS: Howdy.

MAN: Howdy.

EARP: Glad you came on time Jenkins. We leave tomorrow morning.

JENKINS: Wait a minute, captain . . . not so fast.

EARP: Why . . . what's wrong?

JENKINS: Well, you know I haven't signed up yet . . . and before I join any wagon train there's a couple of questions I'd like to ask. No offense, y'understand, but I got a wife and kids comin' along, and it's a mighty dangerous trip to California.

EARP: That's right.

JENKINS: Before I start I want to be sure of the kinda party I'm goin' with.

EARP: Can't blame you a bit. Well, we've got forty wagons, and 150 people . . . and every one of the men knows how to handle a gun. We've got a first rate scout . . . and as for me . . .

JENKINS: You don't have to say anything about yourself, Captain, everyone knows the kind of man you are. Hear there ain't a better one to lead a train. But . . .

EARP: Go ahead . . . speak up.

JENKINS: Well . . . what about food? That's awful important on a trip like this. Who's your hunter?

EARP: One of the best.

JENKINS: Don't mind if I ask his name?

EARP: I'll let you meet him. (*Calling out*) Wyatt!

WYATT *off mike*: Yes, Pa, coming . . .

EARP: Mr. Jenkins, I want you meet my son Wyatt.

WYATT: Howdy, Mr. Jenkins.

JENKINS: Howdy, son. But where's our hunter, captain?

EARP: *Wyatt's* our hunter.

JENKINS: But . . . he's just a boy.

WYATT: I'm past sixteen, sir!

JENKINS: But captain . . . you've got a hundred and fifty people . . . you can't let them depend on a sixteen year old for their food!

CAPTAIN: Mr. Jenkins . . . Wyatt may be my son, but if I didn't think he was the best hunter in this whole party, he wouldn't have the job!

JENKINS: I dunno. We're goin' through rough country. I hate to think that the lives of me and my family are in the hands of a youngster like him.

EARP: Wyatt, I think Mr. Jenkins needs some convincing.

WYATT: Looks that way.

EARP: Take this rifle.

SOUND: *Loading rifle*

EARP: Mr. Jenkins . . . do you see that tree over there?

JENKINS: Yup.

EARP: How far would you say that was?

JENKINS: Oo, 'bout seventy five yards, I reckon.

EARP: See that twig growing out by itself, about half way up the trunk?

JENKINS: Yup.

EARP: All right, Wyatt . . . go ahead.

SOUND: *Shot*

JENKINS *whistles in amazement*: What a shot!

CAPTAIN: Well, Wyatt, think we can convince him some more?

WYATT: Sure, pa.

EARP: Mr. Jenkins, have you got a silver dollar on you? . . . That's fine. Now, throw it up in the air . . . as hard as you can.

JENKINS: All right. (*Grunts*) Unh!

SOUND: *Shot*

JENKINS: Well I'll be . . . he hit it!

EARP: Plugged it . . . dead center. (*Laughs*) Sorry to ruin your dollar.

JENKINS: It's all right captain, it's worth a dollar to see shootin' like that!

EARP: Well . . . satisfied with our young hunter?

JENKINS: I should say I am! You can count me in your party . . . And say, son,

WYATT: Yes, sir . . .

JENKINS: Can I put in my order now for a nice thick buffalo steak?

SOUND: *General laughter*

JENKINS: See you in the morning, captain. You too Wyatt.

EARP: Right.

WYATT: Good bye, sir.

SOUND: *Horses and wagon going off—sound of camp noises—up and under—*

EARP: That was nice shooting, son.

WYATT: Thanks, Pa.

EARP: How do you like that gun?

WYATT: It's a beauty . . . best I ever handled.

EARP: It's yours Wyatt.

WYATT: Gee, that's your best gun . . .

EARP: I know . . . there's no finer gun in the West . . . but a good hunter needs a good gun . . . and it's time you had one of your own.

WYATT: Thanks, Pa, thanks. (*Fade*)

OLD SCOUT: They started the next day, just as they'd planned. You've got to remember that in those days you didn't take out a road map, decide on U. S. No. 6, and head west. No, sir! You started out on a prairie, and you never

hit a road from one end of the month to the next. Once in a while there was a town . . . but mostly the Earp train went through wild country. Things went pretty smoothly for a while. There was plenty of game, and Wyatt's new gun brought down enough food for everyone. But after they'd passed Omaha . . . that was a different story. They were in the Indian country, and they began to run into real trouble.

They were raided a couple of times, and lost a few head of cattle. But it wasn't much. Then, one morning, at sun-up, when the whole party was having breakfast, Wyatt and one of the older hands were guarding the live stock, about a mile from camp. (*Fade out and into*)

SOUND: *Horses galloping and whinnying—cattle lowing in BG.*

JOE: Shame about Chapman. Did you see him when they brought him in?

WYATT: Yeah . . . gee, a scalped man sure looks awful.

JOE: He was a great fellow.

WYATT: Sure was . . . but it's a good lesson for us.

JOE: What do you mean?

WYATT: Well, if he'd done what pa said . . .

JOE: You mean not run when the Indians attack . . . but stay and shoot, and wait for the rest to catch up?

WYATT: That's what pa says. If you run they'll get you every time. If it ever happens to me, that's what I'm going to do.

JOE: Look son, when it happens to you, you don't know what you'll do. Don't be so sure of yourself.

WYATT: But pa says . . .

JOE: What your pa says and what you'll do will be two different things.

WYATT: Is that so? Well you just . . . wait a minute . . . what was that?

JOE: I didn't hear anything.

WYATT: Look . . . down there by the river . . . Indians!

JOE: They'll come up that path and get the live stock!

WYATT: Not if I can help it!

JOE: What you goin' to do?

WYATT: That Indian in front is the leader. Shoot him, and they'll all run.

SOUND: *Gun being cocked*

JOE: No, you fool! They'll get us sure if you do that!

SOUND: *Horse whinnies and stamps about*
WYATT: Whoa there . . . quiet. What did you hit my gun for! I can't get him now . . . he's behind those trees.

JOE: Come on . . . let's run for it. We still have time.

WYATT: And lose all our cattle and horses? We can't do that!

JOE: But we can't fight them all ourselves. Come on . . . we'll be killed!

WYATT: Wait . . . I have a plan.

JOE: What's that?

WYATT: First shoot . . . to warn the camp.

SOUND: *Two guns in rapid succession—Indian yells*

WYATT: Now . . . head for the live stock.

SOUND: *Horses galloping—this and sound of live stock mill-around is in the background constantly*

JOE: What're you goin' to do, Wyatt?

WYATT: Stampede the herd. Head them for the Indians.

JOE: That's right! They're on a narrow path and they'll have to scatter or get killed.

SOUND: *Whoops by Wyatt and Joe—Sound of live stock up as they become frightened*

WYATT: Over that way . . . up the hill. Get those mules, Joe, don't let them run off.

JOE: I'll get 'em. Yahoo! get up there!

WYATT: Good work . . . they're headed up the hill.

JOE: The rest are following them. We've got them Wyatt, we've got them!

WYATT: The Indians are running. Drive 'em right through, Joe, down the path.

SOUND: *War whoops as the cattle drive through the Indians*

JOE: What'll we do when we get to the river?

WYATT: Make 'em swim it . . . they'll be safe on the other side.

SOUND: *Cattle up followed by splashes as they go into the river*

WYATT: They'll be all right. Now . . . let's get those Indians.

SOUND: *Shots, as Wyatt and Joe shoot—ad lib—got him, etc.—more shots come in, in the background—coming closer and closer—shots slow down and stop*

WYATT: A narrow escape.

JOE: Good thing the others heard us, and came a runnin'.

WYATT: I knew they'd do that.

JOE: I've got to give you credit, Wyatt . . . that was mighty fast thinking.

WYATT: It wasn't my thinking Joe, I just followed pa's advice.

SOUND: *Horses galloping up—then out*

EARP: You boys all right?

JOE: Sure captain, we're all right.

EARP: Where's the live stock?

WYATT: Across the river Pa, . . . not one lost.

EARP: Good work! We owe you a lot Joe. You handled this fine. If we'd lost those cattle, and horses and mules we'd have been in a bad way.

JOE: Don't thank me captain. I just followed orders. Wyatt here . . . he's the one who deserves the credit. The whole plan was his.

WYATT: It wasn't anything, Pa. You told me what to do if I met up with the Indians . . . and I did it . . . that's all.

MAN: Well, I've seen some Indian fightin' in my day, but this is the first time I ever seen it done with cattle . . . and by a sixteen year old, at that. (*Fade*)

OLD SCOUT: That was smart work. But that's the kinda boy Wyatt was. He always seemed to know what to do, and when to do it.

Well . . . the wagons kept rollin' . . . across the prairies, and over the mountains, and right into California. When they got to San Bernadino, Captain Earp bought about a thousand acres and settled down to farming. But Wyatt didn't seem to take to it . . . and it was an accident that started him off on a flock of adventures. (*Fade*)

SOUND: *Door opens*

MAN: Mr. Banning . . . Mr. Banning. Come quick!

BANNING: What's up?

MAN: It's your driver Chuck . . . he fell off a horse.

BANNING: Concern that clumsy idiot . . . is it bad?

MAN: I don't know . . . he sure was groaning. Come on . . . he's right out in front of the building.

BANNING: A fine stage coach driver . . . can't even stay on a horse! And me with a shipment of gold that has to go to Los Angeles tomorrow.

SOUND: *Footsteps on a bare wooden floor—door slams shut—more footsteps—murmur of crowd*

BANNING: One side there . . . let me through. What's the matter Chuck . . . how do you feel? Are you hurt bad?

CHUCK: It's my arm, boss. I guess it'll be all right. Sure hurts though.

BANNING: What d'yuh say, Doc; can he drive tomorrow?

DOC: Not a chance! It's busted.

BANNING: Chuck, I could break your scrawny neck. Now who's goin' to drive that gold to L. A.? If I don't get it there I'll lose that contract sure.

CHUCK: Gee . . . I'm sorry boss . . . but you'll get someone.

BANNING: Sure . . . I can get someone . . . but I need someone good . . . mighty good. You know what a tough trip that is. 120 miles there and back with Indians and outlaws ready to grab you at every turn in the road.

CHUCK: Hey, boss . . . I got an idea.

BANNING: Yeah? Well, it better be good.

CHUCK: How about Earp . . . you know . . . Wyatt Earp.

BANNING: That's what I could expect from a cowboy who can't ride. How can I trust a squirt like that with my stage?

CHUCK: He's better 'n anyone else in town. That kid knows horses. Best man with animals I ever seen. And you know what he can do with a gun.

BANNING: Yeah . . . I know what he can do with a gun all right. I ought to . . . it cost me fifty bucks backing Blackie in a contest against him last week . . . You sure he can drive? A six horse team is no cinch.

CHUCK: Take my word for it, boss. He can do it.

BANNING: Well, we know he can shoot . . . and s'pose he can drive . . . how about his nerve?

CHUCK: Get hold of Jenkins. He came West with the Earps . . . he'll tell you.

BANNING: That's right . . . I did hear some stories about what the kid did on his way out here.

CHUCK: Sure . . . everyone on that trip swears by him. What do you say, boss . . . try him.

BANNING: Well, I'm probably crazy . . . but I don't know what else I can do. And if he's as good as you say . . . Why does everything have to happen to me? A load of gold and I have to let a 17-year old take care of it. Well . . . that's the way it is. I'm goin' over there now.

Take care of yourself Chuck. See you later. (*Fade*)

MUSIC: *Up and out*

EARP: I don't know, Wyatt. Are you sure you're doing the right thing.

WYATT: I think so, Pa. It's a good job.

EARP: But there's not much future in being a stage coach driver.

WYATT: But I'll get out . . . and see things.

EARP: Wyatt, you've seen half the country already . . . an extra 120 miles a day won't make much difference. It's time you started to think about what you wanted to do. You've got to settle down.

WYATT: I s'pose so.

EARP: What do you want to do?

WYATT: I wish I knew. But maybe if I get out, and see things . . . I'll make up my mind.

EARP: Before you came out here you were reading law. Goin' to give that up?

WYATT: It doesn't appeal to me now . . . maybe later . . .

EARP: Then you're really set on driving Banning's coach?

WYATT: Yes . . . I am.

EARP: Well . . . I don't suppose there's any good in my opposing you.

WYATT: You mean it's all right?

EARP: I guess so . . . yes.

WYATT: Thanks, Pa . . . I don't think you'll be sorry. Well . . . I'd better get over and tell Mr. Banning.

EARP: Wait a minute, son. There's something I want to talk to you about.

WYATT: Sure, pa . . .

EARP: Wyatt . . . this is a hard country we're living in.

WYATT: I know.

EARP: There's a good chance for a man to go wrong out here. Just look around and you can see that. Men don't waste much time on words . . . they act first.

WYATT: I've seen that.

EARP: Well . . . you have to decide what kind of a man you're going to be. You're a good shot . . . you can handle a gun faster than anyone I've ever seen. Out here that means power. You can use that force for good or for evil. I'd like to see you use it for good.

WYATT: Yes, Pa.

EARP: Situations will come up, situations that will require a cool head. That's when you'll have to give every man the full benefit of the doubt. You'll have

to stretch many a point to allow for the free and easy ways of the camps. But . . . when you're sure that you're dealing with downright viciousness . . . the complete disregard of human rights and decency . . . that's something else again. That sort of lawlessness is the greatest enemy of mankind! Anyone who is honestly fighting against it, is justified in going to any lengths. See what I mean?

WYATT: I think so.

EARP: There's one thing more.

WYATT: What's that?

EARP: When you have a fight on your hands . . . hit first . . . and hit to kill. It's the only way to stay alive.

WYATT: Thanks, Pa. I'll try to remember that.

EARP: Now . . . get over to see Banning. And if you're going to be a stage driver . . . be a good one. I know you can do it. Good night and good luck. (*Fade*)

OLD SCOUT: Well, Wyatt drove Banning's coaches. And Banning knew what he was talking about when he said it was tough. 120 miles a day, seven days a week, for three months Wyatt drove those stages. A half a dozen hold-ups didn't stop him. He never was late . . . he never lost a passenger . . . a horse . . . or an ounce of mail. News traveled, and it wasn't long before he was hired to drive a ten horse team on a 30 day trip to Prescott. He made two runs and then shifted to the Salt Lake route . . . driving 16 animals on an even more dangerous trip. After that he drove for the U. P. railway, on their grading work. He saved his money, bought his own teams and rented them to the U. P. Three years passed . . . life in the camps was hard . . . but Wyatt came through with flying colors. Once in a while the boys tried to shoot it out with him . . . but each time his gun was pointed at their hearts before they could move. His reputation was just about tops . . . and no one bothered him. Wyatt sold his teams and tried his hand at Buffalo hunting. Made good money, too . . . but it didn't seem to be the answer. He still didn't know what he wanted to do. So with about \$4,000 he'd saved up, he wandered into Kansas . . . to a town called Ellsworth. Ordinarily Ellsworth had a population

of about 300. It was a sort of stopping off place for cattle men driving their stock to St. Louis. But when Wyatt got there the population had jumped to over a thousand. Seems the cattle market was shot . . . and the Texas ranchers were holding their steers at Ellsworth until things straightened out. So the sleepy town of Ellsworth turned over night into a roaring prairie camp. And that fact changed Wyatt's whole life. But wait a minute . . . I'm gettin' ahead of myself. S'pose we take a look at him . . . sitting on the porch of Beebe's general store . . . sort of snoozin' in the sun. (*Fade*)

TEX: Howdy, Wyatt.

WYATT: Howdy, Tex . . . pulling up a chair.

TEX: Well, Wyatt, made up your mind yet?

WYATT: Can't say I have.

TEX: I can't figure you out. There you are . . . a young feller with plenty of money. Everything you do, you do better'n anyone else. And, yet, you just set around and wait. Why'nt you do something?

WYATT: Don't know just what to do.

TEX: Thought you were goin' into cattle ranchin'.

WYATT: So did I. But it doesn't seem to appeal to me.

TEX: You sure are a funny sort. Just look at you. The best shot in the West . . . livin' in one of the toughest towns . . . and you don't even wear your guns.

WYATT: I mind my own business and no one bothers me.

TEX: I guess you know what you're doin'. I sure wish I had your money though. I'd know what to do with it.

WYATT: Myabe so, Tex.

TEX: Say . . . where is everybody? Things awful quiet around here today.

WYATT: They're all over at the Happy Chance. Big game going on there.

TEX: Ben and Bill Thompson in it?

WYATT: Uh huh.

TEX: Oh, oh, that means trouble. When those boys get riled there's always shootin'. And it don't take much to rile them.

WYATT: No shooting today, no guns allowed.

TEX: That won't stop the Thompsons. They're the two most onery killers out here.

WYATT: Ben's an awful good shot.

TEX: That's what makes him so onery. Guns or no guns . . . there'll be trouble . . . you'll see.

WYATT: Hope you're wrong, Tex, too many killings in Ellsworth.

TEX: 'At's true. Those deputies, Jim Miller hired, don't seem to be much good. Jim's a good mayor . . . but these Texans are too much for him.

WYATT: They sure have Ellsworth up a tree. It's a shame.

TEX: Nothin' much to do about it . . . Hey . . . what's that?

SOUND: *Crowd noise in background—men swearing and yelling*

TEX: What I tell you? Trouble at the Happy Chance. Bet those Thompsons started it. Let's go over and see.

SOUND: *Crowd noise gradually up and under*

SHERIFF: All right . . . what's goin' on here . . . what's the trouble?

MAN: It's the Thompsons, Sheriff. Ben got into a fight with Clint Spencer.

SHERIFF *placating*: All right Ben . . . what's it about?

BEN *truculent*: No man can sock me and get away with it. I'll plug that varmint as soon as he comes out. Bill . . . you send for our guns?

BILL: Yeah . . . they'll be here in a minute. We'll get him.

SHERIFF: Now look boys . . . there's nothin' to get excited about. Clint's a mite hot headed . . . but that's no reason to have a killin'. No one's been hurt . . . What do you say . . . forget about it.

TEX: What I tell you, Wyatt? I knew there'd be trouble.

WYATT: Looks as if you were right.

SHERIFF: How about it, Ben . . . come on, let's have a drink.

BEN: Well . . . all right.

SOUND: *Crowd noise up—ad lib—crowd noise under*

TEX: We might as well get back to Beebe's, Wyatt. Nothin's goin' to happen.

WYATT: I think you're wrong, Tex. Those Thompsons don't drop things in a hurry.

TEX: Well, we can set over here and see what's what.

WYATT: That's the trouble in this town. Everyone sits and watches, and no one does anything. The West can't go on like this forever. If this part of the

country is going to amount to anything, there has to be law and order, and men like the Thompsons have to be driven out.

TEX: Maybe you're right . . . but I wouldn't want to be the one to do the driving.

SHERIFF: Hy, boys.

WYATT: Hy, Sheriff. Everything quiet?

SHERIFF: I think so. Clint made a get-away through the back door. He's out of town by now.

WYATT: The Thompsons will be awful sore about that. They don't like to lose a man that way.

SHERIFF: Nah . . . they'll forget about it.

WYATT: Yes? Then what's Bill Thompson doing with that shotgun?

SHERIFF: Oh that's all right . . . when he sees that Clint's gone, he'll calm down.

WYATT: Watch him, Sheriff . . . he's comin' this way.

SHERIFF: Don't worry.

BILL: Where'd that Clint go? I want him.

SHERIFF: Now look, Bill . . . Clint's out of town by now. You can't get him.

BILL: He's out of town! I can't get him, huh? Well, I can get a Sheriff, then.

SHERIFF: Now . . . Bill . . .

TEX: Look out, Sheriff . . . he's goin' to shoot.

SOUND: *Gun shot—sheriff groans*

BILL: And I'll get anyone else who tries to interfere.

WYATT: Tex . . . help me get the sheriff in to the store. Bill might start shooting again.

SOUND: *Groans . . . scraping noises*

WYATT: Easy there . . . watch the door.

TEX: All right . . . I've got it.

SOUND: *Excited voices—what happened, etc.*

WYATT: Give me a hand you fellows. Bill Thompson shot the sheriff.

TEX: Well, don't stand there like a pack of coyotes . . . help us.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

JACK: Hey . . . we hear they shot the sheriff . . .

ROCKY: Is he dead?

WYATT: You fellows have eyes. Look for yourselves.

JACK: Gosh . . . he looks a goner.

ROCKY: What d'you think we otta do, Wyatt.

WYATT: You and Jack are the deputies, Rocky, not me. It's your show, take it over.

JACK: Where you goin', Wyatt?

WYATT: Tex and I are going outside to see what's doing.

JACK: You goin' to help Rocky and me?

WYATT: This isn't my affair . . . I'm just watching, that's all.

SOUND: *Shouts . . . laughter*

WYATT: Look . . . they're bringing over a horse for Bill Thompson.

TEX: Guess he's gonna get out of town. Shootin' a sheriff's no joke.

WYATT: Doesn't look as if Ben's goin' with him.

SOUND: *Horse galloping by*

TEX: There he goes. The law ain't gonna catch Bill Thompson now . . . or at least not for some time. He'll be in the hills by night.

WYATT: Tex . . . I've travelled some in my time . . . but I've never seen a bunch of deputies like this. Why, if Rocky or Jack had any guts they'd have taken him when he was mounting his horse.

TEX: Well, you can't blame them for bein' a little scared . . . with a hundred of those Texans standin' there ready to back up the Thompsons.

WYATT: Ben seems to have taken over now. Look at the way he's parading up and down . . . as if he owns the town. BEN off mike—shouting: Well . . . where are you . . . you yellow coyotes . . . come out of your holes . . . ain't there one of you man enough to stand up to Ben Thompson? Just let me see one deputy . . . just one . . .

VOICE off mike—yelling: I'll give a thousand dollars to the first man who plugs a deputy.

WYATT: There comes Brown . . . they'll shoot him as soon as he rounds the corner.

SOUND: *Volley of shots*

TEX: The whole mob of them shootin' at him.

WYATT: What luck . . . he's ducked back!

TEX: Come on . . . let's get back in the store . . . we can't do anything here.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

WYATT: Well, maybe we'll get some action now . . . isn't that Mayor Jim Miller talking to Rocky and Jack?

TEX: That's him all right. Maybe he can get those deputies of his to stand up to Ben.

MAYOR angrily: Well . . . come on . . . are you goin' to get out there and

arrest Thompson or not? You Rocky . . . you Jack . . . go out there and get him.

JACK: Not me . . . I ain't goin' in front of that man's gun.

ROCKY: And that mob of Texas cowhands behind him ain't foolin' either.

MAYOR *pompously*: As mayor of the Town of Ellsworth I hereby order you, you Jack Trent, and you, Rocky Hill, as duly appointed deputies, to get out and apprehend the outlaw Ben Thompson.

JACK: Fancy words Mr. Mayor, but I'm stayin' right here, where it's safe.

ROCKY: That goes for me, too.

MAYOR: I appeal to you. The safety of this community rests upon you men.

JACK: If you're so all powered set on gettin' him, why don't you go out there and have a try at him yourself?

ROCKY: Maybe you won't be so brave then.

WYATT *calmly*: Nice police force you have there, Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR: Who are you?

WYATT: Just a looker on, that's all.

MAYOR: Well, don't talk so much . . . you haven't even got a gun.

WYATT: It's none of my business . . . but if it was . . . well . . . I'd get a gun, and arrest Ben Thompson or kill him.

ROCKY: Don't pay any attention to the kid, Jim.

MAYOR: You're fired, Rocky! You, too, Jack! (*To Wyatt*) Well, young man, so you're handing out advice . . . tellin' us what you'd do if this was your business. I'll make it your business. Rocky . . . give me your badge!

ROCKY: Hey, what is this . . .

MAYOR: Hand it over! Here, young feller . . . you're marshall of this town now. And your first job is to get a gun and take care of Ben Thompson.

TEX: Here, Wyatt, you can use mine.

WYATT: Thanks, Tex. Well, here I go.

MAYOR: Wait a minute, son . . . what're you goin' to do?

WYATT: Just what you said . . . arrest Ben Thompson.

MAYOR: Easy there, son . . . you can't just, just walk out in the open and get that man. We'll have to work out some strategy.

WYATT: Look . . . you appointed me marshall didn't you?

MAYOR: Sure . . .

WYATT: Well, since I'm marshall, I'll take care of this in my own way.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes—crowd shouts up and out suddenly*

BEN *off mike*: Well . . . I'm still waiting for one of you to come out and try to do something . . . Isn't there . . .

WYATT: Thompson!

THOMPSON: What do you want, Wyatt? (*Ben's voice gets louder with each speech as Wyatt walks toward him and Ben comes closer on mike*)

WYATT: I want you, Ben!

BEN: Better stay where you are, Wyatt.

WYATT: I'm coming for you, Ben.

BEN: You'd better not come any closer.

WYATT: I'm not stopping.

BEN: What do you want, Wyatt?

WYATT: I told you once . . . I want you.

BEN: Wait a minute, Wyatt . . . I'd rather talk than fight.

WYATT: I'll get you either way.

BEN: Well, what do you want me to do?

WYATT: Throw down your gun . . . put up your hands . . . and tell your friends to stay out of this!

BEN: What are you goin' to do to me?

WYATT: Throw you in jail . . . or kill you . . . if you resist.

BEN: Now wait, Wyatt . . . let's talk this over.

WYATT: This is your last chance, Ben . . . throw down your gun or make your fight. (*Pause*) I'll give you five seconds . . . one . . . two . . . three . . .

BEN: All right, Wyatt . . . you win.

SOUND: *Gun being thrown to ground*

WYATT *calling out to crowd*: The rest of you men . . . stay out of this. No rescue parties, and no lynching parties . . . this is going to be legal. Come on, Ben . . . There's a nice room waiting for you at the jail.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

SOUND: *Fade in on saloon noise—men talking—tinny music, etc.*

MAYOR: Come on, Earp . . . have a drink.

WYATT: No thanks, Miller.

MAYOR: Say after what you did this afternoon you deserve a drink . . . it's on me.

WYATT: SORRY . . . never touch the stuff.

MAYOR: As you say . . . You certainly showed courage. I don't see how you had the nerve to do it. Walk out in an open square against one of the most dangerous killers in the West . . . and you never even drew your gun!

WYATT: Well . . . you remember Ben had his gun in the crook of his arm, across his body.

MAYOR: Yes . . .

WYATT: I knew that by the time he could raise it and shoot . . . I could draw and plug him.

MAYOR: Suppose he had started something and the Texans had backed him up . . . what then?

WYATT: I thought of that, too. And it wasn't pleasant . . . but I knew I could get some of them before it was over. Maybe they knew it, too.

MAYOR: I still don't see why Thompson gave up. He never did anything like that before.

WYATT: Maybe a good reputation is worth something. I think Ben knew I'd get him . . . and he didn't want to die just yet. Anyway, here's your badge.

MAYOR: Hold on there. That appointment is permanent. We can use a man like you in Ellsworth. Your salary's a hundred and twenty-five a month and keep.

WYATT: No thanks . . . I got to be getting along.

MAYOR: But we need you . . .

WYATT: No . . . in a few weeks the cattle market will settle down, the cowhands

will leave, and Ellsworth will be just another prairie town of three hundred again.

MAYOR: That's so.

WYATT: But there are other towns . . .

Miller, bigger towns, full of men like the Thompsons. Maybe it's kind of boastful of me . . . but . . . I've been thinking that maybe they could use me.

MAYOR: I see what you mean. And I guess you're right. If the West is ever to be a place for decent law abiding citizens . . . it'll be because of men like you. Good luck to you. You'll make a name for yourself . . .

Music: *Up and out*

OLD SCOUT: And that's the way that Wyatt finally found what he wanted to do. At 22 he was a pretty famous man . . . and he was still a wanderer . . . but he was a wanderer with a purpose now. He had a mission in life. Yes, as Mayor Jim Miller said . . . there were lots of towns that needed men like Wyatt . . . men with courage . . . men who could shoot straight and fast . . . and were ready to fight for the law, not against it.

Music: *Up and out*

FRONTIER FIGHTERS

A HISTORICAL ADVENTURE

II. WILD BILL HICKOK

By NATHAN BERLIN AND RICHARD PACK

MUSIC: *Theme up and under*

ANNOUNCER: *Frontier Fighters!*

MUSIC: *Theme up and under*

ANNOUNCER: Today's story is an example of what men did in days gone by, so that the West, as we know it today, might come into existence. This is the story of a man whose exploits have been praised wherever men thrill to the deeds of the great. But here is the Old Scout . . . Listen to what he has to say about Wild Bill Hickok . . . one of the most famous of all *frontier fighters*.

OLD SCOUT: Howdy Folks. Now, first of all, I have to tell you that Wild Bill's name really wasn't Bill. It was Jim . . . James B. Hickok. Like Wyatt Earp, he came from Illinois originally, where his dad, who was a minister, had settled after his health sort of gave way. Like all crack shots, Bill learned when he was young. Why he couldn't have been more than about 15 when he started to hunt wolves for the fifty cent bounty the state offered. Used to make about thirty dollars a month, too.

It was just before the Civil War, when Bill was about 20, that he decided he wanted to get out and see the world. So he packed up a few things, took his rifle and pistols, and started south. He didn't have a horse, so he walked as far as St. Louis. After a spell, he moved on again, and we run into him now, still walking, on his way to Leavenworth, Kansas.

SOUND: *Squeak of gate opening—dog barking*

JIM: All right, feller, take it easy. Quiet . . . come on quiet down.

SHELBY: Scout! Get down . . . come over here. Now get back to the barn.

SOUND: *Dog barking dies down and out*

SHELBY: Howdy, stranger.

JIM: Howdy.

SHELBY: What can I do for you?

JIM: My name's Hickok, Jim Hickok, and I'd be obliged if you could tell me if I'm headed right for Leavenworth.

SHELBY: I'm Joe Shelby . . . yeah, you're on the right road all right . . . but it's quite a trip for a man without a horse.

JIM: Well . . . I walked all the way from Illinois to St. Louis, and I reckon I can stand some more. Much obliged.

SHELBY: Hold on there, Hickok. If you ain't in any perticular hurry, why'n't you stop a bit here, and have a bite to eat. Wife's just about finished getting the food ready.

JIM *sniffs*: Say . . . that does smell good. Believe I'll do it.

SHELBY: Good . . . come on in.

SOUND: *Dog barks in background*

JIM: Good watchdog you got there.

SHELBY: Yes . . . and we sure need him around here.

SOUND: *Footsteps on boards—door opens and closes*

SHELBY *calling out*: Marthy . . . got a visitor . . . better make sure the food's good.

MARTHA: Why, Joe Shelby . . . you ain't never complained yet.

SHELBY: Marthy, this is Jim Hickok . . . on his way to Leavenworth . . . walked all the way from Illinois.

JIM: Pleased to meet you, mam.

MARTHA: Glad to know you, Mr. Hickok. My . . . that's quite a spell of walkin'. Set right down. You must be tired and hungry.

JIM: Thank you kindly, maam. I do believe you're right.

SHELBY: Set your gun right there. It's always good to have it handy in these parts.

JIM: What's the matter? Been having trouble?

SHELBY: Oh . . . nothin' much . . . but we like to be ready.

MARTHA: There you are, Mr. Hickok . . . help yourself. There's plenty for all of us.

JIM: Thank you, maam.

SHELBY: What're you aimin' to do when you get to Leavenworth, Hickok?

JIM: I don't rightly know. How are things there?

SHELBY: Not so good. Been havin' lots o' trouble with slavers from Missouri.

JIM: I heard something about that.

SHELBY: Maybe it's none of my business . . . but how do you stand on this slavery question.

JIM: I reckon I'm my pa's son. Pa was always against slavery, and so am I.

MARTHA: That's the sort of talk I like to hear from a young man.

SOUND: *Dog barks furiously—off mike*

MARTHA *excited*: What's that?

SHELBY: I'll have a look.

MARTHA: Don't open the door Joe . . . be careful . . . look through the chink in the wall. It might be . . .

SHELBY: By gum . . . it is. Marthy . . . get the guns. Hickok . . . help me barricade this door.

JIM: This table'll do it.

SOUND: *Table dragged across the floor*

SHELBY: Good! Marthy . . . close the shutters.

SOUND: *Shots—off mike—thud of bullets in wall*

JIM: Say, I'm joining with you Shelby . . . but what's this all about?

SHELBY: Slavers from across the border . . . raidin' again. They're after horses and cattle. You take the north side . . . I'll stay here. Marthy . . . keep those guns loaded.

SOUND: *Gun shots close to mike and off mike*

JIM: I got that big red headed one.

SHELBY: Good work. Keep goin'. We'll have them on the run soon. They never expected two of us with guns.

SOUND: *Gun shots continue*

SHELBY: There's another one that's out of the fight.

JIM: I think they're pulling out.

SHELBY: You're right . . . they're taking the two we hit with them. Keep shootin'.

SOUND: *Gun shots slow up and stop*

MARTHA: Thank goodness . . . they're gone.

SHELBY: Lucky for us you were hungry, Hickok. With only one wall covered they'd have surrounded us, sure.

JIM: Say . . . what did those fellows want anyway.

SHELBY: It's like I told you. We don't want any slaves in Kansas . . . and these boys in Missouri kinda don't like us for that. So every once in a while they come over to steal our livestock. They're a bunch of cutthroats just usin' that as an excuse.

JIM: They done any real damage?

SHELBY: I should say they have! Why only last week those coyotes raided Chuck Blaine's place and burned it to the ground.

MARTHA: And how about the stock they ran off the Wilson ranch?

JIM: That sounds bad.

SHELBY: I'll say it's bad.

MARTHA: It's a fine thing when decent law abiding folk can't live peacefully without a bunch of outlaws making life miserable for them. We've got a wonderful country out here . . . we work hard to build something out of it . . . and then they come along.

SHELBY: Yeah . . . it's a rich country . . . we could have good crops . . . if . . .

JIM: Aren't you people doing anything about it. Are you just going to sit back and let them run things?

SHELBY: We are doin' something! At least General Jim Lane up in Leavenworth is. He's formed a company called the Red Leg Rangers . . . to fight those raidin' parties. Say . . . that gives me an idea.

JIM: What's that?

SHELBY: You're headed for Leavenworth . . .

JIM: That's right.

SHELBY: And you ain't got nothin' to do.

JIM: Uh huh.

SHELBY: Well, how'd you like to join the Red Legs? They're a good bunch of hard ridin', straight shootin' men, fightin' for a cause that means somethin'. They could use a man like you.

JIM: There's nothing I'd like better. D'you think they'd take me.

SHELBY: Say . . . I know Jim Lane personally. I'll give you a letter to him.
 JIM *enthusiastically*: That's great! I ought to be able to get to Leavenworth before sun down. If I get to see General Lane tonight, I can be a Red Leg by tomorrow. Thanks a lot, Shelby. And thank you, too, mam.

MARTHA: What's your rush, Mr. Hickok? The general's gotten along without you so far. I reckon we can wait till tomorrow. And besides . . . we still have that food to finish.

JIM: Maybe you're right ma'am. Guess I'm a bit het up.

SHELBY: Sure . . . you can get started first thing in the morning . . . stay the night with us.

MARTHA: Drat those raiders! The food's all cold. You men will just have to wait till I warm it.

JIM: If I recollect rightly, that meal's well worth waiting for.

MARTHA: I sure hope we get time to finish it this time.

SOUND: *General laughter—fade*

MUSIC: *Up and out*

MAN: General Lane . . .

LANE: Yes, Johnson.

MAN: Feller outside to see you.

LANE: What's he want?

MAN: Says he's got a letter for you from Joe Shelby.

LANE: Shelby? Oh yes . . . show him in.

MAN *off mike*: All right, young feller . . . right this way.

JIM: General Lane . . . my name's Hickok . . . Joe Shelby sent me to see you . . . here's a letter from him.

LANE: How is Joe? Haven't seen him in a long time.

JIM: He's fine.

LANE: That's good. Now let's see what he has to say . . .

SOUND: *Tearing and rattling of paper*

LANE: Hmm . . . uh uh. yes . . . *(To himself—half aloud as he reads the letter)* Well . . . that's a good recommendation. If you're half the man Shelby says you are, you're the kind we need . . . Now, how's your equipment?

JIM: Equipment?

LANE: Yes. How many horses have you?

JIM: I'm afraid I haven't any.

LANE: No horses! Not even one?

JIM: No sir.

LANE: Then how'd you get here?

JIM: I walked.

LANE: I admire your spunk, young man, but I'm afraid you're not much use to the Red Legs, without a horse. Not with the kind of fighting we do around here.

JIM: I know that general . . . but I figure if you give me a little time I could raise the money for a horse.

LANE: Sorry, son . . . can't do it.

JIM: They say I'm a good shot . . . and that's what you need . . . isn't it?

LANE: Yes . . . but you must have a horse. Tell you what . . . if you get hold of an animal . . . drop in again, and I'll see what I can do. Good day.

JIM: Er . . . general.

LANE: Yes?

JIM: About that shooting match . . .

LANE: What about it?

JIM: I hear there's a big contest the Red Legs are holding today.

LANE: That's right . . . I'm headed there now. Want to come along?

JIM: I don't want to watch it . . . I want to enter!

LANE: You want to enter!

JIM: Yes sir. The big prize is a horse, saddle, bridle, and everything . . . if I won that, I could join the Red Legs.

LANE *laughs*: So you want to enter the contest, and win the big prize. That's good! *(Laughs)* Why do you realize that some of the best shots in Kansas will be there? And you want to enter and win! *(Laughs)*

JIM: I'm not sure I'd win . . . but there's a chance.

LANE: Sorry to disappoint you again, son . . . but only Red Legs can compete.

JIM: Oh . . . I didn't know.

LANE: Come along anyway. You're a good lad and I like you. You'll see some real shooting . . . *(Fade out and into)*

SOUND: *Crowd noises—occasional shots*

MAN *announcing*: Next contestant . . . Jim Wilkins . . . step up Jim.

VOICES: This boy's good. Come on Jim show 'em, etc.

SOUND: *Three shots—slowly*

LANE: What do you say to that, Hickok?

JIM: I've seen better.

MAN *announcing*: Now shooting . . . Shanghai Bill . . . Come on Shanghai.

BILL: Coming . . .

LANE: Now son . . . you're going to see real shooting. Shanghai's the best shot this side of the Mississippi.

OLD SCOUT: Wild Bill joined the Red Legs, all right, and he made quite a name for himself. He was the best shot in the whole bunch, and the man never lived who had more courage. But after a spell, he ran sorta short o' money, and he wanted to get along and try something else. You see, Bill wasn't like Wyatt Earp. I guess you could say he was more of an adventurer . . . liked excitement. But he always stuck on the side of law and order . . . probably because of his early training. Anyway . . . after a spell of driving stage coaches . . . he wound up in another Kansas town . . . Rock Creek . . . where he was in charge of the express company's horses . . . workin' under a man named Horace Wellman. Rock Creek wasn't much of a town, and the general store was pretty much the center of things. So let's look in there, one afternoon, while Pop, who runs the store is sorta straightenin' things up, and chewin' the rag with Slim. (*Fade*)

POP: Hey, you, Slim . . . cut that out . . . I saw you.

SLIM: What's wrong, Pop? What did I do?

POP: I saw you . . . I saw you . . . keep your hand out o' that cracker barrel.

SLIM: Aw, Pop . . . it was just a broken piece.

POP: Never mind . . . stay away from that barrel. It's bad enough you loafin' around here all day . . . without eatin' up my profits.

SLIM: One cracker won't break you. And besides . . . suppose I don't want to stop takin' crackers . . . what'll you do about it?

POP: What'll I do? I'll just come around from behind this counter and toss you into Main Street . . . that's what I'll do.

SLIM: Oh yeah? Goin' to treat all the boys that way?

POP: You bet I am. I'm gettin' sick and tired of buyin' crackers to feed free to a bunch of loafers.

SLIM: Just goin' to toss them right out if they stick their hands in there, huh?

POP: That's right.

SLIM: No matter how tough they are?

POP: Tough or soft . . . out they go.

SLIM: Even Dave McCann?

POP: Huh? Er . . . yeah . . . even Dave McCann . . . I ain't afraid o' him.

SLIM: If you ain't . . . you're the only one around here feels that way.

POP: I don't care what the rest o' you feel . . . I ain't afraid.

SLIM *incredulous*. You ain't . . . (*Laughs*)

SOUND: *Door opens and slams shut—footsteps—Slim continues to chuckle*

DAVE: Hya, Pop. Hya Slim. How's things?

SLIM: Hello Dave.

POP: Er . . . um . . . howdy, McCann. What can I do for you?

DAVE: Got to order some vittles and things. Now let's see what I need . . .

SOUND: *Cracker being broken, and chewed*

DAVE: Say . . . these are good crackers, Pop.

POP: Now look here, McCann . . .

DAVE: What d'you say?

POP: Oh . . . er . . . nothin' . . . glad you like 'em . . . help yourself.

DAVE: Here, Slim . . . want some?

SLIM: You don't mind do you, Pop?

POP: No . . . no . . . help yourself. Take a handful.

SLIM: Thanks. (*Chuckles*)

DAVE: Guess I'll need a sack o' flour . . . a side o' bacon . . . couple o' pounds o' chawin' terbaccer . . . sugar . . . some coffee . . .

POP: Just a minute, McCann . . . you aimin' to pay cash for all this?

DAVE: What's the difference . . . ain't my credit good?

POP: Well, you been owin' me money for quite a spell . . . and I been thinkin' . . .

DAVE: I asked you a question . . . ain't my credit good?

POP: Now it ain't that, McCann . . .

DAVE: Listen, Pop . . . I'm orderin', and I ain't payin' cash . . . got any objection?

POP: Well . . . no.

DAVE: All right . . . then. Give me two boxes of bullets . . . 45's . . .

SOUND: *Door opens and closes—footsteps*

POP: Afternoon, Miss Kate. Nice day.

KATE: Hello Pop.

DAVE: Hello, Kate.

KATE: How do you do Mr. McCann. Hello, Slim.

SLIM: Howdy, Miss Kate.

KATE: Pop, has that calico come in from the east yet? You said it would be here last week.

POP: Yeah . . . but the Indians held up that stage. Some squaw's probably

wearin' your calico. But I'll have some more tomorrow.

KATE: Oh dear . . . I hope this gets through. Well, I'll be in again.

DAVE: Oh, Kate.

KATE: Yes?

DAVE: I ain't doin' nothin' tonight, and I kinda thought I'd come over and visit with you.

KATE: You may not be doing anything, Mr. McCann . . . but I am.

DAVE: What about tomorrow, then?

KATE: I'm sorry.

DAVE: Well . . . when can I see you?

KATE: I really don't know. Good-bye Pop . . . good-bye Slim.

SOUND: *General good-byes—footsteps—door opens and closes*

DAVE: Well, boys, what d'you think o' my girl? Purty, ain't she?

SLIM: She sure is purty . . . but it didn't look to me as if she was your gal.

DAVE: Aw, she's shy . . . that's all.

SLIM: *Laughs*

DAVE: What you laughin' at, Slim?

POP: Guess you ain't been around here much, McCann.

DAVE: What do you mean?

POP: Why everybody knows that Jim Hickok's been courtin' Kate.

DAVE: That feller workin' for Wellman?

SLIM: That's him. He's the reason why Kate's busy tonight, and every other night, too, I guess.

DAVE: Well, from now on he better stick to his horses and stay away from Kate.

SLIM: Better go easy with him, Dave. They say he's pretty good with his guns.

DAVE: I don't care . . . no one's goin' out with my gal.

POP: But she ain't your gal.

DAVE: I say she is. And as soon as he stops comin' around she'll know it, too.

SLIM: Jim won't stay away.

DAVE: He won't eh? Well, when you see him . . . tell him he better stay on his side of the river . . . if he knows what's good for him.

SLIM: You mean . . .

DAVE: I mean I'm warnin' him to keep away.

POP: Well, he won't . . . and that means a fight.

DAVE: That'll suit me fine. (*Fade*)

SOUND: *Horses trotting*

KATE: Let's stop here and sit a while, Jim.

JIM: All right, Kate.

SOUND: *Horses trotting stops*

JIM: It's been a long week . . . waiting for your answer.

KATE: I know.

JIM: But today I thought . . . well, I'll know tonight . . . I'll get my answer . . . Kate will say yes.

KATE: I'm not sure I have my answer yet, Jim.

JIM: You must, Kate, you must. Forget everything we've said before. Here . . . I'll start over again. I'll say it once more. I love you Kate, darling. Will you marry me?

KATE: It's hard for me to answer that question, Jim, until you answer mine first.

JIM: I don't know what you mean.

KATE: Darling, you say you love me.

JIM: I do, I do.

KATE: Do you love me enough to give up something . . . for me?

JIM: Anything . . . anything you say.

KATE: The man I marry must be a steady . . . dependable . . .

JIM: I have a good job . . . I can support you.

KATE: It's not that so much dear . . . I know you can make money.

JIM: I don't see what you're driving at.

KATE: It's just this, Jim. My father was killed in a gun fight . . . and I know what that did to my mother's life. I don't want that to happen to me.

JIM: It won't, Kate.

KATE: I'm not so sure . . . you've been in three fights since you came here.

JIM: But that was self defence. This is a hard country . . . and a man has to live according to its standards.

KATE: That's what I want to ask you. Are you big enough to give up those standards, and live according to mine. Are you brave enough to promise me . . . that . . . never again . . . will you fight with a gun?

JIM: But Kate, how can you ask me to do that. Suppose I'm set upon?

KATE: Jim, if someone tries to shoot you, without reason, you know I wouldn't want you to stand there and get killed. But if it's a question of honor . . . or what you men call honor . . . a question of backing down . . . that's when I want you to be brave enough not to fight.

JIM: I don't understand.

KATE: You know how most of the fights start. A trivial argument . . . one man says something . . . there's a challenge . . . the guns blaze . . . and someone is dead.

JIM: I see. And you want me to be the one to give way . . . always.

KATE: Yes!

JIM: Those are hard conditions. Sometimes . . .

KATE: Not sometimes, Jim . . . always. If you love me . . .

JIM: I do . . . you know I do.

KATE: Then your answer is . . .

JIM: Yes!

KATE: Darling!

JIM: And your answer?

KATE: My answer is . . . yes!

MUSIC: *Up and out*

JIM: Guess that's all, Pop. What do I owe you?

POP: Hm . . . two . . . and twenty five . . . mmm . . . comes to six forty five, Jim.

JIM: All right . . . here you are.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes—footsteps*

DAVE: Hya, boys. Oh . . . there you are Hickok . . . I been lookin' for you.

JIM: Well, McCann . . . here I am.

SLIM *softly*: Oh, oh, this means trouble.

POP: Sh . . . quiet . . . let's see what happens.

DAVE: Now that I found you . . . I got somethin' to tell you.

JIM: I'm listening.

DAVE: You know Kate Shell . . .

JIM: Yes.

DAVE: Well, she's my gal.

JIM: Your gal?

DAVE: Yes, my gal.

JIM: Since when?

DAVE: Never mind, since when . . . I'm just tellin' you.

JIM: I think Kate might have something to say about that.

DAVE: When I make up my mind no one's got anythin' to say about it. Unless . . .

JIM: Unless what?

DAVE: Huh . . . I don't think you got the nerve . . . Now listen Hickok, I'm warnin' you. Stay away from Kate Shell if you know what's good for you. You got your side of the river . . . see that you stay there.

JIM: You said that no one's got anything to say about it, unless . . . Unless what?

DAVE: Unless he's willin' to change my mind. And you know the only way that can be done.

POP: Now boys, take it easy. I don't want any gun play in here.

DAVE: Don't worry, Pop, there won't be any gun play. This guy's yellow!

JIM: What's that?

DAVE: You heard me! I said you were yellow!

JIM: No one can call me that and get away with it.

DAVE: Oh yeah! Well, what're you goin' to do about it? You wouldn't like to step outside, would you.

JIM: I've had enough of this. Come on! We'll settle this now!

SOUND: *Voices up—sound of footsteps*

SLIM: Go on, Jim . . . show him.

SOUND: *Pause—footsteps stop*

DAVE: Well, Hickok? What're you waitin' for?

JIM: I've changed my mind . . . I'm stayin' here.

SOUND: *Voices . . . surprised*

DAVE: I thought so. You haven't got the heart of a chicken. Well, remember what I said. Stay away from Kate . . . or next time you won't get a chance to step outside. I'll plug you on sight. So long, fellers.

SOUND: *Door opens and slams shut—pause*

JIM: All right Pop . . . got my change?

SOUND: *Pause—clink of change*

JIM: So long, Pop. (Pause) Bye . . . Slim. (Pause) So long fellers. (Pause)

SOUND: *Footsteps—door opens and closes*

SLIM: Well what d'ya know about that?

POP: Jim Hickok backin' down thata way.

SLIM: And I thought he was a real man.

POP: I don't understand it. What coulda come over him? There must be somethin' back o' this.

SLIM: There's nothin' back o' this. It's just like Dave said . . . Jim's yellin' That's all.

POP: Not Jim . . . why he's the fightnest man we ever had.

SLIM: Yeah, that's what we all thought . . . until a real show down came along.

MAN: That's right Pop . . . the guy's yellin'. There's no doubt about it.

POP: I can't believe it.

SLIM: But you saw it with your own eyes . . . we all did.

VOICES: We sure did. That's right. There ain't a doubt about it.

POP: I guess you're right . . . but I never thought I'd live to see the day that Jim Hickok would show up to be a coward.
(*Fade*)

OLD SCOUT: Well, you can see what a spot Jim was in. But he was never one to worry what people thought. As long as he did what he thought was right . . . that was enough. And this time he knew he was right. So the next mornin' he went back to his job takin care of the Express company's horses. And when he rode up to the corral, he saw a stranger tryin' to rope one of the horses.

SOUND: *Horses whinnying and galloping*

MAN: All right there . . . take it easy . . . this saddle ain't gonna hurt you . . . quiet down, old boy.

JIM: Hey you . . . what're you doin' with that horse?

MAN: What am I doin'? I'm puttin' a saddle on him . . . that's what. And what business is it of yours, anyway?

JIM: That's what I'm asking you. Get out of there.

MAN: Look, friend, Mr. Wellman hired me this mornin' to take care of his stock. So suppose you stay out of this.

JIM: Hired you? Why I'm in charge here.

MAN: I don't know nothin' about that. All I'm doin' is followin' orders.

JIM: Where's Wellman?

MAN: He rode off an hour ago.

JIM: Is Mrs. Wellman around?

MAN: She's over at the cabin. Why'n't you go over and ask her about it. I gotta get to town now. So long.

SOUND: *Horse gallops off—pause—door opens and closes*

MRS. WELLMAN: Oh . . . it's you, Jim.

JIM: Yes maam. Good morning. When's Mr. Wellman going to be back?

MRS. WELLMAN: Probably not for a couple of days.

JIM: Look, maam, maybe you can tell me what this is all about. There was a feller down at the corral just now, said he's in charge.

MRS. WELLMAN: Yes, Jim . . . I know.

JIM: Why? What's wrong? I always did my job right.

MRS. WELLMAN: I know you did.

JIM: Then what's wrong?

MRS. WELLMAN: It's hard to tell you, Jim.

JIM: You can speak frankly to me, maam.

MRS. WELLMAN: Well . . . it's because of what happened at the store with Dave McCann.

JIM: Oh that . . . that was nothing.

MRS. WELLMAN: Maybe so . . . but that's not what they're saying around town.

JIM: What are they saying?

MRS. WELLMAN: Jim, you backed out of a fight. They say you're a coward.

JIM: But I had my reasons . . . good ones, too.

MRS. WELLMAN: I'm sure you did. But Mr. Wellman says he needs a man on this job who's got everybody's respect.

JIM: But you don't understand. I had to do what I did.

MRS. WELLMAN: I'd like to understand . . .

JIM: I can't tell you.

MRS. WELLMAN: You see . . . what can we do? We can judge only by what happened if you don't explain. Now why don't you tell me, and maybe I can fix it with Mr. Wellman.

JIM: I don't know . . .

MRS. WELLMAN: Oh come on, Jim.

JIM: Will you promise not to tell anyone but Mr. Wellman?

MRS. WELLMAN: Of course.

JIM: Well . . . it happened this way . . . The other night . . .

SOUND: *Galloping horses*

MRS. WELLMAN: What's that?

JIM: Wait, I'll look. (*Pause*) It's Dave McCann, with three of his men.

MRS. WELLMAN: I wonder what they want.

JIM: Nothing good, I'll bet. We'd better lock that door.

SOUND: *Footsteps—hammering on door*

DAVE: Open up.

JIM: Get a rifle.

MRS. WELLMAN: My husband took our only gun.

JIM: All right. At least I've got my pistol. (*Calls out*) What do you want, McCann?

DAVE: Who's that? Wellman?

JIM: This is Hickok.

DAVE: This ought to be easy, boys, it's Hickok. Open up, Hickok.

JIM: What do you want?

DAVE: First I'm goin' to get you . . . and then some money . . . and then, every horse on this place.

JIM: McCann, I'm warning you . . . get going while you can.

DAVE: Come on boys, he's just a lotta talk. Break the door down.

SOUND: *Pounding on the door*

JIM: You'd better get into the next room ma'am. I'll take care of them.

SOUND: *Crash of door breaking down—rapid fire pistol shots*

JIM: All right, McCann . . . drop that gun.

SOUND: *Gun dropping*

JIM: We're alone now . . . man to man . . . and I'm going to fight you with my bare hands. We'll see who's yellow.

SOUND: *Gun dropping*

JIM: Now . . . put up your hands and fight.

SOUND: *Blows—men grunt, etc.*

DAVE: I'll get you Hickok.

JIM: You rat! Drop that knife.

SOUND: *Fight continues for several seconds—deep groan—several seconds of sound of a man panting—two second silence*

JIM: All right, Mrs. Wellman . . . you can come out.

MRS. WELLMAN: Jim . . . you're bleeding. Let me help you.

JIM: I'll be all right. He pulled a knife on me. The coward! I couldn't help it. I had to kill him. It wasn't my fault.

MRS. WELLMAN: Of course it wasn't. No one will blame you.

JIM: There's one person who might. You've got to remember . . . I killed him in self defence. I could have shot him . . . but I didn't . . . It was his knife, and there was nothing I could do about it.

MRS. WELLMAN: All right, Jim. Now come over here and lie down . . . while I take care of you.

JIM: Remember . . . it was self defence. (Fade)

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

POP: Jim Hickok!

JIM: Hello, Pop.

POP: How are you, Jim? We been worried about you.

JIM: I'm all right now I guess. I've been up at Wellman's getting back some strength.

POP: Jim, I want to shake your hand . . . and apologize for some of the things I said about you. You know . . . well . . . we all thought you was . . . was yellier, when you didn't stand up to McCann.

JIM: I had my reasons, Pop.

POP: Yes sir . . . we sure was wrong . . . all of us. You showed us all right. There ain't a man alive coulda done what you did. Fight and kill four men single handed.

JIM: I didn't want to do it Pop. It was my life or theirs.

POP: I know, son, and you're a hero. That's what you are, a gol darned hero. There was a writer feller here from the east the other day. Couldn't believe his ears when we told him about you. Bud gave him the facts and he wrote it up for his paper. The whole county'll know what you did, Jim.

JIM: That isn't important, Pop.

POP: It isn't? Say, there was another feller in from Denver. Wants to give you a job with his stage coach company. Says he needs a man like you for protection. He'll pay big.

JIM: I don't care, Pop.

POP: Say, what's got into you? What're you feelin' so low about?

JIM: Kate . . .

POP: Oh, her . . .

JIM: I thought, that . . . maybe when I was lyin' up at the cabin there . . . she'd come to visit me. But she never did. Not even once.

POP: Now I know what I wanted to tell you. It's about her.

JIM: Kate? You mean you know where she is?

POP: Well, not exactly. But y'see . . .

JIM: Where is she Pop . . . I've got to know . . . I've got to find her..

POP: Now take it easy, son . . . What I got to tell you ain't so pleasant. Kate's gone up north.

JIM: North? Where? What for?

POP: She said she was goin' up to Oregon way . . . to live with some relatives. She left a message for you.

JIM: Tell me man . . . tell me . . . what did she say?

POP: It was sorta funny . . . she said . . . tell Jim he broke his word, and I'm leavin'.

JIM: Broke my word? Didn't she hear about it? Didn't she understand?

POP: Understand what?

JIM: About the fight.

POP: She did have some funny notion about that. Seemed mad that you got messed up in another fight. I tried to tell her she was all wrong. All you did

was defend yourself and your boss's property. But she wouldn't listen. Just kept sayin', He broke his word.

JIM: I've got to find her, Pop, and make her understand. When I tell her what happened, she'll see that I did the right thing.

POP: Maybe so . . . but women are funny critters.

JIM: Didn't she say what part of Oregon she was going to?

POP: Nope. Come to think of it, I'm not so sure it was Oregon. She said up Oregon way. Might be some territory near there.

JIM: But I've got to know. And I'll find her if I have to search the whole West.

POP: Now take it easy, Jim. You're young, and you'll get over this. You can't go galivantin' all over the country lookin'

for a girl, when you don't even know where she is. Besides . . . funny things happen . . . Sometimes when you least expect it . . . when you ain't even lookin' for it . . . you run into somethin' by accident you couldn't o' found with years of lookin'.

JIM: But Pop, what am I going to do?

POP: There are plenty of things for you to do! Out here a man can make some-
thin' of himself if he wants to. And if I'm any judge of men you'll make a name for yourself. You've got a reputa-
tion already. You don't have to stay in this town. Move along . . . you'll find yourself, soon enough.

JIM: I don't know . . . all I can think of is Kate.

POP: There's no rush. Take your time, and you'll see that I'm right. (*Fade*)

THE KEY

A DRAMA FOR WOMEN

By HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

ADAPTED FOR RADIO BY EDWARD GOLDBERGER

(Produced by Peter Witt and Story Magazine over WHN, New York)

MISS HANSON: You're the new nurse Dr. Gresham sent over, eh?

JEAN: Yes, Miss Hanson.

HANSON: Miss Bradford, that right? Never worked in a sanitarium before, I suppose.

JEAN: No, Miss Hanson. I've had only the regular training up to this point, now I've been assigned to the sanitarium for the advanced course.

HANSON: Well, we're short-handed here, as usual, and I won't have time to show you the ropes. I'll put you right to work . . . Go down to Mrs. Field's room and change the linens. They're in the closet. Here's your key . . . It's a pass key to all the doors. She may try to take it from you.

JEAN: Mrs. Field? Is she an extreme case?

HANSON: Yes. She gets violent occasionally. She's been here six months and seems to be getting worse all the time. And she doesn't like new nurses . . . Has an idea they want to kill her.

JEAN: Then do you think it advisable that I should go?

HANSON: I don't like to send you, but I haven't any one else at the moment. Don't let her get too close to you and whatever you do, don't turn your back on her. She may explode if you do . . . Maybe hurt you severely. You've got to be careful every second.

JEAN: Are there many patients like that? How long does it take to get used to that sort of thing?

HANSON: Well, Miss Bradford, that all depends on the person in question. Some people never get used to it. But people who are squeamish have no business do-

ing mental nursing anyway. Frankly, you look to me to be more like a photographer's model than a nurse, but I suppose you never can tell . . . What course are you taking at the hospital?

JEAN: The four months' course.

HANSON: Oh, yes. Well, you general hospital nurses have an idea that you're superior to nurses who train in specialized hospitals like this. But you'll change your mind in the next four months.

JEAN: Yes, Miss Hanson.

HANSON: One word of caution. New nurses have a tendency to treat patients by themselves. Don't do it.

JEAN: I'm here to learn, Miss Hanson, not to be a nuisance.

HANSON: All right. You'd better take care of Mrs. Field now. You've got the key. Don't lose it. It's the one safeguard against the patient escaping. Fasten the end of the chain to your belt and don't under *any* circumstances let it get away from your charge. Under any circumstances.

MUSIC: *Up and down*

SOUND: *Key in lock—door opens*

JEAN: Good morning, Mrs. Field. I've come to change the linen.

MRS. FIELD: New girl . . . go away, go away. Get out of my room.

JEAN: Now, Mrs. Field, you just stay there while I open this closet and get the linen out. Then, I'm afraid, I'll have to ask you to get out of bed.

FIELD: You get out of my room! I know what you want to do . . . You want to poison me! You want to kill me . . . get out!

JEAN: Now, Mrs. Field, I don't want to do anything of the sort. I'm here to help you. I wouldn't hurt you for the world.

FIELD: You will, you will . . . you'll try to poison me. You're going to stab me I know what new girls are like . . . They all want to kill me . . . but I know . . . I'm careful of them . . . Now get out . . . get out!

JEAN: I don't want to do anything like that at all. I'm a nurse, I'm here to see that you're comfortable and to help you.

FIELD: No . . . no . . . they're all trying to kill me . . . they hate me.

JEAN: Just lie still while I get the linen out of the closet.

SOUND: *Key in lock*

JEAN: I'll be ready for you in just a moment. You just stay quiet and . . . oh, dear, the key's stuck in the lock . . . now let me see.

SOUND: *Key rattle*

JEAN: I can't get it out . . . maybe if I . . .

FIELD: Get out . . . get out or I'll throw you out.

JEAN: Mrs. Field, if you'll just go back to bed and let me get this linen, you'll see that . . .

FIELD: No! No! You leave my room! You get out of my room! Or I'll throw you out. I'll throw you out myself!

JEAN: I'll do nothing of the . . .

SOUND: *Of blows*

JEAN: *Groans*

MUSIC: *Bridge*

JEAN: *Groans*

MISS BROWN: Here, what's this? Let me help you up. What's happened. I'm Miss Brown.

JEAN: I . . . I . . . I went in to change the linen for Mrs. Field.

BROWN: Mrs. Field. Why, they shouldn't have sent you in there, they know she doesn't like new girls. You are a new girl, aren't you? What happened?

JEAN: She . . . she hit me and then I guess I landed in the corridor . . . I must have fainted . . . Oh, my head . . .

BROWN: You'll be all right in a minute. You're lucky . . . if it had been Spencer now . . . She's a real terror. Boy! When she gets going . . .

JEAN: Spencer?

BROWN: In the room next to Field's. She's - the violent case!

JEAN: My key . . . where's my key . . . I had it right . . .

BROWN: You haven't lost it have you? We'll have to search right away . . . if Field got that key, I'd better go see if she's still in her room.

JEAN: No, here it is . . . right on the floor. Oh thank goodness. It must have broken off the chain.

BROWN: Oh, good. Well, get a new chain as soon as you can. That's a relief. We'd have had to search for Field for miles around if she ever got her hands on it.

JEAN: Well, it's safe now. I'm glad she didn't run away. She might have murdered somebody if she did.

BROWN: Yes . . . You feel all right?

JEAN: Uhhh, all right now.

BROWN: Good. I'd better get along then. You'll get used to this place, and you can thank your lucky star that it wasn't Spencer you met up with. Well, see you later.

JEAN: Yes . . . and thank you. Thanks a lot . . . Hmm. Still feel a little dizzy. I guess I'd better get some water.

MISS SPENCER: Hello.

JEAN: Huh? Where? Who said that?

SPENCER: Over here on this side. The room with the grill-work.

JEAN: Oh.

SPENCER: You were lying on the floor there a long time . . . That Mrs. Field, she gets awfully violent sometimes, doesn't she?

JEAN: Yes, she does.

SPENCER: Did she hurt you very much?

JEAN: Hmmm? Oh . . . oh, no. I did faint for a minute, though, I guess. No, I'm all right. Nothing lost except perhaps my dignity. That got quite a jolt.

SPENCER: I'm glad nothing worse was hurt. You'd better not go in there again. She's liable to do that to new nurses.

JEAN: So I gathered from her conversation . . . and her actions. The thing that puzzles me is when do I become an "old nurse." I guess I'll just have to keep coming back, willy-nilly. I'll be more careful next time, though.

SPENCER: Yes. You do have to be careful . . . especially with some of us.

JEAN: Tell me, how is it that your door has only a grillwork? Most of these have glass on the door.

SPENCER: I'm pretty quiet, you see. Not like some . . . I never make much noise . . . except to talk to the voices.

JEAN: Voices . . . Oh, yes, of course.

SPENCER *laughs—mimics Jean*: Oh, yes, of course. "Rule 34, always humor the patient."

JEAN *laughs*: It did sound like that, didn't it? I'm sorry, but you know . . .

SPENCER: Yes, I know . . . But I do hear them. What's your name?

JEAN: I'm Miss Bradford.

SPENCER: Well, Miss Bradford, what do you think of us anyway?

JEAN: Think of . . . what do you mean?

SPENCER: Why of us . . . of the patients here.

JEAN: I don't know. I really don't. I've been here scarcely an hour as yet. But I think that as soon as I understand them a little better, I'm going to like it.

SPENCER: I thought you might be that kind.

JEAN: Is that a particular kind? You make me feel as though I were sort of special.

SPENCER: It is, sort of . . . We don't get many like that here. Most of them are always trying to be bossy and order us around. It's just a job. They don't even try to understand us.

JEAN: I see . . . like Miss Hanson, you mean?

SPENCER: That's right. Like the head-nurse . . . you've met her already, have you?

JEAN: Yes, naturally.

SPENCER *suddenly harsh*: I hate her . . . I hate her . . . someday I'm going to kill her.

JEAN: Now . . . now . . .

SPENCER: I do . . . I do . . . I will.

JEAN: I think . . . I think maybe you'd better get some rest now. Why don't you lie down for a few minutes? All this talking has tired you out. It's my fault, I'm sorry.

SPENCER: No. I'm not tired. But it's nurses like that, that make me so . . . so angry . . . You can see what it means to have a nurse who will at least make an attempt to understand . . . It's . . . why it's a great event.

JEAN: Yes, I see.

SPENCER: Would you come and talk to me sometimes? I would like so much . . . (*Off mike*) You! You! Leave Leonard alone! Do you hear me? Leave Leonard alone!

Music: Up and down

JEAN: Miss Hanson, who is the patient in the room across from Mrs. Fields?

HANSON: Which patient?

JEAN: Why, she's about twenty-three—a little taller than I am and slender. She's got a lovely, intelligent face.

HANSON: Oh! That's Anita Spencer. You'll get over thinking she's lovely after she's tried to kill you once or twice.

JEAN: Oh, so she's Spencer. The one Brown calls the terror. I looked into her room. It's awfully bare. Nothing in it but the bed and the blankets. Mrs. Field's room has more in it than that.

HANSON: Yes. She can't have more than that. She'd destroy anything else in a second . . . That's why she has a grill instead of glass on the door, too. Heaven knows what would happen to a glass door, if she had one.

JEAN: But she's got blankets.

HANSON: Those blankets are indestructible.

JEAN: Thank you . . . Miss Hanson, who is Leonard?

HANSON: Leonard? Leonard? Oh! He's the man she's engaged to marry. But you needn't think romance blighted Anita's young life . . . Too much study did that for her.

JEAN: Too much study? That seems harmless enough. She should be easily cured if that's all that's wrong with her.

HANSON: Think so? I'd like to see you do it.

JEAN: I wish I could, I wish I could.

MUSIC. Bridge

JEAN: Hello, Miss Spencer, I came down to say goodnight.

SPENCER: You are so kind to me. Why?

JEAN: I like you. If I'd known you outside I'm sure we would have been friends. I'd like to be friends now, if you care to.

SPENCER: Friends? You want to be friends with me, now?

JEAN: Of course. Why not? You're still you, no matter how sick you are.

SPENCER: Yes. I suppose so. But then, when the voices . . .

JEAN: Do they come often? Do they bother you much?

SPENCER: No. Not often. But when they do, it's like . . . it's like I'm outside of myself watching. And they tell me to do things, terrible things, and I do them.

JEAN: Haven't you ever tried to control yourself? To stop yourself from doing them?

SPENCER: Yes . . . I try, sometimes. But I never can . . . I never can.

JEAN: Well, maybe sometime you will be able to.

SPENCER: I hope so. I don't want to stay here forever.

JEAN: I shouldn't think you would.

SPENCER: I'd like to go out some day. To go out and see the trees and the fields . . . and to go home again. That would be nice. I'd like to go home again.

JEAN: You will, I'm sure . . . some day.

SPENCER: But I mustn't keep you here all this time. You're tired, too.

JEAN: No. I don't mind . . . I like talking to you. Sometime you must tell me about your home . . . what it was like, and about your family. I'd like to hear it.

SPENCER: I . . . Did you know that you stopped the voices then? They hushed, all at once. They were talking to me, and then . . . they stopped, all of a sudden. That's strange. It's never happened to me before. Never.

JEAN: I'm glad it did happen. Very glad. Maybe between us, we'll be able to stop the voices altogether. If you try hard, that is.

SPENCER: I'll try, of course. But it's very hard.

JEAN: Naturally it'll be hard, but don't you think it would be worth it?

SPENCER: Oh, yes!

JEAN: Well, then, we'll both do our best. I promise you I'll do all I can to help you.

SPENCER: Oh, that's wonderful! You're wonderful, Miss Bradford. Nobody's ever tried really to help me like that before. I'm so glad you're here now, in this hospital.

JEAN: Yes, that's fine . . . now, why don't you try to get some rest? Hmm? Try it.

SPENCER: Are you going now? Are you going to leave me now?

JEAN: Do you want me to stay for a while longer?

SPENCER: I'd like . . . would you do something for me?

JEAN: Certainly.

SPENCER: When I was a little girl, my mother used to put me to sleep by saying a little poem from Stevenson's

Child's Garden of Verses. I keep trying to remember it, but I can't somehow. In the night, it almost comes back, but not quite. Do you know it; could you remember it? It begins like this: "Up into the cherry tree" and that's all I can remember.

JEAN: Yes, I know it.

Up into the Cherry Tree

*Who should climb but little me,
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.*

SPENCER: That's it! That's it!

JEAN: Why don't you try to memorize it now? I know! You repeat it after me as I say it . . . Up into the cherry tree . . .

SPENCER: Up into the cherry tree . . .

JEAN: Who should climb but little me . . .

SPENCER: *Fade out*

MUSIC: Start fade in

SPENCER: Who should climb but little me . . .

MUSIC: Up and down

BROWN: Come on, Bradford. You're in for it this morning. Spencer's hair has to be combed and you'll have to help me. We're a nurse short. Now you'll see your little protegee really act up.

JEAN: What's the idea, Brownie?

BROWN: Why Spencer thinks that every time we comb her hair we cut chunks out of it, and she fights like blazes. Look. See the scar on my thumb here? That's where she bit me last time.

JEAN: Gosh! I didn't think she . . . Well, you can't call this a dull life, can you?

BROWN: I'll say you can't. Now listen to me. You must remember what I say or you'll get in trouble. Never let a patient get hurt, or bumped, or bruised in any way. When she jumps at us, and she certainly will . . . try to get hold of an arm or a leg and never let go, no matter what the patient does to you. If you do, some of us will be killed, understand?

JEAN: But couldn't we hold a towel over her mouth so she can't bite like that?

BROWN: Good Lord, no! That's cruelty to the patient. If you get bitten, you get bitten, that's all. Well, here we are.

JEAN: Two nurses for one poor girl, my goodness!

BROWN: Yes, but what a little girl!

SOUND: Knock on door

BROWN: Good morning, Miss Spencer.

SPENCER *sullen*: Good morning, Miss Brown.

BROWN: Miss Spencer . . . I . . . we . . . I think you'd better have your hair combed this morning. It's getting all snarled again. Please!

SPENCER: No . . . go away from that door.

BROWN: Miss Spencer, won't you please come out quietly? You know how you hate being fastened in the chair, and we hate doing it, too. Please!

SPENCER: No!

BROWN: It's no use, Jean . . . Come on! I'll stand in front, you stand behind me. Close behind me. And get set for that first rush. When she comes at me, grab her.

SOUND: *Key in door—door open—scream—body falling on floor—heavy breathing for few seconds*

BROWN: Let me hold that leg, Bradford, I'm stronger than you. Get the mattress quick. Drag it behind them and put it under her!

SOUND: *Heavy breathing stops*

BROWN: *There!* (Sigh)

SPENCER: You . . . you . . . get out . . . get out and leave me alone. I won't have my hair cut out . . . I won't . . . I won't.

BROWN: Now, Miss Spencer, you know it's not going to hurt you. We're only going to comb it.

SPENCER: You will. You will. I hate you . . . all of you . . . I . . .

JEAN: Here, Miss Spencer, let me put your head on my lap a minute, maybe you'll feel better.

SPENCER: Thank you, Miss Bradford. Thank you.

BROWN: Miss Spencer?

HANSON: Oh, there you are, Miss Spencer. Everything all right, Miss Brown?

JEAN: Yes, Miss Hanson. It's all right now.

HANSON: Fine. There's something I want to get here. Keep away from the closet, please.

SPENCER: Don't touch those letters, Hanson! You sneak! Put those letters back. Put Leonard's letters back! Thief! Murderess! Put them back!

HANSON: Be quiet, Miss Spencer. These letters excite you too much. You can have them back when you're better.

SPENCER: *Starts a low moan that gets higher and higher in pitch*

HANSON: You needn't start one of your tantrums again. It won't help you.

SPENCER: Put them back! Thief, robber! Murderess! Put back my letters. They're from Leonard. They're mine!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Knock on door*

JEAN: Miss Spencer . . . I got your letters back for you. I took them from Miss Hanson. I've got them. I've got the letters.

SPENCER: Oh, my letters, thank you! Thank you!

JEAN: No one must know I took them. If it's discovered, I'll be expelled and the letters'll be taken away from you again. Miss Hanson really believes they do you harm, you see, and she honestly wants you to get well. They must be hidden somewhere. Now, will you promise never to tell?

SPENCER: Yes, I promise.

JEAN: Good. Now, the trouble is, there's no place in your room where they can be hidden, except in your closet, and that's locked to you. Have you a suitcase here?

SPENCER: Yes. Yes. I have.

JEAN: Good. I'll put them there, if you're willing. You won't be able to get at them, of course, but they'll be in your room. They'll be yours again. And as soon as you get better, your closet door will be left unlocked again. All right?

SPENCER: Yes. Can I have them now?

JEAN: Here they are. You read them, then we'll consider the closet. I'll wait. Just a second, I'll open the door.

SOUND: *Key in lock—door opens and closes—key in lock again*

SPENCER: Why did you lock the door? Don't you trust me?

JEAN: Why . . . my dear, think what would happen if the night nurse came down and found me talking to you with the door unlocked.

SPENCER: Yes . . . yes, that's true. I'd lose you then, wouldn't I? I'm glad you thought of that.

JEAN: All right, now?

SPENCER: All right.

JEAN: You know, don't you, that I'm absolutely alone down here? And no one could possibly hear if I called. The night nurse is in the upper hall now.

SPENCER: Yes. I know. Please don't be afraid. I won't touch you.

JEAN: I'm not afraid. I'm just telling you the situation.

SPENCER: Would you . . . would you like to read my letters? They're from Leonard.

JEAN: No . . . No, Miss Spencer. They're your letters. They're not my business.

SPENCER: But I wouldn't mind. I wouldn't mind at all. Aren't we friends?

JEAN: Yes. Yes, we are. Perhaps I'll read them some other time, dear. Sometime when we can both have lots of leisure and we'll read them together . . . Now, I'll put them away.

-SOUND: *Key in lock—door opens*

SPENCER: The suitcase is in the back. In the corner.

SOUND: *Dragging suitcase*

JEAN: I've got it . . . Oh, you startled me, coming up behind me like that. I thought you were over in the corner. Is there a pocket anywhere in this that will be safe?

SPENCER *voice low and slightly thick*: Yes, right there on the left.

SOUND: *Suitcase lock—snap*

JEAN: There! It's done.

SOUND: *Suitcase dragged again—door lock*

JEAN: No one will ever find it there.

SPENCER *Thick voice*: Miss Bradford. Please, hurry, get out the door! Please! Hurry! Hurry!

JEAN: All right.

SPENCER: Please! Please! (*This rises into a scream*)

SOUND: *Door closed and locked*

JEAN *through scream*: Good night, Miss Spencer.

MUSIC: *Up and down*

SOUND: *Knock on door*

GRESHAM: Come in.

SOUND: *Door opens and shuts*

GRESHAM: Oh, it's you, Miss Bradford. Come in. Sit down.

JEAN: Dr. Gresham, could I speak to you for a minute?

GRESHAM: Why, certainly. What's troubling you?

JEAN: Well, nothing's the trouble exactly. It's just . . . well, I wanted to ask your advice. It's about one of the patients in the sanitarium. I'd like to know what you think about the case.

GRESHAM: Suppose you tell me about it.

JEAN: Her name's Spencer, Anita Spencer.

GRESHAM: Oh, yes. I've heard something about her from Mrs. Hanson. It's really very sad.

JEAN: Then you do know something about her. Well, the thing I've come to ask, is this. Has she any chance of getting well?

GRESHAM: The doctors couldn't say whether she'd recover or not.

JEAN: That's not much help, is it? Had they any suggestions? Any at all?

GRESHAM: In their report they stated that if she were to show any definite signs of self-control, she might be said to have a chance for recovery. But as things were . . .

JEAN: I see. Signs of self-control. In other words, if she were to overcome one of her spells. Is that it?

GRESHAM: That's it . . . or if she were, for instance, in a position to act up and didn't.

JEAN: And is there anything I can do to help her?

GRESHAM: Nothing. Nothing except to watch her and to make the most of any opportunity that offers . . . if there are any.

JEAN: I see. But if she does show that self-control at any time?

GRESHAM: Then she would be well on her way to recovery and sanity again.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

HANSON: Miss Bradford, you'll have to help me get the patients up from the baths. All the other nurses are in class except Miss Brown, and she's not feeling well. We're the only two out.

JEAN: Just the two of us, Miss Hanson?

HANSON: That's right. And heaven knows what that Spencer girl is liable to do at a time like this. She hates getting into the baths, but she hates coming out just as much, if not more.

JEAN: But Mrs. Field is there, too, now. Isn't she just as bad as Miss Spencer?

HANSON: Yes, she is. But unfortunately Mrs. Field is afraid of me. And Miss Spencer . . .

JEAN: Miss Spencer hates you.

HANSON: Precisely. Come on.

JEAN: Yes, Miss Hanson.

HANSON: I never could understand that . . . why she hated me. So much more than any of the other nurses, I mean. With most of them, you know, it's just an impersonal hatred of all of us. Miss Spencer's is completely personal.

JEAN: Yes, here it is. Just a moment, I'll open the door.

SOUND: *Key in lock—door opens . . .*

JEAN: No wonder these baths quiet the patients. I'd almost like to play in them myself.

HANSON: Don't talk foolishly, Miss Bradford.

JEAN: Sorry.

HANSON: Mrs. Field! Come on, Mrs. Field, you'll have to get out of there. It's supper time. Don't keep me waiting, Mrs. Field. Hurry or you'll miss supper entirely!

FIELD: No . . . not coming.

HANSON: Will you come out or do I have to come over there and drag you out? Very well . . . I'm coming over there myself . . . now will you . . . oh!

JEAN: Mrs. Field, don't do that. Look out, Miss Hanson.

SOUND: *Body stumbling*

JEAN yells: Miss Spencer, be quiet!

SOUND: *Scream stops—body falling—dull crack*

HANSON: Oh, my hip! My hip!

JEAN: I've got her, Miss Hanson. Just as soon as I tie her with this apron.

FIELD: No! You . . .

JEAN: Quick, Miss Hanson! Help me! Miss Hanson, you'll have to help me! This apron, it won't hold! Come on!

HANSON: I can't! I can't! She's broken my hip! We'll be killed! We'll both be killed! . . . Look out! Spencer's behind you! Look out!

JEAN shaky: Miss Spencer . . . Miss Spencer?

SPENCER: Yes, Miss Bradford?

JEAN: Miss Spencer, will you help me?

SPENCER: Yes. What do you want me to do?

JEAN: Here, take my key. Get some sheets and a blanket from the linen closet. Quick!

SPENCER: Yes, Miss Bradford.

HANSON: You fool! What have you done? She'll never come back. She'll never come back! This is the chance she's been waiting for.

JEAN: No, Miss Hanson. This is the chance I've been waiting for.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

JEAN: Where is she? I can't . . . I can't hold Mrs. Field much longer . . .

HANSON: I told you! I told you! You'll be fired for this! You'll never get an-

other job in a hospital. Of course she'll run away. She'll escape now that she has the chance . . .

JEAN: She's going to come back, I know she will.

HANSON: By this time she's probably out of the place altogether. And you're responsible . . . you . . . with your stupid, soft-heartedness. You're responsible for loosening a murderess on the community.

JEAN: She's not a murderess, Miss Hanson. You've treated her like an animal, but if you'd treated her like a human being instead, she would have been out of here long ago.

HANSON: The way she's gone out now, I suppose.

JEAN: She hasn't gone out, now. She'll come back. But she will be free soon. She needed this one opportunity to prove it. I've asked the doctor about her—if she lives up to it, she'll be a free woman in a short while.

HANSON: She's gone . . . she's gone . . . she's run away . . . and you did it.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

SPENCER: Here are the sheets, Miss Bradford.

JEAN: Oh, Miss Spencer!

SPENCER: I'm sorry I took so long, but I couldn't find the linen closet at first.

I've never been out before, you know.

JEAN: That's all right, Miss Spencer.

SPENCER: You'd better let me hold Mrs. Field. I'm stronger than you.

JEAN: Yes . . . all right, her legs are tied. Now . . . hold the arms . . . there! All right! Will you help me get Miss Hanson into a more comfortable position now, please?

SPENCER: Miss Hanson? Of course.

HANSON: I . . . I never . . . I can't understand . . .

JEAN: There! That's fine . . . all right, Miss Spencer, and thank you very much . . . I think you'd better go back to your room now.

SPENCER: Yes, Miss Bradford . . . Oh! Here's your pass-key, Miss Bradford. I think you forgot it. And you wouldn't be able to get out of the building without it, would you?

MUSIC: *Up and out*

STORY IN DOGTOWN COMMON

A POETIC PLAY

By JOSEPH LISS

(A Columbia Workshop Play, broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System)

MUSIC: *Overture*

STORYTELLER: Once upon a time and many years ago, there lived a town, Scots, Swedes, Finns and Slavs to-gether with Englishmen banded themselves on the Cape of Queen Ann and called themselves—Yankees.

MUSIC: *Pause for musical comment*

With hope for peace and property,
With hate for the splintered yoke
on blue bruised backs,
free of the snooping Elders of the
Massachusetts Bay,
and the ledgers of an Imperial counting
house,
they build their city of huts.

MUSIC: *Sneak*

Low, one storied affairs,
sitting on small cellars of palace granite
hewn of quarries now left yawning.
Men of hard will and work-chopped
hands,
women too soon grown old
peopling rapidly a
new generation; wise kids
spitting the pits of berries that never
satisfied
the emptiness of hunger;
These were the freemen
that inhabited
Dogtown Common

MUSIC: *Out*

Farming?
Hardly.
"Who could till
a hill that a glacier once had ploughed?"
"Plant a crop in a terminal morain?"
Stuff a seed under a boulder?

Huh . . . good soil to level cow dung
on."

"Let the cedars grow
They're pretty enough."

Occupation did you say?
Fishing.

At first, just in the harbor,
for pollock and cod.
But a man must make a living
not eat fish!

MUSIC: *Sneak—sea theme*

So they risked the run to George's
Banks and the ghost
grey fog of Novy,
Fog like a white hag's hair that cov-
ered a sail and a
prow to a common denominator of
nothingness.

MUSIC: *Up and down*

Fish to the market?
Sometimes.
But as often as not; because when the
fog is hungry, it
swallows the crushed planks of
head-on prows
feeding the gourmand
brine with twine twisted nets and raw
flesh bones
of men and ribs of trawlers.
The fish back to the sea.
The ship?
Well—if you're keen; to mark its
place,
You'll see a buoy bob a humpty dumpty
out in the fog;—
Fit memorial for foolish
men who work
to eat to live.

MUSIC: *Pause while music establishes death theme*

And those that returned
but for the grace of
God's angry waters, saw
their women pin topped on Pigeon hill—
With stony patience,
their children clinging to hills of their
skirts,

They waited
like miners' wives
furtive eyes
seeking not how many gone,
but who's the living?

MUSIC: *Out*

SOUND: *Crowd noises—quay effects*

STORYTELLER *spiritedly*: Ship's in—filling
the harbor with

belly-full bottoms bursting
with mackerel and cod!
And the market?

Good!

Three cents a pound!

The law of supply and demand, don't
ya know:

Less boats, less fish,
less lives.

Price per what?

Less men—more wives.

But who's to pay for all of this?

Send your statement to the
dogs.

They're the men-folk now;
protectors of the city of huts.

And with a couple of wars thrown
in . . .

The city of dogs . . .

Dogtown Common.

SOUND: *Out*

But even dogs can't eat a cedar, a
boulder, and a
blueberry brier.

So the place is real pretty now;

No dogs, no empty-bellied kids, to eat
the taxes of

good citizens,

no empty-souled women

to embarrass the righteous of Annis-
quam . . .

no—not even a house all in one piece;

Just picturesque chasms

once cellars.

MUSIC: *Sneak in—romantic theme*

Yep—it sure is pretty now—for visitors.
Nice place for berry-pickin' and takin'

a girl and

paintin' a picture.

The stunted cedars?

Sure—I said they're pretty.

Pretty black fox-tails by
night,

Good place, they say, for
witches to hide behind—

Bayonets prickling the sky;

Sentinels of Cape Ann;

Good to tell stories by . . .

MUSIC: *Bridge—fade to . . .*

SOUND: *Young people laughing*

THOMAS: Look at them, will ya, fine
couple of berry pickers! Nothin' but
a pair o' kissin' bugs.

SILAS: How does your hands huggin'?

Molly find time for the berries, George?

THOMAS: He's a fast picker.

SOUND: *They laugh*

GEORGE: But a good one, eh, Molly?

MOLLY: George and I got the can brim-
full.

SUSAN: Look at Molly's face, strawberry
blush!

GEORGE: Don't let them tease, Molly.

GLADYS: Then show us the can.

Brim-full now . . .

no bottom packed with peat.

Make them show us the can!

MOLLY: We et them.

THOMAS: Poor fare to satisfy love hunger.

You expect us to believe that?

MOLLY: Believe what joys you to be-
lieve, Thomas Higgins, but George and
I were only looking at the sea-purple
sunset. Look for yourself. Pretty?

THOMAS: Seen it a million times.

SILAS: Come on, Tom . . .

Time to pack the nets and ship for
Novy.

Comin', George?

GEORGE: I'll be along.

SILAS: We'll wait,

We'll see you coo

if you've a mind to.

But take heed, George Reed—

You'll have a wife to wed

ere the moon's abed.

It's a trick of the witch

they say

on Dogtown Common.

SOUND: *All laugh and exit singing—Molly
and George remain*

GEORGE: Mad? (Pause) Mad at me, Molly?

MOLLY: You promised not to tell, George
and you mocked about it
like the others. Your remarks
unsacred—so offhand.

GEORGE: Darling . . . the laugh in your
eye,

Look—you're losing it . . .
 The laugh—it's gone!
 Closer . . .
 You're cold.
 Let me cover you.
 What did I say to line your face?
 MOLLY: You "pick 'em good,"
 So free and easy you spout it.
 Were you choosing a new fishing dory
 You'd be more glorious about it.
 GEORGE: Only talk, Molly,
 You were the one to give it away.
 But what have we to hide?
 Our love's nothing prim and sacred . . .
 it's real!
 Real like a touch of freshness in the
 quarry pool.
 Tell me you'll marry me
 I'll ring the bell down 'Squam way
 and
 holler it clear from Halibut Point to
 Gloucester-town.
 To the reef of Norman's
 Woe.
 MOLLY: No, George—wait.
 Time to let others share it.
 Let me be selfish awhile.
 GEORGE: But why—what's
 *to gain by it?
 Silas knows, and with his damn glib
 tongue,
 he'll have the whole Cape cackling
 we're man and wife already,
 And we'll not be the wiser.
 MOLLY: I lied . . .
 It wasn't that, George;
 I'll be the first to tell
 when it's done to tell.
 I'll be the happiest.
 GEORGE: Molly—your eyes are
 Fogging up . . .
 They gape!
 They don't see!
 Molly—look at me!
 MUSIC: *In behind quietly*
 MOLLY *quietly*: It's nothing.
 it's light;
 only light.
 For moments I see nothing
 Not you George . . .
 Your face—your hands
 your hair . . .
 turns to mist of your breath:
 You're not here:
 Only light.
 GEORGE: I'm here.
 Kiss me . . .
 Now—am I?

Come on—it's getting black as pitch
 in a hold.
 The moon's letting down on its job.
 MOLLY: When you talk
 the white air rising from the
 peat is one
 with the mist of your breath.
 What is it, George?
 what does it mean?
 GEORGE: It means it's damp.
 MUSIC: *Pause—music out*
 Let's get down from here.
 Kids say it's a place
 for the creep o' the willies . . .
 Can't say as I blame them.
 God—it's damp.
 Come on, there's fun
 in town tonight before I sail—not on
 Dogtown Common without a moon.
 Come—we'll tell them
 About us.
 MOLLY: No, George
 Don't tell them—
 not now . . . (*He laughs*)
 Don't laugh, dear.
 A premonition:
 A woman's right
 to feel,
 not to know.
 To keep happy things secret
 until they are realized.
 GEORGE: Silly.
 SOUND: *Howl of a dog in the distance*
 MOLLY: What was that?
 SOUND: *Howl of a dog in the distance*
 GEORGE: A dog.
 MOLLY: Here?
 In these rocks;
 These bald eaten hills,
 a dog?
 He'll starve.
 Find him, George.
 GEORGE: He won't starve,
 That's Ma Hester's hound
 bayin' at the last moon
 before he blinded.
 Mange eaten mongrel . . .
 cryin' at gone unhappy
 years like his mistress
 Why doesn't she leave these hills,
 live in town
 And stop playing the witch?
 MOLLY: She's not a witch, George
 I know her well . . .
 a righteous woman
 as any in Annisquam.
 Reading a cup of grounds for a penny
 doesn't make a witch.

Seamen see tomorrow's weather;
 She tomorrow's fate.
 GEORGE: Old hag stuff.
 MUSIC: *Sneaks in*
 SOUND: *They walk—the baying is nearer*
 GEORGE: Take the short way, Molly.
 Clean black tonight.
 No fog and easy fishin'.
 Mind the briers. Look.
 Firefly light . . .
 See it running to the dock?
 Way off . . . men, and lanterns
 They're putting out for Novy.
 And a Nor'west wind,
 fresh and steady.
 The "Gloucester Maid," my ship
 Hurry . . .
 they'll be blowin' up the sails
 They'll be shovin' off
 I haven't skipped a sail in a thousand
 tides
 And I won't skip one, now.
 God . . . she's a trim-looking brig
 You ought to see her, Molly . . .
 with the men workin' and singin'
 Come—I'll sail and
 you'll see me off wi' them . . .
 MOLLY: No, George—don't go.
 not this night . . .
 GEORGE: Silly—I've got to.
 The sea is my work
 It's part of me.
 SOUND: *Baying close—wind*
 MOLLY: I'm afraid . . .
 Grip my hand—tight.
 GEORGE: Don't run, Molly.
 What's to fear.
 That hoary hound?
 Stop—you'll fall.
 He's no harm.
 No sight but a gone moon . . .
 No senses spared
 to sense a living thing.
 Don't run, I said.
 Molly.
 SOUND: *A thud—she falls—screams*
 MUSIC: *Out*
 GEORGE: Darling—you're hurt.
 SOUND: *Pause—howl of dog—wind*
stronger
 MOLLY crying: My leg . . .
 Away from this hill
 of shadow.
 Hurry—O!
 Help me rise—my leg.
 GEORGE: Lie still . . .
 quietly . . . let me see.
 Demon dog.

Why did you run . . .
 what's to fear?
 MOLLY: George—not the dog;
 the night.
 The premonition of
 darkness in light.
 Don't go.
 Don't set to the wind,
 the sail . . . no—not
 this night.
 Stay with me.
 GEORGE: Silly . . . Ma Hester's kind of
 crystal-gazing is gone with the
 ghosts of witches hung in Salem town.
 Fit for ancient hags and
 twine torn minds;
 not for the hope that's youth,
 Let me see the wound.
 Come, I won't hurt none;
 show it.
 MOLLY: The pain's gone
 from the wound
 to the pit of me. Strange . . .
 I feel it no more . . .
 only my head.
 A whirling whine grinding.
 GEORGE: God—it's raw bone deep . . .
 ripped with the rock.
 SOUND: *Cloth is torn*
 MOLLY: Don't cover it, George.
 No pain . . .
 raw bone deep . . .
 ripped by the rock . . .
 and yet . . .
 GEORGE quietly: Mother in heaven . . .
 and yet . . .
 no—blood . . .
 MOLLY: Lift me—I can't walk.
 SOUND: *Growl of dog*
 MOLLY: The dog's ahead
 off, there's a pinlight
 red
 above the top dead cedar
 near the twisted naked one.
 That's her light.
 Ma Hester's house.
 Take me there.
 She'll administer.
 SOUND: *Growling and barking of the dog*
is furious as they approach the hut—
George knocks on the door
 MOLLY: Knock again, George.
 SOUND: *Knocks—dog is snapping and*
growling at his heels
 GEORGE calling out: Hello . . . open up
 A woman's hurt. We need
 help . . . open . . .
 SOUND: *Knocks again*

MOLLY: The hound . . . (*Screams*)
Watch him, George.

GEORGE: Get away, dog . . . away
or you'll be the first
I've kicked.

Hello—open there.

SOUND: *Door opens—slowly—hinges creak*

MUSIC: *Witch's theme softly*

MA HESTER (*An old woman's voice*):

Evenin' . . . what evil brings you
to stir the quiet?

What demon reason
to turn to pandemonium the
night?

Quiet, Pluto, stop your yappin'!

(*Music out—the dog is heard no more*)

That's a good dog.

GEORGE: Thank you, ma'am.

HESTER *snapping*: Thank me—for what?
I need no thanks of folk from "Squam"
way.

MOLLY: Ma Hester.

HESTER: Huh? Who calls my name?

Heresy on the tongue of the clean.

(*With bitterness*) A name that makes
the prim

Shudder and squirm.

Who calls it?

MOLLY: I—Molly—Molly Mowry . . .
not from "Squam," but the cove,
You've read my cup of grounds.
Help me now.

My leg—it's hurt . . .

HESTER: Come in . . . there's welcome
here for all fools lost in Dogtown.

(*Suddenly*) Wait—who's the man
that carries you?

GEORGE: George Reed—fisher to Novy.

HESTER: A sea-ridden lout?

MOLLY: The man I'm troth to.

HESTER: Don't stand lookin' foolish.

In with ya . . .

Hurry . . .

Keep the night out.

SOUND: *Door slams*

HESTER *railingly*: Don't gape at me!

Your arms quiver holding her.

Rest her on the bed.

There . . .

SOUND: *Wind*

MOLLY *softly*: Ma Hester—don't let him
go.

HESTER: Huh?

Who go where?

Oh—You—George . . .

Bubble a pot on the fire.

There's a brook by the bog
toward the whale's Jaw.

Fill the bucket o'er.

Fill it clear.

GEORGE *sarcastically*: Sure—I'll fill it.

Fill it with tails of newts . . .

Hides of still born snake . . .

and hair of manged hound.

HESTER: Don't laugh at me, fool!

On your way!

GEORGE: Call your dog

for when I leave to go

he'll rile the quiet once again.

HESTER: Go round the cow house.

He sees no mortal man.

His eyes are inward loomed

in endless night.

MOLLY: George . . .

GEORGE: No fear;

I'll soon return.

SOUND: *Door opens—wind howls—door
bangs shut*

MUSIC: *Witch's theme—continues in back-
ground*

HESTER: Still—lie still . . .

rest—and sleep the

sleep of pounded peat.

Sleep—sleep . . .

MOLLY: George . . .

HESTER: Sleep . . .

He'll return but once again

but then don't let him go,

Your seared flesh

a sign;

no blood—no pain

but half filled lives

cut clean in twain.

MOLLY: No—no—I must not sleep.

HESTER: Rest, child;

the wound will heal

Time will seal

the open breach.

Weeds will cover

earth;

earth—cellars of Dogtown.

Sleep now . . .

The morrow will bear the light;

the light will bear the sign.

MOLLY: Not sleep,

sleep is death I fear,

I've seen the light;

The light's the sign

you say?

Ma Hester . . .

Light once to me was

happy things;

the cool bath on heavy morning eyes,

the laughing tinsel sparkle.

the freedom, the guide,

- the loveliness of gleaming . . .
 Why do I fear it now?
 HESTER: I'll read the cup,
 I'll stir the grinds:
 Settle now . . .
 Then pour the liquid o'er the fire.
 SOUND: *Angry hiss of water extinguishing fire*
 HESTER: Darker now but yet I see
 the mounds of grounds
 upon the cup
 left to tell a tale.
 MOLLY: Hurry . . .
 SOUND: *A wind and bolt of thunder*
 MOLLY: George will soon return.
 Tell me . . .
 You see the meaning
 of the light?
 SOUND: *Storm*
 HESTER: A corpusant . . .
 a holy light . . .
 Seamen see it in the night
 on rigs of ships,
 on heads of masts,
 a globule gleaming fire!
 See—it's left
 the blackness of the mast
 down the side of sail . . .
 bobbing from buoy to buoy
 to whites of waves,
 to sands of shore . . .
 reeling drunk
 it bobs—it bobs—it bobs . . .
 It's in the village now!
 It leaves its sign from door—to door—
 to door . . .
 Women stir in restless sleep,
 Men are mangled in the deep . . . deep
 . . . deep . . .
 MOLLY *screaming out*: No—No—stop!
 It's not true—it cannot be!
 HESTER *going on*: It's not my wish,
 It's in the cup of grounds
 the prophecy is told . . .
 the die is cast . . .
 no mortal man can
 change the past.
 Future's fate can
 yet be fought;
 living life can
 yet be sought.
 MUSIC: *Out*
 MOLLY: How—how, Ma Hester?
 Tell me?
 HESTER: Molly . . .
 I too was once righteous;
 I too once read the Book before they
 named me "witch."
- Listen—God's word:
 "Thou didst blow with thy wind,
 the sea covered them:
 they sank as lead in the mighty
 waters . . ."
 Heed me, child,
 cling to your love . . .
 let not the sea take him.
 MOLLY: You're mad!
 It's his life:
 he'll not give it up!
 HESTER: Your life, too, Molly.
 A woman that's been loved
 and then lives alone,
 lives in emptiness.
 Believe me.
 MOLLY *tensely*: His will is strong . . .
 he'll not listen!
 HESTER: He must.
 See the destiny
 molded in the cup.
 Read it . . .
 MUSIC: *Softly—Death Theme*
 MOLLY: Yes—I see it plain.
 (*Slowly*) I see . . .
 a white sail . . .
 a man's bleached bones . . .
 no—not a white sail,
 but a woman's wedding gown . . .
 (*Screams out hysterically*) George—
 come back! (*Runs to door*)
 HESTER: Get away from that door!
 Don't open it, Molly, the storm . . .
 SOUND: *Door crashes open—a bolt of thunder—howl of storm up*
 MOLLY *above the storm*: George—George!
 Don't go—not to sea!
 George . . .
 Oh—my darling . . .
 You're back—back!
 GEORGE *breathless*: Get in, Molly . . .
 back . . . out of the rain.
 Get in the house!
 SOUND: *Door slams shut—lower on storm*
—they are in house
 MOLLY *sobbing*: George—sweet George
 Stay with me—stay . . .
 GEORGE: Molly—what's wrong with her,
 Hester?
 Her face—it's death white!
 MOLLY: Stay, George . . .
 Never set a sail to the wind again—
 never!
 Never tempt the sea;
 Never leave me . . .
 GEORGE: Stop—stop it I say!
 Hester—help me!

Anger has left the wound
to plow her mind with delirium.
Help me!

MOLLY: Never go—never go . . .

HESTER: Her wound is healed;
see it.

Heed her; she is not mad.

She's seen a light,
the corpus sanctum . . .

the holy light
that goes with death

with those

that go to sea.

Here—take the cup . . .

read it . . .

It's written clear.

GEORGE: The cup?

Smash it . . .

and end its evil

that turns sound minds
to madness.

SOUND: *Cup shatters on hearthstone—
storm suddenly stops—silence*

GEORGE: Come, Molly,

The storm is gone; gone
from the loveliness of your
face as well.

Gone quickly as it came.

Come—leave unliving things behind.

HESTER: So? You've smashed the cursed
cup?

You feared it!

You think you changed your fate!

Pray to your God.

It's not too late.

GEORGE *scornfully*: Huh . . . fate!

What do you know of fate?

Foolish old woman . . .

I pity you . . .

HESTER: Leave Dogtown—leave the dead.

SOUND: *Door opens—they are in the open
—walking—light wind through trees—
crickets*

MUSIC: *Romantic theme*

GEORGE: Look, Molly—the moon's rising
on
the Common.

The Cedars are pretty again.

How clear the rain washed the night.

Look . . . straight across to Wingaer-
sheek

the white-caps are like a fleet

of merry sailboats popping in the Bay

The sea is not always angry, Molly

You'll love it some day as I do.

But here in town, dear . . . It's strange
It's so quiet . . . what is it, Molly?

SOUND: *A bell strikes in distance*

MOLLY: Hear, George—a bell.

SOUND: *Bell becomes clearer*

MOLLY: A bell of execration!

the curse

by bell, by book, by candle . . .

light snuffed out . . .

Hear it—the bell . . .

the toll of the bell . . .

GEORGE: God—the black-robed priest's
bell . . .

Run—to the beach!

MUSIC: *Death Theme*

SOUND: *Bell becomes louder and louder*

—faster and faster—nearer and nearer—

then fades under voice of a priest

PRIEST *chanting*: "Thou didst blow with

thy wind, the sea covered them:

they sank as lead in the mighty
waters . . ."

SOUND: *He goes on softly with his chant
—bell tolls softly*

MOLLY *above the priest's voice in a whisper*:

See, George, he tolls the bell . . .

Look—the empty dory on the sand.

The dory of the "Gloucester Maid"

empty of life!

GEORGE: Candles of its upturned hull . . .

sixty of them—out!

And their women . . .

Grief—huddled . . .

MOLLY: Their window—around the dory

Like a dark cloud,

a helpless vapor

meaning.

Listen!

CHORUS OF WOMEN: We saw a light,

A corposant,

a holy light . . .

from door—to door—to door . . .

MOLLY: George!

GEORGE: Quiet!

CHORUS: Our Father who art in heaven,
tell us;

Who died to-night?

Our men once strong with work;

Our bodies numb with longing;

Our waiting for the happiness

that's hope?

Tell us.

Bitterness is born.

Help us!

SOUND: *They hum a dirge—bell tolls—
priest mumbles*

MOLLY: It's cold, George—cold . . .

hold me . . .

never leave me.

GEORGE: I'm here, Molly.

The sea is in my eyes no more;

Pray it leaves my soul.

CHORUS: Who died to-night?

Our men once strong with work;

Our bodies numb with longing;

Our waiting for happiness
that's hope?

Tell us.

Bitterness is born

Help us.

MUSIC: *Up to finish*

STORYTELLER: Days past . . .

The dory on the sand
grew barnacles and rot.

The men too were forgotten.

Leaves filled empty wells,

The river at Annisquam out a new
gully,

The church was painted twice since
they wed.

And while ships still

scooned to Novy,

Men unearthed a new industry . . .

Rock

Rock that rumbled under wheels in
cities;

Rock that broke seas for safe harbors;

Rock that made monuments for men;
monuments for heroes

not for those that work in quarries and
tear it from the earth.

Folks call men who fight the sea . . .

Martyrs;

The fellows that chop the rock . . .

Slaves.

Slaves that lost their freedom;

Some for a woman's whim,

Some for a wage.

But those that were born with salt in
their hair,

found stone dust corrosive sublimate.

And as the years went by

Molly found it hard to live with
George.

Yes, she loved him all right.

Money?

No—not that . . .

MOLLY: You haven't touched your supper,
George . . .

GEORGE: Molly—we work to eat to live;
living is wrenched from the earth that's
life . . .

But pounding stone is not living

It's hate—brooding hate!

Eight to twelve . . .

chop a rock

and have a bite o' lunch.

Then chop again

'til darkness shadows

minds left free to brood . . .

brooding to madness!

MOLLY: Darling—I know.

Speak—don't shout.

Live as you like but

live with me,

not in a past of ships at sea

GEORGE: The sea is gone—gone—I said!

I gave it up!

MOLLY: You haven't touched your sup-
per, George . . .

GEORGE (*Filter*): Who are you, Molly?

You the woman I loved?

Your name painted with sun on side of
my ships?

You—my ships?

MOLLY: George! Look at me!

Don't stare through emptiness.

Darling!

GEORGE: I see it—I see it now!

Full laughing sails in the wind!

The ship!

The "Gloucester Maid" . . .

MOLLY: George—where are you going?

GEORGE *hysterically*: It's a rock . . .

firm in a rock . . .

Chop it clear . . .

Chop it clear . . .

MOLLY: George—George—don't go—
George . . .

SOUND: *Exits—door closes—George runs
—hammer and chisel*

MUSIC: *Agitato with death motif*

STORYTELLER: That night the land was
split with whiteness;

His mind with a mania

The moon ploughed a hoary path for
George;

through half-lit trees of Dogtown

under the shadow of Pigeon Hill,

down to where the quarry derricks lay,
he came upon his Rock.

Tools gripped white in his hands.

his body wedged close in a cleft he
had dug,

He cut—cut—cut into the rock

Cutting it from the roof,

Cutting it from the earth,

Cutting a ghost ship!

Cutting it clear!

GEORGE (*Filter*): Chop it clear . . .

Chop it clear . . .

Eight to twelve, chop a rock

And have a bite o' lunch . . .

Then chop again . . .

Chop—chop—chop . . .

Chop it clear . . .
 Free my ship . . .
 Free it, mountain!
 Free us from the rock!
 Stone is our slaver . . .
 Stone walls us from the sea!
 Set us free!
 Chop—chop, chisel deep . . .
 Now—there—that's it . . .
 cut strong—cut deep . . .
 deep to the blood of the rock—
 deep 'til it's free!
 (*Then gently*)
 Forgive me, Molly . . .
 I could have been kinder.
 My love stronger.
 Our hope in living—one.
 God—you were lovely
 Sweet—straight—brave.
 Our love could have been greater
 but could not be shared . . .
 not with sea that is freedom.
 SOUND: *Rock is cracking*
 GEORGE: Split, granite—give way . . .
 Set us free . . .
 free to the sea!
 Down, Mountain—down!
 Father—Forgive me.
 Thou art the glory!
 (*Voice mounts*) "And every free man
 Hid himself in the dens
 And in the rocks of the
 mountains:
 And said to the mountains and the
 rocks

Fall on us"!
 Chop—free!
 Down mountain!
 Come down, you mountain!
 SOUND: *A terrific roar like an avalanche
 —then a rumble fading to silence—bell
 talks*
 PRIEST: "Thou didst blow with thy wind
 the sea covered them:
 they sank as lead
 in the mighty waters."
 CHORUS: Our Father who art in heaven;
 We see a new light
 A holy light . . .
 Man's rest is earned.
 Man's sleep is sweet;
 Sweet as those who live by work.
 Pity the weak;
 Our men are strong.
 They've built the cities,
 turned the earth,
 sung the songs!
 And for that?
 Theirs is the glory . . .
 Theirs is the joy . . .
 Theirs the freedom!
 MOLLY: Forgive you?
 Yes, George, I forgive you.
 I saw but bleached bones
 You the living sea.
 You chose your own destiny in work . . .
 I—your death.
 George sweet George . . .
 Is the sea happy?
 MUSIC: *Up full to finish*

VISITATION

A FANTASY

By ROBERT KANIGHER AND ROBERT BLACK

MUSIC: *Bring up music—theme from "Conversation of the Wind and the Waves" from Debussy's "La Mer"—sustain for a few seconds*

DION: Have you seen Him?

PORTER: No, but He should be here soon. Why don't you wait?

DION: Wait? Wait? That is all I ever do! I am done with waiting. This time I want an answer. This time He is not going to . . .

MUSIC: *Bar of music from same theme indicating presence of God—interrupts Dion*

PORTER *whispering*. Sh! He is here.

DION: Now I shall see Him. Announce me!

PORTER: Wait. Listen!

SOUND: *Roll of muffled thunder*

PORTER: You hear? When He closes the door like that—it is a bad sign. I would advise you not to speak to Him now. Why not wait?

DION: No! I want to see Him now.

PORTER: All right. As you will. I'll try. But I doubt if he'll see you.

SOUND: *Wind rising and falling*

PORTER *off mike*: He's ready for you now. (*Approaching mike—grumbling*) I don't know. He usually never wants to see anyone when He's like this. But He wants to see you. I don't understand why He favors you. I don't see how you . . . (*Fade*)

MUSIC: *Same theme to indicate God*

GOD: You are very impatient.

DION: I did not mean to bother you. (*Quickly*) But even You will admit it has been a long time since Adam and Eve. And anyone here will tell You . . .

GOD: I wonder if you shall ever outgrow your childish enthusiasm for meddling?

DION: Childish enthusiasm? Why I have the welfare of the world in my heart!

Think of those millions of tiny crawling motes . . .

GOD *above roll of thunder*: Motes!

DION *hastily stammering*: I meant those poor suffering humans, whose lives are far too short to enable them to lift themselves from their misery.

GOD *to himself*: My children!

DION: I have their good at heart.

GOD: The goodness of the young speaking with the aloofness of youth.

DION: That is all I ever hear around here. Youth! Youth! Youth! I am not a babe. Why, I can still remember Adam and Eve.

GOD: And before them?

DION: Before them? Why, how could I, You do not expect me to? Before Adam and Eve?

GOD *above roll of thunder*: Before them, I was.

DION: I did not mean to offend You. I meant that, since Adam and Eve, you have not given them a chance. I just know it will work out all right this time. Let me try. I am sure I can do it. If I fail, I shall never ask You again.

GOD: But you do not think you will fail?

DION: Well—I . . . If You will . . .

GOD: Do you?

DION: No . . .

GOD: Do you really want to go into that bedlam down there?

DION: I do.

GOD: Do you really think you can make them listen?

DION: You are trying to discourage me. But they cannot be so savage. Look how orderly their cities are laid out!

GOD: Look at them? How would you like to listen to them? Here!

SOUND: *Roll of thunder*

GOD: The miraculous lunacy of their transportation!

SOUND: *Subway train entering station during rush hour*

GOD: Behold their respect for time!

SOUND: *Noise of Times Square during New Year's Eve*

DION: Wait! Stop!

SOUND: *Sounds mingle—roll of thunder as sounds cease*

DION *gasping but obstinate*: True! True! It is frightening. But there is the human element! They shall need me. They shall welcome me. I am certain of that.

GOD: You are very persistent.

DION: Yes.

GOD: You are so very sure that they will want the gift. Yet you have never been among humans. Do you know there are things of which you still understand nothing? Things which even I will not teach you? Which you must learn for yourself?

DION: I am certain they will want the gift.

GOD: It is done! You shall go—with the gift. But only on the condition that you give it to humans who really want it. Go then—and see if you can give away . . . Immortality!

SOUND: *Roll of thunder*

GOD: Go! And may you go with my blessings.

MUSIC: *Bring up theme music—fade into . . .*

SOUND: *Rushing of wind suggesting falling body—fade into street noises and crowd talking until advent of inquiring policeman*

COP: What's this? Holdin' a Bingo party on the sidewalk? Break it up. C'mon, get a move on you. You feel all right, Lady?

MAN: I tell yuh I seen it with my own eyes! This guy . . .

COP: Wait a minute. The law's here now. Let's have order. One thing at a time. Now. Let's have it. Let's start from the beginning. What guy? What's his name? Address? Occupation?

MAN: How should I know these things? I'm not a Cossack on Civil Service!

COP: One of these radicals, huh? Just answer my question or I'll run you in for insultin' an Officer of the Law!

MAN: All I know is that this guy came flyin' out of nowhere, and landed right on top of this woman an' knocked her down.

COP: A likely story. I oughta arrest you for intoxication. C'mere—let me smell your breath. (*Suspiciously*) I thought so!

MAN: No—onions!

COP: Don't get smart with me.

MAN: I'm tellin' you the truth. I'm no more drunk than you are!

COP: I could put you in jail for that.

MAN: I'm only tryin' to tell you what I saw. This guy . . .

COP: How d'ya expect the law to operate if you don't cooperate?

MAN: Looka him! A poet!

COP: Never mind! What'd he look like?

How tall was he? What color hair? What'd he wear?

MAN: I can't tell you what he looked like. He came down so fast. All I know is that it seemed as if his hair was on fire.

ALL: *Murmuring affirmatively*

COP: Ah! You're nuts!

MAN: Ask anyone here that seen it.

ALL: That's the truth. Like there was a fire around his head. That's the way it was. Couldn't believe it. Yeah . . .

COP: That settles it! Whoever heard of a crowd agreeing on a description. If you really did, we'd soon run out of criminals to identify. If you all seen this bat man with a hunk o' fire for his head—then where is he—where'd he go?

MUSIC: *Dion motif music—merging into . . .*

SOUND: *Sounds of trolley car stopping—passengers entering—nickels dropping in coin box with subsequent ring—trolley in motion*

CONDUCTOR *in Irish dialect*: Shtep to the rear of the car, please. Shtep to the back, please. Unfold your transfers! Phwat's that? Sorry, Lady! Ye only get transfers when ye get on. Hey, Mister, ain't ye forgettin' somethin'?

DION: Are you addressing me, Sir?

CONDUCTOR: It's not consarned with addresses I am at this moment. It's a little matter o' currency. A nickel!

DION: A nickel?

CONDUCTOR: Shure, an' ye don't think yure a leprechaun newly landed from Heaven, that ye think yure gonna ride in a Bronx Trolley mastered by Shamus O'Toole without payin'?

SOUND: *Passengers murmuring*

DION: A nickel? What's that?

SOUND: *Passengers—laughter*

CONDUCTOR: Get along now! I've no time for jokes! Put yure nickel in the box, or yu'll have to get off this conveyance!

DION: Let us not concern ourselves with this—this nickel as you call it. I have a much more serious matter to discuss with you.

CONDUCTOR: Now, it's a little discussion ye'd like to have with me, is it? Phwat d' ye think this is, Columbus Circle on wheels?

DION: I really have something very important to say to you. Do you know who I am? I have just come from . . .

CONDUCTOR: I'm not interested in yure travellin'. Not a bit. Fer all I know yu've come from Brooklyn. But that's no concern o' mine. Is it the fare yure goin' to pay?

DION: Listen to me, Mr. O'Toole. I have a great gift.

CONDUCTOR: Shure—an' ye should be that ashamed! A likely lookin' lad like yourself, to be wanderin' around in such a condition, plaguin' poor honest folk.

DION *angry*: Listen to me!

CONDUCTOR: Phwat's that? Threatenin' me indipindince? Now it's commandin' me yure bent on doin'! Listen to me, bucko. D'ye see that sign? In case it's a talent for readin' ye haven't—it says: Positively no talkin' to the motorman. Positively!

SOUND: *Trolley stops*

CONDUCTOR: Now off with ye, befur I call a policeman!

SOUND: *Passengers—laughter*

MUSIC: *Dion's motif merging into . . .*

SOUND: *Footsteps on sidewalk nearing—cries of a movie house usher*

USHER: No waiting. Seats in all parts of the house. Feature picture starting in two minutes. Last times today: Boris Karloff in "The Man Who Couldn't Die!" Mad Scientist invents serum . . .
(*Fade*)

SOUND: *Ticket machine in theatre cashier's booth—battle of change*

CASHIER: How many, please? Two, please? How many, please? One? Feature will be on in just a moment. Yes, we have a Mickey Mouse today. How many, please? How many?

DION: I beg your pardon. Could I have a moment with you?

CASHIER: That's all it takes to give you your ticket, Sir. One, please? (*Under breath*) Another fresh mug.

DION *under breath*: These humans are very complex. I shall have to be very careful how I approach them. First it was a nickel, now it is a ticket. I wish I had studied their customs more carefully. (*Aloud*) I do not want anything, Miss. I want to give . . .

CASHIER *under breath*: The lines these guys pull! (*Aloud*) You're very kind, Sir! How many, please?

DION: Really. I am in earnest. I have a gift . . .

CASHIER: The Salvation Army's just around the corner, Sir.

DION: Wait a moment. You must listen to me. I've come from . . .

CASHIER *under breath*: Maybe I'd better humor him. Who knows? Maybe someone'll come up with a net and gather him in. (*Aloud*) O.K., Mister. But make it snappy!

DION: I have come here to give you immortality!

CASHIER: Huh?

DION: It is surprising enough to make you incoherent, is it not? Immortality! I shall give you immortality. For I am the Giver of Gifts!

CASHIER: Huh?

DION: Just think! I am going to bestow upon you the greatest blessing that mankind can ever receive. Immortality! With it you can destroy your fear of death. With it you can reach into the heavens and pluck a star for your bosom . . .

CASHIER: You've gone far enough, Mister! I get it!

DION: Do not thank me. I knew that you would be overjoyed. It is my task to bring to man his lost, but ancient heritage. And you have proved me victorious! Just think—you will not have to die ever! You could not die!

CASHIER: What a kiddie! Boris Karloff is "The Man Who Couldn't Die"—so you want me to be "The Woman Who Couldn't Die." Wanna make me mate for a zombie, huh?

DION: What?

CASHIER: If you haven't the darnedest line for a guy on the make!

DION: Do you not understand me?

CASHIER: I certainly do. With both ears! Johnny!

JOHNNY *off mike*: What is it, Sally?

CASHIER: Another fresh guy, Johnny! He's talkin' about makin' me live forever. Imagine!

USHER *coming into mike*: Oh, you are, huh! So you're handin' my wife a line, huh?

DION: I beg your pardon. What does—"line" and "huh" mean?

USHER: A wise guy! Huh?

DION: That is what I meant—huh?

CASHIER: Johnny! You're not goin' to let him talk to you like that, and get away with it? You're not goin' to let him insult the both of us, are you? Comparin' me to Boris Karloff. Take a sock at him, Johnny. Teach these fresh guys a lesson!

DION: A sock?

USHER: O.K., wise guy, you've been askin' for it!

SOUND: *Peal of thunder*

CASHIER: Oh, Johnny!

USHER: It's only thunder, Sally. You don't have to be scared.

CASHIER *sighs*: Yeah—but I can never, Johnny; Look!

USHER: It's all right. Just thunder.

CASHIER: Johnny! He's gone!

MUSIC: *Dion's motif*

PEDDLER *coming in gradually to mike*: Hi Cash Clos! Hi Cash Clos! (*To Dion*) Hey, Mister. Excuse me for sayin' it. But, pardon the expression, you ain't in style, you know.

DION: Are you addressing me, Sir?

PEDDLER: Such politeness in the Bronx! A gentleman. But a gentleman without a hat. No! That can't be. Look, friend. I got a beautiful hat for you. Just like new. It cost maybe ten dollars. Genuine Stetson. But for you—I'll give it for . . .

DION: But you do not understand. Doesn't anyone understand me? I do not want anything. I want to give . . .

PEDDLER: So, you're in the profession, too? You had me fooled for a minute, not carrying a box with you.

DION: A box? What do I need a box for, to give what I have to give?

PEDDLER: Give—sell—that's your salestalk. But remember . . .

DION: Why do I have to conceal what I have to give?

PEDDLER: Stop saying give—you're making me nervous! I can see that you're an apprentice. Look! I'll teach you something. Whatever you got to sell—you

got to put in a box. The fancier the box is the better chance you got to make a sale. When people see the box, they say to themselves . . . Aha! . . . Such a fancy box! A bargain at any price! They don't even care what's in it, as long as you tell them the box is for nothing. That's human nature.

DION: Do you mean to say that if I have a box under my arm that people will listen? That then I'll be able to give . . .

PEDDLER: Stop saying give. That's it! It's the things that people don't use that attracts them. A box will make all the difference! Take it from me.

DION: Humans are very complex.

PEDDLER: Take it from me they are.

DION: I wonder if that's what He meant?

PEDDLER: Look, friend. You're lucky you met a man like me who can give you the ropes. Now, for what you got to sell, I got a fancy box, with colored trimmings. Look for yourself. It'll do the trick. And for you—a bargain—just for a few cents.

DION: It is lovely.

PEDDLER: Isn't it a beauty?

DION: And you think it will?

PEDDLER: Positively!

DION: But we run against the same problem I encountered on the trolley car. I haven't a nickel.

PEDDLER: Who said only a nickel? Say, are you sure you're just starting out in this business?

DION: I'm sorry. I haven't anything.

PEDDLER: Really? You're broke?

DION: I feel quite all right. But I haven't anything. I am sorry.

PEDDLER: So. It isn't the first time I didn't make a sale. It's all right. Look, friend. Times are hard. It's a shame a young man like you shouldn't have a nice box for his merchandise!

DION: Without a nickel?

PEDDLER: You don't have to bargain with me, friend. It's yours. For nothing. I can see you're a born salesman. Even when you get it for gratis, you want it for less. You got a good head. The box is yours. Free and clear. Just as if it dropped from the heavens!

DION: What!

PEDDLER: I said, just as if it dropped from heaven. Now, look, see that house there, the one with the canopy?

DION: What?—Oh . . .

PEDDLER: That's the baby. She's high class. With that box, I think you'll be able to pick up a little business there. Young women there. Maybe they'll buy from you. Well, good luck, friend, and God bless you.

DION: What made you say that?

PEDDLER: This is a free country, friend. Well, I got to be getting along. Try that house, and good luck. Hi cash clos'. Hi cash clos'. (*Fading as Dion walks to house*)

SOUND: *Door of apartment house opening and closing—steps and whine of dog*

DOORMAN: Good afternoon, Miss Tillbury. Going to take the dog for a walk? Yes, if a package comes for you I'll hold it.

DION: I beg your pardon, I have something here in my box . . .

DOORMAN: Is that for Miss Tillbury, fifth floor?

DION: It does not have to be . . .

DOORMAN: Well, if it's not, you'll have to use the trade entrance—right over there, back of the building.

DION: The trade entrance?

DOORMAN: That's right—the trade entrance. Good afternoon, Mrs. Barton.

DION: Thank you.

MUSIC: *Dion's motif—sustain for a few seconds—merge into*

SOUND: *Ring of doorbell—apartment door opening*

1ST WOMAN: Yes? What is it?

DION: Isn't this a beautiful box?

1ST WOMAN: You've got some nerve getting me out in this drafty hall where I might catch my death of cold—just to show me a box!

DION: But it's not just a box. It's immortal . . .

SOUND: *Slam of door—ringing of doorbell—apartment door opening*

DION: I trust I did not disturb you, Sir. But the truth of the matter is, I have come to . . .

1ST MAN: Don't want any!

SOUND: *Slam of door—ringing of doorbell—apartment door opening*

DION: I have come a long way to . . .

2ND WOMAN: Why do you people always have to come just when I'm getting my beauty sleep? Do you realize that the Doctor said he had never seen such a case like mine? And that he was going to write about it to the Medical Journal? But no! You have to go from house to

house worrying other people with your troubles. And that's what the Doctor told me to avoid if I didn't want a breakdown. But I just can't help it, when someone like you comes to my door. I know how it is.

DION: Then you do know why I have come? Then you will . . .

2ND WOMAN: I told you I was soft-hearted. Wait a second—here!

DION: Why, what is this?

2ND WOMAN: It's a nickel. Now, don't bother me!

SOUND: *Slam of door—ringing of doorbell—apartment door opening*

DION: You must listen to me. Don't be like the others!

3RD WOMAN: Get away from my door before I call a cop!

SOUND: *Slam of door*

DION: You people do not realize . . .

SOUND: *Slam of door*

DION: I have here with me the greatest gift that ever . . .

2ND MAN: Get yourself a new line, bud-die!

SOUND: *Slam of door*

DION: They will not listen. But I know that you will . . .

3RD MAN: What makes you think I'm a sucker?

SOUND: *Slam of door*

DION: This is the last time . . .

4TH WOMAN: I heard that before.

SOUND: *Slam of door*

DION: If you do not . . .

SOUND: *Slam of door*

DION: Please . . .

SOUND: *Slam of door*

DION: If you . . .

SOUND: *Slam of door*

DION: Take . . .

SOUND: *Slam of door*

DION: I offer you immortality!

5TH WOMAN: Never heard of it. Can't be a good brand if Consumer's Union didn't report on it.

SOUND: *Slam of door*

SOUND: *Bring up footsteps on pavement*

DION: The stupid fools. How He ever let them exist for this long is beyond me!

SOUND: *Footsteps faster—continue on behind voice*

DION: The fools! Immortality within their grasp and they do not even reach out to take it! Immortality for the asking and none of them patient enough to listen! The sun right above their heads.

But their noses are so frozen to their petty little problems that they cannot look up to see it.

SOUND: *Footsteps faster*

DION: But how could they look up? It is this place! These houses! The streets! Everything crowding in on top of them! No air! No room to breathe! No trees! It is stifling!

SOUND: *Wind rising slowly and whining up and down over the beat of footsteps*

DION: They must have some place to go that is not cramped by these buildings. There must be!

SOUND: *Footsteps halt—then rise in tempo until running with sudden burst of children's laughter following—footsteps on gravel slow to walk—deep inhaled breath*

DION *exhaling*: This smells good. It seems like such a long time since I have seen green—soft green—warm green. No wonder there is so little of it, when they put a fence around it to keep it from growing!

SOUND: *Footsteps hesitate—sound of body dropping onto bench*

DION *muttering*: I am finished. He was right. I have had enough. There is nothing after this—there is no use trying any more.

SAUL: Don't say that, son.

DION: Who are you to call me son?

SAUL: Don't mind me. I'm kinda fresh for my age. I call everyone "son." Maybe that's 'cause I'll be eighty next week. Don't be angry with me, son. I—I heard what you said about finishing yourself.

DION: I had no such thought. You are mistaken.

SAUL: Maybe I was, son. Maybe they're right in telling me I need specks 'cause my sight ain't what she used to be. But you don't need glasses for your heart. And mine is telling me you got a whole lot to say that nobody give you a chance to. Now, how about trying me out as listener, son. I'll work real hard at it, if you want me. Don't think too badly of the human race if it seems to be too impatient with you.

DION: Then you know?

SAUL: When you're as old as I am, then you learn many things that you didn't have time to learn, when you were

young. You don't waste time when you're my age. I've been watching you all this time. Hearing you talking to yourself. Hearing the words you said. Would it surprise you to know I once said those same words myself.

DION: You?

SAUL: And do you know what changed my mind? A warm meal. I've never forgotten the person who helped me then. And all he said, when I thanked him was, that some day, when I'd meet a young man like myself, who felt the same way, to return the favor. Without knowing it, I've been waiting to do that all these years. Listen son. I want you to come home with me. See that little house across the way? That's it. My wife Emma has cooked lamb stew today, you'll like it.

DION: I am not hungry!

SAUL: The same words I said. I remember them to this day.

DION: Really I have not the slightest desire for . . .

SAUL: Emma would feel bad if she thought anyone refused her lamb stew.

DION: But you do not know who I am.

SAUL: It takes us a long time to learn that under this sky, we're all friends. Would you mind giving me a hand? Bones get kind of stiff at my age. And we want to get going. Don't want Emma to fret.

SOUND: *Music ending in door knocker—being raised and let fall*

SAUL: My grandson has been after me to get one of these new fangled bells that squeak like a mouse. I like the old time knockers. Listen? They got character!

SOUND: *Lifts knocker several times and lets it fall until door suddenly opens*

EMMA: There you go again, playing with the knocker! What's the matter with you, Saul? Won't you ever grow up?

SAUL: Give me a kiss, Emma.

EMMA: Have you no shame? Do you want to disgrace me in front of this nice young man? Come in, come in!

SOUND: *Footsteps—door closing*

SAUL: Emma? Company home for dinner.

EMMA: Oh, Saul. Why didn't you warn me. I could have prepared something nice. All we've got is lamb stew.

SAUL: Listen to her. As if she didn't know that the only reason our children travel

all the way from Brooklyn to see us, is to eat Emma's stew!

EMMA: I've been trying to teach Saul manners for more than fifty years, but it's no use. Saul, why don't you introduce your young friend?

SAUL: Introduce yourself to Emma, son. Maybe she'll stop fluttering around.

DION: Perhaps I had better. I am the Giver of Gifts. (*Pause*)

EMMA: Why, how original! Did you hear, Saul? But what's your real name?

DION: Oh, they call me Dion. (*Sniffs*)

EMMA: What a nice name. Here we are standing and talking and mercy knows what's happening to the dinner! Oh, my! Saul, show Mr. Dion upstairs to wash himself, while I set another place. Oh, dear, I hope it hasn't burned.

MUSIC: *Music indicating passing of time—merging into*

SOUND: *Clatter of dishes—subsiding*

DION sighs: That was good. I have never tasted anything like this.

SAUL: Do you mean to say you've never eaten lamb stew before?

DION: We do not have it where I live.

SAUL: Do you hear that, Emma? You'll have to give the recipe to our guest to take home with him.

EMMA: Oh, Saul!

SAUL: Emma, doesn't he look better already? I know it's the lamb stew. It's a wonder.

EMMA: Stop it, Saul, you'll have me blushing in a minute.

SAUL: Emma, your cheeks are shining like apples. Just like a bride's.

EMMA: Please, Saul!

SAUL to Dion: Well, young man. Things look a little differently now, don't they?

DION: Yes, they do.

SAUL: Smoke?

DION: Smoke? Why, I never have.

SAUL: It's just as well, for a young man. (*Shyly*) The world's a bit brighter when you've had something warm in your belly.

EMMA: Mind your language, Saul. You mean stomach.

SAUL: Emma's a great hand at reforming. But she never had much luck with me. Emma, I think the young man has something to say to us.

DION: Why, how did you know?

SAUL: You'll feel a whole lot better when you tell us what's troubling you. You

can talk to Emma and me. We'll understand.

EMMA: Maybe we can help you.

DION: Help me? Do you know who I am? I am the Giver of Gifts. I have come here to give you—immortality.

EMMA AND SAUL: Immortality?

DION: He told me that I was mistaken. If I had not met you I would have said I had failed. But this time I am right. He said that you would not want my gift but I know that you will. Do you realize what this means? I am right. And you—you are free at last to do as you wish. You are the mighty of this earth; no one will be able to stop you.

SAUL: But no one has stopped us.

EMMA: Tell him about the Electric Company, Saul.

SAUL: Give me a match, Emma.

EMMA: Here, Saul.

SAUL: Watch, son.

SOUND: *Match being struck—puff of gas flame lighting*

SAUL: Do you see that, son? Do you know what that means?

EMMA: I think ours is the only house in the Bronx that has this kind of light.

SAUL triumphantly: It isn't electric.

DION: I do not understand.

SAUL: The Edison Company has been after us for years, trying to get us to put in electricity! They even offered to put it in for nothing, if we stopped using gas light. But we refused. We like this. It's warm. It's pretty. You see—no one has stopped us. This is our house. We keep it just the way we like. No one has the power to bother us here.

DION: Why do you all persist in misinterpreting me. I said—immortality!

SAUL: We heard you, son.

DION: Life without end.

EMMA: Excuse me for saying it, Mr. Dion, but I can see that you have never had any children.

DION: What has that to do with unending life?

EMMA: We go on living in our children, Mr. Dion. Once we have brought life into this world we can never die.

SAUL: Nice goin', Emma.

EMMA: Behave yourself, Saul.

DION: Please, listen to me. I have not made immortality clear enough. Now, immortality not only means living for—

ever. It means the acquiring of a new body. You will be young again.

EMMA: Oh, Saul!

DION: You like that?

EMMA: Oh, no, Mr. Dion!

SAUL: We've grown pretty used to these bodies of ours, son. When you've lived in something as long as we have, you get sort of friendly with it. I'll admit, they do give us bother once in a while. Emma, here, with her gas . . .

EMMA: Oh, Saul! You mean Dyspepsia!

SAUL: Emma's always polite—but you should hear her rumble.

EMMA: Oh!

SAUL: Aw right, Emma! Aw right! (*To Dion*) No, son, I guess not. We'd kinda miss these old bones of ours, without their aches and pains.

EMMA: Besides—we'd have to get used to each other all over again. And after fifty years, I'm still not used to Saul!

BOTH: Oh, no.

DION: Oh, my G . . .

SAUL: What's that, Son?

DION: Nothing!

SAUL: Now look here, son . . . (*Starts to cough*)

EMMA: Saul! Saul, dear!

SAUL: It's all right, Emma. (*Continues coughing—coughing—now a wheeze as if it's deep—tenacious—fatal*)

SOUND: *Chair being scraped back—Emma's footsteps up and back and her alarmed breathing*

EMMA: Here, Saul. You'll be all right, Dear.

SOUND: *Tinkle of glass—Saul swallowing potion*

EMMA: There, Dear! There! You're all right now! There!

SAUL weakly: I'm all right, now, Emma.

EMMA: Of course you are.

SAUL: You're very good to me, Emma.

DION: I dislike to say this. But you leave me no choice. That was no ordinary cough. And you are an old man. (*Whispering*) I know . . . Saul.

EMMA: Don't speak like that!

DION: You and I know—that was death speaking.

EMMA: No!

DION: You have answered everything thus far. Everything, but the fear of death!

EMMA *half in fear and bewilderment*: Saul!

SAUL *laughing*: I was just thinking that the children will have to do without their lamb stew. And John's wife still hasn't learned to make it the way you do, Emma. (*Laughing again—this time—the laughter at the end sounds as it would if God had laughed through the filter mike*)

DION *puzzled*: Your laugh!

SAUL: I was just thinking, that when we're gone, the Edison Company will be able to put in their electricity here—and all their Vice-Presidents will be satisfied!

DION *to himself*: That laughter . . .

SAUL: Remember, Emma Darling, how when night comes, and you're drowsing over your sewing basket, and I'm nodding over my paper, as we sit here, and our heads sort of lean to each other, and our eyes get heavier and heavier, and everything seems to . . . stop. That's how it will be, Emma.

EMMA *softly*: That's how it will be . . .

DION: Will it?

SAUL: What do you mean, son?

DION: You are even above the fear of death. But that is because you two have always been together.

SAUL: As we always will.

DION: Death recognizes no partnerships. What will happen to you when one of you must remain alone?

EMMA *emotionally*: Oh, Saul! We won't . . .

SAUL: Of course we won't.

SOUND: *As Saul begins to speak God's voice is heard faintly echoing him—coming up stronger and stronger as Saul's voice grows fainter—until it is God alone speaking through Saul*

SAUL: Being together, son, doesn't only mean being in the same room. You don't have to touch someone you love, to feel them near you. I can see Emma without looking at her with my eyes. And I can hear her voice without her speaking. That's something that love does for you, son, and what love has done, can never be undone—no, not even by death. Maybe we humans aren't put together as well as we should be. Maybe

the places we live in are not as pretty as pictures. Maybe we're mixed up in a lot of things. But that's because the human race is mostly maybe. But whoever made us—gave us two great things. The things we've got, that nothing can touch.

God: There is nothing so bad that laughter will not change. And there is nothing so lost, that love cannot bring back. Laughter and love, Dion. That is immortality!

Music: *Musical motif of God heard with rumble of thunder in background*

WHAT MEN LIVE BY

A DRAMA

By LEO TOLSTOI

ADAPTED FOR RADIO

By KARYL KANET CHIPMAN

(As presented by the WHA Players, WHA, University of Wisconsin)

MUSIC: *Religious theme—four solemn chords under title—then B.G.*

NARRATOR *solemn—slow*: WHAT . . . MEN . . . LIVE . . . BY. What is it men live by? What, for instance, was it for the village shoemaker, Simon? Surely not riches. He had no house of his own, nor any land. He, and his wife and his children, lived in a crowded little peasant's hut . . . never enough food . . . enough clothes. One tattered old sheepskin coat that had to do for them both, Simon and Matryona, his wife, through the long, bitter-cold Russian winters. And when it came to collecting what people owed him for his work . . .

MUSIC: *Effect of walking from door to door—up on cues and under montage*

SIMON: Good morning, Vera Michaelovna . . . About that rouble and eight kopeks you owe me . . .

VERA: My husband is not at home.

SIMON: Good morning, Dmitri Dmitrovitch . . . Those boots I made for you last winter . . .

DMITRI: I swear I have no money, Simon. I will pay.

SIMON: Masha Gregorovna—your children's boots . . . the money . . .

MASHA: Next week, good Simon . . . just wait . . .

SIMON: Two roubles you owe me, Stepan Trifonof . . .

STEPAN: Times are hard, Simon Simonovitch. Two roubles I haven't got . . . But take these twenty kopeks . . . and

put some leather soles on these felt boots of mine, (*Fade*) there's a good man . . .

MUSIC: *Up on exasperated squeal and out*

SIMON *woefully exasperated*: Just try and collect from those people! It's like pulling teeth, that's what it's like! Five roubles and twenty kopeks they owe me, for work—honest work, good work, I did for them! And if I can't get my money—how'll I buy the sheepskins? . . . Oh, oh, won't Matryona be angry, no new coat this winter, either, and she expecting me to bring home the skins for it today! . . . Twenty kopeks, Stepan Trifonof gives me—what can I do with twenty kopeks? Drink it, that's all one can do—drink it!

MUSIC: *Changing from exasperated to cheerful—out*

SOUND: *Bit of cheerful tavern noises—establish—and cut off by door slam*

SIMON *slightly drunken*: It's late . . . daylight's almost gone . . . I'd better hurry along home.

SOUND: *Rapid walk—on unpaved road—hold under*

SIMON: *Hums lively Russian folk-tune—in time to walk*

SOUND: *Wind creeps in*

SIMON: It's not exactly warm, with this wind . . . A sheepskin coat would feel good, a day like this . . . (*Hums*) . . . (*Change of mood—to bravado*) What do I care about sheepskins? I can live without them. I go along and don't worry about anything. That's the kind

of man I am! . . . (*Hums*) Half-way home . . . here's the bend in the road . . .

SOUND: *Steps falter on cue—up and continue on cue*

SIMON: What's that—there by the shrine? . . . No . . . no . . . Simon, my lad, you've had a drop too much . . . you're seeing things . . . (*Hums up*) There is something . . . Funny, there wasn't any white stone there, before . . . It's . . . Can it be an ox? No . . . it's not like an ox . . . I'd swear it's got a head like a man . . . but it's too white . . . and what could a man be doing there, beside the shrine? . . . What . . . Why, it is a man! (*Terror*) Heavenly father! Some one has killed him, stripped him, and left him there! I'll get into trouble if I touch him.

SOUND: *Steps quicken in panic—fade up—under and respond to cue*

SIMON pants: There—now I can't see him any more . . . I won't look back—no, I won't! . . . Oh, oh—he's alive . . . he's moving! (*Indecision*) Who knows who the fellow is? He hasn't come here for any good . . . If I go near him he may jump up and throttle me.

SOUND: *Out suddenly*

SIMON sudden determination: What are you doing, Simon? The man may be dying of want, and you slip past afraid. Have you grown so rich you're afraid of robbers?

SOUND: *Suddenly energized steps fade up and stop*

SIMON: Hello, what's the matter with you, friend? (*Pause*) Well, can't you talk? . . . No . . . no, I suppose not . . . probably freezing, frightened half to death . . . who wouldn't be, sitting there like that, this kind of weather? . . . Well, I can't let you just sit there—this is not a time for talking! Come, put on this coat at once! Here, let me help you up!

SOUND: *Shuffle of getting weak man up on his feet*

SIMON: There! Pretty weak, aren't you, friend? They certainly cleaned you out, those robbers . . . whoever they were. Not a stitch on you . . . But it doesn't look as if they beat you up. You can be thankful for that . . . Can't you find the sleeves? Here, I'll help you . . . wrap the coat up close, it's cold . . . Let me do it for you . . . I'll just tie

my sash around—that'll hold it together . . . Now, my cap . . . B-r-r-r, my head's cold. Here, you don't need that cap, my friend, with all that curly hair of yours. Let you wear my cap, and I'd freeze my head—I'm so bald. I'll just let you have something for your feet instead—you'll be needing it . . . Sit down—that's the way.

SOUND: *Again shuffle of getting man seated*

SIMON: On with these boots . . . (*Pause*) There—how's that? . . . Can you walk? It's too cold to stay here—we must be getting on. Here's my stick, and if you're feeling weak, lean on that . . . Now—come on! The wind won't feel so cold if we step right along!

SOUND: *Wind continues under—with steps of two men—establish—then under*

MUSIC: *"Troika"—very softly under—to suggest walking*

SIMON: And where do you belong to, friend?

MICHAEL: I'm not from these parts.

SIMON: I thought as much. I know the folks hereabouts . . . But how did you come to be there, by the shrine?

MICHAEL: I cannot tell.

SIMON: Has some one been ill-treating you? You've been robbed?

MICHAEL: No one has ill-treated me. God has punished me.

SIMON: Of course God rules all. Still, you'll have to find food and shelter somewhere . . . Where do you want to go to?

MICHAEL: It's all the same to me.

SIMON shocked: Well! So it's all the same to you where you go! Yet you don't look like a rogue . . . no, you don't. (*Resigned*) Well then, come along home with me . . . at least warm yourself a while. (*Pause*)

SOUND: *Steps and wind up—out into . . .*

MUSIC: *Tschaikowsky's "Troika" changing into cheerful Russian folk tune for bridge*

MATRYONA cheerful: There, now—that's done! . . . How early everything's ready today, Dunyushka! I've cut the wood . . . brought water . . . the little ones all fed . . . Now, clean away these dishes, child; then we'll be all done.

DUNYUSHKA: Yes, Mama . . . Will you be making bread today?

SOUND: *Dishes cleared away—hold under*

MATRYONA: Well—I don't know . . . let me see . . . There's still a large piece left . . . If your father's had some dinner in town, and doesn't have much for supper, the bread'll last out another day.

DUN: The flour's almost gone, Mama.

MATRYONA: There's just enough left to bake one more batch . . . We'll have to manage to make this last out till Friday. Your father ought to be along soon, now.

DUN: And he'll be bringing the sheepskins home with him! I can't wait to see!

MATRYONA: Oh, it'll be good to have two sheepskin coats in the house, this winter! Your father can wear the new one when he goes into the village for business . . .

DUN: . . . and won't you look fine in it, going to church, Mama!

MATRYONA: It was hard to get on without a good coat . . . Now, if only the dealer doesn't cheat him!

DUN: Oh, eight roubles is a lot of money! Father ought to get a good coat for that!

MATRYONA: Yes, yes . . . But you know your father—he cheats nobody, but any child can take him in. He's much too simple. *(Pause)*

DUN: Mama, oughtn't he to be home by now?

MATRYONA: He didn't start very early today—but still it's time he was back. I only hope he hasn't gone on a spree!

SOUND: *Footsteps of two men (one in soft boots) on board floor—distant—dish sounds stop and steps under*

DUN: There he comes now!

MATRYONA: He'll be hungry, and tired . . . Run along, Dunyushka, go see if the baby is covered . . . I'll greet your father.

DUN: Yes, Mama.

SOUND: *Door opens—shuts—her footsteps fading—men's footsteps—fading*

MATRYONA calling: Is that you, Simon? . . . *(Pause)* Simon! Who is that with you? *(Pause)*

SOUND: *Out on cue above*

MATRYONA: Well? Why don't you answer? *(Noticing)* And where are the sheepskins? Oh, oh! You've been on a spree and drunk up the money! You've been on a spree and you dare to bring home the good-for-nothing fellow you've been drinking with!

SIMON cajoling: Come, Matryona, if supper is ready, let's have some.

MATRYONA: Supper—he asks for! I'll give you a supper!

SIMON kindly: Sit down, friend. My wife will bring us some supper.

SOUND: *Scrape of wooden benches on floor*

SIMON still cajoling: Well, wife, haven't you cooked anything for us?

MATRYONA furious: I've cooked, but not for you! Have you drunk your wits away, entirely? You go out to buy a sheepskin coat—and you come home without so much as the coat you had on! And bringing a naked vagabond home with you . . . I have no supper, for drunkards like you!

SIMON injured dignity: That's enough, Matryona! Don't wag your tongue without reason. You'd better ask what sort of man . . .

MATRYONA interrupting: And just you tell me what you've done with the money?

SIMON: Here's the money—the three-rouble note I took from home. It's all I have. Trifonof didn't pay, but he promised he'd pay soon.

MATRYONA: Give me that—I'll just put it away safe . . . where you can't lay hands on it, to drink it up! You and your drunken friends . . . it's not enough you have to spend your family's living in the inn, but now you even have to drag home naked beggars for me to feed!

SIMON: There now, woman, hold your tongue a bit. First hear what a man has to say.

MATRYONA: Much wisdom I'll hear from a drunken fool! *(Becomes tearful)* Oh, oh, I was right in not wanting to marry you . . . The linen my mother gave me you drank up, and now see what you've done . . .

MATRYONA: Wasting my life away with a fool like you . . . What've you ever done for me—what kind of father are you to your children? I knew it—I always knew it . . . That time, ten years ago, when you . . . Letting drunks eat us out of house and home . . .

SIMON: But wife—but Matryona . . . just listen a minute, can't you? I haven't been spending money on vodka . . . only a very little money . . . only twenty kopeks I spent in the inn, that's all . . . I had to bring this man home . . . I couldn't let him freeze . . . starve . . .

SIMON *deeply shocked*: Wife—have you no love of God?

MATRYONA *abashed*: Well . . . I . . . Well—eat if you want to . . . Here is kvas . . . and the bread . . .

SIMON: Take your place, young man.

SOUND: *Scraping of benches pulled up to table—noises of eating under*

MATRYONA *softly*: How hungry he is, the poor young man . . . (*Startled*) Oh, how sweetly he smiles at me!

SOUND: *Dishes*

MICHAEL: God will reward you for your kindness to me—you and your husband.

MATRYONA *embarrassed*: Well—well—he couldn't leave you to freeze . . . and you have to have food . . . I see you have no shirt. I'll give you one of my husband's, and some trousers . . . meantime, lie down where you please . . . in the loft, or on top of the oven.

MICHAEL: I shall sleep in the loft.

MATRYONA: It's warmer on the oven.

MICHAEL: Thank you. The loft will do for me. Thank you.

MUSIC: *Tranquil sleep music—hold softly under*

MATRYONA *softly*: Simon—are you asleep?

SIMON: No.

MATRYONA: Simon . . . ?

SIMON: Well?

MATRYONA: You've had the last of the bread, and I haven't put any to rise. I don't know what we'll do tomorrow . . . Perhaps I can borrow some of neighbor Martha.

SIMON: If we're alive we'll find something to eat—just don't worry.

MATRYONA: Simon . . .

SIMON: Yes?

MATRYONA: He seems a good man . . . How sweetly he smiled! But why doesn't he tell us who he is?

SIMON: I suppose he has his reasons.

MATRYONA: Simon!

SIMON: What now?

MATRYONA: We give—but why doesn't somebody give us anything?

SIMON: Oh, let's stop talking. Go to sleep, wife.

MUSIC: *Sustained for brief bridge*

SIMON *heartily*: Did you sleep well, friend? We'll be having breakfast in a minute . . . Wife has just run over to the neighbor's to borrow some bread. (*Sighs*) Eh—well; the belly wants bread, and the naked body clothes. Yes,

one has to work for a living . . . What work do you know?

MICHAEL: I do not know any.

SIMON *surprised*: Eh? Well, men who want to learn can learn anything.

MICHAEL: Men work—and I will work also.

SIMON: What is your name?

MICHAEL: Michael.

SIMON: Well, Michael, if you don't wish to talk about yourself, that's your own affair . . . but you'll have to earn a living for yourself. If you'll work as I tell you, I will give you food and shelter.

MICHAEL: May God reward you! I will learn. Show me what to do.

SIMON *fade slightly*: Here's some shoemaker's yarn . . . Now watch me . . . See? You twist it this way . . . It's easy enough.

MICHAEL: Let me try it. (*Tries*)

SIMON: That's not quite right—but you're getting it . . . Like this, see? You wax your yarn, this way . . . and then . . . here's how you stitch a boot . . . You see?

MICHAEL: I think I see how . . . I will try to learn.

SIMON: You can have the other bench—and here's a box for your tools. (*Fade out*) There's work enough for us both . . .

MUSIC: *Up—activity—fade to B.G.*

SOUND: *Tapping of shoemakers' hammers on leather—hold under montage*

VOICES: . . . leather boots. The last pair you made me lasted so long . . . Those were good boots you made me, Simon. I've brought them in for new soles . . . fine workmanship . . . worth it, even though you've raised your price (*Ad lib*) . . . Good boots . . . good boots . . . boots . . . boots . . . boots . . .

WOMAN *fade in—envious*: So nice you're looking, Matryona! What a pretty shawl.

MATRYONA: Thank you, Marianka. My husband brought it for me, when he went to buy leather in the big town.

WOMAN: And your Dunyushka—a fine lady she looks, in her new dress. You'll be getting her a husband soon . . . Our peasant boys hereabouts won't be good enough, with her dowry!

MATRYONA *airily*: Oh, her father can afford a good dowry. (*Smug*) We want to see our little Dunyushka happy, you know . . .

MUSIC: *Surge up—cut on suspended note*
MATRYONA *fade in*: . . . and we won't be living long, in this little hut. We'll be able to afford a larger house one of these days.

SIMON: They're bringing me more work than Michael and I can handle . . . From all over the district they're coming to us, for boots!

MATRYONA *sighing happily*: We'll be rich some day, Simon!

SIMON *fade out*: A good workman's like gold . . .

MUSIC: *Short burst—happy—out for . . .*

SOUND: *Sleigh bells in B.G. and stop on cue*
DUNYUSHKA *surprised*: Father—mother—there's a carriage stopping here—a sledge—three horses!

MATRYONA *fluttering*: Oh, a nobleman . . . a rich man . . . coming here!

SIMON *fluttering*: What can he want of me?

SOUND: *Pounding on door*

SIMON } : Come in! Do come in!
MATRYONA }

GENTLEMAN: Which of you is the master bootmaker?

SIMON *servile*: I am, Your Excellency.

GENTLEMAN *shouting—off mike*: Hey, Fyedka, bring the leather!

SERVANT *fade in—panting*: Yes, Master! Here it is!

GENTLEMAN: Look here, shoemaker, do you see this leather?

SIMON: Yes, Your Honor.

GENTLEMAN *bullying*: But do you know what sort of leather it is?

SIMON *feeling*: Hm . . . hm . . . ! It is good leather.

GENTLEMAN: Good indeed! Why, you fool, you never saw such leather before in your life. It's imported . . . cost twenty roubles!

SIMON *frightened*: Where should I ever see leather like that?

GENTLEMAN: Just so! Now, can you make it into boots for me?

SOUND: *Tapping of single shoemaker's hammer on leather resumed*

SIMON: Yes, Your Excellency, I can.

GENTLEMAN *shouting*: You can, can you? Well, just remember whom you are to make them for, and what the leather is!

SIMON *tremblingly*: I—I think I can.

GENTLEMAN: You must make me boots that will wear for a year . . . never lose their shape nor break out at the seams.

If you can do it—take the leather and cut it up. But if you can't, say so . . . and I'll take it to somebody else! I warn you now—if your boots come unsewn or lose shape within a year, I'll have you thrown in prison!

SIMON *stammers—frightened*: I . . . ah . . . (Low) Michael—what shall I do? Shall I take the work? Ten roubles, it'll come to . . .

MICHAEL *low*: Yes, take it.

SIMON *normal*: Very well, Your Excellency, I'll take it.

GENTLEMAN *shouting—off mike*: Fyedka! Pull off my left boot! Now, shoemaker, there's my leg, take my measure!

SOUND *Grunts as Simon measures*

SIMON: Just a moment, Your Excellency, I'll have to get a larger measure.

SOUND: *Footsteps*

GENTLEMAN: Mind you don't make it too tight in the leg!

SIMON: I won't . . . I promise the boots will fit, Your Honor.

GENTLEMAN: Whom have you there—that man in the corner?

SIMON: That's my workman. He will sew your boots, Excellency.

GENTLEMAN *slightly off mike*: Now, mind, Michael, my man! Remember to make them so that they'll last me a year—a full year!

SOUND: *Tapping—out*

GENTLEMAN *annoyed*: Are you listening to me? What are you staring at, behind me? There's nobody in that corner . . . What are y' grinning at, you fool? Take that idiotic smirk off your face! You'd better look to it that the boots are ready in time!

MICHAEL *with hidden meaning*: They shall be ready in good time . . .

GENTLEMAN: Mind it is so . . . You look to it, shoemaker. I'll send my servant for the boots. (Very brief pause)

SOUND: *Crack of head against wooden doorframe*

GENTLEMAN: Oh! Devil take this door . . . Why can't you have a door high enough so a man can get through without cracking his head against the top of it!

SOUND: *Door slam*

SIMON *admiringly*: Now, there's a figure of a man for you, Michael! Tall . . . strong, like an ox . . . You couldn't kill him with a mallet. He almost knocked out the lintel, but little harm it did him!

MATRYONA: Living as he does, why shouldn't he grow strong? Death itself can't touch such a rock as that.

SIMON *sighs enviously*. Yes, Matryona . . . he's a rich man . . . What a lucky life he has . . . Come, Michael, let us get to work on his boots . . . You cut them out . . . (*Fade out*) Your eye is truer and your hands have become nimbler than mine.

MUSIC: *Brief bridge—out for . . .*

SOUND: *Knock on door—door opens—shuts*

MATRYONA. Why, it's the rich gentleman's servant!

SERVANT *lugubrious*: Good day to you.

SIMON *frightened*: Good day . . . What can we do for you?

SERVANT: My mistress has sent me about the boots.

SIMON: What—what about the boots? Has the master changed his mind?

SERVANT: My master no longer needs them. He is dead.

SIMON *amazed*: Dead? Is it possible!

SERVANT: He didn't live to get home after leaving you. When we reached the house and the servants came to help him alight, he rolled over like a sack. He was dead already, and so stiff he could hardly be got out of the carriage. My mistress sent me here . . .

SIMON: Is there anything we can do?

SERVANT: She said to tell the bootmaker that the gentleman who ordered boots of him and left the leather for them no longer needs boots, but that he must quickly make soft slippers for the corpse. She said for me to wait till they're ready, and bring them back with me . . . And that's why I've come.

SOUND: *Soft leather slippers slapped together*

MICHAEL: Here are the slippers for the corpse—they're all ready.

SERVANT *surprised*: Ready, are they? But how could you know? . . . Well—good-bye, masters, and a good day to you!

SOUND: *Door opens*

SERVANT *amazed*: Good day.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Tapping of shoemakers' hammers creeps into music—under—out on cue*

SOUND: *Door opens—closes*

FOSTER-MOTHER: I want leather shoes made for these two little girls, for spring.

SIMON: We can do that . . . But it will be hard to fit the foot of the little lame one.

FOSTER-MOTHER. That is why we came to you. I've heard you are very good workmen, here.

SIMON: We have never made such small shoes, but we can make them—either welted or turnover, linen lined. My man Michael, here, is a master at such work . . . (*Surprise*) Why, Michael . . . Why do you stare so at the little girls?

MICHAEL *stammers*: I . . . I just thought . . .

SIMON. Well—well—never mind . . . Now, before we talk price, madam, let me take the children's measure.

FOSTER-MOTHER. Here, Anushka, let me lift you up on my lap, so the shoemaker can measure your feet . . . You'll have to measure the lame foot carefully, shoemaker, but your measure for her sound foot will fit Barbara just as well. They both have the same size feet . . . They're twins, you know. (*Pause*)

SIMON: There—I think that will do for the little lame foot . . . Poor little thing. How did it happen to her? She's such a pretty girl. Was she born lame?

FOSTER-MOTHER: No, her mother crushed her leg.

MATRYONA *very curious*: Aren't you their mother, then?

SIMON: Hush, Matryona, don't be asking the lady questions.

FOSTER-MOTHER: That's all right . . . No, my good woman, I'm neither their mother nor any relation to them. They were quite strangers to me, but I have adopted them.

MATRYONA: They were not your children—yet you're so fond of them?

FOSTER-MOTHER: How can I help being fond of them? I fed them both at my own breast.

MATRYONA: Then whose children are they?

FOSTER-MOTHER: I'll tell you the story . . . It's about six years since their parents died. Both in one week. Their father was buried on the Tuesday, and their mother died on the Friday . . . My husband and I were living then as peasants in the village. We knew them quite well, though they lived a lonely life. The children's father was a wood-cutter in the forest . . . (*Fade out*) He was felling trees one day, with the men . . .

SOUND: *Chopping—axes on tree*

1ST MAN: Look out! Ivan—look out!

2ND MAN: Ivan—run!

SOUND: *Tree falls with crash—scream of agony—followed by brief silence*

SOUND: *Groans up—then fade out into death toll of bell—voices of several women—talking seriously—into*

1ST WOMAN: Dusha should have told someone, if she couldn't stay with Ivan's wife, the way she promised.

2ND WOMAN: It's a shame—leaving her alone like that, there in that hut in the forest . . .

3RD WOMAN: And her with her time about due . . .

OLD WOMAN: It wouldn't surprise me if she has her baby today.

1ST WOMAN: Hurry—have we everything we need? The clean cloths? The basin?

3RD WOMAN: And here—I have the swaddling-clothes for the baby . . .

OLD WOMAN: Hurry, then!

WOMEN: Right away, Babushka! (*Ad lib*) Alone like that, these three days after we buried her husband . . . (*Fade out ad lib*) I wouldn't want to live away from people like that . . . Poor woman . . .

SOUND: *Door opens*

1ST WOMAN: *shocked—compassion*: Oh, look! She's given birth already!

2ND WOMAN: Twins!

3RD WOMAN: And she died . . . Oh, poor thing, here all alone, with no-one to help her!

SOUND: *Door shut*

FOSTER-MOTHER: Poor little babies—no father, no mother.

1ST WOMAN: See! How she must have struggled!

3RD WOMAN: She's lying almost on one of the babies . . . Oh, the little leg is crushed, where she rolled over on it.

FOSTER-MOTHER: What shall we do with them? How will they live? (*Brief pause*)

1ST WOMAN: *determination*: Well—You're the only one of us with a small baby, Maryusha, you'd better keep the girls.

2ND WOMAN (*Board fade*): Later on we'll see how we can arrange . . .

FOSTER-MOTHER (*Fade in*): . . . and so I nursed the sound one at my breast, but at first I didn't feed the crippled one. I didn't suppose she would live. But then I thought to myself . . . why should the poor innocent suffer? I pitied her

and I began to feed her . . . We prospered—my husband is working for the corn merchant at the mill. The pay is good—we're well off. (*Half crying*) But I have no children of my own, and how lonely I should be without these little girls! How can I help loving them! They are the joy of my life. Come here—Anushka—Barbara—my lambs . . . Let me press you to my heart!

MATRYONA: *sighs*: How true is the proverb: "One may live without father or mother, but one cannot live without God."

MUSIC: *Celestial music—creeps in—sustained under*

SIMON: What is life without kindness? Oh—see how light it is in the hut! It's as though summer lightning were in here!

MATRYONA: It's—see—Michael is smiling!

MUSIC: *Up—bold—and under*

MICHAEL: *deep—religious joy*: Now I may go. Farewell, masters. God has forgiven me. I ask your forgiveness, too, for anything I have done amiss.

MATRYONA: *awed*: The light—the light shines from Michael!

SIMON: The third time, Michael, the third time you have smiled, in all the six years you have been with us! Michael—what does it mean—why does your face shine so?

MICHAEL: I smiled three times, because God sent me to learn three truths, and I have learned them. And light shines from me because I have been punished, and now God has forgiven me.

SIMON: Who are you, Michael? Why did God punish you?

MICHAEL: God punished me for disobeying him. I was an angel in heaven . . . (*Fade out—keeping words distinct*) God sent me to fetch a woman's soul. I flew to earth, and saw a sick woman lying alone . . .

MUSIC: *Whirl into . . .*

SOUND: *Eerie wind—whoosh and out*

MOTHER: *moans fading to weak voice—wonderment*: Oh . . . Oh . . . who are you? I know! I know! You are the angel of death . . . come to take my soul!

MICHAEL: Yes . . .

MOTHER: *mounting anguish*: I cannot go! See—I have just given birth to two babies . . . I cannot leave them! Do not make me leave my baby girls!

MICHAEL *compassionately*: I must—God has bidden me.

MOTHER: Angel of God—have you no pity? How can I be content to die? I have neither sister, nor aunt, nor mother . . . No one to care for my orphans. Let me nurse my babes . . . Set them on their feet . . . Children cannot live without father or mother.

MICHAEL: I should not—God has bidden me fetch your soul . . . Here . . . I lay one child at your breast . . . the other one in your arms. Not now, mother, will you ascend to heaven with me . . .

SOUND: *Eerie wind into*

MUSIC: *Handel's "Dance of the Angels"—up—and very softly under*

MICHAEL: Oh Lord . . . I could not take the soul of the mother . . . Her husband has been killed . . . She begged to remain with her newborn babes, saying children cannot live without father or mother . . . I have not taken her soul.

GOD *echo mike*: Go—take the mother's soul . . . and learn three truths. Learn . . . what dwells in man . . . what is not given to man . . . and what men live by. When thou hast learnt these things, thou shalt return to heaven.

MUSIC: *Out—into . . .*

SOUND: *Wind up—high—and eerie—high-pitched cry accompanies end—out*

MICHAEL *fade in*: And so I flew again to earth, and took the mother's soul. The babes dropped from her breasts. Her body rolled over on the bed and crushed one babe, twisting its leg. I rose above the village—but a wind seized me, and my wings dropped off. Her soul rose alone to God, while I fell to earth by the roadside . . . I had never known human needs . . . cold and hunger . . . till I became a man . . . Then you found me, Simon, and you were kind to me . . . clothed me in your own coat.

SIMON *almost weeping with awe and joy*: I have clothed an angel!

MICHAEL: But when you first passed me by . . . on the other side of the road from the shrine . . . you had been terrible, Simon. I had seen death in your face . . . And when you brought me home—the woman who came to meet us . . . was more terrible than you had been. The spirit of death came from her mouth when she spoke . . .

MATRYONA *ashamed whispering*: I am ashamed of what I said . . .

MICHAEL: I could hardly breathe for the stench of death that spread around her . . . Suddenly her husband spoke to her of God—and the woman changed at once. And when she brought me food and looked at me, I saw that death no longer dwelt in her . . . No, Matryona . . . you had become alive . . . and in you, too, I saw God.

MATRYONA: That was when you smiled so sweetly . . .

MICHAEL: Yes—for I remembered the first lesson God had sent me . . . Learn what dwells in man . . . and I understood that in man dwells Love!

SIMON: And the other lessons?

MICHAEL: You remember the rich man, who came to order boots that should wear for a year without losing shape or cracking?

SIMON: Oh, yes! That was when you smiled the second time!

MICHAEL: I looked at him—and, suddenly, behind his shoulder, I saw my comrade—the angel of death . . . None of you could see him, but I knew that before the sun set he would take that rich man's soul. And I thought to myself, "The man is making preparations for a year, and does not know that he will die before evening" . . . And I smiled, for then I knew the answer to the second command God had laid upon me . . . Learn what is not given to man . . . It is not given to man to know his own needs . . . It is not given to any man to know whether, when evening comes, he will need boots for his body or slippers for his corpse.

SIMON: But still you did not know what men live by.

MICHAEL: No—I did not know what men live by. For five years more I worked on here, waiting for God to reveal to me the last lesson. And then in the sixth year came the girl-twins with the woman; and I recognized them. I thought: "I believed their dying mother when she said that children cannot live without father or mother, but a stranger has nursed them, and has brought them up." And when the woman showed her love for the children that were not her own, and wept over them, I saw in her the living God. I knew that God had re-

vealed to me the last lesson, and had forgiven my sin . . . And then I smiled for the third time.

Music: *Exalted celestial theme sneaks in—sustain under*

MICHAEL *slightly echo*: I have learned that all men live not by care for themselves, but by love . . . Not by the thought they spend for their own welfare, but because love exists in man . . . I thought that God gave life to men and desires that they should live; now I

understood more than that. I understood that God does not wish men to live apart, and therefore he does not reveal to them what each one needs for himself. But he wishes them to live united, and therefore reveals to each of them what is necessary for all. (*More echo*) In truth it is love alone by which men live. He who has love, is in God, and God is in him . . . For God is love!

Music: *Up in surge—"Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth Peace"—out*

MURDER AMONG THE PSYCHOLOGISTS

A MYSTERY DRAMA

By ELI CANTOR

NARRATOR: On a pleasant spring night, in a rooming house just off the campus of State University . . . (*Fade*)

SOUND: *Knock on door—pause—knock again*

PAUL *finally*: Yes? Who is it?

MARY *outside—laughingly*: Open the door and find out.

PAUL: Darling! One second!

SOUND: *Footsteps—door opens*

PAUL: Well! This is a pleasant surprise! What brings you here so late?

MARY: Kiss first, and ask questions afterward.

PAUL *laughing*: With pleasure.

MARY *after a slight pause*: Mmmm. That was good.

PAUL: Sit down. Wait a minute. I'll get those books out of the chair.

MARY: You look terrible, darling.

PAUL *fondly*: You look wonderful.

MARY: I'll bet you skipped dinner again tonight.

PAUL: No. I had a hamburger at Skippy's.

MARY: Well, put your coat on, precious.

Mary's going to take you out and buy you something to eat.

PAUL: I've got to get that paper finished.

MARY: I know. But . . .

PAUL: Do you realize I have to read it tomorrow in the seminar? It's . . .

MARY *interrupting*: I'm sure we'll all be dazzled tomorrow. Right now you need some fresh air and food. I'm not going to marry a man who looks like a ghost.

PAUL *smilingly*: You won't be able to marry this man at all if he doesn't bowl them over and get that fellowship!

MARY: Darling, if we never have more than that to worry about, our life is going to be positively angelic. Now put your coat on.

PAUL: I appreciate your confidence in me, but I really have to work.

MARY: Don't argue with me! You're not a little boy any more, dear. You're a grown up graduate student, and you ought to know what's good for you. —And besides, as one psychologist to another, you ought to know you can't argue with a woman, anyway.

PAUL *laughing*: Some day I'm going to write a book on the psychology of getting wound around a woman's little finger. And find a way to do something about it, too!

MARY: *Laughs at him*

MUSIC: *Up and out*

MARY: It's a wonderful night, isn't it?

PAUL: Mmmm.

MARY *annoyedly*: Paul!

PAUL *absently*: Huh?

MARY: You haven't said a word in five minutes!

PAUL *apologetically*: Oh, I was thinking about something.

MARY *with some pique*: There's such a thing as being too absorbed in your work, dear. Oh, I know how you feel that you've got to give it everything you've got now, so that we can have a future. But . . . sometimes you seem to go away from me . . . So far away from me. It frightens me, Paul!

PAUL: I guess I'm just . . . preoccupied . . . with this problem I'm writing about. I thought you understood. It's a fascinating problem, Mary. (*His voice begins to spark*) The basis in psychology, in the psychology of a man, for the commission of a perfect crime!

MARY *worriedly*: It's become almost an obsession with you, hasn't it?

PAUL: No. I'm simply interested. All you need is the . . . simple wanton impulse. I trace it out in this paper. A crime based on that kind of thing could never be detected. I mean, if a man, a perfect stranger, you see, on a deserted

street, hiding in a dark alley, say . . . and another man comes along the street . . . the murderer leaps out at him, strikes him down, runs away. No motive, you see . . . no connection at all between the two men. Nobody could ever find out who did it! I'm sure a perfect crime is perfectly possible!

MARY *frightenedly*: Paul, please!

PAUL: What?

MARY: I don't like the tight look that comes over your face when you talk like that! The way your eyes get!

PAUL *laughing*: Darling, don't be silly. I'm not a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It's just a theory. An idea.

MARY: Unfortunately, being a psychologist myself, I know how ideas like that can filter down inside, and begin to spread, like an awful poison . . .

PAUL *interrupting her—laughing*: You're making a mountain out of a molehill.

MARY: Oh, why aren't we just . . . bricklayers, or something? (*Forcing a laugh*) Between the two of us we can manage to get into a state, can't we?

PAUL: The only state I'm interested in getting us into is the state of matrimony. And I'm going home to finish the paper and get that darn fellowship!

MARY: It doesn't depend on the paper alone.

PAUL: I know. But I'm all set for it so far, and if Professor Perry goes for the paper, I'm in.

MARY: How about Hugo Kahn? His father is going to pull every wire he can.

PAUL: Oh, I'm not worried about Hugo. Perry's the head of the department, and he's not the kind of man who lets trustees tell him what to do. (*Laughing*) I guess you can start looking for furniture, darling.

MARY *sighing happily*: Won't it be wonderful when we have a real place of our own? When you won't have to walk me home like this, and say good-night, when we hate to say goodnight so much. And you won't have to go back to a dingy room . . . alone . . . both of us alone, when we want . . . so much . . . not to be alone.

PAUL: It's all going to be all right, darling. We've waited a long time for it, but it's all going to be all right after tomorrow. (*Fade*)

MUSIC: *Up and out*

SOUND: *Knock on door*

HUGO: Who is it?

SOUND: *Door opening*

HUGO: Oh, dad! Hello! I've been waiting for you!

FATHER: I thought you were working on your paper, Hugo.

HUGO: I am.

FATHER: Staring at that picture?

HUGO *impatiently*: Never mind the picture. What did you do about it?

FATHER *slowly*: Well, Professor Perry is a very strong-headed man . . .

HUGO *disgustedly*: I knew it! (*Snorts*) Everything's going to be all right, you say! Just leave it to you! Well, what's all right about it? I told you not to wait until the last minute!

FATHER *with some anger*: I happen to have other things to do, my dear son, than pull wires for you!

HUGO: Well, did you see any of the other profs?

FATHER: Yes, I saw Davis. He wants to be head of the department so bad, he's willing to do anything I ask.

HUGO *angrily*: What good is Davis? Perry is the man with the say-so. And he's down on me! Did you make it plain to him that you were in a position to . . . when his contract comes up . . .

FATHER: Don't be a fool, Hugo. I don't mind talking to your professors to see what I can do. But I'm certainly not going to use my position to threaten them into giving you anything.

HUGO *tensely*: I want that fellowship!

FATHER: And I want to see you get it. But not with a blackjack!

HUGO: I earned it! I've got a right to it! If Perry weren't down on me . . . if he didn't pay all his attention to that Paul Castle!

FATHER *interrupting*: Well, I'm afraid I've done everything I can. You'll have to work it out yourself from now on.

HUGO: Because Paul Castle makes up to him all the time!

FATHER: Maybe if you'd put in more time on your work, and less time chasing after that girl . . .

HUGO: Leave her out of this!

FATHER *sympathetically*: What good does it do you to sit and brood about her, Hugo? Mooning over her picture? You know she's engaged to marry him.

HUGO *excitedly*: Well, they're not married yet! And if he doesn't get that

fellowship they won't be! For a long time!

FATHER: You'd better get some sleep. It's late.

HUGO *bitterly*: A lot of help you are!

FATHER: God helps those who help themselves. Good night, Hugo.

HUGO *growling*: Good night.

MUSIC: *Up and out—fade into*

PROFESSOR PERRY: Well, ladies and gentlemen, I'm sure the papers just read were very instructive to all of us. And I want to thank Mr. Hugo Kahn and Mr. Paul Castle for their excellent work. Now I want to say that the . . . er . . . teaching fellowship which the department of psychology awards each year will be . . . er . . . announced tomorrow. The committee will meet this evening to make its final decision.

I want to tell you how much I have been enjoying this seminar in the . . . er . . . psychology of the criminal mind. You've all done splendid work; a splendid group of students, and it has been a stimulating time for me working here with you. That's all.

SOUND: *Crowd voices up—applause*

MARY *against the background of the voices*: Paul . . . it was wonderful! I'm sure we've got the fellowship!

PAUL: Thanks, darling. (*Whispering*) I wish I could kiss you.

MARY *laughing softly*: Not here, silly.

PAUL *calling*: Hugo!—Congratulations. It was a fine paper.

HUGO: Thanks. Yours was good, too. It's a pretty cockeyed kind of theory, though. Are you planning to do any experiments along that line?

PAUL *unfriendly*: I don't like the way you talk, Hugo!

HUGO: That goes double! (*Calls*) Mary . . .

MARY: Yes?

HUGO: Can I see you a minute, please? Alone . . .

MARY: Excuse me, Paul.

PAUL: Sure.

VOICE: Oh, Paul . . . would you mind explaining to me how your theory would work out in a case like (*Fades*)

MARY: What is it, Hugo?

HUGO: Come over here away from the crowd.

MARY: If it's about the old thing . . . let's not go through all that again.

HUGO *passionately*: I've been in love with you for two years, Mary. I can't just stand here and see you marry somebody else! Paul Castle! Getting my fellowship, and my girl, and . . .

MARY *interrupting him—sympathetically*: Don't take it like that, Hugo. There's next year. Another fellowship. And another girl . . .

PERRY *calling through the voices in the background*: Paul. Hugo.

PAUL: Yes, Professor Perry?

PERRY *his voice closer*: If you haven't anything special to do, I'd like you both to stay for a while. I'd like to talk over some points you made in your papers.

PAUL: Sure.

HUGO: At your service, professor.

MARY: Can I listen in?

PERRY *smilingly*: The woman's touch always helps. As soon as the crowd leaves. I'm going up to my office for a minute, but I'll be right down.

MARY: We'll be waiting.

PERRY: I'm asking Professor Davis to stay, too. He wanted to ask you some questions, Paul.

PAUL *laughing*: I hope I can answer him.

PERRY: All right then. I'll meet you here in a bit.

SOUND: *Crowd voices fading*

MARY: Well, looks as if your papers really stirred up some interest.

PAUL: Perry's a swell old boy, isn't he?

HUGO *naughty*: Sure. Why shouldn't you think so?

PAUL: Oh, take the chip off your shoulder, Hugo.

HUGO *growling*: Skip it. Sit down like a nice little boy and wait for teacher to come back.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

NEGRO VOICE *calling*: Perfesser Perry! Perfesser Perry!

MARY: Hello, George. Professor Perry is upstairs in his office. We're waiting for him now. He ought to be down any minute.

GEORGE *excitedly*: Say, you—all listen to me. Dere's de funnies lookin man outside sayin' he done got to see de perfesser right away. I don like de way he looks.

HUGO: What's the matter with him?

GEORGE: Dere I is, standin by de outside doah, lockin up de buildin like I'se supposed to do after dis here class is

over . . . count of all dese valuable equipments in here, I got my strict orders to keep her locked up tight, winders, doahs, evythun, an not let nobody in nor out, lessn I knows 'em, an knows dey's got de business to be here . . .

PAUL: What about this man, George?

GEORGE: I'm coming roun to dat. I waits till evybody fum de class gits outside . . . an ain't nobody lef' in de buildin xeptin you—all and one or two perfessers; an I'm lockin up de doah, an all of a sudden I feels dese eyes lookin at me. Yassuh, I feels dem same as if dey done tap me on de shoulder.

MARY: Get to the point, George!

GEORGE: Yassum. Dis man got eyes, Lawd, you jes never seen de likes of em. Like dem rats downstairs in de labritories, when dey starts goin crazy off dey haid when you does yoh xperimentin. He look at me wid dem crazy eyes an say he got to see Perfesser Peryy. I say to him, I say: "Go on, you. Dis buildin bein locked up. Can't see nobody today no moah. Come round tomorrow." Do he go away? Nosuh! He stand dere lookin at me wid dem eyes, like lookin in a cat's eyes at night, I gets de goosepimples all over. He say, "You let me in to see de perfesser!" I slams de doah in his face. But he still out dere waitin. He look like a crazy man to me, sure nough. I don know whut to do. I lef' my brother Frank . . . he's helpin me around . . . lef' him to keep an eye an dat dere man whilst I come to tell de perfesser.

PAUL: Well, let's go take a look at this specimen.

GEORGE: He dressed funny, too. Dat's whut rises up my 'spiciousness first off.

HUGO: I'll go upstairs and tell Professor Perry. It may be somebody who has a perfect right to see him, George. I hope you weren't insolent to the man.

GEORGE: No suh! I's jes' as polite as I kin be. To somebody wid dat kind of funny eyes.

HUGO: You're a fool, George.

GEORGE: Yassuh.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

GEORGE: Dat Mr. Hugo, he got de indigestion in his disposition! You comin wid me take a look at dat man, Mr. Paul? I hope I didn't make no mistake, I

PAUL: This is no place for strangers. You were perfectly right, George.

GEORGE: Das whut I thought.

PAUL: You want to come, Mary?

MARY: No. I'll wait and look over some notes I made. (*Laughing*) I've got some questions to ask you, too.

GEORGE *suddenly*: My, my! Look at dat blackbohd. You ever see such a mess! Whyanchoo go look at dat man yohself, Mr. Paul. I'll clean up some o' dis mess here. He standin right outside de big doah. You can see him trough de winder on de side.

PAUL: Yes. I know. Be back in a minute, Mary.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

GEORGE: Now, dere's a real fine genmun, dat Mr. Paul. Dere's a man, you know soon's you take one look at him, he's aces, he's de natural on de dice, not like dat snake-eyes Mr. Hugo. (*Slight pause*) Whut dese pitchers on de bohd, Miss Mary?

MARY: Oh, just some diagrams.

GEORGE: Whut-all wuz gone on in here? I never seen such a mess.

MARY *laughingly*: Oh, just a lot of talk about how to commit a perfect crime.

GEORGE *shockedly*: Now dat ain' no subject for nice people to go messin roun wid!

MARY: Psychologists have to mess with lots of unpleasant things.

GEORGE *smorting*: Perfect crime!—Huh!

—Dere ain no sech thing. Dem police-mens gits yu every time! Yassuh!

A NEGRO VOICE *calling excitedly from outside*: Gawge! Gawge! Where is you at?!

GEORGE *frightenedly*: Frank? Here I is. In de seminar room!

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

GEORGE: Whut's de matter? Whut done happen?

FRANK *coming in*: Gawge! (*Panting*) De man wid de eyes! He done went away!

GEORGE *relievedly*: Well, dat's good, you dope! Dat's aces!

FRANK: No. He done gone away fum de doah. I wuz watchin like you told me. But den I hears a noise like a winder openin downstairs by de labritory!

GEORGE: Dem winders is locked! I locked dem winders myself! Couldn't nobody git in down dere!

FRANK *firmly*: I heard de noise like somebody walkin around down dere. I don'

care did you lock em or didn't you. Somebody down dere, an ain' nobody s'posed to be down dere dis time o' night!

GEORGE *wailing*: It's dat crazy mans! Dat crazy man is done got in here! Whut we gonna do now?

MARY: Frank . . .

FRANK: Yassum?

MARY: Did you see Paul . . . Mr. Castle out in the hall?

GEORGE: Yeah. Goin to de front doah?

FRANK: No'm. I didn't see nobody. I went down de other hall when I heerd dat noise downstairs, to see effen I could see somethin.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

PROFESSOR DAVIS: Hello. Isn't Professor Perry back yet?

MARY *anxiously*: Professor Davis . . . Frank and George think a prowler's gotten into the building!

GEORGE: Yassuh. A crazy man!

DAVIS: What are you talking about, George?

GEORGE: Well, it's like dis, Perfesser Davis, suh. A man comes to de doah when I'm lockin up an he . . .

HUGO'S VOICE *shouting frantically*: Hey! Help! HELP!

MARY *electrified*: That's Hugo!

GEORGE *wailing*: Lawd, I knowed it! Somethin' done happen already!

DAVIS: What on earth is going on here?

SOUND: *Footsteps running to door—door opens*

DAVIS *shouts*: Hugo? Hugo! Is that you?

MARY *calling*: What happened, Hugo? What is it?!

GEORGE *Wailing*: I knew it in my bones! Soon's I saw dem eyes!

DAVIS: Hugo! Where are you?

HUGO *shouting hysterically*: Somebody! Anybody! Come up here! Professor Perry's dead! He's been murdered!

MUSIC: *Up and out*

NARRATOR: Who killed Professor Perry?

We'd like you to join us in playing detective tonight. And so I'm going to ask you to get a piece of paper and a pencil. I won't tell you what it's for just yet. But get it, won't you? After all, we've got a group of psychologists here, almost any one of whom might have had reason and . . . er . . . opportunity to kill the professor. We're going to try to use psychology ourselves to discover who it was.

Have you got that paper now? I'm going to read a list of words to you. Again, I'm not going to tell you why or what for. Just copy them down, won't you? And take my word for it that the solution of this crime will somehow be connected with this list. Here's your chance to play detective yourself, and see if you can discover who murdered Professor Perry before we tell you.

Ready? Here's your list, then. Just write the words down one under the other. And don't be too mystified if they don't seem to make much sense at the moment.

Here we go: Black. Lake. Moon. Hand. Knife. Book. Table. Kill. Candle. Perry. Have you got them? All right, then, we're ready to take up the case. And remember, you know as much, if not more, about it than does Police Lieutenant Sullivan, who is now in Professor Perry's office in charge of the proceedings.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

SULLIVAN *gruffly*: All right now, everybody just sit down and take it easy. Miss Kelsey, over there.

PAUL: Mary . . . He's calling you.

MARY: O, I'm sorry.

SULLIVAN: Professor Davis, next to Miss Kelsey. That's it. Mr. Castle. And you, Mr. Kahn. Now, if I can believe the story the negro watchman tells me, you four were the only ones in the building at the time Professor Perry was murdered.

GEORGE: Mr. Lootenant, suh, excuse me, I didn't say dat xactly. Me an my brother Frank wuz here, too. An dat man wid de eyes who snuck in de winder downstairs. I don know how dat winder come to be open, cause I locked it wid my own hands, but it were open when I went down dere to look, after dey found de Perfesser . . .

DAVIS: If I may say something . . .

SULLIVAN: I'll ask the questions in this class, Professor Davis. If you don't mind.

DAVIS *sharply*: It's perfectly obvious that if a stranger was in the building he was the one who murdered Professor Perry. (*Challengingly*) Instead of cooping us up in this office you ought to be out looking for that man!

SULLIVAN: The building's being searched. In the meantime I'm going on the assumption that one of you in this room is the murderer, and I advise whoever it is to talk up pronto and save us a lot of bother!

DAVIS *angrily*: Why should any of us want to kill Perry?

SULLIVAN: That's what I aim to find out. —Now, Miss Kelsey, your alibi is that you were in the seminar room downstairs when Professor Perry was killed?

MARY: Yes. George was there cleaning up after the class. Hugo had gone upstairs to tell the professor about the man George had seen at the door. And Paul had gone to take a look at the man, since George seemed so . . . disturbed about him. Then Professor Davis came in, and saw George and myself in the room . . . just before Hugo found Professor Perry . . .

SULLIVAN: Where were you just before you came down to the seminar room, Professor Davis?

DAVIS: In my office. Perry had asked me to stay a while, and have a little discussion with the boys about the papers they had read.

SULLIVAN: Where is your office?

DAVIS: Right down the hall here . . . next to this one.

SULLIVAN: I see.

DAVIS *sharply*: You don't see anything. If you think I killed Perry simply because my office is next to his . . .

SULLIVAN *interrupting*: I didn't say I was thinking anything of the kind, professor. But now that you mention it, it's an interesting idea. I'll keep it in mind. —Now, Mr. Kahn, you say you knocked on Perry's door and . . .

HUGO *taking it up*: There was no answer. I thought that was funny, because he had distinctly said he was going up to his office. I tried the door, and it opened. Then I saw him. At the desk right over there. At first I thought he was asleep. Until I saw the paperknife in his back, and the blood dripping down.

SULLIVAN: You can spare us the gory details. You didn't meet anybody on your way up?

HUGO: No, sir.

SULLIVAN: Professor Davis, for instance?

DAVIS: He said no, didn't he?

SULLIVAN: You seem pretty nervous, Professor. Take it easy. How about you, Castle?

PAUL: I was going to the front door. Nobody was there. I stood looking out of the window a while. Then I heard Hugo shouting. I ran up here. That's all I know.

SULLIVAN: You there!

GEORGE *scared*: Yassuh?

SULLIVAN: You're sure nobody else was in the building?

GEORGE: I checks evybody on my list, Mr. Lieutenant. We always careful bout dis here buildin. Nobody was in here, xeptin us an de man wid de eyes . . .

MURPHY *calling from outside*: Chief! Chief, we found him!

SOUND: *Scuffle—door opens and closes*

GEORGE: Da's him. Da's de man wid de eyes!

SMITH *another policeman*: Come on! Stand up, you! Murphy and me found him down in the cellar.

MURPHY: Yeah. He seemed to be tryin to get out, but like he was lost and couldn't find his way.

SMITH: Gosh, the way this buildin is built with all them halls and staircases, it's a wonder anybody ever gets around where they wanna go.

SULLIVAN: O.K. O.K. Let go of him. I want to talk to him. What are you doing in this building? (*No answer*) Didn't you hear me?

MURPHY: He won't talk. He wouldn't say a word.

DAVIS: May I make a suggestion, Lieutenant?

SULLIVAN: I told you to stay in the rear of the class!

DAVIS: I happen to be a professor of psychology. This man is obviously a psychopathic case. I might do a . . . better job of getting him to talk.

SULLIVAN: O.K. Step forward and try your charms on him.

DAVIS: You wanted to see Professor Perry?

MAN *in a dull monotone*: Yes, Professor Perry.

DAVIS: Did you see him?

MAN: No. They wouldn't let me. They wouldn't let me.

DAVIS: How did you get into the building?

MAN: I came from a long way to see him.
(Suddenly loud) He sent me away. He told the judge I was crazy!

DAVIS: Well, Lieutenant, it's open and shut. Here's a man with motive, opportunity . . . A grudge against Perry, and a dementia praecox case if I ever saw one . . . Just the type who'd brood and brood, and murder a man as easily as . . . you'd light a cigarette . . .

SULLIVAN: Maybe so.

SMITH: I guess this is one of them easy ones, chief! Want I should take him in?

SULLIVAN: After I ask a few more questions. You, Mr. Castle.

PAUL: Yes?

SULLIVAN: You wouldn't have any reason to kill Professor Perry, would you?

MARY: Certainly not. Why should Paul want to . . .

SULLIVAN interrupting: Got some sort of bee in your bonnet about perfect crimes, haven't you, Castle?

PAUL: I just wrote a paper about it, yes. But (his voice breaks with emotion) do you think I'd . . . a man like Perry . . . He was like a father to me!

HUGO suddenly-loud-slowly: One of the points you made in your paper, Paul! You said it was precisely in such a situation that the perfect crime was possible! It throws everybody off the track. Because there is no reason why you should do it, you'd be in the perfect position to get away with it!

MARY furiously: Don't be a fool, Hugo!

HUGO: Well, it's the main point he made in his paper!

SULLIVAN: O.K. Skip it.

HUGO: I don't think you ought to skip it. I think Paul ought to do some explaining!

MARY: If it comes to that, Hugo, you've got some explaining to do yourself! Paul was on the ground floor. You were upstairs. And you had plenty of reason to want Perry out of the way!

SULLIVAN: Why?

MARY: He wanted the fellowship that everybody knew Paul was going to get. Professor Davis would have given it to Hugo . . .

SULLIVAN: Why?

MARY: Because Hugo's father is a trustee, and Davis has wanted to be head of the department now for years!

SULLIVAN: Well, this gets more and more interesting. Now, let's see, Mr. Kahn,

if Perry was out of the picture, Davis would be the big shot, and you'd get what you wanted.

MARY: And there's another thing!

SULLIVAN: Lay it on the table, sister. From much chaff we may get some wheat.

MARY: I'm . . . engaged to marry Paul . . . Mr. Castle. We wouldn't be able to without the fellowship. And that wouldn't displease Hugo one bit because . . .

SULLIVAN interrupting: Yeah, I get it. I never saw one of these things yet without an eternal triangle somewhere in it.

HUGO firmly: I found Professor Perry dead when I opened the door! I'm not denying it might be a break for me that he is out of the way. But I didn't do it!

SULLIVAN flashing: Still, you had reasons, and you could have!

HUGO: But I didn't!

SULLIVAN: That, together with a lot of other things, remains to be seen. Now, Professor Davis . . . just how much did you want to be head of this department?

DAVIS: Well, to be perfectly frank, very much. But not enough to kill for it! Goodness! We're civilized human beings. As a matter of fact I understood that Perry was planning to leave in a year or two, so why . . .

SULLIVAN interrupting: O.K.

DAVIS heatedly: I demand that you arrest this insane man at once, and let the rest of us go! We're not murderers, and he is! Any psychologist in the world would tell you he's the violent dementia praecox type!

MAN: I didn't kill anyone. I wanted to kill Professor Perry. The voices told me to kill him. I have a gun to kill him. (Suddenly excitedly) Where is he?

MURPHY: Hang on to him, Smith!

SMITH: Ouch!

SOUND. Scuffle—simultaneously

HUGO:	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{A} \\ \text{gun?} \\ \text{Watch} \\ \text{out!} \\ \text{Look} \\ \text{out!} \end{array} \right.$	MARY:	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Paul!} \\ \text{Don' shoot} \\ \text{me, mistuh,} \\ \text{don' shoot} \\ \text{me!} \\ \text{O K., I got} \\ \text{it! Hold} \\ \text{him,} \\ \text{Murph!} \end{array} \right.$
SULLIVAN:		GEORGE:	
DAVIS:		SMITH:	

SULLIVAN: Didn't you search him?

SMITH: Here it is, chief.

GEORGE *sighing*. Lawd, Lawd.

SULLIVAN *disgustedly*: A five and ten cent toy! Whatsa matter with you guys, anyway?!

DAVIS: Please remember that Perry wasn't shot. He was stabbed. This man has just clearly shown he had the intent to kill him.

MURPHY: It sure looks like he's it, chief.

SULLIVAN: Maybe. But I still got a few questions to ask.

DAVIS: This is absurd!

SULLIVAN *loud*: I'm not saying he didn't do it! I just want to ask a few more questions! You, Kahn.

HUGO: Me? (*Quickly*) Why don't you ask Davis instead? Why don't you ask him how badly he really wanted that job!

DAVIS: Why, you young . . . !

HUGO: Lieutenant, you might be interested to know that Professor Davis got married recently, and his wife has expensive tastes. As head of the department he'd be getting more money than he's getting now!

DAVIS *heatedly*: Lieutenant, I didn't want to say this, but since Hugo seems to be making a deliberate effort to throw suspicion on me, I'll tell you that yesterday afternoon he was in my office, saying that before he'd see Paul get the fellowship and marry Mary he'd kill Perry and anybody else he had to!

HUGO: That's a lie! I never said that!

DAVIS: My own opinion is that Hugo is the murderer. I've been insisting that you arrest this insane man, because . . . I admit it . . . for the sake of his father who is an old friend . . . I have been trying to protect the boy. But he had every reason to do it, and he's just the hot-tempered type who . . .

HUGO *fiercely-interrupting*: Davis, you did it! I'm saying you did it! That's why you're trying to put the finger on me! (*Suddenly*) Lieutenant, now I'll tell some truth! I saw him do it! When I opened Perry's door, I saw Davis . . . !

SMITH: Now we're getting someplace.

DAVIS: You're a liar, Hugo!

SULLIVAN: Why didn't you tell us this before?

HUGO: We've been friends . . . I didn't want . . .

SULLIVAN: You are lying! You'd have spilled it a long time ago if you had

seen it!—Don't get any more brilliant ideas like that.

MURPHY: Let's get off this merry-go-round, chief, and take 'em all in.

MARY: Lieutenant! ! . . .

SULLIVAN: Yeah?

MARY: I'd like to try something. I think I've got a way of finding out, quickly, too . . . who really did it.

SULLIVAN: One minute.—Murphy, hop down and tell Bill to make a check. See if there are any calls out for this guy.

MURPHY: O.K., chief.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

SULLIVAN: Now. What's your bright idea, Miss Kelsey?

MARY: I want to try an association test. After all, we are psychologists, and we ought to approach this problem scientifically.

SULLIVAN *sceptically*: What's an association test?

MARY: You take a list of words to which normally there's a pretty standard response. With a stopwatch you keep track of how long it takes for the subject to make the association. If there's much deviation from what's expected, it indicates a . . .

SULLIVAN *interrupting*: Yeah. I heard of that stuff.

MARY *eagerly*: Just because all of us here know these tests, the murderer will be making a particular effort not to give himself away . . . and by doing that, he may reveal himself!

SULLIVAN: No, I don't think . . .

MARY: It's my special field, Lieutenant. Please let me try it!

SULLIVAN: What do you mean, your special field?

HUGO: We're all specializing in some part of psychology. Well, like . . . I do . . . statistics . . . Paul there does . . . perfect crimes . . . Professor Davis does hypnotism.

SULLIVAN *quickly*: Hypnotism?

MARY: Yes. He's one of the outstanding authorities in the field.

SULLIVAN *disgustedly*: Looks to me like the whole bunch of you are hypnotized.

MARY: Please, Lieutenant! Let me try the test.

SULLIVAN: O.K. O.K. But make it snappy.

PAUL *suddenly*: It's silly, Mary. It won't work!

MARY *surprised*: Paul! Why, you've always said how helpful they . . .

PAUL *interrupting*: What's the good of fooling around? Perry's dead, and we sit here acting like fools!

SULLIVAN: Just what is your objection to trying this, Mr. Castle? What are you suddenly getting so hot under the collar about?

DAVIS: You're not afraid of an association test, Paul? Are you?

PAUL: Why should I be afraid?

DAVIS: They are very effective things, you know. And the harder you try to out-smart them, the more likely you are to give yourself away.

PAUL: It's just a waste of time, that's all!

SULLIVAN *meaningfully*: Well, if you don't mind, Mr. Castle, I'd like to waste some time that way. And what's more, I'd like to see you take the test first!

MARY: No. I want to show you how this really works first, Lieutenant. Let's try it on George . . . If you'll send the others out of the room?

SULLIVAN: All right. Take 'em out, Smith.

SMITH: Come on.

SOUND: *Footsteps—door opens*

MARY: You stay, George.

GEORGE: Yassum.

SOUND: *Door closes*

MARY: Now, George, I'm going to say a word at you, and I want you to tell me the first word that pops into your head. Do you understand?

GEORGE: Yassum.

MARY: Black.

GEORGE *questioningly*: What's the first word I think of when you says Black?

MARY: That's right.

GEORGE: Man. Black man. Yassum.

MARY: All right. The next word is . . . Lake.

GEORGE: Fish.

MARY: Moon.

GEORGE *thinking a moment*: Shine.

MARY: Hand.

GEORGE: Out.

MARY: Knife.

GEORGE (*hesitates*): Er . . . cut.

MARY: Book.

GEORGE: The Holy Bible.

MARY: Table.

GEORGE: Chair.

MARY: Kill.

GEORGE *hesitates*: Er . . . I didn't do it, Miss Mary!

MARY: All right. That's the general idea, Lieutenant. Who do you want to try first?

SULLIVAN *calling*: Smith . . . send in Castle.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

PAUL: Mary, I . . .

SULLIVAN *interrupting*: Just tell her what the words make you think of.—O.K., I got the watch on him. Shoot, Miss Kelsey.—You sit down, George, and don't say a word.

GEORGE: Yassuh.

MARY: Black.

PAUL: I think this is . . .

MARY *insisting*: Black.

PAUL *resignedly*: White.

MARY: Moon.

PAUL: Stars.

MARY: Lake.

PAUL: Water.

MARY: Knife.

PAUL *hesitates*: Er . . . er . . . (*laughingly*) I'm afraid I'm blank on that one. I mean, no word popped right into my head.

SULLIVAN: So I see.

MARY: Book.

PAUL: Study.

MARY: Table.

PAUL: Chair.

MARY: Kill.

PAUL *hesitating*: Er . . . ghost.

SULLIVAN: Ahem.

MARY: Candle.

PAUL: Light.

MARY: Perry.

PAUL: Oh, stop it! This is crazy and senseless!

SULLIVAN: Well, I don't know Mr. Castle. It's getting to make a lot of sense to me! That's enough for you. (*Calling*) Smith, send in Hugo Kahn.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

HUGO *mockingly*: Well, how's the experiment going?

SULLIVAN: Wipe the grin off your face and pay attention to Miss Kelsey. Shoot.

MARY: Black.

HUGO: White.

MARY: Moon.

HUGO: You.

MARY *hesitating a moment herself*: Lake.

HUGO: Canoe.

MARY: Hand.

HUGO: Kiss.

MARY: Knife.

HUGO *hesitating*: Er . . . Cut.

MARY: Book.

HUGO: Mystery.

MARY: Table.

HUGO: Chair.

MARY: Kill.

HUGO *hesitating*: Er . . . Perry. You see (*with a little laugh*), Lieutenant, I'm being completely honest. I could fake it, but that is the word that came into my mind.

SULLIVAN: Yeah, I see. I'm beginning to see a lot of things. Go ahead.

MARY: Candle.

HUGO: Light.

MARY: Perry.

HUGO *hesitating*. Er . . . I'm sorry. I'm afraid I draw a blank on that.

SULLIVAN: O.K. That's enough on you.

Sit down. (*Calls*) Smith. Send in the professor.

SOUND: *Door opens*

SMITH: One professor, coming right up.

DAVIS: Getting any results, Mary?

SULLIVAN: Never mind the chatter. Get down to business.

MARY: Black.

DAVIS *being much smoother, and more certain in his responses than the others have been*: White.

MARY: Moon.

DAVIS: Light.

MARY: Lake.

DAVIS: Water.

MARY: Hand.

DAVIS: Foot.

MARY: Knife.

DAVIS: Fork.

MARY: Book.

DAVIS: Write.

MARY: Table.

DAVIS: Chair.

MARY: Kill.

DAVIS: War.

MARY: Candle.

DAVIS: Light.

MARY: Perry.

DAVIS: Professor.

SULLIVAN: O.K. That's enough. I think I know what I want to know, now.

DAVIS *laughingly*: Well, who's the murderer?

SULLIVAN: One of those two. Castle or Kahn! Maybe both. I ain't got it figured out yet. They stumbled and fell all over themselves when it came to words like Knife, Kill, Perry. You were the only one who went right through smooth.

MARY *excitedly*: That's just it, Lieutenant, don't you see? It shouldn't have been smooth. Not in a situation like

this. Paul and Hugo were being honest, when they hesitated on those words. Professor Davis is the one who is trying to hide the truth!

SULLIVAN: Nope! Come on Castle. And you, Kahn! I'm placing you under arrest for the murder of Professor Perry!

HUGO. I didn't, I tell you! I didn't!

PAUL: You're a fool, Lieutenant! The . . . SULLIVAN *cutting them*: I've heard enough fancy talk around here. Let's get going!

MARY *desperately*: Lieutenant! You've got it all wrong. Please, listen to me!

SULLIVAN: I wasn't born yesterday, lady. I can draw my own conclusions.

DAVIS: Do you mind if I go now, Lieutenant. My wife will be worrying . . .

SULLIVAN: O.K., Professor. I won't be needing you any more.

MARY *firmly*: Now you wait a minute! Lieutenant! I know the answer! The whole answer!

SULLIVAN: So do I.

MARY: No! Don't you see? Hypnotism!

SULLIVAN: Hypnotism?

MARY: That man outside. He's not a dementia praecox! He's been hypnotized!

DAVIS: What kind of nonsense is this?

SULLIVAN: Come back from that door, Davis! I'm suddenly interested again!

MARY *excitedly*: Davis planted that man. Either to murder Perry, or to cover himself while he murdered Perry . . . by drawing suspicion away! He hypnotized that man and told him to come here. And . . . Of course, he opened the window to let him in downstairs! He knew that Perry always went up to his office for a rest after class. He knew there'd be lots of people around. And he knew if a stranger were found . . .

DAVIS *suddenly—his voice frantic*: All right! Don't move! Anybody!—I'll shoot the first one who makes a move or a sound!

SULLIVAN: Well, I'll be darned!

DAVIS: Move away from that window, Hugo!

SMITH: Drop the gun, Professor! Drop it! Pronto!—I've got you covered from the door! (*Gun falls*) O. K. chief.

SULLIVAN: Good work, Smith. Did you really think you could get away with it, Professor Davis?

MARY *tearfully*: Paul! Oh, Paul . . . it's terrible!

PAUL: It's all right, darling. Everything's all right now.

SULLIVAN: Well, Davis, this is one time the student flunked the professor!—Take him away, Smith

SMITH: It's a pleasure, chief! Come on, you!

DAVIS: This isn't the end! I'm not finished yet! You'll see!

SMITH: That's what they all say! On your way!

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

HUGO *sighing*: Exit, Professor Davis. I can hardly believe it.

SULLIVAN: Well, Miss Kelsey . . . I knew it was him all the time, but thanks for helping me make sure.—Goodnight, and good luck.

MUSIC: *Up and under*

SULLIVAN: And if you kids have an extra invitation when you make your wedding plans . . . I just love a good wedding!

MUSIC: *Up to end.*

WHO CALLED YOU HERE?

A DRAMA OF TODAY

By ERIC JENS PETERSEN

ADAPTED FOR RADIO BY EDWARD GOLDBERGER

(Produced by Peter Witt and Story Magazine over WHN, New York)

SOUND: *Gay music*

SOUND: *Laughter, etc.*

GRANDFATHER: Yes, Hans?

HANS: Oh, there you are, Grandfather. I've been looking all over for you . . . to give you this.

GR. FA.: What? What is it?

HANS: It's a present . . . from me to you.

GR. FA.: But . . . but . . .

HANS: Open it . . . go ahead.

GR. FA.: But why give me a present? It's your birthday, not mine.

HANS: What better time is there for giving presents than on my birthday? You've been so good to me all my life, why shouldn't I show it now?

GR. FA.: Hans . . . Hans . . .

HANS: Go on, Grandfather, open it.

GR. FA.: All right . . . all right.

SOUND: *Paper unwrapped*

GR. FA.: Chocolate! Where did you get it? Where did you get such a big ration of chocolate?

HANS: I saved for it, Grandfather . . . I've been saving up for months now . . .

GR. FA.: You're a good boy, Hans. A grown man. And tomorrow, when you go to enter the military service you will begin to take on a man's responsibilities.

HANS: Yes, Grandfather, but I can handle them . . . I'm seventeen now.

GR. FA.: Seventeen! When I was a boy, we were not called for military service until we were twenty. Now . . . now they call them so young, so young. Straight from the gymnasium to the army.

HANS: It's for the good of the Reich, Grandfather, all of us must help in making our country great.

GR. FA.: Yes, yes, I know.

HANS: See how the country has already grown: Austria and our own Tyrol, Czechoslovakia and now Poland. While we are at war, we need everyone.

GR. FA.: Yes, yes . . . all those countries, and yet South Tyrol, part of our own land is still with the Italians . . . The land we fought for, the land I fought for in '16 is still in the hands of the invaders.

HANS: They're our allies now, Grandfather . . . not our enemies. You mustn't say such things. You know what happened the last time.

GR. FA.: The Gestapo officer? That little worm? Ach! I could still break him in two with one hand.

HANS: Grandfather!

GR. FA.: Let them do what they will to me, it's true! True! In '16 we met them with guns. When we heard that our land had been invaded by the Italians, we all turned out. Every one of us. I remember the first ones that came in.

HANS: Really, Grandfather?

GR. FA.: Your age, they were. Boys. Young boys. "What are you doing here," we said. "Who called you here." Then we fought them and drove them out. We showed them what it meant to try to invade a country to which they had no right . . . but it did no good . . . Versailles gave it to the Italians anyway.

HANS: Yes, Grandfather.

GR. FA.: But it's different now, eh? No one will invade this land of ours now. No one would dare.

HANS: We would show them. Let them try it! Just let them try!

GR. FA.: You will be a good soldier, Hans. We Tyroleans are always good soldiers. We know how to follow orders.

HANS: I've always done that, Grandfather.

GR. FA.: Yes, yes . . . but why worry about it until tomorrow. Tomorrow you'll learn about discipline, today it's your birthday. Come . . . laugh, enjoy yourself! You're seventeen!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

HANS: Today I did a telemark, Alois, perfect! Soon I shall be a champion skier . . . an Olympic champion.

ALOIS: What? Again, Hans? I suppose you'd like to be the best in the regiment and only skiing two months.

HANS: Well, how many times did you fall today?

ALOIS: Once.

HANS: Only once? Oh . . .

ALOIS: And you, Hans?

HANS: Three times.

ALOIS: *Laughs*

HANS: Oh, well . . . tomorrow I'll be that much better. That's why they're teaching us, isn't it? So we'll get better all the time. After all, everything must be done with a purpose. No waste. Our country can't afford waste.

ALOIS: Huh! With the food the way it is, I know one thing that's going to waste . . . Me, look at me, I'm wasting away to nothing.

HANS: It's the blockade . . . the English. When we beat the English, Alois, we'll have food again. Anyway, that's what the Captain says and he ought to know.

ALOIS: I can't wait to beat the English. I'm hungry now. How long will we have to wait, do you think, Hans?

HANS: When we're ready, I guess, we'll take England.

ALOIS: That'll need lots and lots of preparation. Where do you think they'll send us, Hans, after we're finished training?

HANS: I don't know . . . Switzerland maybe. What difference does it make where they send us, anyway?

ALOIS: Switzerland? Why Switzerland?

HANS: Why not? . . . And they're teaching us to ski, aren't they? They wouldn't let all that go to waste.

ALOIS: But . . .

HANS: In any case, why worry about it? We'll find out soon enough when we get there.

ALOIS: And if they never send us any place? Suppose we just stay here forever?

HANS: Don't be silly. They'll use us for something.

ALOIS: Suppose the war ends before we even get started, Hans?

HANS: So much the better for our country . . . there will be more time to build.

ALOIS: Yes . . . but . . .

HANS: Hey . . . Look at the time! We better start waxing these skis if we're going to use them tomorrow.

ALOIS: You really think they'll send us to Switzerland, Hans? How soon?

HANS: I don't know. Maybe next week, maybe the week after, maybe not for months.

OFFICER: Attention!

SOUND: *Ad lib out*

OFFICER: You will be given two days leave. Pack your things before leave cards are given out. Overcoats, packs, rifles, skis and minimum rations. Duffels will be inspected when you report. That's all. Any questions.

ALOIS: Captain . . .

OFFICER: Yes!

ALOIS: Are we . . . are we to say goodbye to our parents now?

OFFICER: Yes.

ALOIS: And . . . and where will we go when we leave here?

OFFICER: Quiet! You'll get your orders and you'll carry them out.

ALOIS: But . . .

OFFICER: Start packing at once!

SOUND: *Ad lib up*

HANS: I know where we're going, Alois.

ALOIS: Do you, Hans? Where? Where is it?

HANS: Where they send us, of course.

SOUND: *Laughs—all take up laughter*

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Train pulling in and stopping*

ALOIS: What town is this, Hans? Can you see any signs or anything?

HANS: No. But it looks like it might be Hamburg or Bremen. Oh . . . it's good to feel that the train isn't moving under your feet all the time. I bet we've been riding for twenty-four hours at least.

ALOIS: Hamburg! Bremen! That's a sea trip sure. Don't you think so?

HANS: Don't be foolish, Alois, why go anywhere by sea? Unless it's England . . .

ALOIS: England!

OFFICER: Everybody out! Come on, step lively. Get a move on!

HANS: Well, we're getting out. Maybe we'll stay here . . . Hey! Hurry up . . . We've got to get out of here.

ALOIS: I'm coming! I'm coming! I don't think we'll stay in this town!

HANS: Why so sure? . . . Hand me my skis, please, Alois.

ALOIS: Here . . . I don't know, but I'm so sure that I'll bet on it.

HANS: Bet? What have you to bet?

ALOIS: I'll bet you the first piece of chocolate I get . . . if I ever get any.

SOUND: *Clatter*

OFFICER: Attention.

SOUND: *Clatter again*

CAPTAIN: Eyes front! Men . . . we're going aboard a ship.

HANS *low*: I can taste that chocolate now.

CAPTAIN: Aboard a ship to serve your country. Forward, march!

SOUND: *Men marching*

ALOIS: Well, we learn more all the time. We're going overseas now . . . We know that at any rate.

HANS: Yes.

ALOIS: Maybe to England! Or Africa, maybe.

HANS: Africa?

ALOIS: Colonies . . . for our colonies.

HANS: Yes, of course . . . we must get back our colonies . . . we must have room for development.

ALOIS: And then . . . Look! Look, Hans! Searchlights!

HANS: It's light as day.

ALOIS: What do you suppose they're there for?

HANS: How should I know?

ALOIS: To keep us from running away, do you think?

HANS: Running away? From what? What for?

ALOIS: I don't know . . . maybe . . . maybe they know where we're going and . . .

HANS: And what?

ALOIS: And they're afraid we'll run if we knew too.

HANS: Don't be silly. Who ever heard of German troops running away . . . from anything.

ALOIS: Just the same, I think maybe it's something bad. Where are they sending us? Why don't they tell us where they're sending us?

HANS: I don't know, Alois. I don't know.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

ALOIS: But where? Where do you think it could be, Hans?

HANS: All I know is that we're on this ship and we're going somewhere. That's all anybody knows.

ALOIS: That's not enough for me. I've got to know more than that.

HANS: That's all you're supposed to know, and that should be enough. Alois, sometimes I think maybe there's something wrong with you . . . that maybe you don't like this war at all.

ALOIS: Don't be silly, Hans . . . It's just . . . well, it's just that I want to know what I'll have to face, that's all. Of course, this ship should give some idea. Phew!

HANS: It's not a German ship. It's Polish . . . Besides, we're in the hold.

ALOIS: I know all right. You can tell by the odor . . . Hans . . . isn't it funny that we didn't get life belts?

HANS: Maybe it's only a short trip we're going on.

ALOIS: Even so we should have life belts.

HANS: Listen, the High Command knows what it's doing.

ALOIS: Do you think, Hans, that maybe they are really sending us to England?

HANS: With skis? No. Besides the compass shows that we're heading North.

ALOIS: North? What's north?

HANS: I don't know . . . I don't know.

ALOIS: There's something peculiar going on. I feel it somehow. Something very peculiar, Hans . . . Hans, I'm afraid of it. I don't like it at all . . . Let's stick together, Hans. Let's not let anything split us up. What do you say?

HANS: Of course, Alois, but I don't see what you're worried about.

ALOIS: Maybe if we asked the . . .

CAPTAIN: Attention! . . .

ALOIS: There's the captain, I'm going to ask him.

HANS: Are you crazy? We can't ask him anything like that.

ALOIS: We've got to find out where we're going. They can't just . . . just send us off, to be killed maybe and then . . .

CAPTAIN: Stay in your bunks. Do not come above decks. Anyone leaving these quarters will be put under arrest. That's all. At ease!

ALOIS: Captain!

CAPTAIN: What?

ALOIS: Captain, can you tell us please, where we are going?

CAPTAIN *amazed*: What?

ALOIS: Please, sir, we'd like to know where we're going. Could you tell us.

CAPTAIN: No. It is none of your business.

ALOIS: But . . .

CAPTAIN: It's your job to follow orders. Not to ask questions about them. You are soldiers of the Reich. A true soldier does not ask questions. He follows orders and trusts in his superiors. And that goes for everyone here. Understood? Dismissed!

HANS: You see? I could have told you.

ALOIS: But we have a right to know, haven't we, Hans?

SOLDIER: A soldier has no rights. You are a soldier in the German Army now, not in some stupid liberal government.

ALOIS: What do you know about it?

SOLDIER: Enough to know when someone is not a true German, anyway.

ALOIS: Are you calling me a traitor?

SOLDIER: Maybe.

ALOIS: Why you . . .

HANS: Alois! Alois!

SOUND: *Fight*

VOICE: Marvellous, isn't it, Captain?

CAPTAIN: To be expected.

VOICE: Expected?

CAPTAIN: Certainly. Only natural. When true Germans are bored, they will always fight.

SOUND: *Fight—up and into . . .*

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Ad lib*

HANS: Brr! It's cold up here on deck.

ALOIS: Yes. My feet are getting frozen.

HANS: Look. There's land over there. Mountains! See them.

ALOIS: You think we're at the North Pole? It's certainly cold.

HANS: It might be Scotland.

ALOIS: It's much too cold for Scotland . . . isn't that the place where the men wear those little skirts?

HANS: I don't know where we are, but it smells like . . . like home. Mountains. High mountains! Just like at home in Tyrol! Look at those cliffs.

ALOIS: It's good to smell mountains again.

HANS: Yes, yes.

CAPTAIN: Attention! Ten men go down and bring up the skis and packs. You! First ten men over there! Rest, stand at ease! Men! We have landed in Norway . . .

SOUND: *Ad lib*

COLONEL: We have outwitted the English fleet. Since early yesterday all points along the coast are firmly in German control. The Norwegian government has called our army over to help defend this friendly neutral country from an English invasion. That is our job. Norway must be protected from the English . . . they must be driven out to protect our friendly neighbor. Heil Hitler!

CHORUS: Heil Hitler!

CAPTAIN: All right. Get your life belts on and into the boats.

HANS: Norway! Well, now you know where we're going, Alois. You see?

ALOIS: Yes. Come on, let's sit over here. There are two seats.

HANS: Brrr! It's cold. This place looks like Tyrol, but it certainly hasn't the same climate.

SOUND: *Motor*

HANS: Well . . . here we go . . . Now we're really being soldiers, eh, Alois?

ALOIS: Look at the way we're zigzagging. I wonder why that is. The harbor's right straight in front of us.

HANS: We're getting there though . . . I can see the docks already. It looks nice.

ALOIS: Yes. And I'll be glad to . . .

SOUND: *Explosion*

ALOIS: What was that?

HANS: Sounds like they're blasting rock or something.

ALOIS: No! Look behind us . . . the boat behind us . . . It's . . . it's sinking!

HANS: Sinking? But it can't . . . it . . . why aren't we stopping? Why don't we turn around and pick them up?

VOICE: Mine to starboard . . . four points off the bow.

HANS: Mines? Mines? What have we gotten into?

ALOIS: That's what I would like to know.

HANS: Oh, well . . . it's all right . . . we're there now . . . Here's the dock.

SOUND: *Motor cuts*

CAPTAIN: All right. Everyone out. This is Narvik.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

ALOIS: Coffee! Ummm! Real coffee!

HANS: Good, isn't it?

ALOIS: Good? It's like nectar after that stuff we've been drinking. These Norwegians know how to live all right.

HANS: Yes.

ALOIS: You know, Hans, we haven't seen a Norwegian since we got here. That's sort of funny, isn't it?

HANS: Why? Why should it be? This town's probably been evacuated, that's all.

ALOIS: But if we're helping to drive out the English invaders, you'd expect to see some Norwegian troops.

HANS: They're probably out fighting the English now . . . or maybe some of them will be coming in later tonight.

ALOIS: It's dark enough now for them to come. No, Hans, the whole thing looks very funny.

HANS: Always everything looks very funny. Have you no faith in our leaders? Sometimes I think maybe that soldier was right, Alois.

ALOIS: Don't be a fool . . . But look, first they train us to ski . . . train us for months, then they ship us here and don't tell us where we're going. Not a word do they tell us . . . I'm afraid, Hans . . . I'm afraid of what's going to happen.

HANS: What can happen? Nothing . . . anyway, nothing that we haven't foreseen already.

SOUND: *A shell—first a long whine—then an explosion*

ALOIS: What was that? Did you hear it, Hans?

HANS: It . . . sounded like a shell.

SOUND: *Another shell—shells follow ad lib—yells from men*

ALOIS: The English! It's the English!

HANS: Let's get out of here! This is a bad place to stay, if they hit it, the walls'll cave in right on top of us.

ALOIS: Come on. Let's run! Run!

SOUND: *Siren begins to howl—bring up shells and siren*

HANS: We got to hide. We've got to find some place that's safe. bound to hit us.

HANS: Come on. Let's get away from here anyway. Give me your hand.

ALOIS: Where? Where'll we go? They're Alois.

ALOIS: Here . . .

HANS: All right, let's go.

ALOIS: Wait! Look! There's a staff car coming. Maybe the officer will tell us what to do. Maybe they can even put a stop to it.

HANS: No. I don't think it'll stop now until daylight. It's going to go on all night.

ALOIS: Why? How do you know?

HANS: Because we can't see the English ships and fire at them with our artillery until it's light.

ALOIS: Not until daylight?

CAPTAIN: Get to cover. Get to cover you idiots and wait for orders! And put out those lights! Do you want to be a target for every shell? Put them out quick! Of all the stupid incompetent use . . .

SOUND: *Shell explodes—very close*

ALOIS: Hans . . . Hans, did you see? The shell . . . the shell . . . it . . . it . . .

HANS: I saw it, Alois. Come on, let's get out of here like he said.

ALOIS: It cut off his head, like a razor. Right off, just like that!

HANS: Shut up, Alois! Shut up!

ALOIS: But it did, Hans. It did. Didn't you see it? Didn't you?

HANS: Quiet, Alois. Just lie down here and be quiet. It'll be over soon enough. When our men find the range. They'll start soon and it'll be our turn . . . and let them start soon.

ALOIS: Soon! Soon!

HANS: Soon enough, Alois.

ALOIS: Just so they stop, Hans . . . Stop that noise . . . those guns . . . why did they send us here, Hans? Why? Why? Why?

SOUND: *Shelling up and into . . .*

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Train*

HANS: Feeling better, Alois?

ALOIS: Much better. I . . . I almost feel human again now that we've gotten out of Narvik.

HANS: They won't be able to get at us again. Not where we're going.

ALOIS: And where are we going, Hans?

HANS: I don't know.

ALOIS: Of course . . . Do we ever know? All I can see is that we're heading inland away from the sea.

HANS: Isn't that enough?

ALOIS: Press a button, make out an order and off we go.

HANS: But it's the only way, Alois. The only way to build the truly German army that we need to beat our enemies.

ALOIS: And what are we doing in Norway anyway? Have you seen any Norwegians yet?

HANS: No.

ALOIS: Nor English either, have you?

HANS: No . . . but you can't expect to meet them everywhere. Didn't the Colonel say we controlled most of the coast?

ALOIS: Nevertheless, you'd think there'd be at least some sign of them around wouldn't you? It's . . . there's something very peculiar about the whole thing. Hans . . . Hans . . . do you think maybe they lied to us?

HANS: Lied to us? Why should they do that? . . . Don't talk like a fool. Our own government lying to us! Alois, you are an idiot . . . or that shelling last night has gone to your head.

ALOIS: Well, I wish I were as sure as you.

SOUND: *Train stopping*

HANS: Hey! The train's stopping. We've arrived!

ALOIS: Wherever that is.

HANS: It looks a little bit like home, doesn't it?

ALOIS: Yes, those high mountains and that place over there might almost be your house . . . only it's empty.

VOICE: Everybody out! Come on, step on it.

SOUND: *Ad lib*

HANS: Ummm . . . smells nice, doesn't it? And that schoolhouse over there . . . they even build them like we do.

ALOIS: We'll have a lot to tell the folks back home, won't we?

HANS: If we had postcards, we could tell them now . . . we ought to let them know we're all right, anyway.

ALOIS: Postcards? Where could we get any in this town?

HANS: I don't know. Let's go and see.

ALOIS: Now?

HANS: Why not?

ALOIS: Well, we can't just walk around.

What about the rest of the company?

HANS: That's right, I'd almost forgotten.

VOICE: Attention!

SOUND: *Cuts*

VOICE: Men, the tunnel through the mountain has been blown up. We'll have to go over the mountain on foot. Form your companies and march through the village. After that, you're to march in free order.

SOUND: *Ad lib—fade into marching*

HANS: Blew up the tunnel . . . that's smart, very smart. Those English are clever.

ALOIS: Yes . . . look! There's a postoffice! Let's sneak in. We can catch up with the company later.

HANS: But . . . oh, all right.

SOUND: *Marching fades out*

HANS: I'd like to get a couple with pictures on them so the folks can see how much like home this place is.

ALOIS: We can look around. Come on, let's go in.

SOUND: *Door open and shut*

ALOIS: It's . . . it's empty! There's no one here.

HANS: Yes, there is . . . there's a fellow over there at the information counter.

ALOIS: Well, let's go over there then, what are we waiting for?

HANS: Right . . . Uh, pardon.

MAN: What is it?

HANS: Why . . . we just wondered whether we could get postcards and stamps in here.

ALOIS: With pictures, because it looks so much like home.

MAN: Over there. Stamp counter. Good-day.

SOUND: *Slam*

ALOIS: That was kind of abrupt, wasn't it? Whew! He acted as though we had leprosy or something.

HANS: Probably got up on the wrong side of the bed or something. Come on, let's go over and see about those stamps.

ALOIS: All right.

HANS: There's no one here. Hey! How about a little service. Hey! Hey! Is there anyone here? . . . Ah! There you are. I want five stamped postal cards, please.

ALOIS: How scared he looks? As if he thought we would bite him or shoot him or something.

HANS: Yes . . . Look here, we have no Norwegian money yet, so we'll have to give you German marks. That'll be all right, won't it?

SOUND: *Slam of window*

HANS: Well, what do you know about that! Slammed the window right in my face.

SOUND: *Banging on window*

HANS: Hey! Hey! Come back here!

ALOIS: Maybe the postoffice is mad at us or something.

SOUND: *Banging on window*

HANS: Hey! Hey!

ALOIS: What was he so frightened of us for, I wonder?

SOUND: *Cut banging*

HANS: I don't know . . . he certainly didn't act as though he liked us . . . Come on, might as well get back to the others. You'd almost think we were the invaders from the way he acted.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

HANS: There is the company ahead of us, Alois. Come on, walk faster.

ALOIS: I can't . . . these skis weigh a ton. Wish we were going downhill instead of up, so we could use them.

HANS: We'll be able to use them when we get to the top.

ALOIS: Whew! I'm winded.

HANS: The company's reached the top . . . They're putting on skis now. If we don't hurry, they'll be gone by the time we get there.

ALOIS: We'll catch up all right.

HANS: I'd like to be there now.

ALOIS: What's the matter? Think the English will pick us off?

HANS: I'm not afraid of the English.

ALOIS: Look . . . look over there at those birds. White birds on the sides of the mountain.

HANS: Birds? Those aren't birds . . . they're skiers . . . Beautiful, too.

ALOIS: They really know how to do it, don't they? And we thought we were good.

HANS: They're Norwegians, I guess. Look, Hans, they're heading this way. I guess they've seen us and want to talk to us. Do you realize these are the first Norwegians we've met, Alois?

ALOIS: Yes.

HANS: I bet they're glad to see us, all right. I know I wouldn't like to have my country invaded.

ALOIS: Yes. What was that story your grandfather tells all the time?

HANS: They probably feel the same way. I'll bet they would like to get every Englishman and just . . . just get him with their bare hands.

ALOIS: Mmmm. They certainly can ski.

HANS: Well, they invented them . . .

Here they are . . . do you know any Norwegian?

ALOIS: Not a word.

HANS: We ought to say something.

ALOIS: Nice caps they've got.

HANS: Like the ones we used to have. Remember?

ALOIS: Well, here they are . . . Say hello, to them, Hans.

HANS: I don't know any Norwegian . . . I . . .

VOICE: What are you doing here?

HANS: German! He speaks German, Alois! We are Germans part of the army that's come to help you.

ALOIS: Yes . . . to help rid this country of the English who are invading it.

VOICE: Who asked for you? Who called you here?

HANS: Who called us? Who called us?

ALOIS: Why . . . why . . . you did . . . you did. We've come to help you Norwegians to make your country peaceful again. We'll drive out the English for you. That's what we're here for . . . and then . . . maybe you too will have a joyful country again.

HANS: Yes . . . that's it . . . we've come to bring your country peace again.

VOICE: Peace . . . with German invaders there is no peace.

SOUND: *Shot*

ALOIS: Hans! Hans! Why did you shoot Hans? Are you crazy? Are you mad? What's . . .

SOUND: *Shot*

VOICE: Who asked for you? Who called you here?

MUSIC: *Up and out*

AWAY FROM IT ALL

A COMEDY

By MONICA WARD

ANNOUNCER: *The scene is the dressing room of Paula Tremaine, the most brilliant star on the Broadway horizon, and whose play "Bright Dawn" has been running a year and a half—the usual last minute confusion prevails—in one corner of the room Paula Tremaine is being interviewed by Miss Piggenbach of Homebodies, Inc.—Stephen O'Hara, Miss Tremaine's husband and manager, is talking on the telephone—Peggy Holland, his secretary, is going through fan mail—the general effect is something like Grand Central at five-fifteen and possibly a bit noisier.*

SOUND: *Murmur of voices from Paula and Piggenbach*

STEPHEN *shouting*: Listen, Pete, I've asked you time and again not to use that picture of Paula. Makes her look like a tractor. I sent you another today. When did it go, Peggy?

PEGGY: About four o'clock, Mr. O'Hara.

STEPHEN: Listen, Pete, it's down there somewhere now. O.K., boy, thanks.

SOUND: *Hanging up of telephone—then loud banging and door opens*

MESSINGER: Flowers for Miss Tremaine.

STEPHEN: All right, sonny. Got a quarter, Peggy?

PEGGY: Here you are.

MESSINGER: Tanks.

SOUND: *Slamming of door*

STEPHEN: And next time bang the door.

SOUND: *Door opens*

CALL BOY: Half-hour, Miss Tremaine.

PAULA *fading in*: Oh thanks, Eddie.

MISS PIGGENBACH: Well, Miss Tremaine, I guess I better be runnin' along now. It's been a delightful interview.

PAULA *dripping*: Thank you so much, Miss Piggenbach. But remember, it hasn't been one bit more delightful for you than it has for me. Whenever I'm on stage, I feel I'd like to rush right out

into the audience and embrace my unknown friends one by one. But of course one can't do that, can one?

MISS PIGGENBACH *not very brightly*: Well no, now that you mention it, I don't see how you could.

PAULA *annoyed but going on*: An artist's life is a lonely one.

MISS PIGGENBACH: It don't seem very lone . . .

PAULA *cutting her off*: Stephen!

STEPHEN: Yeah?

PAULA: Miss Piggenbach is going now.

Don't you want to say goodbye?

STEPHEN *fading in*: So you've had enough of the big city, eh?

MISS PIGGENBACH: Well, you know how it is, Mr. McNamara.

PAULA: O'Hara.

MISS PIGGENBACH *not noticing*: New York's New York, but home's home, I always say.

STEPHEN *thinking over this profound statement*: Truer words were never spoken, Miss Piggenbach.

MISS PIGGENBACH: Besides I promised Miz Chapin—she's our president—I'd be back for the next meetin'. We meet on odd Wednesdays, ya know.

STEPHEN: Who does?

PAULA *sweetly*: The Homebodies, darling!

MISS PIGGENBACH: The girls are gonna be real interested when they hear what I got from Miss Tremaine. I said to Miz Chapin before I come, I said, "Well Paula Tremaine may be a great actress but she's a woman, too!"

STEPHEN *feigned surprise*: Did you say that, Miss Piggenbach! (*Mimicking her twang*) Well now that was right bright of you.

PAULA *hastily*: Stephen, we mustn't keep Miss Piggenbach any longer. (*Coily*) I'm afraid she'll grow tired of us.

MISS PIGGENBACH *simpering*: Oh now, Miss Tremaine! There's just one thing I'd like to have before I go.

PAULA *graciously*: Yes?

MISS PIGGENBACH: Your favorite recipe!

PAULA *flabbergasted*: What!

STEPHEN *in evil humor*: Your favorite recipe, darling. (*Heartily*) You ought to see her in the kitchen, Miss Piggenbach.

MISS PIGGENBACH: I'll bet she's a caution.

STEPHEN: She certainly is! Well, Paula?

MISS PIGGENBACH: Ya see, we got 'em from every celebrity that ever come through our state. Movie stars, WPA officials, Englishmen, everybody.

STEPHEN: Then I hardly think that Miss Tremaine would want to seem less generous than a . . . WPA official. Would you, darling?

PAULA *through her teeth*: No, dear! Well, it's . . . now let me see, what do I like best to make? Well, it's . . . it's ginger cookies!

MISS PIGGENBACH *very pleased*: Oh, the common touch!

STEPHEN *thumping with pleasure*: Yes, isn't it?

PAULA: Now let's see . . . you take . . . fourteen eggs . . .

MISS PIGGENBACH: Fourteen!

STEPHEN: Miss Tremaine never stints on anything.

PAULA: . . . and a tablespoonful of salt . . . and . . . three pounds of flour . . .

MISS PIGGENBACH: How many cups would that be, Miss Tremaine?

PAULA: Well . . . I've . . . I've found that people use different measurements all over the country. Now some use gills and some use pounds, and . . . the further East you come . . . the . . .

STEPHEN: The cuppier they get!

PAULA: That's ri . . . Where were we? Oh yes, flour! Flour. Then two parts vermou . . . two pinches of pepper and a . . . add some milk!

MISS PIGGENBACH: No ginger?

PAULA *rather sadly*: No ginger.

MISS PIGGENBACH: Well I sure appreciate this, Miss Tremaine. An' goodbye till next year. (*Fading*) An' don't forget, Mr. O'Halloran, if ya ever come through our state, the Homebodies on odd Wednesdays.

STEPHEN *jovially*: It'll be an odd Wednesday if I ever do . . . Miss Pig's a . . .

SOUND: *Door slams and cuts him off*

PAULA *furiously*: I could kill you for letting me in on a thing like that. She's an absolute fool!

STEPHEN: Don't blame me. I didn't know what she'd be like.

PAULA: You might know that anybody from "Homebodies, Inc." is going to be on the corny.

STEPHEN *shouting back*: Oh, keep your shirt on! You can't have your publicity hand picked. You're going on tour, aren't you? Well, you want an audience, don't you?

PAULA: I'd like to know what that has to do with acting! Ginger cookies . . .

STEPHEN *laughing*: I'd give a million bucks to have a sound track of that recipe. Don't worry, sweetheart, if they follow that one, there won't be any Homebodies left.

PAULA: From now on I want it distinctly understood . . .

PEGGY: Miss Tremaine . . .

PAULA *impatiently*: Yes, Peggy?

PEGGY: I'm terribly sorry to bother you, but . . .

CALL BOY *bellowing*: Twenty minutes, Miss Tremaine.

PEGGY: I'm terribly sorry but Mr. Tucker says that you can't wear that chartreuse dress in the third act.

PAULA *icy fury in her voice*: He says what!

PEGGY: He says the lights don't pick it up, they just flatten the colour out.

PAULA: You tell Mr. Tucker for me to mind his own business. He's only a director, not a fashion expert, and I'll wear whatever I please.

STEPHEN: You'll do whatever Tuck says. He knows what he's talking about. The lights don't pick up chartreuse.

PAULA: This is a fine time to be switching clothes . . . after I've been wearing that dress for a year and a half.

STEPHEN: Look, just because you've been a stubborn fool all your life doesn't mean you can't change now, does it? You take care of the acting and leave the rest to me.

PAULA: I'll do nothing of . . .

SOUND: *Telephone begins to ring madly*

PAULA: . . . If you had your way, Stephen O'Hara, I'd be out in Central Park frying doughnuts just for the publicity.

STEPHEN *hollering*: And it mightn't be a bad thing either. Who built you up to

be the biggest star in America? I did!
And if it weren't for . . .

SOUND: *Removing receiver and cut ringing*

STEPHEN: . . . Hello. Yeah, I'll hold on
. . . Yes? How do you do. The what?
Oh, the Busy Bees! Um-hmnnh, why
yes, I think she could. Just a minute.
Paula, this is Mrs. Gilman of the Busy
Bees Society in New Rochelle. She
wants to know if you can make an
appearance at a benefit Sunday and
autograph pictures?

PAULA *screaming in fury*: Homebodies!

Busy Bees! Tell her I'll see her in . . .

STEPHEN: Miss Tremaine says she will be
charmed. We've heard so much about
your group and the fine work you're
doing. What time? Yes, I'll wait.

PEGGY *pleading*: Miss Tremaine, what am
I going to tell Mr. Tucker? They've
sent back that gown you used in the
first dress rehearsal.

STEPHEN: What colour is it? Yes, Mrs.
Gilman, we know the Busy Bees are
white! All right. Five o'clock. No, not
at all. Thank you.

SOUND: *Hanging up telephone*

PAULA *getting very dramatic*: Stephen,
this is altogether too much. I won't
autograph the Busy Bees and I won't
wear that blue dress.

STEPHEN: Paula, for heaven's sake keep
quiet and listen to me . . .

PEGGY: Miss Tremaine, will you please
tell me what I'm to say to Mr. Tucker?

CALL BOY: Fifteen minutes, Miss Tremaine.

SOUND: *Everyone shouting at the same time as*

PAULA *stopping them*: Quiet! *(Dead silence—in a martyred voice as she gives the best performance of her career)*
I'm not going on at all! I'm going to retire!

STEPHEN: Absurd!

PAULA: Yes! I'm through! I'm through
with theatre. Something very fine has
gone out of me tonight. I'm like a
wilted blossom that has never had a
chance to flower.

STEPHEN *patiently*: Peggy, get out; leave
the door open in case I need you.

PEGGY: Yes, Mr. O'Hara.

SOUND: *Door opens*

PAULA: Now, Stephen, don't say a word.
You can't make me change my mind.
I'm at the end of my rope. All this

madness, this insane hysteria, this isn't
living. I'm not getting the finer things
out of life. After all, I'm not only a
great actress; I'm a woman, too.

STEPHEN: Yes, of course, Paula. Come on,
put on your eyelashes.

PAULA: Stephen, I'm serious. My life is
being wasted. I feel like an empty shell.
Life is passing me by. I'm only watching it.

STEPHEN: Paula, for the love of . . .

PAULA: I'm sick of this sham existence. I
want a rose-covered cottage in the
country; I want a home and earth that
I can call my own; I want little ones
clustered about my knee; I want peace
with my Maker and my fellow man
and with myself. Stephen, I want to be
needed!

STEPHEN: Paula, if you don't hurry . . .

PAULA: And look at our life together,
Stephen. We're only business partners.
Tremaine and O'Hara. Why, we could
be anything . . . attorneys or . . . pickle
manufacturers! Stephen, I'm almost
ashamed to say it, but I can say it now
because I'm braver and bigger and more
honest . . . Stephen, I haven't even
been a good wife to you!

(A long pause)

STEPHEN *deciding to put a stop to this act*: Well, now that you mention it,
Paula, you haven't.

PAULA *surprised*: What!

STEPHEN *matter of fact*: Nope, you
haven't. You haven't been a good wife
to me. I've never said anything because
I felt your life belonged to your public,
but now that I know you're a woman,
too, why . . . I think this retirement
thing is just wonderful. *(Enthusiastically)*
You see, Paula, I've always
wanted to live in the country.

PAULA *cooling gently*: Oh Stephen!

STEPHEN: Yep. That's my one dream. You
see, I was born on a farm. I used to
get out in the fields and help my old
man plow. *(Laughing)* My mother
used to say you couldn't tell me from
the horse. We both smelled the same.
And that's how I'd like to end my
days . . . just as I began 'em.

PAULA *cautiously*: Oh . . . would you?

STEPHEN: Um-hmnnh. I can just see us.
Living in an old shack without modern
improvements, you doing your own
cooking, slopping around in bedroom

slippers and no makeup, and me smelling like a horse! Simple, earthy living as God intended.

PAULA *quite coldly*: Oh? You can see that, can you?

STEPHEN *heartily*: Clear as a picture. And there's another thing, Paula. You know this is really a very good time for you to retire. After all, you're thirty-two and you've had five good years of stardom.

PAULA *snapping*: Well, what of it?

STEPHEN: Now you can't keep it up forever. Anyway, it's not as though you were a great actress. You're more of a . . . a glamour girl. Once your looks begin to go, you'll lose your public.

PAULA: Stephen O'Hara, are you crazy!

STEPHEN *man-to-man tone*: Come on, Paula, let's be honest. Now I've been watching you these last few weeks. You're not playing this show the way you did when it opened. You're hamming, you're overacting, you're chewing scenery, you're playing to the gallery . . . you're not the actress you were a year and a half ago.

PAULA: Oh, I'm not, eh? Well you just mention one other actress that's been packing 'em in at six-sixty tops for a year and a half and I'll be very interested. I've got the biggest personal following of any star on Broadway, and you know it!

STEPHEN: Oh well, the public! What does the public know about acting? Wait until you open in a new show and have to face that crowd of tough Broadway critics . . . then you'll see what I'm talking about.

PAULA: Why should I worry about the critics? I've always had them with me before. Besides, they don't pay for their tickets; they come in on passes.

STEPHEN: But that's not the point! Wait until they give you a few bad notices. Then you're through! And after that . . . what? A few flops, maybe a contract in Hollywood, a couple of B pictures, then ssssss . . . out like a light! Nope, settling down on a farm's the smart idea.

PAULA *shrieking*: If you think I'm going to settle down with you and a horse on a farm, you've got another think coming. And besides, I'd like to know

who else but me could finish the run of this show?

STEPHEN: Your understudy, of course!

PAULA *scornfully*: Leila Hamilton couldn't play this part if she had Shakespeare, Noel Coward, and Eugene O'Neill collaborating on the lines.

STEPHEN: That's just where you're wrong. I saw her at an understudy rehearsal the other day and the girl's great. She has that fine, tenuous quality and builds and develops and is just as good two years later as she was on opening night.

PAULA: The audience doesn't want a "tenuous" quality. It wants an emotional actress. It wants to laugh . . . laugh . . . and cry. And another thing, Mr. O'Hara, I notice that Leila's been getting some publicity lately. I guess I don't have to inquire who's responsible for that!

STEPHEN: I just wanted to give the girl a break. I'm telling you, she deserves it; she's marvelous!

PAULA: Really! Well, things have come to a pretty pass when an understudy starts getting space. And furthermore, who are you married to, her or me?

STEPHEN *bellowing*: Whom I'm married to has nothing to do with it. It's simply a question of recognizing genius and giving it a boost in the right direction.

PAULA: Genius! You can pick 'em up on the corner for a dime a dozen any day in the week! You want to be very careful you don't boost yourself right into a divorce court.

STEPHEN: There you go, taking the personal attitude again. An actress should be above that kind of thing.

PAULA: Well, this actress is so far above understudies she doesn't even know they're on the payroll. I . . .

CALL BOY *bellowing*: Five minutes, Miss Tremaine.

PAULA: I'd like to know how long "Bright Dawn" would have run if we'd had that "fine, tenuous" actress, Leila Hamilton, playing the lead.

CALL BOY *louder than before*: Five minutes, Miss Tremaine.

PAULA *shrieking*: All right, Eddie!

STEPHEN: O.K. you'll find out when you open another show!

PAULA: You bet I'll find out! And you'll be right there with me to see that I get

the kind of publicity I'm supposed to have.

CALL BOY: Two minutes, Miss Tremaine!

PAULA *screaming*: O.K., Eddie, I'm coming! Where are my eyelashes? (*Fade*)

Ginger cookies — washing — ironing — smelling like horses . . . Bah!

SOUND: *Curtain's going up then prolonged applause*

PEGGY *coming in cautiously*: O.K., Mr. O'Hara?

STEPHEN *simply exhausted*: Yeah, come in.

SOUND: *Fade applause*

PEGGY: Gee, she's certainly got 'em in the palm of her hand, hasn't she? Listen to that applause.

STEPHEN: Yep, she's a great actress. On or off stage.

HENRY HUDSON

A HISTORICAL DRAMA

By ROBERT MONROE

NARRATOR: This is the story of a man who was an explorer—but not a discoverer—an historical failure. Yet the results of his explorations had their effects on American colonization and commerce for centuries—and today, a hundred-foot memorial column overlooks the great river which bears his name.

SOUND: *Sneak in lapping water and light wind under preceding-oar creak—hold all dim—under . . .*

NARRATOR: Henry Hudson made four voyages in search of an Arctic passage to the Orient. Voyages which filled out great blind spots on the maps of his day which paved the way for the founding of New Amsterdam and fortunes in fur-trading and fishing. Three of these voyages were made under the English flag and the other under the Dutch. Because the voyage for the Netherland company became his most famous, often he has been miscast as a Hollander, when actually he was as English as boiled potatoes. Englishman or Dutch—his place in history is firm. Three hundred and twenty-eight years ago—on that body of water now known as James Bay (*begin fade under sound*) a shallop—a small boat boasting two sets of oars and a crudely rigged sail—slowly poked its way among great chunks of Arctic ice. In this small boat—a mere eggshell among grinding boulders—were eight men and a boy. (*Sound out*)

JOHN *off*: Father.

HUDSON *wearily*: Yes, boy?

JOHN: Where are we going?

HUDSON: We'll know before long, son.

JOHN: Will—will we get there soon? I'm—I'm getting hungry again.

HUDSON: Yes, boy.

JOHN: And it's getting colder, isn't it.

STAFFE *off—weakly*: Capt'n . . .

HUDSON *call*: What is it, Staffe.

STAFFE *up—effort*: Royans and Higgins, sir . . .

HUDSON *low*: Dead?

STAFFE: Aye. Cold got 'em. Higgins just breathed his last a minit ago.

HUDSON *low*: Two more.

STAFFE: What, sir?

HUDSON *abruptly*: I—nothing, Staffe.

STAFFE: Should I drop 'em over the gunn'ale like the others?

HUDSON *tired*: Aye. Do that. The shallop should move faster with but four to carry.

STAFFE: Aye, sir. It should.

SOUND: *Slight pause—lapping water*

HUDSON: Staffe.

STAFFE: What, sir?

HUDSON: You're a noble man. Courageous.

STAFFE: Now Captain Hudson . . .

HUDSON: You could well have stayed with the crew. You could be on your way to England—not in a shallop farthest from nowhere and . . .

STAFFE *simply*: I canna be sorry, sir. My choice was made. The place for Staffe is by the master of the vessel even if he be in an open shallop—but never with mutineers, sir.

HUDSON *musng*: And yet you were never more than a ship's carpenter under my command.

STAFFE: It was an honor to serve under such a master, Capt'n Hudson. (*going off*) But I best 'leave the shallop of its load, sir.

HUDSON *half to himself*: Yes, Staffe, give them a consecration—and mayhap one for us, too.

JOHN *off*: Father.

HUDSON: Keep well bundled, lad. Cold will not help a fever.

JOHN *up*: I—I thought that I might mind the tiller for a spell.

HUDSON: You're a sick boy. You will need all the strength you can find.

(Pause)

JOHN: Father, do you think we will ever see England again?

HUDSON: Perhaps we shall, son.

JOHN: Tell me the truth. I'm sixteen now. You can speak to me like a man.

HUDSON: Aye, you have grown these past voyages.

JOHN *in fast*: Then tell me—will we get somewhere—anywhere? Nothing but ice and water—and cold. (Pause) Will we get home—ever?

HUDSON *slowly*: I—I don't know, John. I don't know.

JOHN *dreaming*: I would like to see my mother once more—just once. (*Begin slow fade under sound*) Just to sit by the oven and thaw all the cold from my blood—smell the hot broth as she stirs it on the fire, I can see her stirring it now—and—and she's pouring it out—a bowl for me . . .

SOUND: *Take out all but lapping of water—turn lapping into light splashes—such as stirring broth—after four seconds, cut—then pour water into cup—cut*

IRIS: There you are—finest broth in all London—if I have to say it myself.

RUUCK: Thank you.

IRIS: It'll take the cold and fog of London from your veins—that's what my son John and his father always said. It was son John's fav'rite, if you ask me. Though I don't know why—cause it's jist ordinary boroth—with my own seasonin'.

RUUCK: It is very good, I assure you. But I should like to have you tell me more of these voyages by Captain Hudson. My company can use every bit of information you can give us.

IRIS: They were silly foolishness, if you ask me.

RUUCK: Yes, yes—perhaps they were. But we should still like to know more of them. I know your husband would wish you to.

IRIS *piously—as they do sometimes*: Mayhap he should, rest his soul, him and my poor boy John. (*Picking it up*) Well, as I started to say, you know what it was he always set out to find.

RUUCK: Yes, of course. A new passage by the North to . . .

IRIS: I was ever telling him it was foolishness. But men are like that they never listen to their own wife. So—the first time—this is as he told it to me . . .

RUUCK: Naturally—.

IRIS: Well, his ship was named the "Hopewell", if you recall the vessel. And a small one it was, too. He and son John sailed off to the North and West and was gone for nearly four and a half months. And when they came back—they brought with them . . .

RUUCK: Yes?

IRIS: Nothing—not a thing! And Henry was not finding a new passage! All they saw was a sight of land filled over with ice. Son John told me it came so cold that the "Hopewell" near toppled with load of ice on their line and sail! Four and a half months at sea with nothing but new charts and maps for their trouble! It was waste and foolishness, I told him.

RUUCK: Anything else? He saw nothing more?

IRIS: Nothing but large fish, whales, too, many of them; more than he could count, at times.

RUUCK: I see. That must have been very disappointing to Captain Hudson.

IRIS *contemptuous*: On—'twas a hard piece of work to disappoint such as him! Soon as he sailed back up the Thames—he started to set about plannin' for a new voyage. All winter he sat by the fire with his charts. And would you believe it, come warm and Spring, he had talked Muscovy; that's the people that sent him first. Well, he talked them to sendin' him out again! Oh, Henry was good with words, if you ask me.

RUUCK: Yes, my company well knows that.

IRIS: So, away he and John sailed again—and in midsummer—back again they came—with nothing but more maps and charts.

RUUCK: And that was all? Nothing of importance on the voyage?

IRIS: Nothin'—except if you call seein' a mermaid important.

RUUCK: A mermaid?!

IRIS: Big as you please—so they say. They wrote it on the log for everybody to see, too! Too much grog for the mate, if you ask me.

RUUCK: And his sailing directions?

IRIS: First North and East, if I remember right. Then West and down about a place called—uh—Novay Zembla—or some such name. But it was all good for nothin'—pure silly waste, I say.

RUUCK: Perhaps so. But then what?

IRIS: Well, when he came back that time with empty hands, Muscovy gave up and said no more. Good thing, too, said I. Now Henry will have to stay here in London instead of trying worthless voyages. Huh! But there was other fools in the world, it seems.

RUUCK: *clears throat*.

IRIS: *quickly*: No offense to you, sir. Your company wouldn't know any better than the rest.

RUUCK *cold*: The Dutch East India Company weighs the value of its operations carefully and surely and acts upon cold logic, I can assure you.

IRIS *harshly*: Outfitting my husband with crew and vessel was no sense, if you ask me! (*Then smoothing*) No offense, no offense, I did not mean to be harsh, Herr Ruuck.

RUUCK: Quite all right. Please continue.

IRIS: So, bein' that Muscovy wouldn't give him a ship, and havin' almost mutiny with his last crew, Henry would look to be stayin' away from the sea. But one day (*begin fade*) he came home with a gentleman from—uh—your company and there it starts all over again—.

SOUND: *Door open off*

HUDSON *off*: Aye, that's exactly as it was, Herr Flecken! One more voyage and I'll have it—that I am sure. Come in and I'll tell you more.

SOUND: *Door close off*

HUDSON *up*: John, lad, take Herr Flecken's jacket and topper.

JOHN: Aye, father.

FLECKEN *slight German accent*: Thank you.

HUDSON: Oh, Herr Flecken, this is my oldest lad—John. Has the pieces of a fine sailor in him, I will say.

FLECKEN: Hello, John.

JOHN: Glad to know you, sir.

HUDSON: John goes with me, that is, he has before.

JOHN: And I will again, eh, Captain Hudson?

HUDSON: Go along now, son. Herr Flecken and I wish to talk a bit.

JOHN: Aye, Captain. (*Goes off—ad libbing sailor song*)

FLECKEN: Fine boy, Captain Hudson.

HUDSON: That he is. Now about this passage that can be taken, and I say . . .

FLECKEN: If you will pardon my haste, Captain Hudson . . .

HUDSON: Eh?

FLECKEN: I must return to Holland tonight. There is no need to discuss the matter more fully. My company has commissioned me to offer you sufficient funds and backing to continue your—ah—exploration in the West.

HUDSON: I—uh . . .

FLECKEN: You will sail under the flag of Holland and all of your discoveries and information will be the property of the Dutch East India Company. Is this clear to you?

HUDSON: I—that it is. Quite clear. And you will not regret the investment, I promise you! I had hoped to . . .

FLECKEN: Can you come to Amsterdam within the week?

HUDSON: Why—yes.

FLECKEN: At this moment, my company is outfitting a vessel for you. Everything shall be ready and in a month you should be far in the West.

HUDSON: That I will!

FLECKEN: Good! Then I must be on my way.

HUDSON: What is the name of the vessel I am to have, sir?

FLECKEN: The "Half Moon," I believe.

HUDSON: Good name for a ship.

FLECKEN: We will furnish you with the best we can.

HUDSON: And my crew?

FLECKEN: Some you may choose, others will be members of our company.

HUDSON: Fair enough.

FLECKEN: Well, I must hurry or I shall miss my boat. Remember, Captain Hudson, we want you far at sea within a month.

HUDSON: You needna worry! One month under good sail and I shall be far at sea, I promise you. Far at sea!

MUSIC: *Bridge—some excitement—portentous—out under sound*

SOUND: *Wind—waves (not too heavy)—under continuous*

JUET *off*: Captain Hudson.

HUDSON: What is it, Mister Juet?

JUET *up*: I just wanted to ask, Captain . . .

HUDSON: Speak up, speak up, Mister!
What is it?

JUET: Are you sure of your course, sir?
Are you sure there is no fault in your
charts or plotting?

HUDSON *coldly*: I am quite sure, Mister
Ju et.

JUET: Anyone can make an error, Captain.

HUDSON: There is no need to fear on that
score! It is not your position to ques-
tion my ability, is it?

JUET: It gets more colder each day, and
if . . .

HUDSON: Is there anything strange in
that, Mister Ju et? North is cold.

JUET: I—well—the men in the crew, Cap-
tain, the ones that have always sailed
to the South—they don't like it.

HUDSON: Oh, they don't like it! Please
tell them, Mister Ju et, that they knew
of the course before they came aboard.
Cold is good for most people.

JUET: Not too much of it.

HUDSON *sharply*: What is that, Mister? !

JUET: Nothing, Captain.

HUDSON: However, I like to think of my-
self as a fair minded man.

JUET: That you are, Capt'n.

HUDSON: I have the choice of two plans.
One is to go more Northward—and the
other is to strike latitude 40 and follow
a course Westward. Captain John
Smith, you have heard me speak of
him . . .

JUET: Aye, Capt'n.

HUDSON: He tells me of a possible pas-
sage along that latitude. Now—which do
you think my brave crew would like
to travel, the Northerly, or Westerly.

JUET: The West, by all means, Capt'n.
I can speak for the crew in that.

HUDSON: The West, eh?

JUET: Aye.

HUDSON: Hmm, all right, I am reason-
ably fair minded. We shall sail to the
West, if our crew desires it so.

JUET *low*: A good thing you did, too.

HUDSON: What did you say, Mister?

JUET: I'll have Greene set the new course,
Capt'n.

HUDSON: Do that. And set a lookout for
land tomorrow.

JUET: Land?

HUDSON: That's what I said, Mister. Land.
Now step lively.

JUET: Aye, Capt'n.

MUSIC: *Short bridge—segue into low
tympani roll—hold under—continuous—*

SOUND: *Wind—waves (not too heavy)—
continuous*

VOICE *far off mike—calling*: Sail to the
stab'drl!

GREENE *off*: French merchantman!

JUET *low*: Yeh. Loaded with gold, I
should say.

GREENE *up*: Gold?

JUET: Why not? Are you rich, Greene?
Can you buy plenty of grog?

GREENE: Yuh mean . . .

JUET: No reason to let it waste, is there?

GREENE *slowly*: No, no reason I can see.
We could catch her in a day, by my
reckoning.

JUET: You're a wise man, Mister Greene.

GREENE: And you are smart, Mister Ju et.

JUET: Aye, t'wix the two of us . . .

GREENE: You think Captain Hudson
would . . .

JUET *grandly*: We can ask—what harm is
in that? (*Calling*) Captain Hudson!

HUDSON *off*: What is it, Mister Ju et?

JUET: I was just thinking, Capt'n . . .

HUDSON *up*: Well? Well!? Speak up,
mister!

JUET: That's a French merchantman, sir.

HUDSON: I know it is. I have eyes of my
own.

JUET: Likely she has gold aboard, Capt'n.

HUDSON: Likely she does.

JUET: The company 'ud feel it worth
while if you brought gold home with
you, Capt'n.

HUDSON: We'll not have piracy, if that's
what you infer, mister.

JUET: But it's French, sir . . .

HUDSON: That does not alter the condi-
tion, as I see it!

JUET: Or the company 'ud not have to
know a thing of it . . .

GREENE: Divide it for the crew, Captain
Hudson. That would . . .

HUDSON: You heard my word on the
matter! I'm master of this vessel and
I give the orders! Now, go below, both
of you.

JUET: Yeh—you and . . .

HUDSON: More talk such as this and you'll
be put in irons.

JUET *low*: And worse for you—mayhap.

HUDSON: What was that! ?

JUET: All right, Capt'n. You're the master.
Come on, Greene!

MUSIC: *Swell tympani roll—then fade and
hold under*

SOUND: *Wind—waves (very heavy) under
—continuous*

HUDSON *yelling over sound*: John! John!
Come here, boy!

JOHN *up—loudly over sound*: Aye, Sir?

HUDSON: Pipe below and ask Staffe if we're taking on any water.

JOHN: Aye Capt'n.

HUDSON: Tell him to look for seams that may pull. It's a rough blow. Run on, now!

JOHN: Aye father.

JUET: I say, we . . .

HUDSON: Oh, it's you, Mister Juet. It's offshore blow we're in now . . .

JUET: Capt'n, the men don't like it.

HUDSON: Oh, they don't! Well I don't like it either, Mister Juet.

JUET: They think we ought to run before it.

HUDSON: Turn about again, eh?

JUET: Aye, sir.

HUDSON: And what do you think, Juet?

JUET: I think the same, sir.

HUDSON: Soft legs, not sea legs, that's the whole lot!

JUET: This storm . . .

HUDSON: We've been through much worse, Mister. Get aft and have that tops'l trimmed before it pulls loose! We're staying on course!

MUSIC: *Tympani roll swell up over sound—then down*

SOUND: *Take storm sounds out slowly—into normal as before—under*

VOICE *far off mike—singing out*: Land—off the port!

JOHN: Father, did you hear?

HUDSON: Aye, lad, that's what I expected.

JOHN: What'll we do now, land . . .

HUDSON: No, son, with the wind now from the North, we will make the best of it and sail along the shore line.

JOHN: To search for the passage?

HUDSON: Aye, lad. We may find it this time. That we may.

MUSIC: *Swell tympani roll—fade—hold under strong*

HUDSON: Son! There it is! The passage!

JOHN: Where?

HUDSON: That wide inlet! Give my order to Greene, go on shore to drop anchor! I think we've found it!

JOHN: Aye, sir.

MUSIC: *Segue tympani into high chord—cut sharply*

SOUND: *Crackling of under brush*

JUET: It's a wild and uncivilized country, Capt'n.

HUDSON: A beautiful country, Mister Juet. A spot such as this would make a fine town-site—a very good one. (*Musing*) Mayhap there will be a village on this site one day—who can tell?

JUET: Well I don't put faith in those savages, Capt'n.

HUDSON: The natives? Quite friendly, Mister Juet.

JUET: Still don't trust 'em.

HUDSON: At least we have found fresh water. We will need to refill the casks as soon as we can.

JUET: Where now, Capt'n?

HUDSON: Straight up the great stream, Mister Juet. With the wind at our backs, we should have little trouble and with those tall wooded walls rising on each side of the stream, we . . .

SOUND *off mike*: *Several musket shots*

HUDSON: What was that?

JUET: Muskets, Capt'n. The men are . . .

GREENE *off*: Juet! Look! Look at this! Gold!

HUDSON: What's this, Greene?

JUET: Gold! Where'd you get it?

GREENE: One of the dirty savages had it! Gold!

HUDSON: Mister Greene . . .

JUET: And he just gave it to you?

GREENE: Huh! I see you're not so smart, at that! It took a musket ball in his back—but I got the gold!

HUDSON: Greene, you killed a native?

GREENE: Huh? Aye, Capt'n. The dirty savage wouldn't give me the gold!

HUDSON: So you killed him—shot him in the back.

GREENE: I—uh . . .

HUDSON: Mister Greene, go back to the shallop and wait for us there. I gave orders that no harm should be done to the native.

GREENE: But Capt'n . . .

HUDSON: That's my order. Get moving, mister.

JUET: Well, I can't see a cause for . . .

HUDSON: And you, Mister Juet, get the casks filled with fresh water. We're sailing upstream tomorrow!

MUSIC: *Up and finish*

IRIS: And that's the whole story, sire, as far as I know. Yet it hurts my very soul to think of poor Capt'n Hudson and son John—adrift in an open boat in the cold seas—where—I canna say—but rest their souls. I know they may be alive—somewhere—somewhere . . . (*Re-*

covering) My broth! I'll have to get to stirring it or it may burn on the bottom! You will excuse me, sir.

SOUND: *Stirring—water splashing—segue water splash to lapping of water against boat—bring in a little wind*

JOHN *weakly*: Father!

HUDSON: Rest, lad, rest.

JOHN: I—I guess I'm very hungry, Capt'n.

I—I had the queerest dream, it was.

HUDSON: Dream?

JOHN: Aye, Capt'n. For a moment, I thought I was home by the oven—sitting there with a cup of fresh-poured broth in my hand.

HUDSON: T'is the fever that cause such dreams.

JOHN: Mayhap you're right. *(Pause—fill with sound)* Capt'n?

HUDSON: Yes, lad?

JOHN: Do you know yet where we're sailing? *(Pause)* Do you?

HUDSON *slow*: A good seaman always knows his destination, lad.

JOHN: Then you do know? *(Pause)*

HUDSON. Yes, lad . . . I know.

JOHN *half asleep*: Capt'n always knows. Is—is it far, Capt'n?

HUDSON *low*: Not too far, son, not too far—now.

JOHN *muttering lazily*: Good—we're—on—on the right course—now. Will—get there—soon? I'm—so cold—hungry . . . Soon, Capt'n, soon? *(Sighs slowly)*

HUDSON *slowly—low*: Aye, lad, we'll get there soon, I think—it can't be too long—now. *(Pause)* Not—too—long . . . now.

SOUND: *Swell wind up and out under music*

MUSIC: *Bridge up and finish*

NARRATOR: So ended the story of Henry Hudson, ended in an open boat on a freezing Arctic Ocean, miles from anywhere. Yet for his courage, for his leadership into a new strange country that became America, for the honor of being named one of the greatest Arctic explorers of his time and world, let us give Henry Hudson a place in our story of America!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, DEAR?

A MODERN ROMANCE

By SPRANGER BARRY

SOUND: *Auto motor*

ELLEN: Easy, Aunt Martha, easy!

MARTHA: Well, these darn country roads are so full of ruts. I can hardly keep the car out of the ditch.

ELLEN: Do you want me to drive?

MARTHA: No, Ellen, you just hang on to that box of chemicals. And hang on tight. We don't want anything to get broken.

ELLEN: And we also don't want an auto accident. An accident gets into the papers, and my father reads the papers, and if he finds out where I am . . .

MARTHA: Up here in the country with your disreputable aunt, helping her in her laboratory . . .

ELLEN: . . . and having the time of my life . . .

MARTHA: He'd disinherit you from all three of his millions of dollars.

ELLEN: No. Worse than that. He'd have me brought home to marry that awful Busby Howard.

MARTHA: I gather you don't like the handsome Mr. Howard.

ELLEN: You gather very well. I hate Mr. Howard; I love you; and I love biochemistry. And I love the idea of finding a drug that will cure amnesia. So you just hurry along there, so that we can throw these new chemicals into our experiments.

MARTHA: Your aunt obeys you, Ellen. Behold, I step on the gas thus . . .

ELLEN: . . . we speed up the hill thus . . .

MARTHA: . . . and around the curve thus . . .

ELLEN: Careful! Aunt Martha! Careful! There's a man!

MARTHA: I can't turn! The car's in a rut . . .

ELLEN: Mister! Watch out! Watch out!

SOUND: *Squeal of brakes—cut motor*

MARTHA: We hit him!

ELLEN: There he is, in the ditch! Hurry!

MARTHA: He's—he's unconscious.

ELLEN: Aunt Martha, is he—is he . . .

MARTHA: No, no, his heart's beating. And—I think—let's see—nothing's broken. He's just out cold.

ELLEN: Who is he? Do you know him?

MARTHA: Never saw him before. Poor fellow! Old clothes. Unshaved. Probably a tramp.

ELLEN: Well, we can't leave him here.

MARTHA: No, and the nearest house is mine.

ELLEN: We'd better get him there quickly and send for Dr. Michaels.

MARTHA: Give me a hand with him.

ELLEN: Where—where shall I take hold?

MARTHA: Right under the shoulders.

ELLEN: All right. Phew!

MARTHA: What's the matter, Ellen?

ELLEN: I never lifted a man before. (*Struggling*) They're awful heavy, aren't they?

MUSIC: *Bridge*

MARTHA: Well, Doctor, how is he?

DOCTOR: He got a pretty hard jolt.

ELLEN: Nothing serious, is it?

DOCTOR: No, he's a fairly healthy specimen. He just got a bad bang. Nothing broken or upset that I can see.

ELLEN: Then what shall we do?

DOCTOR: Just let him lie there and sleep it off. When he comes to, he may have a headache. Give him an aspirin or two and let him rest a while.

MARTHA: That all?

DOCTOR: Well, poor devil, he looks as if a square meal wouldn't hurt him.

MARTHA: He'll get it.

DOCTOR: And slip him a few dollars when he goes.

ELLEN: He'll get that, too.

DOCTOR: That's about all I can prescribe for him, unless you have a job you can

give him. I suppose that's what he really needs.

MARTHA: I wish we had one for him but we haven't.

DOCTOR: Well, that's that, I guess. Good afternoon, ladies.

ELLEN: Oh, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes?

ELLEN: There isn't any need to report a case like this, is there?

DOCTOR: Why, no.

ELLEN: That's good. Because I'd just as soon nothing got into the papers.

DOCTOR: Why—what . . .

MARTHA: There are some people trying to get in touch with my niece whom she's trying to avoid.

DOCTOR: Oh, I see. No, you have nothing to fear. I'll be as mum as a mummy. Good afternoon.

MARTHA: Good afternoon, Doctor.

ELLEN: Goodbye.

SOUND: *Door shuts*

MARTHA: Well, Ellen, here we are with an unconscious male on our hands.

ELLEN: Poor fellow. You know, Aunt Martha, if you look at him carefully and try to imagine him shaved, he isn't at all bad-looking.

MARTHA: Now, Ellen!

ELLEN: And look at those hands—sensitive long fingers. Are those the hands of a tramp?

MARTHA: Well, whether they are or whether they aren't, I wish he'd hurry up and come to. I'd like to get on with our experiments.

ELLEN: How much more have we to do, Aunt Martha?

MARTHA: Can't tell, exactly. Maybe a week's work—maybe a month.

ELLEN: I ought to be able to hide from my father for another month. And then success; no one will ever suffer from amnesia again. No one will ever lose his memory.

MARTHA: Yes, I think it will help a lot of people. Why, there's hardly a week goes by but you read in the paper about someone found walking around the streets who can't remember his name or address or anything about himself. Amnesia is much too common these days. But when our drug is perfected, one injection and . . .

ELLEN: Oh, Aunt Martha, it's perfectly thrilling to think . . . I . . . Oh, I'm

so glad I studied chemistry in college. But I never thought I . . .

MARTHA: Ellen! Look!

ELLEN: What?

MARTHA: Our visitor is waking up.

ELLEN: Oh—oh, dear! So he is. Aunt Martha, I—I'm a little scared.

MARTHA: Nonsense! Just stand by me! Don't be frightened.

JACK *groans*: Oh!

ELLEN *frightened*: Oh!

MARTHA: Easy, Ellen. There's nothing to worry about.

JACK: Oh! Oh, my head.

MARTHA: Er—er—hello.

JACK: Eh—what?

MARTHA: Hello.

JACK: Hello—oh, my head!

ELLEN: Hello.

JACK: I said hello.

ELLEN: There are two of us.

JACK: Oh. Hello. Where am I?

MARTHA: My name is Martha Abbott. This is my niece, Ellen Bar—er—Ellen Abbott. We were driving home an hour ago along the lonely old road outside—there was an accident—we knocked you down.

JACK: Oh!

ELLEN: But don't worry. We've had a doctor here to look at you, and he says nothing's broken. You were just jolted. We're awful sorry. We apologize.

JACK: That's sweet of you. Ouch, my head!

ELLEN: Yes, the doctor said you'd have a headache.

JACK: Well, he certainly kept his word. I have one all right.

ELLEN: Would you like an aspirin?

JACK: No—no, thanks. If I could just rest a while.

MARTHA: Certainly. By all means.

ELLEN: Er—mister—would you mind telling us your name?

JACK: Not at all. My name is—my name is—er—my name . . . (*Lamely*) I don't know my name.

MARTHA: What! You mean you have no name?

JACK: Well—yes—I suppose I have. But I—I don't seem able to remember it.

ELLEN: Aunt Martha! Is it—amnesia?

MARTHA: Yes, the shock of the accident might have . . . See here, mister, think hard.

JACK: I can't. My head aches.

ELLEN: Well, have you got anything in your pockets—a letter or a label.

JACK: Let's see, nothing here—nothing there—yes, here are two pennies and a handkerchief.

MARTHA: Are there any initials?

JACK: On the pennies?

MARTHA: No, of course not. On the handkerchief.

ELLEN: Yes, here they are. J.F. Oh, think hard, mister. What does J.F. mean to you?

JACK: At present, not a thing. I can just remember walking along a road, it seems about a hundred years ago, and then someone hit me on the head with a mountain and I woke up here. That's about all I remember.

ELLEN: Nothing else?

JACK: Nope.

ELLEN *wails*: Oh, J.F.!

JACK: How do you know those are my initials? Maybe I borrowed the handkerchief.

MARTHA: Well, we'll assume they're yours and we'll call you Jack—Jack Field. Now, Jack, it happens that I'm a biochemist, and my niece is helping me to perfect a cure for the very affliction you have.

ELLEN: Amnesia—loss of memory.

MARTHA: So if you'll stay here a while—at least a week—maybe a month . . .

ELLEN: There's a nice little room for you up in the attic.

MARTHA: When we perfect our drug, we may be able to cure you. Will you stay?

JACK: Well, I guess I ought to have a name before I go out into the world. All right; I'll stay.

MARTHA: Fine! Now you rest on that sofa, and I'll go fix something to eat. (*Fades*) I shouldn't be surprised if you were hungry.

JACK *calls*: I shouldn't be surprised if you were right. (*Door shuts*) Tell me—Miss—Miss . . .

ELLEN: Ellen.

JACK: Miss Ellen, do you live here?

ELLEN: Yes.

JACK: And you mean I can see you every day—and talk to you?

ELLEN: Why—why, yes, Jack, if you want to.

JACK: Want to! Say, can you fix it with your aunt so this cure takes more than a month? (*Music Bridge*)

JACK *distanced*: Ellen! Ellen!

ELLEN *up*: Here I am, Jack.

JACK: Where?

ELLEN: Over here behind the hollyhocks.

JACK: Oh. (*Up*) Oh, there you are; a flower among flowers.

ELLEN: Thank you, kind sir.

JACK: They fade into nothingness next to you.

ELLEN: My dear Mr. Field, you have been here only a week, and even though you can't remember your right name, I'm fully convinced you are not a tramp.

JACK: So am I. But I wish I could find out soon just who I am. How are the experiments coming?

ELLEN: Fine. Aunt Martha and I were working at them all morning.

JACK: Oh, that was the explosion I heard when I was fixing the porch steps.

ELLEN: Yes, a test-tube exploded.

JACK: No one hurt?

ELLEN: Oh, no.

JACK: Ellen, I'm scared. When you finish your experiments and treat me, suppose I remember that I'm someone—not so nice. Suppose I remember I'm a crook.

ELLEN: I don't claim to know much about human nature, but I'll stake anything that you're not a crook.

JACK: You—you think so?

ELLEN: I do. Careful—don't step on the irises.

JACK: Ellen—you—you seem to have a pretty good opinion of me.

ELLEN: Not—not too bad.

JACK: Then maybe you—you won't mind if I tell you something.

ELLEN: Well, well—what?

JACK: I—I think—that is—I—I love you—that is—yes, I—er—love you.

ELLEN: What!

JACK: Oh, I know it's pretty presumptuous for a man who doesn't even know his name, but . . .

ELLEN: Aunt Martha!

JACK: Ellen! Come back! (*Fading*) Don't go—I didn't mean . . .

ELLEN *up*: Aunt Martha!

JACK *fading*: Ellen—please . . .

ELLEN: Aunt Martha! (*Door slams*) Oh, there you are!

MARTHA: Yes, dear. What do you want?

ELLEN: Aunt Martha, I have to ask you a terribly important question.

MARTHA: Well, well! What is it?

ELLEN: If a man is suffering from amnesia, is he responsible for what he says? I

mean will he remember it after he's cured?

MARTHA: Of course.

ELLEN: He will? Oh, Aunt Martha, you're wonderful!

MARTHA: Why, nonsense. A lot of people could have told you that. I . . .

ELLEN: It doesn't matter; you're wonderful! Have a kiss.

MARTHA *laughing*: Thank you, dear. I . . . (*Doorbell*) Front door. I don't know who it is. I'm not expecting anyone. I guess you'd better go upstairs.

ELLEN: All right, dear. (*Fading*) And if it's one of daddy's detectives . . .

MARTHA: Don't you worry. Run along. (*Clears her throat*) Ahem!

SOUND: *Door opens*

MARTHA: Yes?

CARSTAIRS: Afternoon. My name is Carstairs.

MARTHA: Indeed? That's nice.

CARSTAIRS *modestly*: Oh, it's not so bad.

MARTHA: What can I do for you?

CARSTAIRS: Can I come in?

MARTHA: Oh, very well.

SOUND: *Door closes*

CARSTAIRS: Thanks. Do you know what I am?

MARTHA: Three guesses. One, a detective, two, a detective, three, a detective.

CARSTAIRS: Gee, that's right. A private detective. How did you know?

MARTHA: You're the fifth one who's been here in the last two weeks. Mr. George Barnwell hired you to find out whether I've seen or heard from his daughter, Ellen.

CARSTAIRS: You took the words right out of my larynx.

MARTHA: Well, I haven't seen his daughter and I don't know where she is.

CARSTAIRS: Are you sure? Mr. Barnwell is offering a considerable reward.

MARTHA: He is? Or is Mr. Busby Howard offering it?

CARSTAIRS: Well, naturally, as Miss Barnwell's fiance, Mr. Howard is interested.

MARTHA: The useless scamp. Any girl would run away if she thought she had to marry him.

CARSTAIRS: Mr. Howard comes from one of the oldest families in the state. The Howards come from way back.

MARTHA: They should have stayed there.

JACK *entering*: Say, Miss Martha, have you seen where . . .

MARTHA *shutting him up*: Hello, Jack. Well, Mr. Carstairs, I'm very busy. You'd better run along.

CARSTAIRS: O.K., if you're sure you haven't seen her.

MARTHA: Positive. Good afternoon.

CARSTAIRS: G—good afternoon.

SOUND: *Door shuts*

JACK: Miss Martha, I'm trying to find where Ellen went.

MARTHA: Phew! I know you're trying to find her. That detective is trying to find her, too.

JACK: Detective! What has she done?

MARTHA: Nothing. Her father and a certain Mr. Howard are trying to find her. She's supposed to marry this Mr. Howard.

JACK: And you mean I—I almost spilled the beans?

MARTHA: Yup.

JACK: And almost sent her back to marry someone else?

MARTHA: Yup!

JACK *weakly*: Oh! Please! Will you get me a glass of water?

MUSIC: *Bridge*

ELLEN: And that's the whole story. My name isn't Ellen Abbott; it's Ellen Barnwell, of the famous Barnwells.

JACK: Your father must be an old tyrant.

ELLEN: Oh, dad's really all right. In spite of everything, I guess I'm pretty fond of him. He's just got this one fixed idea; for a long time, he's dreamed of my marrying the son of old Mr. Howard, his business partner.

JACK: I guess you don't love this Busby Howard.

ELLEN: I don't even like him.

JACK: Do—do you love anyone?

ELLEN: Yes.

JACK: Oh. What's his name?

ELLEN: He doesn't know.

JACK: Do—do you mean?

ELLEN: Yes.

JACK: Dear!

ELLEN: Jack! (*Kiss*)

JACK: Darling, listen to me.

ELLEN: Yes.

JACK: I—I can't stand this—this not knowing who I am. I've got to advertise; you've got to call in the police. You've got to help to locate me.

ELLEN: But I can't.

JACK: You have to. Until I know who I am—where I come from—what I do, I haven't any right to you.

ELLEN: But if we advertise or call the police, they'll find me.

JACK: We'll have to take that risk. I have to learn who I am.

ELLEN: But Jack—they'll try to force me into that awful marriage.

JACK: You won't succumb—you have other plans now.

ELLEN: Jack, you don't know father. He'll never let me . . .

JACK: Well, do you want to go on like this—not even knowing what your married name is going to be?

ELLEN: But I can't let them . . .

JACK *angrily*: You certainly could if you were the least bit unselfish.

ELLEN: Oh! I suppose I'm selfish because I don't want to go back to . . .

JACK: You're selfish not to be willing to take a chance. I'm taking chances. I don't even know . . .

ELLEN: But if you'll only wait . . .

JACK: You're only concerned about yourself. Keeping yourself safe and sound. You don't give a darn about me . . .

ELLEN: Jack, how can you say that . . .

JACK: I don't know what's waiting for me out there and . . .

ELLEN: If you'll only . . .

JACK: But you don't care; all Ellen Barnwell cares about is Ellen Barnwell.

ELLEN: But Jack—please . . .

JACK: You're the girl who just said you love me and you won't even help to find me!

ELLEN *mad*: Oh, very well, you pig-headed fool, very well! I'll see that you learn your name!

SOUND: *Door slams*

MUSIC: *Bridge*

NOTE: *During this next scene, Ellen should be curt and cold towards Jack.*

JACK: But, Miss Martha, I don't understand. You said the experiments wouldn't be finished for another three weeks.

MARTHA: They were finished earlier than we thought.

JACK: And you want to try the stuff on me—right now.

MARTHA: Right now. Ellen says there's a great hurry.

JACK: Oh. Where—where is Ellen?

MARTHA: She's upstairs, getting me some things. Now close your eyes. I have to blindfold you. You must be absolutely relaxed if this is to work.

JACK: Oh—all right.

MARTHA: Now I'll just tie this around your eyes—like that. Now lean back. There. (*Door shuts*) Oh, Ellen, there you are. Have you everything?

ELLEN: Yes, Aunt Martha.

MARTHA: Just put them on the table.

SOUND: *Clink of glasses, instruments, etc.*

JACK: Listen, Ellen . . .

MARTHA: Quiet, please. Now, Ellen, fill this hypodermic syringe while I wash his arm with alcohol.

ELLEN: Yes, Aunt Martha.

MARTHA: Roll up your sleeve, Jack. There. About there. Um-hum. All right. Ready, Ellen?

ELLEN: Here—here you are, Aunt Martha.

MARTHA: Ready, Jack?

JACK: Wh—what? (*Calmly*) Yes—I'm ready.

MARTHA: Just relax. The injection will be over in a second. One—two—three—there.

ELLEN: Aunt Martha—look! His head's fallen forward.

MARTHA: That's the first reaction—just what we expected. Now he'll try to raise his head.

ELLEN: Look—he's raising it!

MARTHA: His cheeks are pale, but they'll be flushed in a moment.

ELLEN: They're getting red.

MARTHA: Now—he'll regain consciousness.

ELLEN: Oh, will it work? Will it work?

MARTHA: Easy, dear. We'll know in a minute.

ELLEN: Look! He's taking off the blindfold.

JACK: Where—where—light hurts my eyes—hello, Miss Martha—Ellen.

MARTHA: Hello. (*Slowly*) Listen. What's your name?

JACK: Name? My name is—is Jack Field.

ELLEN: Aunt Martha! It didn't work! It's failed!

JACK: Jack—Jack . . . no, it's Jackson Fielding. Jackson Fielding! That's my name!

MARTHA: Jackson Fielding! The great American violinist! I thought he looked familiar!

ELLEN: Violinist! Jackson Fielding!

JACK: I was walking—alone—in the country—something happened . . .

MARTHA: I thought you didn't look like a tramp.

JACK: Say! What's today's date?

MARTHA: The twelfth of the month.

- JACK: The twelfth! I'm due in New York on the fifteenth! My first recital of the season! My manager must be worried sick! Holy Smoke! I have to get going right away!
- MARTHA: Well, you can start immediately, Mr. Fielding.
- JACK: Thank you very much, Miss Martha. I'll come back later to settle with you. (*Coldly*) And don't worry; I won't let anyone know where Miss Barnwell is. Her precious secret is still safe.
- MARTHA: All right, Mr. Fielding.
- JACK: Holy smoke! I'm late for everything. Rehearsals, interviews, everything. I'll catch the next train out of town. So long, everyone. Goodbye.
- SOUND: *Door slam*
- MARTHA: Well—our drug worked. His amnesia is cured. He learned his name and he's gone.
- ELLEN *tensely*: Yes, he's gone. (*Bursting into sobs*) Oh, Aunt Martha! Aunt Ma-a-a-artha-a! (*Music Bridge*)
- MAX: Well, Jackson, my boy, half an hour before we begin, and the house is packed. Even standing-room is sold-out.
- JACK *dully*: That so? That's fine, Max.
- MAX: Yes, it's—hey, what's the matter? Ain't you excited?
- JACK *disinterestedly*: Oh, yes, tremendously.
- MAX: Listen, if anyone should be sick, it's me. Here I am, your manager, responsible for everything; and a week before your first recital of the season, you disappear. Clean off the face of the earth. Phew!
- JACK: I'm sorry, Max. It wasn't my fault.
- MAX: Why won't you tell me what happened to you?
- JACK: Can't.
- MAX: But why not? I'm your manager and . . .
- JACK: I'm sorry, I can't; and that's that.
- MAX: Well, O.K., forget about it; it's over. You just keep your mind on to-night's recital. A packed house. A fine audience. Another milestone on your career.
- JACK: Yeah.
- MAX: You've played before the crowned heads of Europe, but even then you never had such a brilliant audience.
- JACK: Yeah.
- MAX *worried*: Listen, Jackson, anything wrong? You act as if . . .
- JACK: No, no, everything's all right.
- MAX: You feel O.K.?
- JACK: Yes.
- MAX: Fine. Then I want you to go out there and play . . .
- SOUND: *Knock on door*
- MAX: If that's a reporter, I'll get rid of him quick.
- JACK: Please.
- SOUND: *Door opens*
- MAX: Yes?
- MARTHA: I'd like to see Mr. Fielding.
- MAX: I'm sorry, madam, he's resting. No one can see him now.
- MARTHA: But it's very important.
- MAX: He doesn't receive visitors before a recital. You'll have to . . .
- MARTHA: But will you please tell him that . . .
- JACK *distanced*: Who is it, Max?
- MAX: Someone wants to see you.
- JACK: Tell him to go away.
- MARTHA: Mr. Fielding! Jack! It's me!
- JACK: Miss Martha! (*Up*) Come in! Come in! How are you?
- MARTHA: All right. How are you, Jack?
- JACK: Oh, I'm all right, too, in a way.
- MAX: Say, who is—what . . .
- JACK: Oh, Martha, this is my manager, Max Fern. Max, this is Miss Martha . . . I mean, Doctor Abbott.
- MARTHA: How do you do?
- MAX: A doctor! Jack, I thought you looked sick . . .
- JACK: No, no she hasn't come to treat me. She's a chemist. You aren't going to treat me, are you, Miss Martha?
- MARTHA: No, I'm going to prescribe.
- MAX: I told you . . .
- MARTHA: But—I have to do it privately.
- MAX: I'm his manager. Anything that concerns him concerns me.
- MARTHA: Not everything.
- MAX: Pretty nearly . . .
- JACKSON: Max—get out!
- MAX: But—Jackson!
- JACK: Out!
- MAX: Oh, all right! I'll be waiting outside.
- SOUND: *Door closes*
- JACK: Well, Martha, what's the prescription?
- MARTHA: I just want to ask you a question. Have you read today's newspapers?
- JACK: No, I don't think so, no.

MARTHA: I thought not. Well, look at this; "Ellen Barnwell Wedding Tonight. Heiress to Marry Socialite Busby Howard."

JACK: She's getting married tonight?

MARTHA: Yes—in twenty minutes.

JACK: Well—well, what do I care?

MARTHA: What do you care? Good grief, you love her, don't you?

JACK: Well—I—I . . .

MARTHA: You're not going to let a wonderful girl and a fine chemist marry that tea-party tycoon!

JACK: Martha, it's just the sort of life that will suit her. She's a selfish girl. She cares more for herself than anyone else in the world.

MARTHA: Selfish!

JACK: If she'd had her way, I'd still be out in the country at your place, not even knowing my name. But you went right to work, completed your experiments, cured me of amnesia . . .

MARTHA: I did! I did nothing of the sort!

JACK: Why, certainly. You're the one . . .

MARTHA: She did! Ellen worked in the laboratory all night after you and she had that quarrel. She did all the necessary final work and found a few short-cuts of her own. It was a stupendous job!

JACK: What! You mean she . . .

MARTHA: Greatest laboratory work I've ever seen. And it was successful!

JACK: You mean—I—I owe my name to her?

MARTHA: Absolutely.

JACK: And all the time I thought—I thought—(*Suddenly*) Will you kindly show me that newspaper?

MARTHA: I thought you'd change your mind.

JACK *reading*: "The ceremony will be held at the Barnwell home, 27 Maple Drive." 27 Maple Drive. Goodbye!

SOUND: *Door opens*

MARTHA: Goodbye, Jack. Good luck.

MAX: Hey, Jackson, come back! Where are you going?

MARTHA: He'll be back soon.

MAX: But the audience—out there. Two thousand people, waiting to hear him play!

MARTHA: He'll be back soon. I give you my word.

MAX: Your word! Listen if he doesn't come back, will you go out there and play?

MUSIC: *Bridge*

DAD: Ellen, dear, are you sure you feel all right?

ELLEN *listlessly*: Yes, Dad. Why do you ask?

DAD: Well, you seem a little pale.

ELLEN: Oh, I—I'm fine.

DAD: You look very charming in your bridal gown.

ELLEN: Thank you, Dad.

DAD: Long white veil and everything. It's been waiting for you a long time.

ELLEN: I—I know.

DAD: You gave me a terrible scare by running away and hiding for three weeks.

ELLEN: I had to do it, Dad.

DAD: Well, never mind. The important thing is that you've come back and that tonight I see my dream come true. You and young Howard. Ah, it's just too perfect. Just too perfect.

ELLEN: Yes—just.

DAD: I've ordered some beautiful callilies for your bouquet. And I had these hollyhocks put in this vase. I know you like them.

ELLEN: Thanks, Dad.

DAD: And I know you like violin-music. I've arranged for . . .

ELLEN: Don't. Don't—mention violins to me.

DAD: Why—all right, dear. Only . . .

JENKINS: I beg your pardon, sir.

DAD: Yes, Jenkins.

JENKINS: Here is Miss Ellen's bouquet. Just arrived.

DAD: Oh.

JENKINS: And, sir, the minister would like to see you for a moment.

DAD: Oh, thank you. Of course.

SOUND: *Door closes*

JENKINS: Miss! Do you see this?

ELLEN: Why, yes, it's a twenty-dollar bill. What about it?

JENKINS: A young man just gave it to me. For showing him up here.

ELLEN: A young—what do you mean?

JENKINS: He says he's just a fiddler without a name. Very queer.

ELLEN: A fiddler without . . . Where is he?

JENKINS: Outside. Shall I keep the money and send him in?

ELLEN: Oh, yes, yes, yes. And hurry.

JENKINS: I thought so, miss. This way, sir. Yes, sir. Excuse me.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

JACK: Ellen.

ELLEN: Jack. (*Takes a breath*) Well, have you come to congratulate me?

JACK: What! I'm not too late, am I? You're not married yet?

ELLEN: Not yet. But I'm going to be—soon.

JACK: You certainly are! Listen, Ellen, Martha just came to see me and told me who really cured me.

ELLEN: She—she shouldn't have done that.

JACK: So I agree with you that you ought to get married, but I have slightly different plans. Come back with me to Musical Hall; wait till I finish my concert; then drive up to Connecticut and get married. But not to Mr. Howard—to me.

ELLEN: Jack—I—I . . .

JACK: Ellen, you're standing next to a vase of hollyhocks. You were standing next to hollyhocks the first time I told you I loved you.

ELLEN: Jack!

JACK: What do you say? Yes?

ELLEN: Jack! (*Kiss*)

JENKINS: Ahem! I beg your pardon, miss. The bridesmaids are waiting.

ELLEN: Well, they'll have to wait.

JACK: Hurry, dear!

JENKINS: You're going out, miss?

ELLEN: I'm going to a concert, Jenkins, you old darling! Ta-ta!

JENKINS *pleased*: Very good, miss. (*Kindly*) Ta-ta!

PROMETHEUS IN GRANADA

A VERSE PLAY

By NORMAN ROSTEN

*In memory of the great poet of Spain
Federico Garcia Lorca*

*"But now he sleeps endlessly.
Now mosses and grass
are opening with sure fingers
the flower of his skull."*

NARRATOR: On a cool August evening, in the year 1936, the finest and proudest poet of Spain was dragged to a quiet clearing in a forest at the outskirts of ancient Granada. There, illuminated by headlights of an automobile, he calmly faced a handful of Moors and Spaniards, unseen in the darkness and fearful of his blazing eyes. There he was murdered, beneath the sky and stars of his beloved Spain, his body left in the alkaline dust.

Federico Garcia Lorca was loved with a pride and intensity of adoration typical of the Spanish people. He was their great citizen, singer and musician, the troubador whose poems and songs were spread by word of mouth; gypsies danced to his colorful music, singers improvised upon his more simple metrical ballads. Often they were unaware as to the actual identity of the author; more often they could not read his lines but his poems were written in their hearts. He gave the people songs to sing in the fields, and fine stories for the evening, he gave them a hatred for their enemies.

Lorca is not dead. His books were burned in the public square of Granada. And his body is dust, his blood has lost its color in the earth. But his image and song will never be gone from Spain. (*Fade.*)

RUNNER: I have come from Malaga.

I walked all day with the sun, starting from the coast I followed the sun across the hills into Granada.

I have come far. My feet burn from the road.

I remember the red morning waters of Malaga and the fishermen there raising sails to use the wind;

and all day I walked hard, and my feet are not well covered:

sometimes I ran when the road was level for they said it was in Granada he was last seen,

in Granada with tall trees and the olives hanging.

Word came across the bay that he was caught entering the big Square: they tied him and led him away.

He is our great singer, we pray to him as to a priest

and I came here to reach him, I do not believe they have taken him!

It is many hours since I started.

The sun has turned in the sky and is now at my shoulder.

At last I am coming into this city of golden temples,

of pools with sacred water; city of peace it was called.

SOUND: *Fade in gradually—street noises*

RUNNER: Now the people have a terror on their faces;

they do not wish to speak with strangers.

I have asked soldiers on the road, who know nothing.

Surely in Granada, in his town, they have news of him, surely his name will make them speak of him!

Friend, señor, amigo,
is it true he is taken away, our Federico,
our Lorca?

FIRST CITIZEN: If he is your friend, seek him, save him,

he has not been seen on the streets today.

RUNNER: Federico, where are you?

I come from Malaga, from the bay;

I crossed the mountain with my feet bleeding!

FIRST CITIZEN: He has read us no poems this morning,

the Square is empty because of that.

RUNNER: Lorca: Surely you have heard of him,

this is Granada, his city
with the golden towers.

SECOND CITIZEN. He went away with the mist,

the sun took him away we think.

RUNNER *in panic*: Federico Garcia, where are you,

I must talk with you.

I travelled all day with the sun!

CITIZEN VOICES: Suddenly he left us . . .
People came to the Square to hear his words

spoken from his own mouth as always
but he was not there . . .

RUNNER: Where are you, my good friend!
Where have they taken you Federico!

CITIZEN VOICES: We saw him go into the afternoon
they took him to the hills . . .

Into the hills with mist over them

on the mountain where the thunder lives . . .

he was led with a rope on his neck . . .
the sun took him away we think . . .
no he was led with a rope on his neck . . .

still, he is not here!

RUNNER *shouting wildly and running*:

Where are you, I must talk with you,
I have so much to tell you . . . Federico . . .! (*Fading out*)

OBSERVER: Hello Madrid . . .

Military observation balloon K4 reporting . . .

GROUND MAN: Madrid speaking—go ahead K4 . . .

OBSERVER: Sky is clean except for low clouds near the mountain.

Everything looks quiet, no action to speak of,

visibility perfect: it's clear for 50 miles easily.

With binoculars I can see the land very accurately:

the ripples on the river could almost be counted.

There's some smoke towards the East: artillery.

That's all: Granada looks clean in the sunshine,

their troops must have taken the town completely by now;

Everything quiet . . . sky is clear . . .

If anything happens I'll come in . . .

That's all . . .

SOUND *fade in. Men grunting from a hard climb*

MANUEL: This is a big hill to climb.

It's a hot day, so we shall drink.

The sun is very angry, Ramon.

RAMON: The sun makes the war harder.

I drink enough water for ten goats

but where it goes I do not know.

MANUEL: In your shoes: it goes through the feet into the shoes.

RAMON. Let us walk faster, Manuel.

MANUEL: Did you hear, prisoner?

Walk, or do you need chains to teach you . . .

SOUND: *Rattle of heavy chain*

RAMON: The captain is crazy:

he tells us to chain a man

to a big rock at the top of the mountain.

Is that not a sign he is bad in the head?

MANUEL: This is a terrible war, especially on a hot day.

RAMON: The prisoner walks like an old man;

a horse or mule would help him.

Do you dream for a horse, Señor?

LORCA: Why do we walk so far into the sky?

The people are waiting for me in the Square.

RAMON: Are you a priest?

LORCA: No.

RAMON: Then they do not need you.

LORCA: Whatever you wish to do with me

you could do in the streets of Granada . . .

MANUEL: The captain said to take you to the hill

and chain you. So keep quiet and walk.

LORCA: Do you hear what I say: take me back!

I am not a man to be led with a rope.

MANUEL *whispering*: The prisoner is a special man

who has read books.

RAMON: A bullet can kill him

then he is not a special man.

MANUEL: Then he is not.

RAMON: Curse the sun, curse
the big hill we are climbing.
Give him water while we rest.

MANUEL: Here is water. Drink quickly.

RAMON: Do not tell him how to drink:
to drink or make love is a private
matter.

Drink as you wish, señor.

MANUEL: A siesta now would be fine;
After the war, there will be
two siestas every day for a year;
it will be a fine country then.

LORCA: First let me explain to you:

I am not in this war as a fighter.

I am not a man of politics.

RAMON: We have rested enough. Ade-
lante!

OBSERVER: Hello Madrid . . .

Reporting from same position:

I've spotted some men, three men climb-
ing the mountain,
the steep hill north of Granada . . .
enemy zone . . .

They've just come around the bend,
clear of trees,

I can see them clearly on the stone
trail.

Two of them dressed as soldiers but
no guns,
leading a third man: he's tied, civilian
clothes . . .

One moment, I'm getting the range on
the glasses.

There's a small flat clearing at the top:
only thing on it is a tall rock, nothing
military.

The tied man could be a decoy . . .
Looks suspicious somehow . . .

They're close to the top now. I'll come
in later.

that's all . . .

SOUND: *Footsteps on dirt*

LORCA: Why do you take me far away
and speak of nothing when I ask?

What is the reason for this long walk?
What will happen to me?.

MANUEL: We will tie you to the rock,
señor.

LORCA: Tell me the truth:

you do not take me to breathe the
air!

RAMON: He is telling you all we know:
we will leave you and that is all.

The rain will eat you away or
the birds will pick out your heart.

LORCA: There is a mistake. Let me ex-
plain it.

I have nothing to do with war,
I cannot use a rifle.

RAMON: You are not a special man, like
a saint?

LORCA: No. I eat bread and I can die.

RAMON: You will die then,
the sun will draw the blood from you.

RAMON: A thousand years ago they say
a man was chained to a rock
by the Gods, and birds tore his flesh,
but he did not die, being a special man.
You are a real man, eh?

LORCA: Will you listen to me,
you are mistaken in taking me here!
I am known in many cities . . .

MANUEL: Ramon, this is the place!

The rock is a straight one:
it could keep a dead man straight
if he is tied to it well.

RAMON: Everyone will die in our coun-
try.

in the Spring no flowers will come,
women will bear no children.

MANUEL: Why do you stand there fool-
ishly,
talking to God. We have work.

LORCA: Soldiers, see how your valley is
cut

and burning: even stone burns.
The dead cities are very quiet
like the dead children,
and the wind is heavy with blood
and it is our own blood . . .

MANUEL: Tell him not to talk:

I do not like the way he talks!

RAMON: Stand straight if you please.

We must chain you to the rock.

We are soldiers.

My heart is a man but
the hand acts like a soldier.

MANUEL: We will drive the iron spikes
into the rock: or through his mouth
if he talks too much! Ready, Ramon?

RAMON: Yes . . . ready . . .

the soldier is ready.

SOUND: *Hammer against metal—fading*

OBSERVER: Hello . . . K4 . . .

They're at the top now . . .

I'm waiting to see what happens to the
third one:

he looks the strangest, certainly not a
soldier . . .

the soldiers are strapping him to the
rock somehow;

he's turning: can't get him sharp in the
focus . . .

hello . . . it's hard to believe . . .

but I've seen him before: the way he
stands, leaning,
the way his head lifts and the heavy
hair . . .

Hello . . . Madrid . . . I'm cut off . . .
Hello . . . K4 calling . . . what's
wrong . . .

SOUND: *fade in: Hammer against metal*

RAMON: I am trying to think as I work.
I cannot think. The war is like a
wound:

one wishes only to sleep until it is
healed again.

Do the chains hurt you?

LORCA: You are a peasant?

RAMON: I am. From Granada,
which we have just taken.

LORCA: You have taken it, yes,
but have you won land for yourself,
is the land yours or have you
stolen it for others?

MANUEL: Hit him, Ramon,
on the mouth: I will do it then!

SOUND: *Rattle of chain*

RAMON: Leave him alone!

He is no slave of a foreign country!

You are very brave, Manuel: finish the
work.

SOUND: *Hammering resumed*

MANUEL: I do not like the way he talks.

RAMON: I am sorry we tie you like a
dog . . .

It is hard for me to think clearly;
they have put a poison in my brain . . .

MANUEL: He is tied now.

He is part of the rock; only
lightning can loosen him now.

LORCA: Tell me for what reason have
they

taken me so high? Tell me
before I am left with the darkness!

RAMON: I believe, señor, they have
mistaken you for a hero of the people;
they are afraid so the people
cannot see you . . . this way.

LORCA: If they fear the people then
they are wrong in what they do.

Then you are wrong to take me here,
you are a great coward in our country!

RAMON: We will go down.

Goodbye, my friend.

Ramon knows what you say
but I have lost my children;
I thought they were safe and
now I am bitter in the heart.

I thought they were all safe . . . (*Fad-
ing out*)

LORCA: We all believed we were safe but
safety

was not to be trusted: I trusted and it
turned on me! The blue safe color of
the sky

was false: now peaceful rain will kill
me!

SOUND: *Faint hum of planes*

LORCA: O sky with your clean untouched
cities

watch out for the killers: they come
mainly

from dangerous airdromes of other
countries.

Death is moving in on us, imported,
forced on us,

a brand from the North; over the
Pyrenees and Alps.

O land and sea cover yourselves with
metal,

bury the bombers' fire before wind
carries it,

put the fire out before trees take it!

O God reach out with your strong
hand and

throw their iron birds into the deep
blue sea,

make our own land safe for us!

SOUND: *A distant shout*

RUNNER faintly from a distance: Federico
Garcia Lorca . . .

I come from Malaga,

from the red waters of the bay . . .

they said you are in these hills . . .
helloa . . .

OBSERVER: This is balloon K4 . . . what
happened . . .

I was cut off . . . come in Madrid . . .

GROUND MAN: Madrid speaking.

We cut you off for a special relay:

secret wire from Granada: the poet,
our poet Federico Lorca is captured.

Last seen taken to the hills by two
soldiers

without guns: they're the ones you've
spotted!

Come in K4 . . . report quickly . . .

OBSERVER: They chained him and left
him there;

They might leave him to freeze at
night,

or use his body as bait.

I'm afraid there's a trick to his capture:
something will happen: He's chained
for more than birds to look at!

Send a runner to the hills,
send a runner to save him. (*Fading out*)

SOUND: *Shout is heard again—still off mike
—but close*

RUNNER: Hello . . . do you hear me!
they said on a hill near the sky,
they said North of the city some-
where . . .

LORCA: Who are you: a chaser of birds
that you run on mountains?

RUNNER: I come from Malaga on the bay;
we heard you were captured
but wished it was a wrong story.

LORCA: It is a true story, and
they made me believe it.

SOUND: *Heavy rattle of chain*

RUNNER: I will run back for the fisher-
men:

we will break this rock
and carry you away with us.

LORCA: There is no time;
do not stand talking to me.
Save yourselves and your cities!

RUNNER: You are the great man, like a
priest to us.

You give us songs to sing in the field,
you tell us about the hills and rivers:
tell us what to do now with fire and
thunder

rolling down like a river upon us . . .

LORCA: Call over the sea to all countries:
tell them

we have only our hands to fight with,
only

our bodies to stop bullets with: we
won't be free

unless lovers of freedom stand near
us:

or else they'll be conquered standing
alone!

Go, shout with the wind at your back!

RUNNER: I cannot leave you here, no.

LORCA: We waste time talking: myself
too,

reciting poems while they oiled guns;
turning away from blood when it
covered the cobblestones.

Run to the sea!

RUNNER: I will tear the chain first!

LORCA: I said run!

(*Long silence*)

RUNNER: Lorca, I am crying.

LORCA: Wipe your eyes.

The women will laugh if you meet
them.

RUNNER: I will go, I will run
with the speed of many horses.

Adios . . . (*Fading out*)

LORCA: Ah, Lorca, you were caught like
Antonio Heredia

who sat in the street squeezing lemons
in water

until the Civil Guards took him off arm
in arm.

We have all waited too long in the
dust:

the old knives we once wielded rust on
our walls.

We were afraid to talk back to our
leaders:

their benediction was in bleeding us,
we were bled on our knees for a cen-
tury!

SOUND: *Sharp rattle of chain*

LORCA: Friends, people in the Square . . .

Look at Lorca now: taken with a book
in his hand,

led away with a rope, easier than cattle
are taken!

Look at me now, Granada, ready for
hawks,

or the sun to bleed me or night to freeze
my blood . . .

OBSERVER: K4 calling . . .

Nothing new: he's chained and stares
at the sky.

They left him and that's about all . . .
send out some men to reach him by

darkness:

there's still an hour, the hill's unguarded,
they can make it, they must make it!

SOUND: *Rising hum of motors*

OBSERVER: I've caught some planes over
to the East,

I can see them with my glasses, riding
high,

circling the small town ten miles to the
East.

I can see their wings and the black
crosses easily.

SOUND: *Faint explosions*

OBSERVER: They're laying the eggs: 200
pounders, maybe more.

Number of direct hits followed by
fires . . .

SOUND: *A loud explosion*

OBSERVER: Looks like they just sent the
gas-tanks up . . .

Racing northeast now, leaving very
fast,

I guess they've finished the day's sched-
ule . . .

Another half-hour and I'll come
down . . .

until then K4 reporting everything
quiet again.

Wait a minute!

Hold it!

Hold the line open!

I see something now, between the hills:

A small group of soldiers crossing the valley;

looks as if they're going to climb the hill.

Yes, they break formation, single file now,

at ease, swinging their rifles carelessly. Hello . . . something's happened!

One of the men broke free, he made a break for it,

he's running up the long hill, keeping low,

flat against the rocky side, running fast . . .

SOUND: *Scattered shots*

OBSERVER: They're shooting at him but he's away

at a safe angle, moving like a fast dog! He's used to the country all right,

doesn't slip; crouching he makes sure they won't hit him. He's nearing the top.

SOUND: *A single shot*

OBSERVER: He's up now but slowed for a minute.

They got him. Yes, they caught him but

he can still run. He's on the flat top of the hill, he made it safe but a bullet caught him, he shows it . . .

SOUND: *Cross-fade with sound of running footsteps on dirt*

RAMON: *approaching mike — breathless:*

Señor, you see I have come back to show I am not the coward!

LORCA: Ramon!

RAMON: I am glad you remember: it makes me very happy.

They are coming now, with many guns.

SOUND: *starts to file the chain desperately — sound of file on metal throughout*

RAMON: I have a file, we can run for it the brass is soft enough!

LORCA: It looks like a strong chain.

I am glad to see you, Ramon.

RAMON: I was a foolish soldier

but I am no coward, señor:

Walking down the hill I meet them with guns.

I knew why they carried guns.

The captain said "Is Lorca chained?"

It came quickly like a blow in the heart.

and I said "I will lead you to him."

LORCA: There's blood on your face.

You are young and do not know me.

If they find you here . . .

RAMON: When I heard it was Lorca to be shot

I said, Such a thing must not happen:

Lorca is more than all our wheat and cattle,

he is more important than taking a town,

Lorca is my people, and I must save him.

LORCA: My friend, they are coming quickly!

The squad is halfway up the hill;

You can hold them off with a roll of rocks

and run for it alone: listen to me,

I am telling you not to die so young!

SOUND: *Rifle shots*

RAMON: One arm is free.

O if I were a giant

I would break the chain like a stick of wood!

SOUND: *Shouts approaching mike*

LORCA: I will stand and talk to them.

They will see who I am and let me go.

The soldiers will know me.

RAMON: I did not get here soon enough and it has ended badly!

LORCA: They are here now!

RAMON: Salud!

VOICE off mike: There he is!

SOUND: *Single shot*

RAMON: Goodbye, señor.

SOUND: *filing weakens—another shot—filing ceases*

I wanted to speak with you . . . a little . . .

I thought . . . after we ran to the forest we would sit on the grass and talk . . .

a little . . .

LORCA: He is a brave soldier,

he is my brother Ramon

CAPTAIN: Very beautiful, señor, but we do not believe it.

LORCA: He is my brother . . .

You are of this country, too,

but we are not brothers.

CAPTAIN: Very beautiful again, señor, Squad: at ease!

Lorca, soon your little life

will run out of you like water.

I could let crows pick out your eyes but bullets do it cleaner.

LORCA: The Square is clean: today the stones

- of the market-place in Granada are scrubbed.
 Why didn't you bring me there if a clean death is all you want of me?
 CAPTAIN: Such talk, señor, I do not consider beautiful.
 One minute to pray!
 LORCA: You would give your own land away
 or else they'll take it from you: anything but to let the people use it.
 CAPTAIN: You are foolish.
 You could still live for us, write songs after the battle.
 LORCA: Songs of women with broken children in their arms . . .
 CAPTAIN: We could make you write them, you'd learn to write them gladly.
 LORCA: . . . of the sword and plane burning
 and the burning harvest and always the terrible dead children . . .
 CAPTAIN: You could learn and now's a good time!
 Recite to our glory!
 Let's hear it instead of a prayer!
 LORCA: "At five in the afternoon . . .
 It was five by all the clocks, it was five in the shadow of the afternoon . . .
 The child does not know you, nor the afternoon . . .
 The surface of the stone does not know you . . .
 None shall wish to look you in the eyes."

 "For you are dead forever, like all the dead of the whole earth, like all the dead who are forgotten . . ."
 (*A long silence*)
 CAPTAIN *softly*: Señor, what you have spoken
 is from the poem to Sanchez Mejias . . .
 Is it not so . . . Is it not from the death of the bullfighter?
 I ask you politely, señor . . .
 LORCA: "We shall wait long for the birth, if the birth there is, of an Andalusian so bright, so rich in adventure."

 "Tell the moon to rise for I do not want to see the blood . . .
 I do not want to see it!
 There is no crystal to cover it with silver . . ."
- 1ST SOLDIER: He is speaking of the bull-fighter . . .
 2ND SOLDIER: It is from the song of the bullfighter:
 Sanchez Mejias, who died with a horn in his heart.
 3RD SOLDIER: He stood like a rock when the bull struck him.
 2ND SOLDIER: His blood covered the ground as a robe!
 1ST SOLDIER: Señor, we have heard the story,
 but not as well as you speak it.
 3RD SOLDIER: Not as truly as your mouth speaks it.
 2ND SOLDIER: Surely . . . it is not you . . .
 Surely you are not the man . . .
 CAPTAIN: Squad: attention!
 2ND SOLDIER: Captain, is it true . . . is he the man . . .
 CAPTAIN: Shoulder arms!
 LORCA: Comrades, remember this is our land
 with its silver and fruit;
 this hill is your hill and the valley is yours, too: and iron under the valley.
 CAPTAIN: Check rifles!
 LORCA: You will never win divided, you are divided by deception—turn the guns against them and win what's yours!
 CAPTAIN: Rifles up!
 LORCA: Will you rule if they win?
 No, you'll dig your iron for them!
 You'll pick your fruit for them!
 CAPTAIN: Aim!
 LORCA: You'll press the wheat for their mouths!
 You'll have children for their harness!
 CAPTAIN: Fire!
 (*Silence*)
 LORCA: They cannot kill us:
 We know too many songs.
 CAPTAIN: Fire!
 (*Silence*)
 1ST SOLDIER: We are afraid of his eyes.
 2ND SOLDIER: His voice is a friend.
 3RD SOLDIER: He told us a fine story . . .
 1ST SOLDIER: . . . and one we know well!
 2ND SOLDIER: His voice is a friend who has many stories to tell us.
 CAPTAIN: I gave a command! Attention!
 1ST SOLDIER: This man had written the history
 of Sanchez who tore out the bull's heart.
 Sanchez Mejias is a friend of all the people
 and this man is therefore a friend.

2ND SOLDIER: The story is well known,
It starts off:

At five in the afternoon
a child carried a white sheet . . .
Is that not so, señor?

LORCA: Yes. You are right.

1ST SOLDIER: You see I am right!

I am a soldier who has a head on him!

CAPTAIN: Squad: attention!

We will march down the hill.

We return to the town.

Without talking!

You will brag in the barracks.

Ready: march!

SOLDIER VOICES: It is a true story, about
the bullfighter . . .

his voice is a friend . . .

I am a man with a good head . . .

perhaps we will meet him again . . .

(Fading out)

LORCA: "At five in the afternoon

a child carried a white sheet . . .

The rest was death and death alone

at five in the afternoon . . ."

OBSERVER: K4 calling . . .

The squad is going down. If they came
up to shoot him

then something went wrong because
he's still standing.

That small town to the East is burn-
ing fast now.

Smoke is spreading along the horizon,
dragging on trees . . .

Already women and children are mak-
ing for the hills:

some of them have made the climb:
some of them

are taking the stone path that leads to
Lorca . . .

Send a torch to cut him free . . . be-
fore nightfall . . .

the sun is low already . . . before the
squad returns.

SOUND: *Cross-fade with distant sound of
women-singing their grief-elegaic
group-chant-slowly approaching mike*

1ST WOMAN: We go to the hills wisely,
believing somehow in a high safety.

2ND WOMAN: We go to the hills to pray
there,

believing God will see us more clearly.

3RD WOMAN: We carry our dead to a
higher burial,

bringing them closer to angels . . .

1ST WOMAN: Who are you, tied to this
rock

and staring into the sky?

2ND WOMAN: Are you the schoolteacher?
They have taken him away
and the children are sad.

LORCA: I am a plain man
who was caught without a rifle:
they are killing all the singers
who have not learned to fight.

1ST WOMAN: Why are the houses burn-
ing,

why are the fields burnt?

2ND WOMAN: The children's bones are
soft:

there is no life in our breasts for them.

3RD WOMAN: Is God angry with us do
you think?

Has He sent an army against us?

1ST WOMAN: Already they have thrown
a fire on our fields:

coming from our sky that was always
soft

and brought only the rain for harvest.

2ND WOMAN: We have done nothing.

We sat quietly in our houses.

1ST WOMAN: We never imagined death
to come so swiftly,

even in sunshine, even to children

sleeping in the warm sun . . .

SOUND: *Faintly—the planes*

LORCA: They will kill you to prove
they can kill: to prove they are brave
and can conquer by claiming the weak
ones.

3RD WOMAN: Where should we run?

The sky is an enemy, the sea

is not to be trusted,

Earth is our mother yet she is cruel.

LORCA: It's man's hatred and his forget-
fulness:

letting us suffer without food, not giv-
ing us

at least guns to fight with:

Blame them!

Pray to them, ask them, curse them for
letting us be trampled while they
watch!

SOUND: *(Planes are closer)*

1ST WOMAN: There is a noise,
yet the sky is clean.

2ND WOMAN: They are hiding in clouds,
the big birds will drop on us loudly!

LORCA: Hide at the edge of the hill,

hide the children under stones;

don't stand there: fall to the ground!

SOUND: *Planes are loud now—diving
sharply downward*

3RD WOMAN: Look they are over us!

2ND WOMAN: They are each like ten
eagles!

SOUND: *Shouts into the roar*

LORCA: Come down from the sky . . .

Throw your iron into the sea . . .

Get out of our sky!

Clouds: stop them from moving!

Trees tear them like spears!

SOUND: *Planes up fast over his voice*

OBSERVER: Madrid . . . hello . . .

The planes are back . . .

Six of them: with the same black markings:

coming on a curve like autos on a track . . .

riding close . . . like six knives thrown together . . .

heading for the hills . . . unless they

turn . . . turning . . .

sudden wing-signal from the leader . . . swinging vertical:

a short maneuver: A practice flight perhaps . . .

They're dropping at a swift angle . . . turning southward . . .

dropping and turning . . . towards me slightly . . .

taking formation . . . three two one . . . levelling off . . .

closing formation: a tight triangle . . . now they're level

and coming dead southward in my direction . . .

hello . . . Madrid . . .

they're coming at the balloon!

Coming at me straight as a string . . .

hold on Madrid . . . hold on . . .

SOUND: *Machine-guns open up—a quick volley—then motors fade*

K4 . . . balloon on fire . . . going down . . .

The planes are going back I think . . . Northward . . .

I'll try to get them in clear focus . . . hold on . . .

falling faster now . . . hello Madrid!

The planes are going for the hill: straight for Lorca!

Circling the hill with the rock on it; with him on it!

hello Madrid . . . do you hear me . . . send out help . . . send the planes . . .

They are killing our poet!

Madrid . . . Valencia . . . Barcelona . . .

Do you hear me . . . who can hear me listen . . .

Everywhere . . . over the sea . . . past Madrid . . . America . . .

Hello . . . listen . . . everybody in the world:

They are doing a terrible thing!

They are killing our poet!

They are killing our great poet!

They are killing our Lorca, the great poet of the world! !

SOUND: *Distant crash—motors in fast—guns are brief—then planes softly behind*

LORCA *slowly—his voice broken*: . . . at five in the afternoon

they came down from the sky's arena

it was five by all the clocks

in the shadow of the afternoon.

SOUND: *Motors up stronger to finish*

THE BOTTLE IMP

A DRAMA

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ADAPTED FOR RADIO BY ROMANCE C. KOOPMAN

(As presented by the WHA Players, broadcast over WHA,
University of Wisconsin.)

ANNOUNCER: THE BOTTLE IMP!

MUSIC: *B.G.*

NARRATOR *low-confidential*: He said that it all began one day when he and his friend had left their ship to walk along the streets of San Francisco . . .

MUSIC: *Up-sprightly-fading for . . .*

LOPAKA *panting*: Wait, Keawe! Don't walk on! That wasn't a hill we just climbed. That was a mountain!

KEAWE: It was a hill, Lopaka . . . a hill with a view! Look! To the left of us, the ocean spreading as far as we can see . . . spreading home to Hawaii. To the right of us, the largest, most beautiful homes in all San Francisco!

LOPAKA: And beside you, the tiredest sailor that ever spent a day's leave climbing hills.

KEAWE: You've no imagination, Lopaka; that's your trouble. Here we are, two sailors with a month's pay in our pockets, and what are we doing? We're walking along the sidewalks and peering into the windows of the richest people in all America.

LOPAKA: I'd rather be sitting in their chairs.

KEAWE: So would I, if I owned them. But this is the next best thing. Look at that house right across from us. Have you ever seen anything like it? Steps that shine like silver . . . windows that glitter like diamonds . . .

LOPAKA: And an old bearded gentleman frowning at us from the doorway. Very pretty, Keawe.

KEAWE: He probably hasn't anything else to do all day but frown at people like us. Oh, to have nothing to do all day but sit in your fine house, and watch the sea and the people!

LOPAKA: We could be sitting in an inn right now, with our feet on a table . . .

KEAWE: Sh! Look! The old man's calling us!

OLD MAN *fade on-calling*: If you, young gentlemen, wish!

KEAWE *call*: Just a minute! We'll come closer. (*Whispering*) Let's find out what he wants, Lopaka. Come on.

LOPAKA *low*: From the sour look on his face, he'll ask us what we've been staring at. Don't rush so, Keawe!

OLD MAN *fade on*: I noticed that you were interested in my little house. I wondered if you'd like to see it closer?

KEAWE: Thank you! We've never seen anything quite like it before. I'd think you'd be happy all day long just living in it.

OLD MAN *sigh*: Yes, indeed. I suppose you'd like to own one like it.

KEAWE *laughing*: Who wouldn't? If they could.

OLD MAN *slyly*: There's no reason why you shouldn't. You have some money I suppose?

KEAWE: Fifty dollars. And that's more than my friend here can say!

OLD MAN: Fifty dollars. Well . . . it's too bad you don't have more, but I'll let you have it for that.

KEAWE: The house?

OLD MAN: No. The bottle.

KEAWE *laughing*: Fifty dollars for a bottle! That's a good one.

OLD MAN: No! This is no joke! It may seem rich to you, but everything I have, this house and its gardens, all of them, came out of a little bottle no bigger than a pint. Would you like to see it?

KEAWE: I would at that! If I believed you.

OLD MAN: Wait one moment, young gentleman! (*Fade*) I'll get it for you.

LOPAKA: Keawe, let's go! This man is crazy!

KEAWE: Maybe not. The world is full of strange things we might not hear of in Hawaii!

LOPAKA: If he's not crazy, so much the worse. We ought to . . .

KEAWE: Sh! He's coming back.

OLD MAN *fade on*: I've brought the bottle, young gentlemen! Sit down on that bench, there. I'll show it to you.

KEAWE: All right. Sit down, Lopaka! Nothing's going to hurt you.

OLD MAN: Here! This is the bottle.

KEAWE: Whew! What an odd looking one! Like an opal. What is that, inside it, that flickers like a flame?

OLD MAN: That is the imp.

LOPAKA *whispering*: Come on, Keawe, let's get out of here!

KEAWE: No! Wait! What imp is there that could live in a glass bottle?

OLD MAN: The glass in this bottle was tempered in the flames of hell. If any man buys the bottle, the imp within it is at his command. He can have anything . . . money, fame, whole cities . . . When he sells it, the power goes.

KEAWE: I shouldn't think you'd want to sell it.

OLD MAN: I have everything I want. I'm growing old.

KEAWE: Why don't you ask the imp to let you live forever?

OLD MAN: That's the only thing the imp can't do.

KEAWE: I'd think you'd try to get more than fifty dollars for the bottle, even so.

OLD MAN: I'd like to, for the good of the buyer, not because I need the money.

KEAWE *amused*: You're a strange one.

OLD MAN: No. There are two things about this bottle that you must know. Once it's yours, you can never be rid of it, except by selling it. And it can only be sold for less than it was bought. I paid ninety dollars for it, but were

I to sell it for more than eighty-nine dollars and ninety nine cents, the bottle would come right back to me.

KEAWE: I shouldn't think you'd worry about that.

OLD MAN: But I do, for you see, any man who dies still owning the bottle will burn in hell forever.

KEAWE *whistle*: No wonder you want to be rid of it. I wouldn't touch it, not even for fifty dollars!

LOPAKA: That's the first sensible thing you've said, Keawe. Now let's be on our way.

OLD MAN *desperately*: Don't you want riches? Don't you want a fine house like mine?

KEAWE: Not if it costs me my immortal soul!

OLD MAN: But it needn't! You can buy the bottle from me, get all you want from it, and then sell it again as I'm doing.

LOPAKA: We've got to get away from here, Keawe!

KEAWE: We're in no danger, Lopaka! We haven't bought the bottle. And besides how do we know that what this old man says is true, eh?

OLD MAN: You can prove it! Look! The bottle is glass, isn't it? And glass breaks, ordinary glass, that is, yet I can throw this on the walk, so . . .

SOUND: *Hollow ring of glass on pavement*

OLD MAN: And it doesn't break. It bounces right back into my hand.

KEAWE: Which doesn't mean that the bottle can do all these wonderful things you told us about.

OLD MAN: I'll make a bargain with you. Give me your fifty dollars, take the bottle, and wish your fifty dollars back in your pocket. If it doesn't happen, I pledge you my honor, I'll call off the bargain and give you back your money myself.

LOPAKA: Don't risk it, Keawe!

KEAWE: You're not deceiving me, old man?

OLD MAN: By the God that rules Mauna Loa, it is so.

KEAWE: Very well.

SOUND: *Clinking of coins*

KEAWE: This should be fun, Lopaka. Here's my money, old man. Give me the bottle. Thank you. Now . . . imp of the bottle, I want my fifty dollars back.

LOPAKA: You're a fool, Keawe. You've lost your month's pay for a piece of glass.

KEAWE: No! Look, Lopaka . . .

SOUND: *Clinking of coins*

KEAWE: My fifty dollars . . . back in my pocket just as he said. It is a remarkable bottle, at that!

OLD MAN: And I wish you luck with it!

KEAWE: Oh, no. Here, take it back. I've enjoyed our talk, and all that, but I don't want to fool around with anything like this for long.

OLD MAN: You've bought it for less than I paid for it. It's yours now, and that's the end of it as far as I'm concerned. I'm expecting guests soon, and I'll thank you not to stay too long in the garden. *(Fade)* Good day, young gentlemen.

LOPAKA: Now you've done it, Keawe! Why didn't you leave when I said to?

KEAWE: How did I know he was going to trick me into buying the bottle? Well, he can't do it. Come on, Lopaka, we're going to go, and leave him the bottle. I won't take it.

LOPAKA: What are you going to do with it?

SOUND: *Bottle*

KEAWE: Leave it on the bench here. There. Now hurry, let's be out of sight before the old man sees we've left the bottle.

LOPAKA *as walking fast*: All right. Only maybe now you'll listen to me when I try to keep you out of trouble.

KEAWE: Don't talk like an old woman. Think of the stories we can tell to our friends on board ship. Think of the . . .

LOPAKA: What's the matter?

KEAWE: Look back at the house. Is the bottle still on the bench?

LOPAKA: Just a minute . . . no! The old man must have taken it away!

KEAWE: No, he didn't. And I've just remembered that the old man said once the bottle belonged to a man, he could lose it only by selling it.

LOPAKA: Then where is the bottle?

KEAWE *scared*: In my coat pocket.

MUSIC: *Surge up—fade for . . .*

SOUND: *Conversation in B.G.*

LOPAKA *calling*: Bring us two rums, please. *(On mike)* Sit down, Keawe, we've got to talk this thing over. Is the bottle still in your pocket? Sh! Here's the man with the rum.

SOUND: *Clink of glasses and money*

KEAWE: It is. You know, Lopaka, I'm beginning to be glad we talked with that old man. There are lots of things I want, and if what he said is true, and the bottle will grant my wishes, I'm going to be a happy man!

LOPAKA: What would you wish for?

KEAWE: A house first, on the islands. I'd want seventeen rooms, and three porches, all overlooking Kona Bay. And an avenue lined with palms leading to a paved courtyard with a fountain spraying colored water . . .

LOPAKA: You'd better wish for enough money to keep it up, Keawe!

KEAWE: Of course, I'd want enough money so I'd never need work again.

LOPAKA: Why don't you try it? You have the bottle.

KEAWE: No. I don't want to take the chance until I'm sure of the bottle.

LOPAKA: The best way to be sure is to make your wish.

KEAWE: No. There's one more test. I'm going to try to sell the bottle for more than fifty dollars. If it comes back to me then, I'll believe the old man, and use the bottle for the things I want.

LOPAKA: And if you get them, you can always get rid of the bottle for less than you paid. It's a good idea . . . let's try it.

KEAWE: Have you finished your rum? All right, let's go. We'll sell the bottle for sixty dollars, and then go back to the Inn and see what happens . . .

MUSIC: *Sneak in—bring up—fade out for . . .*

SOUND: *Feet climbing stairs*

KEAWE: If my bottle comes back, Lopaka, this'll be the last time I climb rickety inn stairs to get to my room!

LOPAKA: Even if the bottle doesn't come back, you're sixty dollars richer for it.

KEAWE: I thought for awhile that the storekeeper wouldn't pay what I asked. He was a wary old cuss.

LOPAKA: He'd have been warier if he'd known what kind of a bottle it's supposed to be!

KEAWE: Well, the bottle hasn't come back yet, anyway . . . whew . . . that was a climb.

SOUND: *Steps out—door opens*

LOPAKA: Look . . . someone's shoved a letter under our door, Keawe. It's for you.

KEAWE: Wait! I get my breath. Sit down.

LOPAKA: You're a cool one! Don't even want to see a letter from home.

KEAWE: From Hawaii? Give it to me!

LOPAKA: Here it is.

KEAWE: Yes sir, a letter from home . . .

SOUND: *Paper tearing*

LOPAKA: Who's it from. Anyone I know?

KEAWE *low*: Lopaka . . . my uncle has died.

LOPAKA: Oh, say, that's tough going . . . I'm sorry.

KEAWE: It's not that, Lopaka. I've never seen this uncle. But it seems that he had no heirs but me . . . and he's left me all his fortune.

LOPAKA: Whew!

KEAWE: Enough money so that I won't need to work ever again, the lawyer says. And . . . a piece of land overlooking Kona Bay. It's just what I've always wanted . . . I'm sorry uncle had to die, but it means I've everything . . . say! What's up? Aren't you going to congratulate me on my good fortune? What are you staring at in the corner there?

LOPAKA: Keawe . . . the bottle is back. It's on the chest in the corner. And as you spoke, the flame in it flared up until the whole thing was a brilliant crimson.

KEAWE: Where . . . I don't . . . Oh . . . And this letter brings me the things I said I'd wish for when we were talking this afternoon.

LOPAKA: Then it's true, Keawe.

KEAWE: It is. And I have everything I want and must sell the bottle quickly, for less than I paid. I don't want it near me any longer.

LOPAKA *rapidly*: Keawe, I'll buy it from you. I'll take the chance. I can get me a little schooner, and set up my own business sailing about the islands. I'll buy it from you for forty-nine dollars and ninety nine cents, and sell it for a penny less when I have my schooner.

KEAWE: You'll be able to find plenty of buyers, Lopaka. Give me the money and take the bottle.

SOUND: *Clink of coins*

LOPAKA: All right. Here. What are you going to do now?

KEAWE: I'm going back to the islands, to build my house on Kona Bay . . . to live in ease and luxury . . . (*Joyously*) to be respected and admired for my wealth and power . . .

MUSIC: *Sneak in, over his words—then change into Hawaiian melody—fading to B.G.*

SOUND: *Conversation*

WOMAN *gushing*: Oh, Mr. Keawe, your party is delightful . . . there's no place on the island so grand as the Great House . . . such gardens . . . such pictures . . . oh, me . . . your house lacks but one thing . . .

KEAWE: And that is, madame?

WOMAN *cooly*: A wife.

KEAWE: So it does, madame.

WOMAN: You must look around for yourself a little, Mr. Keawe. Many women would like to be mistress of the Great House.

KEAWE: I don't doubt it, madame. But when I meet the one who is to be mistress of my house, I shall know her.

MUSIC: *Sneak in over words—fade for . . .*

SOUND: *Horses cantering*

KEAWE *calling*: Wait, Chang!

SOUND: *Horses halt*

CHANG: Master wishes to stop?

KEAWE: Yes. You know everyone on the island, Chang. Who is that girl there by the sea?

CHANG: She who has just come from a swim? She is Kokua, daughter of Kiano.

KEAWE *softly*: There is something about her . . . (*Normal*) Ride on home, Chang. Don't wait dinner for me. I don't know when I'll be home.

CHANG: Very well, master.

SOUND: *One horse gallop off*

KEAWE *calling softly*: Kokua! Kokua!

KOKUA *fade on*: Who's there? Who's calling?

KEAWE: It is I . . . here by my horse.

KOKUA: But who are you?

KEAWE: I am Keawe.

KOKUA: Keawe of the Great House?

KEAWE: Yes.

KOKUA: My father has spoken of you. Yet, it's silly of me, how did you know who I am?

KEAWE: Does it matter?

KOKUA: Why . . . I . . . I . . .

KEAWE: Here is the plain truth, Kokua. I have met you here by the roadside. I see your eyes and my heart has gone to you as swift as a bird.

KOKUA: Keawe has said the same to many young girls.

KEAWE: By the Gods of the islands, I have not, Kokua. And so now, if you want none of me, say so, and I will go

to my own place. But if you find me no worse than any other young man, say so, too, and I will turn aside to your father's house, and tomorrow I will ask him for your hand.

KOKUA: My father's house lies this way . . .

MUSIC: *Up and out for . . .*

KEAWE *jubilant*: Chang! Chang! Where are you?

CHANG *fade on*: I am here, master.

KEAWE: Help me off with my things, Chang. We are going to be busy, you and I, these next few days. We must fit the Great House for a bride.

CHANG: Master is to be married?

KEAWE: To Kokua, daughter of Kiano. I spoke to her father last night. Life may be no better, Chang. This is the mountain top. Here I am on my high place! Here . . .

CHANG: Master! Look at your arm.

KEAWE: My arm? A speck of something on it . . . rub it off, will you?

CHANG: Oh, no master! I won't touch it . . . come no closer to me!

KEAWE: Chang! I am your master!

CHANG: But the speck on your arm master, is the Chinese Evil.

KEAWE: Leprosy? Oh, no, Chang . . . no . . . Don't stare at me so! Go away—Let me alone!

CHANG *fade off*: I will wait your bidding.

KEAWE: Now it all ends. Very willingly could I leave Hawaii, the home of my fathers. Very lightly could I leave my house, the many-windowed, here upon the mountains. Very bravely could I go to Molakai, to Kaluapuapa by the cliffs, to live with the smitten and to sleep there far from my fathers. But what wrong have I done . . . what sin lies upon my soul that I should have encountered Kokua coming cool from the seawater in the evening? Her may I never wed; her may I look upon no longer; her may I no more handle with my loving hand. It is for this . . . it is for you, oh, Kokua, that I pour my lamentations . . . It is . . . it is . . . But the bottle? If I could buy it back again . . . if I could ask the imp to cure me . . . it must be so. Would I beard the devil once only to get me a house, and not face him again to win Kokua? (Calls) Chang! Chang!

CHANG *fade on*: Master calls?

KEAWE: Where was Lopaka when I heard from him last?

CHANG: Singapore, master.

KEAWE: Pack all my things, and find me passage to Singapore! I must buy from him the bottle I was so pleased to be rid of!

MUSIC: *Surge up*

SOUND: *Steamship whistle*

MUSIC: *Give it a Chinese turn—fade for . . .*

MAN *Chinese accent*: Mr. Lopaka is not in. He has left for long trip to Indies.

KEAWE: Is there no way I can reach him?

MAN: Perhaps through his lawyer. (Fade) I will give you his name . . .

MUSIC: *Up briefly—still Chinese—fade quickly for . . .*

LAWYER: Mr. Lopaka didn't leave us much in the way of an address. His route was undetermined. Was it important?

KEAWE: He purchased from me a certain piece of goods which I am very anxious to possess.

LAWYER: Oh. Hm. I, er, yes, I think I know what you speak of.

KEAWE: It was a . . .

LAWYER: Don't say it! It's an evil, ugly business. Lopaka sold the affair. However, if you call at the house of Mr. Haole, you may be able to trace it. (Fade) His address is . . .

MUSIC: *Up briefly—fade to low B.G. through*

KEAWE: Mr. Haole?

HAOLE *jolly*: None other. And what can I do for you?

KEAWE: I am tracing an article sold by Mr. Lopaka to . . .

HAOLE: Sh! Yes, of course. (Low) I haven't got it any longer, but (Fade) the man I sold it to . . .

MUSIC: *Up briefly*

KEAWE *fade on*: . . . and Mr. Haole sent me to you.

MAN *whispering*: It has passed from my hands. (Fade) Go to this man . . . see if he still has it.

MUSIC: *Up briefly and out sharply on unresolved chord!*

SERVANT: A Mr. Keawe to see you sir.

YOUNG MAN *dully*: Very well. Be seated, Mr. Keawe.

KEAWE: I'll take but a minute. I have come to buy the bottle.

YOUNG MAN *horrified*: To what?

KEAWE: To buy the bottle. There's no need pretending you don't know what I mean.

YOUNG MAN: No. No need—no need at all.

KEAWE: Very well, then let's settle it. What is the price?

YOUNG MAN *dully*: Oh. You don't know then.

KEAWE: I am only asking you to tell me the price so that I can pay you.

YOUNG MAN: I bought the bottle for two cents.

KEAWE: Why, then, the price now is . . . one cent.

YOUNG MAN: I can't sell it for less.

KEAWE: And I won't be able to sell it at all. Very well, let's have it!

YOUNG MAN: You're going to buy?

KEAWE: Rather than die in loneliness without Kokua, I'll chance the fires of hell!

MUSIC: *Surge up—with unresolved chord and hold in B.G.*

KEAWE: Oh bottle imp, make me once more a clean man, and let the Chinese Evil depart hence, that I may wed Kokua!

MUSIC: *Resolve chord—fade out for . . .*

KOKUA: Chang, did your master Keawe say when he would come for his dinner?

CHANG: No, mistress Kokua.

KOKUA *sigh*: Was he always like this, Chang? So moody, so gruff . . . gone for so long in the evenings?

CHANG: No, mistress. It was after his trip to Singapore that he changed.

KOKUA: That was when we were married. Oh, Chang, do you think he is sorry? Has he tired of me? (*Weeps*)

CHANG: There is something lying heavy on his heart, mistress. What it is . . .

SOUND: *Door opens*

KEAWE *angrily*: Is there no one in this house to help me with my horse? Must I stable it myself? What are you loitering around for, Chang? There's work to be done.

CHANG *fade off*: Right away, sir.

KEAWE: And you, Kokua. Must you weep and snivel so that your husband has no cheer about him at all?

KOKUA *through sobs*: Oh, my husband, I have tried . . . If I only knew what were troubling you, and could share it with you! That would make it easier for us both!

KEAWE *sarcastic*: Do you think so, little Kokua?

KOKUA: I can't feel that I have your love unless I share all things with you.

KEAWE: And if I told you that I had sold my soul to the devil for you, what would you think then?

KOKUA: Oh, Keawe!

KEAWE: Listen to my story, and see who should weep around this house. (*Fade*) It was a . . .

MUSIC: *Up briefly—out for . . .*

KEAWE *fade on*: . . . and so now, much as I delight in you, my mind is always on the bottle that I can never sell.

KOKUA *gaily*: Oh, Keawe, Keawe! Why didn't you tell me all this before? You are worrying because you bought the bottle for a cent.

KEAWE *interrupting*: You haven't understood a word, Kokua! I can't sell the bottle! I must keep it till I die.

KOKUA: All the world is not Hawaii, my Keawe. In France there is a coin called the centime. It takes five of them to make a cent.

KEAWE: Are you sure, Kokua?

KOKUA: I have seen the coin myself. We'll go to the French Islands as fast as ships can bear us. There we have four centimes, three centimes, three centimes, two centimes, one centime . . .

KEAWE: Four possible sales!

KOKUA: Let's leave immediately, Kokua, and in a week we'll be happily at rest!

MUSIC: *Up gaily—changing to sad—fading for . . .*

KEAWE: Shall we go back into the house, Kokua?

KOKUA: If you don't mind, Keawe, I'll stay out in the moonlight a while longer. Sometimes, when I look at the sea, it seems almost as though we were back in Hawaii.

KEAWE: That's why I want to go in the house. We've been gone too long, Kokua, and it's time we went home.

KOKUA: But we haven't sold the bottle! We can't leave yet, Keawe!

KEAWE: We've tried for six months—we thought it would take only a week. It seems pretty clear to me that we're not going to be able to sell it.

KOKUA: But we can't give up, Keawe. Think what it means.

KEAWE: I made the bargain, Kokua. I'll stick by it, but I want to end my days

near the hills of my fathers, not in a strange land.

KOKUA: Keawe, you can't . . . I won't let you!

KEAWE: Don't weep, child . . . Look you, I'll go in the house and wait for you. There's an old man by that tree, and it wouldn't be wise to let him hear us. (*Fade*) We'll talk more when you come in.

KOKUA: Keawe! (*Weeps*)

2ND OLD MAN *fade on*: Can I help you, young lady? I'm a stranger on these islands, but if there's anything I can do . . .

KOKUA: No. Thank you, but . . . wait! There is something. That man who just left has something . . . a bottle that I want very dearly. He won't sell it to me, but he'd sell it to you, I'm certain. He'd be very eager to sell it to you.

2ND OLD MAN: But I have no need of a bottle.

KOKUA: You don't understand. He'll sell you the bottle for four centimes, not a centime more. I'll give you the four centimes, and then buy the bottle from you for three centimes.

OLD MAN: For such a cheap bottle, you seem to be going to a good deal of trouble.

KOKUA: Never mind. It's a private matter. Will you do it for me?

2ND OLD MAN: I don't like it . . . but I'll do it. If you'll promise to buy the bottle from me.

KOKUA: I do . . . by all the Gods you hold dear. Take this money, now . . . bring the bottle back to me immediately . . .

MUSIC: *Up and over-fading for . . .*

OLD MAN *fade in—in a hurry*: Young lady . . . here . . . quickly. I have the bottle. Give me my three centimes. The man I bought it from is coming out to see you now. He nearly followed me.

KOKUA: Good man! Here's the money . . . now go, so that Keawe doesn't find you! I'll hide the bottle in my cloak. Thank you. You don't know what you've done.

OLD MAN *fade off*: Look out . . . here he comes . . .

KEAWE *fade on—calling*: Kokua! Kokua! Oh, my darling Kokua, do you know what has happened?

KOKUA: Tell me at once!

KEAWE: I have sold the bottle!

KOKUA: To whom? Tell me!

KEAWE *laughing*: An old fool came and bought it while you were out here . . . A worthy old man he seemed too. But no one can judge by appearances. For why did the old reprobate require the bottle?

KOKUA *humbly*: My husband, his purpose may have been good.

KEAWE *laughing*: Fiddle . . . de . . . dee . . . An old rogue, I tell you; and an old ass to boot. For the bottle was hard enough to sell at four centimes; and at three it will be quite impossible. The margin was not broad enough, the thing begins to smell of scorching . . . brrr.

KOKUA: O my husband. Is it not a terrible thing to save oneself by the eternal ruin of another? It seems to me I could not laugh. I would be humbled. I would be filled with melancholy. I would pray for the poor holder.

KEAWE *angrily*: You may be filled with melancholy if you please. It is not the mind of a good wife. If you thought at all of me, you would sit shamed. (*Changing his tone*) Come let's take a ride . . . the day is beautiful.

KOKUA: My husband, I am ill. I am out of heart. Excuse me, I can take no pleasure.

KEAWE *again angrily*: This is your truth, and this your affection. Your husband is just saved from eternal ruin, which he encountered for the love of you . . . and you can take no pleasure . . . Kokua, you have a disloyal heart . . . I'll go out alone—

KOKUA: Very well, my husband. (*Fade*) You'll find me waiting for you when you return.

MUSIC: *Up and—fade on note of intoxication*

KEAWE *tipsy*: Come along then, my fine sailing friend. I was a sailor once myself, and I like to help a friend. We'll go in my house, it's this one, right here.

BO'SUN *laughing*: You were a sailor, says you, and lives in a house like this. Belay me!

KEAWE: Much good it does me to have a house, though. My wife sits home and sulks. Why tonight, before I met you, I'd just had the most wonderful piece of luck, and would she help me celebrate it? She would not.

Bo'SUN: Tha's women for you, every time.

KEAWE: Yep. She sits here at home . . . oh! We better go quietly now, for fear she'll see us . . . sh!

Bo'SUN: Is she still up, do you think?

KEAWE: There's a light, by this window. I'll look in . . . sh, now! (*Gasps*)

Bo'SUN: Is she there?

KEAWE: The bottle. She has the bottle.

Bo'SUN: Bottle (*Happily*) Good!

KEAWE *sobered from shock*: She bought the bottle to save me. She sent the old man to do the errand for her.

Bo'SUN: What are you talking about? If there's a bottle, let's have it.

KEAWE: This is a bottle with an imp of the devil in it. It'll bring you anything you ask for . . .

Bo'SUN: I've heard tell of that. Lots of folks around here heard about it, only I don't believe it.

KEAWE: It's true, I owned the bottle till tonight, and sold it to an old man, so I could be rid of the devil in it, and die at peace. Only my wife in the kindness of her heart has bought it from him, and sits there now, staring at it . . . silently.

Bo'SUN: Well, let's go in and surprise her, huh? Cheer her up.

KEAWE: No. Look, I'll give you two centimes with which to buy that bottle from her.

Bo'SUN: You mean you want me to buy the bottle?

KEAWE: Yes. Go into the house. I'll wait where I can watch. Now, take these two centimes, and offer her them for the bottle, which, if I am not mistaken, she will give you instantly. Bring it to me here, and I will buy it back from you for one centime; for that is the law with this bottle, that it still must be sold for a less sum. But whatever you do, never breathe a word to her that you have come from me.

Bo'SUN: Mate, I wonder are you making a fool of me?

KEAWE: It will do you no harm if I am.

Bo'SUN: That is so, mate.

KEAWE: And if you doubt me, you can try. As soon as you have the bottle, wish to have your pocket full of money, or a bottle of the best rum, or what you please, and you will see the virtue of the thing.

Bo'SUN: Very well, Keawe. I will try; but if you are having your fun with me,

I will take my fun out of you with a belaying pin . . .

KEAWE: Then go, quickly!

Bo'SUN *fades off*: *Singing*

SOUND: *Knock on door—door opens*

KOKUA *off*: Who is it that comes at this hour of night?

Bo'SUN: Nev' mind what. I've come to buy that precious bottle of yours, and I've got the two centimes to pay for it right here.

KOKUA: Are you serious?

Bo'SUN: Are you going to give me the bottle, or ain't cha? I won't stand here forever.

KOKUA: I don't understand it, but I'll let you have it. Here! It must be the mercy of a kind God . . .

SOUND: *Door closes*

Bo'SUN *board fades*: Come on . . . let's try it!

SOUND: *Drunken singing fading in Bo'SUN*

KEAWE: You have it, I see that.

Bo'SUN: Hands off! Take a step near me, and I'll smash your mouth. You thought you could make a cat's paw of me, did you?

KEAWE: What do you mean?

Bo'SUN: Mean? This is a pretty good bottle, this is; that's what I mean. How I got it for two centimes I can't make out; but I'm sure you shall not have it for one.

KEAWE *gasping*: You mean you won't sell?

Bo'SUN: No, sir, but I'll give you a drink of the rum if you like.

KEAWE *excitedly*: But I tell you, the man who has that bottle goes to hell.

Bo'SUN: I reckon I'm going anyway, and this bottle's the best thing to go with I've struck yet. No, sir, this is my bottle now, and you can go and fish for another.

KEAWE: Can this be true? For your own sake, I beseech you, sell it to me.

Bo'SUN: I don't value any of your talk. You thought I was a flat, now you can do without your old bottle. (*Fade off singing*)

KEAWE *calling*: Kokua! (*Fade—calling*)
Kokua! We're saved!

MUSIC: *Surge up and under for . . .*

NARRATOR *low confidential*: So they lived a life of peace and plenty on the islands of Hawaii. Or so the story was told to me.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

THE COMEBACK

A DRAMA

By MEYER HANSON

(Broadcast over WJSU, Washington, D. C.)

SOUND: *City street noises—motors—traffic whistles, etc. fade under*

FRANKIE off: Taxi, Mister, taxi? (*Fade out calling*) Taxi, Mister? Taxi?

SOUND: *Street noises—fade under*

FRANKIE off: Taxi, Mister—taxi? (*Fade out calling*) Taxi, Mister? Taxi?

SOUND: *Street noises—fade under—car breaking to stop*

BILL (*Fade in*): Hyah, Frankie! How ya doin'?

FRANKIE: Not so hot, Bill. You?

BILL: Ain't had a fare all mornin'. Burnin' gas fer nuttin' . . . I got a good mind to park someplace an' sleep.

FRANKIE: Ain't a bad idea . . . Guess I'll go home . . .

SOUND: *Car motors starting—fade into . . .*

MUSIC: *Organ transition break—fade out*

SOUND: *Knock on door—knock repeated rhythmically—door opens*

ELLEN: Oh, it's you, Frankie! !

FRANKIE: Sure it's me, Punkin. Who'd you expect, Clark Gable?

SOUND: *Door closing*

ELLEN: Don't be silly. You startled me. I thought something might have happened. You're never back this time of morning, Frankie, so . . . well, you startled me . . .

FRANKIE: Yeh, but I gets to thinkin' . . . it's such a swell day, I says to myself I'll go back home and get Ellen an' we'll go someplace in the cab and have lunch out in the country . . .

ELLEN: That's just an excuse not to work . . .

FRANKIE: But it's fight night, Punkin! I'll get plenty fares tonight . . . Gee, Punkin, don't ya wanna . . .

ELLEN *exasperated*: Don't keep calling me Punkin! !

FRANKIE: All right, all right, Pun—Ellen . . . But don't ya wanna go someplace an' . . .

ELLEN: If you cruised around this morning you might pick up a few fares . . .

FRANKIE: Yeh, but it's such a swell day . . .

ELLEN: Even if it is fight night—any little extra you pick up during the day would come in handy . . .

FRANKIE: It's just burnin' gas fer nuttin'. I tell ya it's one of them days nobody wants a cab!

ELLEN: We're still behind with the rent. And I really need some new clothes . . .

FRANKIE: I know all that, Punkin! But I says to myself . . . it's such a swell day—and Pun—Ellen likin' the country so the way she does . . . so I says to myself I'll take the mornin' off an' . . .

ELLEN *exasperated with herself*: Oh, Frankie! You always make me see things your way! !

FRANKIE: That's because I'm always thinkin' of ya . . .

ELLEN: Softsoaping me all the time . . . always talking me into something . . .

FRANKIE *interrupting*: Ain't sorry ya married me, Punkin?

ELLEN: Oh, Frankie! Do you always have to keep harping on that? I'll be getting to think you want me to be sorry for having married you!

FRANKIE: It ain't that! But I like to hear you say ya ain't sorry . . .

ELLEN *softly*: Well, I'm not, Frankie . . . I don't have to keep repeating it now, do I? We've been married over two years now . . .

FRANKIE: Yeh, but sometimes I think maybe ya are sorry . . . sometimes I think maybe you're saying to yourself . . . here I marry a guy what makes a

thousand bucks every time he steps in the ring . . . an' now he don't earn enough fer coffee an' doughnuts drivin' a cab . . .

ELLEN: I didn't marry you because you were earning a lot of money, Frankie . . .

FRANKIE: Yeh, but it helped . . . it helped . . . (Pause) C'mon now, Punkin, throw on a coat an' let's go . . .

ELLEN: All right . . . (Fade) I'll be right out (Off) I'll be just a minute . . .

FRANKIE: Here, wait a minute . . . (Voice fading) I'll help you . . . (Voice up surprised—drawn out) Why, sa-ay, Ellen, what's this? You goin' someplace?

ELLEN (Voice up stammering): N-no, Frankie . . .

FRANKIE: But what's this suitcase on the bed?

ELLEN: Oh, that! (Pause) Here, hold my coat. I was just packing away some of my summer things. This closet is so small . . . there's hardly room for all my things and yours too . . .

FRANKIE: Someday we'll live in a bigger apartment. Wit' all the closets an' room ya want. Or maybe someday we'll do like Chick Connors an' buy us a small farm an' raise chickens . . .

ELLEN snaps: With what, marbles? (Pause) Oh, Frankie, let's not talk about it now. Come on, I'm ready . . . (Fade)

FRANKIE (Voice fading): Someday—someday I'll have more'n marbles. Wait'n see . . . wait'll I make my comeback . . .

SOUND: Door opens

ELLEN (Up): Don't speak of comebacks. You know you'll never fight again . . .

SOUND: Door closes

FRANKIE muttering: That's what you think . . . (Pause) That's what they all think . . . (Pause) Here we are . . .

SOUND: City traffic noises—fade under

FRANKIE: This way, Ellen . . . I parked the jalopy right over here . . .

SOUND: Auto doors opening and closing—car starting—fade under traffic noises and running motor

FRANKIE: Tell you what, Punkin . . . we'll stop at a drugstore an' pick up a couple box lunches and then we can park out someplace an' eat under a tree . . .

ELLEN: Oh, yes, let's, Frankie!

MUSIC: Organ transition break—fade into . . .

SOUND: Country noises—birds, etc.—fade into B.G.

FRANKIE: Wait'll I spread this blanket out . . . (Pause) There, Punkin, now there's room for both of us . . .

ELLEN: It's beautiful out here . . . I think Fall's the loveliest time of the year . . . with the leaves turning and all the wild flowers in bloom, and clover, and new mown hay . . .

FRANKIE: Gee, sometimes you make me think of a school-teacher we used to have . . . she was always spouting like that . . .

ELLEN: I should've brought along a book of poems to read to you, Frankie, like I used to . . .

FRANKIE: I got all the poetry I want, just lookin' at you, Punkin . . . (Pause) Punkin, you ain't ever gonna stop lovin' me, huh?

ELLEN startled: Whatever's been putting such ideas in your head!

FRANKIE: Nuttin'. Only I gets to thinkin' sometime, I ain't got nuttin' left but you. An' if you stopped lovin' me . . . well, Punkin, there wouldn't be any use livin' . . .

ELLEN: Don't talk like that! You're acting so queerly today, Frankie!

FRANKIE: Sh-h . . . there's a squirrel . . . Throw him a crumb of bread, Punkin . . .

ELLEN exclaims: He ran away!

FRANKIE: He'll come back . . . He ain't used to people throwin' things at him . . . Know what grey squirrels make me think of, Punkin?

ELLEN: No, Frankie . . . Sh-h . . . look, he is coming back . . .

FRANKIE: Don't pay no attention to him an' he won't get scared . . . (Pause) Remember that last fight of mine, Punkin . . . with the Gunner . . . Remember? That squirrel jacket you wanted, with a cap and muff?

ELLEN: Oh, Frankie! Are you still remembering that!

FRANKIE: I remember you said, "No, no squirrel jacket." You said, "Buy a cab, Frankie, a new one, an' go into business for yourself . . ." that's what you said. I remember like it was today . . .

ELLEN: I thought that was the best idea . . . I can get along (Fade) without a squirrel jacket, I guess . . .

FRANKIE: Ever since I met you, Punkin, you always give me the right dope!

- Only I never know why you marry me in the first place . . .
- ELLEN: You do know! I've told you a thousand times!
- FRANKIE *pleading*: But I like to hear you say it . . .
- ELLEN: Oh, *Frankie!* (*Pause*) Don't look so hurt! I do love you!
- FRANKIE: An' someday remember, Punkin, you're gonna have squirrel coats. An' any other kind you want . . . It won't be so long either. You'll see. I'm due for a comeback . . .
- ELLEN: Stop talking about it! I don't want you ever boxing again! Never! (*Dreamily*) Let's just sit and—and—remember, Frankie, the first time we had a picnic lunch?
- FRANKIE: Yeh, that's when I had that yellow roadster. You was check girl in Red's Cafe. I thought you was nuts. I wanted to take you to some classy place, dancin', an' you said you wanted lunch under a tree . . .
- ELLEN *dreamily*: It was Spring . . . I wanted to see the buds . . .
- FRANKIE: You had a yellow dress . . . an' a yellow ribbon tied round your hair . . . You didn't care then when I called you Punkin . . .
- ELLEN: I—I don't really care now, Frankie . . . only . . .
- FRANKIE *promptly*: Only what, Punkin?
- ELLEN: Only things have been getting so—so drab lately . . . Never enough money . . . we're always behind . . . (*Pause—eagerly*) Frankie, maybe if I went back to work . . .
- FRANKIE *explosively*: No! Nobody's gonna say Frankie Weis' wife's got to work! (*Pause*) I'm sorry, Punkin. I'm gonna reform, honest, I'll cruise the cab more . . . I won't spend so much time at Spillane's gym . . .
- ELLEN *exclaiming*: Frankie! Have you been going around to that gym again?
- FRANKIE: Now, now, Punkin . . . just for a coupla hours a day! You want me to keep in trim, don't ya? You don't want me gettin' a pot-belly . . . Drivin' a cab all day makes ya soft . . .
- ELLEN *fearfully*: You—you haven't been—been putting on the gloves again, Frankie?
- FRANKIE: Aw, Punkin . . . what's it hurt if I take on some of them young punks for a coupla rounds . . . It's good trainin' fer me . . .
- ELLEN: But Frankie! You know what the doctor said after that last match! A blow on that nerve again and you'd be permanently . . . permanently . . .
- FRANKIE *interrupting*: None of them kids can lay a glove on me! Say, what d'ya think I am? Wasn't I almost tops in the lightweights? If I hadn't slipped in that first round with Gunner Blake . . .
- ELLEN *interrupting*: Don't let's talk about it . . . It makes me shudder . . . You might have been . . . (*Pause*) Oh, Frankie, tell me you'll be careful! If anything should happen to you—I don't know how I'd live!
- FRANKIE *buskily*: Gee, Punkin, when you say things like that . . . (*Fading out*) That's the way I feel about you, too . . . Gee, Punkin . . .
- MUSIC: *Organ break—fade out*
- SOUND: *Background of city traffic noises*
- FRANKIE: Taxi, Mister? Taxi? (*Pause*) Yes, sir, here you are . . .
- SOUND: *Cab door opens and closes—B.G. street noises and motor running—hold under*
- MAN *ordering*: Continental Hotel.
- FRANKIE: Yes, sir . . . (*Pause*) In town for the fights?
- MAN: Not exactly . . . But I'll be there tonight . . .
- FRANKIE: Yeh, you don't wanna miss it. It's a swell card . . . Gunner Blake's gonna take Maxie . . . but not for six rounds, see?
- MAN: Maxie won't last longer than six?
- FRANKIE: Naw . . . but it'll be a good match while the gloves fly . . .
- MAN: They say the semi-finals are going to be good, too.
- FRANKIE: They'll make it look good . . .
- MAN: What do you mean? Is it fixed?
- FRANKIE: Not exactly. But this MacNaught's a comer, see? They ain't matchin' him wit' nuttin' but setups, see, till they get him built up! This punk they're puttin' in the ring wit' him . . . say, he ain't got a chance, this Tony Ryan . . . Not a chance . . .
- MAN: He hasn't, eh?
- FRANKIE: Naw . . . MacNaught's one of these tricky boxers, see? Shifty . . . you watch . . . he's gonna get a kick out of cutting this Tony Ryan to pieces before he puts him away. You watch . . .
- MAN *curiously*: You seem to know a lot about it . . .

FRANKIE: Say, Mister, I been up there myself . . . Frankie Weis, that's me . . . but you wouldn't remember . . . it's two years since Gunner Blake (*fading out*) put me away . . .

MUSIC: *Organ transition break—fade out*
SOUND: *Knocks on door—pause—door opens*

ELLEN *startled*: Mac! Why, Mac! (*Pause—fearfully*) You shouldn't have come here, Mac.

MAC *interrupting*: Why not? I phoned ya this mornin' but ya wasn't home . . .

ELLEN: I was out with Frankie . . .

MAC: I wanted to talk to you. Ain't ya gonna ask me in?

ELLEN: We-ell—oh, come in . . .

SOUND: *Door closes*

ELLEN: I asked you never to come here. Suppose Frankie came home now . . . Supposing he was home . . .

MAC: Supposin' he was? I don't care no more. This fight tonight is gonna put me in line for the champ . . . I come to tell ya not to forget yer comin' away wit' me right after I take this Tony Ryan tonight . . .

ELLEN *interrupting*: No, no, Mac. I've changed my mind. I'm not, Mac. I—I can't . . .

MAC: What d'ya mean, ya can't? Ain't I Mac MacNaught? Say, you been givin' me the runaround?

ELLEN: It's Frankie who's been getting the runaround. But I've changed my mind, I tell you, Mac. I'm sticking to Frankie.

MAC *exasperated*: Now ain't that a woman fer you! C'mon, Ellen, let's have a little kiss . . . y' ain't forgettin' . . .

ELLEN: No, no, Mac . . . (*Pause*) Let me go . . . Please, Mac . . . you're hurting me!

MAC: Well I like that! Here after we got it all planned . . . What's come over ya, anyway? (*Pause*) Hey, yer kiddin'!

ELLEN: No, Mac, I mean it. Find yourself another girl, Mac . . .

MAC: I don't want no other girl. It's you I want, Ellen. They ain't no other girl like you. You got class. You got looks . . . Say, when you amble into a place, people turn to look at you . . .

ELLEN *breathing hard*: Please, Mac, please go now. Supposing Frankie comes in . . .

MAC: Quit talkin' about Frankie . . . He ain't nothin' . . . Me, I'm on my way to the top, Ellen. I got five C's comin'

fer this semi-final tonight. Next card I'll be the main event, with a grand or two fer my end . . . Wait'n see, Ellen . . . You stick wit' me . . . I'm goin' up!

ELLEN: Yes, yes, I know, Mac . . . But I can't go away with you.

MAC: Wait'n see, Ellen, wait'n see what I'll get ya . . . (*Pause*) I know . . . I'll get ya that squirrel jacket you been talkin' about . . .

ELLEN: No, Mac . . . no!! I don't want anything from you!

MAC *getting angry again*: What d'ya wanna stick to Frankie for? Frankie's a has-been. He's t'rough. Y'know he can't never fight again, not unless he's a sap . . . a cab-driver ain't no guy for you, Ellen!

ELLEN: He needs me . . . I'm not letting him down.

MAC: That ain't no way to look at it . . . I need ya, too.

ELLEN: No, you don't, Mac. You're on your way up. You've been rushing me off my feet. I haven't had time to think . . . but today Frankie and I . . . you see, Mac, I happen to love Frankie!

MAC: You'll get to love me, too.

ELLEN: Not that way . . . Please, Mac, please go now. I don't want Frankie finding you here.

MAC: But Ellen, you said . . .

ELLEN *interrupting—angrily*: It's all over, I tell you!

MAC: I don't believe it.

ELLEN: Please, Mac, please go now . . .

MAC: O.K., I'll go. But I'll be back. I gotta go over to the gym now. I'll see ya later, Ellen. You ain't puttin' me off so easy . . .

ELLEN: It's all over between us, I tell you! (*Angrily*) It's all over! (*Fade*) Will—you—please—go . . .

MUSIC: *Organ transition break—fade into . . .*

SOUND: *Street traffic noises—fade under*

FRANKIE *calling*: Taxi . . . taxi, Mister? . . .

Oh, Pat! Here ya are, Pat! Pat Donovan! (*Pause*) Here ya are . . .

PAT: Oh, it's you, Frankie . . .

SOUND: *Car door opens*

PAT *ordering*: Over to the garden, Frankie . . . Get in, Sol . . . You first . . .

FRANKIE: O.K., Pat . . .

SOUND: *Car door slamming shut—motor starting—running—fade under street noises*

FRANKIE: Just like old times, hey, Pat, you an' me ridin' in the same cab on fight night.

PAT: Yes, just like old times. Frankie, this is Solly Weinstein with me. Solly is Gunner Blake's new manager.

FRANKIE: Pleased t'meet cha, Solly.

SOLLY *not interested*: Hya, Frankie . . .

PAT: Frankie Weis worked for me, Solly. One of the best boys I ever had . . . How long is it since you and the Gunner . . .

FRANKIE *interrupting*: Two years an' a half, Pat.

PAT: Frankie lasted twelve rounds with your boy, Solly.

SOLLY *more interested now*: He's still got a swell pair of shoulders. Come in handy driving a cab, eh, Frankie?

FRANKIE: Yeh, you said it. But I ain't gonna drive a cab all my life. I been trainin' for my comeback. I been workin' out down at Spillane's, Pat. I'm in the pink, see. Why don't you come down an' give me a look-see?

PAT: I will sometime, Frankie. I'm pretty busy right now.

FRANKIE: I could take this ham Mac-Naught any time, Pat. Mac ain't got nuttin'. But he'll kill that young punk they've matched him with.

PAT: Oh, it isn't as bad as that, Frankie. Tony Ryan's got something on the ball.

FRANKIE: Why don' cha watch out fer a match fer me, Pat? Just fer old times.

PAT: Sure, Frankie, sure. I'll remember. If something comes up . . .

FRANKIE: That's the way I like to hear ya talk! You just keep yer eyes peeled fer a spot fer me, Pat! Don't forget . . .

(Pause) Well, here we are . . .

SOUND: *Cab coming to a halt*

SOLLY: This where we get out . . .

SOUND: *Car door opens*

FRANKIE: Thanks, Pat . . . (Pause—voice up) But wait a minute, Pat, this is a five . . . (Pause) Keep it all? O.K., thanks, Pat . . .

MUSIC: *Transition break*

SOLLY: They're all the same, ain't they, Pat? None of 'em know when they're through.

PAT: Yes, all the same. But Frankie had something. I've been tempted more than once to give him another chance.

SOLLY *skeptically*: You falling for that "in the pink" stuff, Pat?

PAT: I tell you, Solly, Frankie's different. He's got heart. If he hadn't slipped in that first round with the Gunner . . .

SOLLY *interrupting*: There's always an "if."

PAT: Frankie's 'if' is his eyesight. The Gunner hurt him badly. An optic nerve . . .

SOLLY *disgustedly*: And Frankie wants to fight again? Them boxers are all the same.

PAT: He's been willing to take the chance. Frankie's been after me right along to get him bouts again. But I didn't feel he should take the risk. Another blow in that spot and nobody'd save his eyesight.

SOLLY: H-mmm . . . Still if he's that good . . . it's up to him . . . Everybody takes chances in the ring. I think if it was up to me, I'd give him another show. Anything happens to him is his own look-out.

PAT: Well, maybe I will. Maybe I will. Perhaps I'll drop in at Spillane's some day and see how he looks.

MUSIC: *Transition break—fade out*

SOUND: *Boxing gym noises—boxing gloves on punching bags—feet skipping rope, etc.—fade under throughout scene*

FRANKIE: Hi-ya, Joe . . . hi-ya, Pete . . . How they comin', Midge . . . hi . . . hi . . .

MALE VOICES: Hi, Frankie . . . Hi, Frankie . . . hi . . . hi . . .

FRANKIE: Tony warm up yet, Joe?

JOE: Naw. Dat's what we're waitin' fer, Frankie, boy . . .

FRANKIE: Guess Tony ain't worryin' Mac-Naught none . . .

JOE: Naw. Tony's a pushover fer him. Say, bet ya can't guess where I seen Mac a little while ago?

FRANKIE: I ain't guessin' nuttin' about that palooka. (Pause) Where ya seen him?

JOE: Down at dat classy fur shop on G street . . . lookin' at a window full of squirrel coats. Can ya imagine, huh, squirrel coats!!!

FRANKIE: Squirrel coats, eh? (Fade out) Squirrel coats, eh . . .

JOE: Yeh, ain't dat what I said? (Fade out) Ain't ya hearin' straight?

FRANKIE *calling*: Puffy! Hey, Puffy!! C'mere a minute, will ya, Puffy!

PUFFY (*Negro accent*): Yas, suh, Frankie. Here I is . . . Somp'n I cain do foh ya?

FRANKIE: Come over here where we can talk . . . (*Pause*) Listen, Puffy, how's Tony Ryan comin', huh?

PUFFY *doubtfully*: Well, pretty good, Frankie . . .

FRANKIE: Ya ain't kiddin' me, Puffy. MacNaught's gonna cut him to ribbons . . . Tony's just a set-up fer Mac . . .

PUFFY: Guess so, Frankie. Ain't foolin' you none, nohow . . .

FRANKIE: Tony's a square kid, ain't he, Puffy? An' MacNaught's a louse, you know that . . .

PUFFY: Ain't none my business. All up to Spillane.

FRANKIE: Lookit, Puffy, remember when you worked with me? Remember how me an' you used to get along, sparring, track work . . . everyt'ing? Remember them purple silk shirts I got ya, Puffy?

PUFFY: Yas, suh, Frankie, you allus treated me swell-elegant.

FRANKIE: Now, lookit, Puffy, how'd ya like to come back with me . . . work wit' me?

PUFFY: Wouldn't like nawthin' matter, Frankie . . . only . . .

FRANKIE: Only nuttin', Puffy. There ain't no onys. All I need is one bout, see, to show 'em I'm on the way back . . .

PUFFY: Yo sho' been sparrin' round with the boys. Whyn't yo' see somebody an' git a prelim?

FRANKIE: I don't want to start 'way back there, Puffy. That's too far back . . . (*Pause*) Puffy, you can get me the kind of bout I want.

PUFFY: Me, Frankie? I don't getcha.

FRANKIE: You're gonna warm up Tony Ryan pretty soon. (*Pause*) Look, Puffy, catch one of his rights on that concrete skull of yours . . .

PUFFY *exclaims*: He'll bust his hand!!!

FRANKIE *confidentially*: So what? You know MacNaught wants to look good to the fans. He'll tear Tony wide open. You'll be doin' Tony a favor, keepin' him out of that semi-final tonight. Tony isn't ready for big time yet. It's up to you, Puffy. You want the kid to have a broken hand or a broken body?

PUFFY: How d'yo' all figure in, Frankie?

FRANKIE: Pat Donovan's promised me a match. When Tony . . . hurts his hand, you could say something about me

lookin' for a bout. Sort of remind Pat. MacNaught's manager won't say nuttin'. They all think I'm a has-been, a set-up for anybody.

PUFFY *indecisively*: Mac's a tough boy, Frankie. Yo' shuah yo' knows what's yo' doin'?

FRANKIE *positively*: I can take him, Puffy, you know how I been training on the Q.T. Listen, Puffy, I'll split my take wit' you. That's fair enough, ain't it? (*Pause*) C'mon, Puffy, you'll be doin' two guys a right turn . . .

PUFFY: Ah'll try it, Frankie. Not for the money neither. Ah shuah hates to see young Tony git all smashed up . . . Tony's awful young to take a beatin' like Mac likes to dish out. Ah'll do my best fo' yo', Frankie.

FRANKIE: I knew I could depend on you, Puffy . . .

MUSIC: *Transition break—fade out*

SOUND: *Door opening and banging shut*

FRANKIE *impetuously*: Hi ya, Punkin! What's fer supper tonight? (*Pause*) Don't tell me. Don't tell me. Let me guess. (*Sniffs*) Liver an' onions!

ELLEN: Anybody's nose would tell them that.

FRANKIE: An' smells good, too. (*Pause*) Why, say, Ellen, what's the matter? Your eyes are red! You been cryin'?

ELLEN *fearfully*: I—I can't help it. Oh, Frankie, I wish—I wish we were away from all this! In a small town where the air you breathe is fresh, where it doesn't take so much money to live, where children grow up the way they should . . .

FRANKIE: I wish we were away from here, too . . .

ELLEN: You would like it, too, wouldn't you, Frankie?

FRANKIE: I'd like anything with you, Punkin. An' listen, you're gonna have everything ya want. You'll see. I'll get you the things you want yet.

ELLEN: It isn't that I want so much, Frankie. Why couldn't we just pack our things in a cab and head out of town? Just keep moving until we found some small place we liked . . .

FRANKIE: We gotta have a little money first, Punkin. But it sure sounds swell.

SOUND: *Telephone ringing—repeat*

FRANKIE: I'll get it . . .

SOUND (*Off mike*): *Telephone being picked up*

FRANKIE (*On mike—into telephone*): Uh-huh, it's me. Frankie Weis . . . (*Pause*) Yeh, yeh, sure, right away—fast as I can. Yeh, I said right away . . .

SOUND: *Telephone slammed down*

FRANKIE *calling*: Rush job, Punkin. Gotta take a party over to—to Penn Station . . .

ELLEN: But Frankie, your supper . . .

FRANKIE: Man's in an awful rush . . . can't wait . . . you heard me tell him I'd be right over . . . An' it's almost time for the evening crowds. I won't come back for supper. I'll just grab a bite downtown . . .

ELLEN *protesting*: But Frankie, I fixed liver and onions just because you liked it so much.

SOUND: *Door opens*

FRANKIE (*Off*): Yeh, I know, Punkin, but business is business. (*Pause*) Gimme a kiss, honey. I gotta earn some dough so we can do like you want. Say, Punkin, you gonna tune in on the fights tonight?

ELLEN *crossly*: I told you I was never going to listen in on a fight. I hate fights since you . . .

FRANKIE *interrupting*: But this Mac-Naught's gonna put on a big show . . .

ELLEN *snaps*: I don't care about Mac-Naught or anyone else . . .

FRANKIE (*interrupting—fade in*): O.K., O.K. . . . (*Voice fading*) I'll be back as early's I can . . .

SOUND: *Door closes*

MUSIC: *Transition break*

FRANKIE (*Fade in*): Well, here I am, Pat. Made it as fast as I could. What's up?

PAT: You know Mac MacNaught, Frankie. And his manager, Nick Berdini . . .

FRANKIE: Yeh, I know 'em . . .

MAC: I been seein' him around . . .

NICK (*Italian accent*): I rememb' when Franka fights—a da Gunn . . . I rememb' Frank . . .

FRANKIE: Yeh, but what's up, Pat?

PAT: Tony Ryan broke his hand a little while ago . . .

FRANKIE *incredulously*: No!

MAC *harshly*: Ain't he tellin' ya he did?

PAT: Here, here . . . no quarreling. I'm not going to beat around the bush, Frankie. I'm on a spot. I need a boy to match with MacNaught here and I need him in a hurry. Someone the fans won't howl about. It's got to look good. Then I remembered what you asked me about this afternoon.

FRANKIE: Yeh, I told ya I was in de pink . . .

PAT: Well, if you want to take on Mac-Naught here in the semi-finals tonight, here's your chance. Some of the fans 'll still remember the fight you put up against Gunner Blake. They won't kick much about the substitution.

FRANKIE: What's in it for me, Pat?

PAT: What Tony was going to get. A hundred dollars.

FRANKIE: You mean, win or lose, Pat? How much if I lose?

PAT *surprised*: If you win? Oh—er . . .

MAC *sarcastically*: Yeh, if he wins! That's a laugh. Frankie's a joker . . .

FRANKIE: I ain't jokin'. Accidents happen sometime. I like to get these things straightened out.

PAT: O.K., O.K. . . . I'll make it two hundred (*Pause*) if you win . . .

MAC: I'll do better 'n that. The five hundred I'm supposed to get against his one hundred . . . Winner take all . . .

FRANKIE: That sounds O.K. to me . . .

PAT: Now, now . . . we don't want this sounding like a grudge fight. I was going to ask Mac to let you ride a few rounds, Frankie.

FRANKIE: Never mind the ride. I never coasted through a bout yet an' I ain't gonna begin now . . .

PAT: Remember, Frankie, anything—er—happens to you, it's your own risk . . .

FRANKIE *impatiently*: Sure, I know . . . Fix up a contract an' I'll sign it. O.K. . . . Oh, you got it ready . . . well . . . O.K. . . . I'll sign it . . .

SOUND: *Pen scratching on paper*

PAT: Now you sign here, Mac . . .

SOUND: *Pen scratching on paper*

PAT: There, that fixes it. Eight rounds to a decision . . .

MAC *sneering*: I'll make it look good the first couple, Pat. The fans won't like it if I smear Frankie in the first round.

FRANKIE: Never mind making it look good. I'm the one who'll make it look good or not. I don't need no cheap four-flusher . . .

MAC: Why, you lousy . . .

NICK *alarmed*: Hey, stop it, Mac . . . Don't 'a fight . . . stop it . . . wat's matt . . .

SOUND: *Scuffle*

NICK: Save it for late . . . (*Breathing hard*) Is you craz' Mac . . . Let 'a guy alone . . .

MAC: Nobody calls me a fourflusher . . .

PAT: Enough of that . . . Get out of this office! Do your fighting in the ring . . .

MUSIC: *Transition break*

SOUND: *Muted roar of crowd at boxing match—fade under and up through scene*

WALT (*Bill Stern type voice*): Well, here we are, folks, coming up for the fourth round of this scheduled eight round semi-final. And is this a fight! Boy, oh, boy! The main event will sure have to look good to live up to this preliminary. Substituted at the last minute for Tony Ryan who broke his hand this afternoon, Frankie Weis, runner-up for the world's lightweight championship two years ago, has been staging a comeback that is keeping all the fans on their toes . . .

SOUND: *Buzzer*

WALT: There's the ten second buzzer. The seconds are out of the ring . . . the boys are flexing their muscles . . .

SOUND: *Gong*

WALT: There's the gong!!! Take it away, Fred!!!!

FRED (*Clem McCarthy style*): They meet in the center of the ring . . . They're cautious now, a little tired perhaps after that furious pace they've been keeping up . . . they're jabbing with lefts . . . Frankie Weis is still on the defensive . . . running away so he'll run some other day . . . Frankie steps in to land a left hook to the midsection . . . Mac grunts and comes back to land a right to the ribs while his left bounces off Frankie's elbows . . . Mac is forcing the fighting . . . it's Frankie's clever footwork that keeps him out of harm's way . . . now Frankie stops running long enough to land a left to the body . . . another left . . . Frankie's jabbing . . . jabbing . . . now Mac blasts a left and a right to Frankie's ribs . . . Frankie is running again . . . his footwork's beautiful . . . now Frankie's grinning . . . he stops and Mac is off guard while Frankie jabs to the midsection again . . . Mac comes back with a pair of stingers to the kidneys . . . he crosses a right but it bounces off Frankie's elbows . . . (*Very excited*) Oh . . . oh!

SOUND: *Roar of crowd*

FRED: Mac left himself wide open and Frankie waded through to land a left to the face, another left to the face, a right cross to the jaw . . . There's the

first blood of the bout . . . Mac's nose is spurting scarlet . . . he's mad now and he's rushing Frankie like a bull seeing red . . . They're in a corner . . . Frankie's back is cutting in the ropes . . . they exchange short left and right jabs . . . now they're in a clinch . . . they came out of it but Mac is still rushing . . . Frankie's superb guard is something remarkable to see . . . Mac blasts a left to Frankie's shoulder, another left, another . . . he crosses his right to Frankie's midsection . . . Frankie winces . . . looked a little low but the referee doesn't think so . . . now they're back in the center of the ring . . . Mac is trying to get Frankie to stand still long enough so he can land a telling blow . . . but Frankie keeps skating away . . .

SOUND: *Excited roar of crowd*

FRED: Oh, oh . . . Frankie slipped running backwards . . . and Mac is right on him . . . there's a left to the heart . . . another left to the heart . . . Frankie's guard goes down . . . Mac socks a right cross high on the head, very, very hard . . . it topples Frankie . . . Frankie's down!

SOUND: *Roar of crowd—fade back under*

FRED: There's the count . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . Frankie's moving up on six . . . he's drawing a knee under him . . . he's grinning . . . waiting for the full count . . .

SOUND: *Gong*

FRED: There's the gong! End of round four . . . What do you think of that round, Walt?

WALT: That was all MacNaught's round and he looks a little happier over there in his corner. His seconds are trying to stop that jet of crimson from his nose . . . Over here in his corner Frankie Weis is shaking his head at his seconds . . . you can see him indicating he isn't hurt a bit . . . there isn't a mark on his face except that one welt where Mac's last blow toppled him . . .

SOUND: *Buzzer*

WALT: You can't blame MacNaught for looking a little worried . . . Frankie used to have a haymaker and Mac knows it . . . Frankie certainly does not look like a has-been so far tonight . . .

SOUND: *Gong*

WALT: There's the gong!! It's all yours, Fred!!!

FRED: They meet near MacNaught's corner . . . say . . . now we're seeing something . . . Frankie Weis has changed his style of fighting . . . He isn't running now . . . there he is, wading in, trading lefts and rights . . . listen to that crowd howl . . .

SOUND: *Roar of crowd—fade back under*

FRED: Now MacNaught's backing up . . . Frankie's offense sure is a surprise . . . there's a left to Mac's ribs, a left to Mac's midsection . . . Mac is too surprised to fight back . . . he has to untangle this new Frankie . . . now Frankie throws a storm of lefts and rights . . . from here it looks like an avalanche . . . Mac backs up . . . back, back to the ropes . . . Frankie is playing the old one-two himself, now . . . there's a left to Mac's ribs, to his midsection, another, another . . . now Mac's guard is down . . . Frankie smashes through with a left to the jaw . . . a left to the jaw again, glancing off . . . now a left to the heart . . . now . . . now . . . here it comes . . . a left to the heart again . . . and that cross smack on the button . . . oh . . . oh . . .

SOUND: *Roar of crowd—fade back under*

FRED: MacNaught's down!! He's down!! Frankie goes back to a neutral corner . . . there's the count . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . a count is hardly necessary . . . Mac isn't even stirring . . . he's out like a light . . . the referee's hand moves up and down . . . eight . . . nine . . . ten . . .

SOUND: *Roar of crowd—fade into . . .*

MUSIC: *Transition break—out*

PAT: Well, Frankie, how does it feel to win again?

FRANKIE: Swell, Pat, swell. After this rub-down Puffy's givin' me, I'll be ready to take on the Gunner himself . . .

PAT: No rush, no rush . . . I'm signing you on again, Frankie, if you want me to. A half dozen bouts and you'll be ready for a shot at the title again . . .

FRANKIE: Ain't nobody I'd rather have handling me than you, Pat. *(Pause)* Say, Pat, after I took that clout on the head . . . an' nothin' happened . . . say, I could 'a taken the Gunner along with MacNaught in the same ring.

PAT: You sure put up a fight! I'll fix up the papers . . . We're going places again together, Frankie . . . *(Fade)*

MUSIC: *Transition break—fade out softly*
ELLEN *alarmed*. Frankie! What is it,

Frankie!! You've been groaning so . . .
FRANKIE *groaning*: Have I, Punkin? I've got such an awful headache . . .
(Groan) Put on the light so I can see . . .

ELLEN *exclaims*: But—but, Frankie! It's morning! The sun's shining! There's plenty of light!

FRANKIE: What—what'd you say, Punkin?

ELLEN: It's daylight! Can't you see? It's daylight!!

FRANKIE: No, I can't. I mean . . . I can't . . . *(Stammering)* y-you say it's light? But Punkin . . . I can't see a thing . . . It's this headache! I—I can't even see you! I can't, Punkin . . . *(Frightened)* I can't see you! Where are you, Punkin? I can't see you!

THE SILVER CORONET

A DRAMA

By WILFRID H. PETTITT

(Produced over W6XAO, Los Angeles, Calif.)

MUSIC: *Fanfare*

ANNOUNCER: THE SILVER CORONET . . .

MUSIC: *Tchaikowsky: "Romance"—hold in BG*

ANNOUNCER: The year 1576 finds the English queen, Elizabeth Tudor, in fear for her throne. A few years past, the Scottish lords revolted against the rule of the unhappy Mary Stuart, forcing her to abdicate in favor of her infant son, James. Separated from her warrior husband, the Earl of Bothwell, Mary fled to England to throw herself upon the protection of Queen Elizabeth, her nearest kin. Here she received a cold welcome. Fearing lest the beautiful Scottish queen supplant her as ruler of the English, the jealous, vindictive Elizabeth ordered the royal fugitive to be placed in the Fortress of Sheffield as a prisoner of state, under the guardianship of the Earl of Shrewsbury. And within the gray, cheerless walls of the old moated castle, Mary, Queen of Scots, has lain a captive for seven years . . .

MUSIC: *Cross fade — Tchaikowsky: "Romeo and Juliet" overture, first movement—hold in BG*

MARY: O Domine Deus, speravin in te,
O care me Jesu, nunc libera me,
In dura Cutena, in misera poena,
Desidero te
Languenendo, gemendo et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!
Amen.

MUSIC: *Fade out*

(*Short pause*)

SOUND: *Door opens—off*

GUARD *off*: Your grace, my Lord of Shrewsbury requests an audience. May he be admitted?

MARY: Since when, Sir, may a prisoner refuse his jailer? Bid him enter if he will.

GUARD. Very well, your grace. (*Calling*) My Lord Shrewsbury.

SHREWSBURY *off*: Your grace is kind to receive me. (*Up*) Do I interrupt your devotions?

MARY *coldly*: I had concluded, my Lord. Pray what is your will?

SHREWSBURY: I was commanded to give you this document. It is from her majesty the queen. Will you read it, Madam? It is in answer to your petition of a week ago.

MARY: So it has come—and with more speed than I had hoped for! (*Eagerly*) Will she relent, my Lord? Will she restore to me my son?

SHREWSBURY: I have no knowledge of that, Madam. Pray read it.

MARY: My fingers tremble. I cannot open it.

SHREWSBURY: Permit me, your grace.

SOUND: *Rustle of paper*

MARY: Nor can I trust my eyes. I fear my vision will blur. Of your charity, read it to me, my Lord.

SHREWSBURY: It is under her majesty's hand and seal, and writ at Windsor.

MARY: Yes . . . Yes . . .

SHREWSBURY: "We did this day receive the petition of our cousin, the Lady Mary Stuart, in which she did implore the custody of her child. We do hereby by commission my Lord the Earl of Leicester to deliver this our answer. The aforesaid petition is hereby denied . . ."

MARY: *Intake of breath*

SHREWSBURY: "... Given under our hand and seal this twenty-third day of December in the year of our Lord fifteen hundred and seventy-six, in the year of our reign the eighteenth. Elizabeth, Regina."

(Pause)

MARY *bitterly*: What a triumph. What a triumph for Elizabeth!

SHREWSBURY: My Lady?

MARY: Now is her victory over me complete, my Lord. Ah, but what can a man know of a woman's malicious envy and jealousy? What man in this world can conceive the depths of degradation to which Elizabeth of England, being a woman, can sink!

SHREWSBURY: You speak of my queen, Madam, and I warn you again to have a care!

MARY: Your queen, is she? By heaven, then, how can you take pride in the name of Englishman? Never having known a man's love, she cannot forget that men have loved me. Being childless, she cannot forgive me my child; and so she hates me with a passion such as only a barren old woman can know. She shut me up in this gray pile, away from light and sun, for seven years—but I have not suffered enough, so she must deny me my baby. . . . (Sobs) Only a woman can know how complete is her victory. Merciful God! Only a woman! . . .

SHREWSBURY: I choose to believe, Madam, that you are not responsible for your words, so I will not report them to her majesty.

MARY: I care not what you do. Go to her, my Lord, and fawn at her feet as is your custom. Tender her my thanks for her Yuletide gift!

GUARD *off*: My Lord, the Earl of Leicester requests an audience with the Lady Mary.

SHREWSBURY: The Earl of Leicester? He is in the ante-room?

GUARD: Ay, Milord.

SHREWSBURY: It is out of the question. Her grace can see no one. Stay, I will speak to him myself.

LEICESTER *off*: No need, Milord Shrewsbury.

SHREWSBURY *angrily*: Sir, how dare you! What is the meaning of this intrusion?

LEICESTER *up*: It means I would have speech with the Lady Mary.

SHREWSBURY: You will leave this apartment at once. No one may enter here save at the pleasure of her majesty the queen.

LEICESTER *amused*: Indeed? But I have entered, Sir. Lady Mary, your most humble servant and admirer.

MARY: Lord Leicester . . .

SHREWSBURY *uncertainly*: Rest assured, Sir, that the queen shall hear of this arrogance—and speedily.

LEICESTER: Then I suggest that you repair at once to your chamber and write her majesty a long letter.

SHREWSBURY: Since your Lordship is determined to accomplish your own ruin, I need say no more. I will allow you five minutes. (Off) Your grace.

SOUND: *Door closes*

MARY: Leicester, this is madness. Why did you come?

LEICESTER: Because I love you. Because I could not stay away any longer.

MARY: Love? (A hard laugh)

LEICESTER: The years have not changed me, Mary, even though they have changed you, poor child.

MARY: With one hand you clutch the favor of Elizabeth of England—and with the other you offer your heart to Mary Stuart. What am I to believe, Leicester?

LEICESTER: I have held fast to the favor of the queen for a purpose. What is that dowdy old fishwife to me? I have never ceased to love you since first we met in France.

MARY: Because I smiled at you, and gave you my hand to kiss? I have been here for seven years, Leicester. You pay me a belated visit, do you not?

LEICESTER *intensely*: Mary, I bring you more than love. I bring you freedom.

MARY: What price do you ask, my Lord of Leicester? What deep game are you playing?

LEICESTER: We could be married. I am assured that I could gain the queen's consent . . .

MARY: Did she tell you this herself?

LEICESTER: Do not forget that when you ruled Scotland, she herself suggested the match.

MARY: I see. Elizabeth is old. She will die without issue, and as her only kin I am her rightful heir. So the glitter of a

crown attracts you, my friend. That is why you risk your head to lay your heart at my feet.

LEICESTER: That is false, Mary, I swear it!

MARY: You even forget that I have a husband still.

LEICESTER *puzzled*: A husband?

MARY: My Lord the Earl of Bothwell. Had you forgotten?

LEICESTER: The Earl of Both . . . (*Astonished pause*) Mary, do they keep all the news from you?

MARY: I know the Pope annulled the marriage.

LEICESTER: Nay, that is not what I meant. But no matter. You love him still, this Bothwell?

MARY: I have loved, and will love only once, Leicester.

LEICESTER: Mary, all that is past. Put it from your mind. 'Tis madness to love a dream.

MARY: Call it what you will. Say I was mad when I took him to husband and provoked the warring lords to rebellion. Say I am mad now, when you offer me my freedom, and I renounce it for the memory of his kiss. I love him still.

LEICESTER *gently*: I would I had known, Mary.

SOUND: *Voices singing Christmas hymn—BG*

MARY: Now I live only for his promise—his promise that some day he would come to me, no matter what the hazard, that we would be together again, if only for a brief hour.

LEICESTER: And you believe . . .

MARY: I know! Ask me not how. But I know. Hark to the waits, Leicester. 'Tis Christmas Eve, and the snow is on the ground. Far off in Scotland there is feasting in the highlands. In Argyle and Aberdeen, ay, even in the Orkneys and the Shetlands . . . People are listening to the bonny pipes. Ah, that I could hear the pipes again . . . just once more . . .

LEICESTER: They are far away, Mary. Far across the border.

MARY: When I hear them I remember the day we met. Bothwell marched at the head of his highland fighters—big, brawny, kilted men from the northern hills. But he was tallest of them all. The valley rang with the skirling of their pipes, the beat of their drums. And

Bothwell marched as though he were a god that disdained the earth.

LEICESTER: All that is in the past, Mary.

MARY: He pledged himself to me at Dunbar Castle. 'Twas Christmas Eve, our last night together. There was to be a battle on the morrow, and I think he knew in his heart that we would not see each other again. I gave a silver coronet into his keeping. I had worn it when a child, and it hardly fitted into the palm of his big hand. "If we should be parted, my Mary," he said, "fear not for me. Wherever you are I will be near. And in the dark hours I will be closer still. It may be months, nay, even years; but some day I will come to you . . . though an army bar my way, and though the seas are stormy; yea, though the snow lie heavy on the heather, and though death stand between . . ."

LEICESTER: Full seven years ago—and yet you wait?

MARY: I will wait—until I die.

SOUND: *Knocking on door—off—fade out hymn*

GUARD *off*: My Lord of Leicester, the time is spent and your horse waits.

LEICESTER *calling*: I come—yet a moment . . .

MARY: Farewell, my Lord. I shall remember you kindly.

LEICESTER: Mary, I am your friend . . . (*Hesitating*) And as your friend I say—abandon your hope.

MARY: What say you?

LEICESTER: You will not hear the pipes, Mary. They are far away . . . far away . . .

MARY: What are you trying to tell me?

LEICESTER: Mary, the Earl of Both . . . (*Pause*) Nay, what am I saying? Hold to your faith. For such a thing I would exchange everything I possess. Farewell, and may God keep you . . .

MARY: Farewell, Leicester.

SOUND: *Door opens—closes—off*

MUSIC: *Mendelssohn: "Consolation"—Fade in—up—down to BG*

BOTHWELL *far off*: Mary!

(*Pause*)

MARY: Who—who called?

MUSIC: *Up—fade to BG*

BOTHWELL *clearer*: Mary!

MARY: I do not dream . . . Nay, I do not dream . . . It is your voice, Jamie . . .

BOTHWELL *up*: Wherever you are, I will be near . . . and in the dark hours I will be closer still . . .

MARY: Jamie!

BOTHWELL: Mary, lass.

MARY: Is it indeed yourself?

BOTHWELL: It was a weary journey and a long one. But I am here at last, my Mary.

MARY: Jamie, I have waited all my life; but I knew you would come.

BOTHWELL: I told you I would always be near. Ah, let me look at you. Stand where you are for a moment—where the light is upon your face. Aye, 'tis as I have dreamed of you.

MARY: Years older, Jamie, but you are the same. From whence come you, and how came you here?

BOTHWELL: You must not ask me that. What matter, save that I am here, if only for a short while?

MARY: A short while, Jamie?

BOTHWELL: A moment can be an eternity, Mary, if we wish it.

MARY: But why—why must you be gone again—when we have waited so long?

BOTHWELL: There are many things that you do not know, and can not know, lassie. You must be patient until the time comes for you to know them.

MARY: And when may that be? Are you here only to fulfill a promise, and then to be gone again, as you have come and gone in my life so many times?

BOTHWELL: The choice is not mine; but if we part it is to meet again. How long we must wait no man can tell; yet we will meet if your courage falters not.

MARY: I have never lost faith. How could I, after this?

BOTHWELL: Forget the years that have been wasted, and live only for the next few minutes. For the years have spent their course, and the time of happiness is fleeting . . .

MARY: This—this is not the fortress of Sheffield. It is the Castle of Dunbar, and we are living seven years ago.

BOTHWELL: And all that's missing is your smile. Come, smile again for me. There . . . 'tis as I have dreamed of you . . . But why are your lashes so moist? What a time for tears!

MARY: We women are fools, Jamie. We weep for our happiness. (*Softly*) Give me your lips . . .

MUSIC: *Up to crescendo—fade again to BG*

BOTHWELL: With this kiss I wed thee again, Mary of Scotland.

MARY: Nay, call me Mary of Bothwell. I want no other name. I was never a queen save when you loved me.

BOTHWELL: Then now you are a queen indeed.

MARY: It is Christmas Eve again. The torches are alight in the Castle of Dunbar, and your clansmen are celebrating in the great hall. But we are alone together on the ramparts.

BOTHWELL: And your eyes make the stars seem pale . . . and time stands still . . .

MARY: Yes, Jamie, we will make this moment last forever.

BOTHWELL: But 'till we meet again; for we will meet, Mary. You will not doubt?

MARY: We have kept faith together, Jamie, and will keep faith to death.

BOTHWELL: Death? There's no such word, lassie. The time grows shorter yet, but be not afraid.

MARY: I do not fear, and never will again.

BOTHWELL: Soon I must be gone. I must travel a long, long road, my Mary. But 'twill be a dark road no longer.

MARY: No more will mine.

BOTHWELL: Here is the coronet . . . I give it back into your keeping, and my heart with it.

MARY: Jamie . . . Jamie, do not go!

BOTHWELL: I'll not be far away, no matter where this destiny may lead me. Remember . . .

MARY: Jamie . . .

BOTHWELL: Remember . . .

MARY: Godspeed, Jamie.

BOTHWELL: Just for a wee while, lassie, a wee while. Come, smile for me again. No tears now. There . . . Let me think of you like this . . .

MARY: Where do you go?

BOTHWELL: To the hills. To the bonnie hills, and beyond . . . (*Fade*) The pipes . . . are calling . . . Mary . . .

MUSIC: *Up*

MARY: Jamie! (*Fearfully*) Jamie—come back!

MUSIC: *Builds to crescendo—out abruptly* (*Pause*)

SOUND: *Door opens—off*

GUARD *off*: My Lord Shrewsbury.

MARY *mechanically*: Let him enter.

SHREWSBURY *off*: Your grace. (*Up*) My Lord of Leicester has departed. He bade me give you a message.

MARY: Say on, Sir.

SHREWSBURY: I do not understand his meaning, but he said he lacked the heart to tell you himself. Nonetheless he felt that you should know.

MARY: Deliver the message and begone, my Lord, for I would be alone.

SHREWSBURY: As you wish. He did say that ere he left London word was received from his majesty of Denmark concerning James Hepburn, Lord Bothwell.

MARY: Well?

SHREWSBURY: A fortnight since, the Earl of Bothwell—breathed his last in Zeeland.

MARY: What? (*Pause*) What did you say? Bothwell—dead? (*Laughs*) A sorry jest!

SHREWSBURY *startled*: Madam, why do you laugh?

MARY: Because he lies! Do you hear me? He lies! My Lord of Bothwell has but left my side!

SHREWSBURY: Your grace is overwrought. What visions have you seen?

MARY *triumphantly*: He was here, he came as he promised, do you understand? He was here, here in this room! My Lord of Leicester lies!

SHREWSBURY: I must call a physician. Your grace has taken leave of her senses.

MARY: He gave me his pledged word that he would come. Seven years ago, as God is my judge! All these years I waited, and tonight he came! He told me he would come though death . . . (*She stops abruptly—a long pause*) . . . though death stood between . . . (*Another pause*)

SHREWSBURY *gently*: No one has been here, my Lady. The shadows of memory have been playing tricks.

MARY: Shadows . . .

SHREWSBURY: I pray you, seek your couch and rest.

MARY *in desperation*: No, no! He came, I tell you! He came! Into my hands he placed the token of his faith. See—here on the table—the silver coronet . . . (*Pause—intake of breath*) 'Tis gone . . . (*Vacantly*) 'Tis . . . gone . . .

SHREWSBURY: Madam, I will take my leave.

SOUND: *Door opens—closes—off*

MARY *sobbing*: Jamie . . . Jamie . . .

MUSIC: "*Romance*"—*Fade in—build steadily through following speech*

BOTHWELL: It may be months . . . Nay, even years . . . but wherever you are I will be near . . . and in the dark hours I will be closer still . . . Remember . . . Remember . . .

MUSIC: *Build to crescendo—hold—then fade*

\$100,000 FOR A WIFE

A COMEDY

By SOL SAKS

SOUND: *Street noises*

NEWSBOY *shouts*: Morning paper . . . get your morning paper! Man offers hundred-thousand dollars for a wife . . . Read all about it . . . (*Ordinary voice*) Yes, sir, paper, right here . . . (*Shouts*) Get your morning paper . . . Man offers hundred-thousand dollars for a wife . . . (*Fading out*) Paper, mister, get your paper here . . . Man offers hundred thousand . . .
(*Pause*)

PHILIP (*On cue—fading in*): Dad, this is the lowest trick that any man ever played on his own son.

CARSTAIRS: I warned you, Philip, that if you didn't stop gallivanting and getting into trouble I was going to do something drastic.

PHILIP: Offering a hundred-thousand dollars to any girl who will marry me . . .

CARSTAIRS: I tried everything else . . . Marriage will settle you down . . . You refuse to get married . . . so I . . .

PHILIP: So you tried the same method you used for selling soap . . . You put on an advertising campaign.

CARSTAIRS: It's worked before, son.

PHILIP: I suppose if this doesn't work out you'll offer me free with box tops.

SOUND: *Girls clamor off muke*

PHILIP: Putting a bounty on my head as if I were a rabbit. I won't stand for it . . . I'll leave town.

CARSTAIRS: I've sent for a private detective who will see that you don't leave town.

PHILIP: You can't do this to me . . . I . . . What's all that noise out there?

CARSTAIRS: Those are some of the girls who want a hundred thousand dollars badly enough to marry you.

PHILIP: Send them away!

CARSTAIRS: If I were you I'd see them before they break in here . . . They look like a determined lot of girls, Philip.

PHILIP: Look . . . On the front lawn . . . There are girls all over the place.

SOUND: *Telephone rings*

PHILIP: I'll get it.

SOUND: *Receiver off hook*

PHILIP: Hello . . . yes . . . yes . . . (*Angrily*)

No . . . Absolutely not!

SOUND: *Receiver slammed down*

CARSTAIRS: Who was that?

PHILIP: Some fellow wants to know how much we'll charge for the pop and peanut concession on our front lawn.

CARSTAIRS: *Laughs*

PHILIP: Look at this newspaper!

SOUND: *Rustle of paper*

PHILIP: My name plastered all over it as if . . . why . . . look (*Laughs*) Did you read this ad?

CARSTAIRS: Of course . . . of course . . . I wrote it.

PHILIP *laughing*: Well it offers one-hundred thousand dollars to the girl who marries Philip Carstairs.

CARSTAIRS: That's right.

PHILIP *uncontrollable laughter*: They didn't add the junior to the name.

CARSTAIRS: Philip Carstairs without the junior . . . why that's . . . (*Voice cracks*) That's me!

PHILIP: And all those . . . those girls are looking for you.

CARSTAIRS *frightened*: Send them away! Tell them it's a mistake!

PHILIP: They look like a very determined lot of girls, Father.

CARSTAIRS: I've got to get out of here! I'll go through the back way. Philip you tell them . . .

PHILIP: I'm telling them nothing. I'm leaving here as fast as I can get a suitcase packed . . . while you're too busy to stop me.

CARSTAIRS: That private detective will be here in a minute and . . .

PHILIP: I think those girls are coming in here now.

CARSTAIRS: Good gosh . . . (*Going away from mike*) If anyone asks tell them I've left for a seven year vacation in Siberia.

SOUND: *Door opens and slams shut*

PHILIP *laughs*: Let's see now . . . shirts . . . yeah . . . socks . . . handkerchiefs . . . now where is that blue polo shirt . . .

SOUND: *Knock at door*

PHILIP: Come in . . .

MCGILLICUDDY (*Fading in*): Pardon me, sir . . . I'm Private Detective McGillicuddy from the Bulldog Private Detective Agency and . . .

CARSTAIRS *angrily*: Philip . . . tell this fool detective who I am.

PHILIP: Why, what . . . ?

MCGILLICUDDY: You see, sir . . . I been sent over here to keep someone from leaving town and just as I was comin' in I seen this geezer sneaking out the back way.

CARSTAIRS: G . . . g . . . geezer!

PHILIP: Oh, yes . . . Mr. McGillicuddy . . . I'm the one that called your firm.

CARSTAIRS: Whaaaaat!

PHILIP: And that's the man I want watched . . . Now don't harm him but . . .

MCGILLICUDDY: We know just how to take care of 'em, Mr. Carstairs . . . Gentle but firm . . . that's the Bulldog Detective Agency.

CARSTAIRS: Now listen here, Philip . . . I'll . . .

PHILIP: Mr. McGillicuddy do your duty.

MCGILLICUDDY: Quiet you . . . 'fore I gag ya . . .

CARSTAIRS: *Gurgles in rage*

PHILIP: Good work, Mr. McGillicuddy . . . I'm certain that your employers will take notice of the way you've handled this job.

MCGILLICUDDY: Thank you, sir.

PHILIP: I'm leaving on a trip. Don't do anything until you hear from me.

CARSTAIRS: Philip, where are you going?

PHILIP: Somewhere . . . where there are no girls who want to get married.

(*Pause*)

MARCIA: I won't get married . . . I won't get married . . . I won't get married . . . I won't get married.

AUNT: But, Marcia, dear . . . You don't have to get married . . . It's only that, as your aunt, I think it's my duty to see that you meet eligible young men.

MARCIA: Auntie . . . I've told you before and I'll tell you again . . . I refuse to sell myself as if I were a . . . a prize cow . . . or something.

AUNT: Oh, Marcia . . . You're not a prize cow.

MARCIA: Auntie . . . that's the nicest thing you ever said to me.

AUNT: You're beautiful and you're young. But you won't always be young.

MARCIA: That's consoling.

AUNT: And I want you to meet some eligible young men who . . .

MARCIA: Who will support my family in the manner to which they have been accustomed.

AUNT: I don't believe in marrying for money, Marcia. But isn't it just as easy to fall in love with a man who has money as one without?

MARCIA: Ever since we lost everything, you've decided that the only security left of any commercial value that hasn't already been pawned is . . .

AUNT: Marcia!

MARCIA: Is one twenty-two year old girl . . . sound of limb and body . . . whom for some inexplicable reason . . . several men with more money than is good for them would like to marry and shower with love, affection, and interest-bearing bonds.

AUNT: Marcia, I won't have you . . .

MARCIA: Thereby making a recoup to the Clinton family fortunes.

AUNT: All I asked you to do was to meet some eligible young men who . . .

MARCIA *angrily*: Send them back to their pink teas and polo games . . . I'm leaving . . .

AUNT: Marcia . . . where are you going?

MARCIA: I'm tired of having you throw a man with a Dun and Bradstreet rating at me every time I turn around . . . My bags are packed . . . my roadster, half of which belongs to the finance company is waiting outside . . .

AUNT: Now, Marcia . . .

MARCIA: I'm going to find a place where there are no (*sarcastically*) eligible young men . . .

(*Pause*)

SOUND: *Noise of moving automobile—stops—sound of bumping cars*

PHILIP (*Off mike*): Say what's the idea bumping me in the back?

MARCIA: Why don't you look where you're going?

SOUND: *Car door opens off mike*

PHILIP (*Fading in*): Look there . . . You bent my fender.

MARCIA: That's what you get for getting in my way.

PHILIP *quietly*: I'm sorry . . . Next time I'll drive up on the sidewalk so you can get by. (*Shouts*) Don't you know how to drive? Why were you so close behind me?

MARCIA *sarcastically*: I was following you.

PHILIP *suddenly understands*: Oooh . . . You're one of those . . . those females.

MARCIA: I guess I do fall into that general classification.

PHILIP: Well you might just as well go home and forget all about it . . . I'm not going to marry you.

MARCIA *surprised*: You're not . . . (*Understandingly*) You're one of the eligible young men.

PHILIP: Yes . . . I'm the eligible young man (*Going away from mike*) but not to you.

MARCIA: You conceived young pup.

SOUND: *Off mike car door opens—closes*

PHILIP (*Off mike—calls*): And you'd better stop following me, I . . . I'll call a policeman.

MARCIA: Well, of all the . . .

SOUND: *Motor starts up (Off mike) car moves slowly*

MARCIA: Hey . . . hey you . . .

SOUND: *Car stops—door opens off mike*

PHILIP (*Fading in*): Now, listen here, young lady . . . If you don't stop following me, I'll . . .

MARCIA: I'll stop following you . . . my conceived young Adonis . . . as soon as you disengage our bumpers.

PHILIP: So you locked our bumpers together . . . What some girls won't do to get a husband.

MARCIA: Of all the . . .

PHILIP: I'll unlock those bumpers but if you keep from following me . . .

MARCIA: I'll go where I please, when I please.

PHILIP: Oh, is that so . . . Well, I'll just show you . . . (*Calls*) Officer . . . officer . . .

MARCIA: Calling a policeman . . . You . . . you sissy.

COP (*Fading in*): Well . . . What's the trouble here?

PHILIP: Officer, this girl has been following me . . .

COP: Well . . . we'll soon take care of that.

PHILIP: It's getting so that a man isn't safe on the streets anymore.

COP: Yeah . . . I remember when I was young . . . and still had my hair . . . the girls . . .

MARCIA: But, Officer . . . I was, we were . . . I . . .

COP: Come along with me, Miss . . . You can tell it to the judge.

MARCIA: You mean . . . You're going to arrest me?

COP: You get the idea.

PHILIP: I wouldn't be surprised if she had a police record as long as my arm.

MARCIA: My darling . . . You could do this to me . . . After all we've meant to each other?

PHILIP: What!

MARCIA: At least if you don't care about me any more . . .

PHILIP: Now . . .

MARCIA: After taking the best years of my life . . . You might think of the children.

COP: What's all this about?

MARCIA: Officer . . . Isn't there a law in this state against wife deserting?

COP: You mean he . . . Well, you bet your life there is . . .

PHILIP: But, Officer . . .

MARCIA: Spending the money I earned, scrubbing floors . . . the baby's milk money . . . for his good times.

PHILIP: Why, you . . .

COP: Don't you talk to this sweet little woman like that.

MARCIA *sobs*: Thank you, Officer.

PHILIP: But you've got to . . .

COP: Another word out of you and I'll give you this club over your head . . . You're coming to the station with me you . . . you . . .

MARCIA *between sobs*: Cad . . .

COP: You, cad . . . (*Tenderly*) I'm sorry, madam, but you'll have to come along also. You've got to sign a complaint.

PHILIP: This has gone far . . .

COP: Not another word out of you . . . you . . . you . . .

PHILIP: Cad.

COP: Cad.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Crowd murmur—gavel pounding*

PHILIP: But, Your Honor . . . I'm not even married to this . . . this girl.

MARCIA: *Gasps*

JUDGE: Young man, I've been on this bench seventeen years. I can tell when someone is telling the truth.

MARCIA: Thank you, Judge.

PHILIP: You mean you're going to condemn me on her evidence alone?

JUDGE: You'll have a chance to plead your case in the morning.

PHILIP: Fine.

JUDGE: Until then you'll occupy cell fourteen.

MARCIA: Your Honor . . . If I could leave now . . . the children . . .

JUDGE: Of course, my dear.

PHILIP: Your Honor?

JUDGE *gruffly*: Yes?

PHILIP: I . . .

JUDGE: Well?

PHILIP: I want to turn over a new leaf.

JUDGE: That's the way I like to hear you talk.

PHILIP: I've been a . . . a . . .

JUDGE: Beast.

PHILIP: Thank you . . . a beast . . . and the little woman here . . . (*Tremor in his voice*) My sweet little wife stuck with me through thick and thin.

MARCIA: Well, I've got to be going . . . The children . . .

PHILIP *sentimentally*: Give me just one more chance, Your Honor . . . I'd like to show the world that I can lead a new life . . . a better life. Now I have something to work for . . . the kiddies.

JUDGE: Bravo . . . Bravo . . .

MARCIA: Now, listen here . . .

PHILIP: Come, my dear. Let us grow old together . . .

JUDGE *blows his nose—obviously touched*: My boy . . . I'm proud of you.

MARCIA: Your Honor . . . He always says that . . . then he backslides.

JUDGE: My dear . . . I've been on this bench for seventeen years . . . I can tell when a man is sincere.

PHILIP *martyr-like*: Thank you, Your Honor.

JUDGE: I'm going to give you your chance, young man . . .

PHILIP: You don't know what this means to me.

MARCIA: But, Your Honor . . .

JUDGE: Now, now . . . Don't thank me . . . Sergeant . . . Have them taken home in a squad car.

PHILIP: But, Your Honor . . .

JUDGE *oratorically*: My children . . . go forth into life's battle with my blessing . . . Together you will find happiness . . . And, should you waver, young man . . . remember . . . What you are doing is not for yourself alone . . . but for your loyal wife and the kiddies.

PHILIP: Come dear . . . Let us go home . . . to the kiddies.

MUSIC: "*Hearts and Flowers*"

SOUND: *Police siren—auto coming on mike—going away from mike*

MARCIA: I don't know why you had him leave us here . . . at the waterfront.

PHILIP: First, we have no home or kiddies for him to take us to.

MARCIA: But, on this pier here . . .

PHILIP: This rowboat down there is mine . . . and I have a sailboat out in the harbor.

MARCIA: You're going to . . .

PHILIP *climbing down*: Right! I'm getting out to that sloop before any more calamities befall me.

MARCIA (*Off mike*): You're not going to leave me here! I can't even get a cab.

PHILIP: As soon as I can row out to my boat I'm hoisting sail for China where they drown baby girls.

SOUND: *Oars in water*

MARCIA (*Going away from mike*): You . . . you . . . you . . .

PHILIP *calls*: Beast! And be careful . . . You'll fall off that pier and get all the fish mad.

MARCIA (*Off mike—angrily*): If I only . . . (*Screams*)

SOUND: *Splash off mike*

PHILIP *calmly*: I told you you'd fall in.

MARCIA (*Off mike*): *Shouts incoherently*

PHILIP *wearily*: All right . . . all right . . . I'll save you . . . Stop yelping . . . here I come.

SOUND: *Splash—person swimming*

MARCIA (*Fading in—speaks with difficulty*): Go away . . . Don't touch me . . . I can . . .

PHILIP *speaks with difficulty*: Now don't get panicky . . . I'll save you.

SOUND: *Water splashing*

MARCIA: Let me go . . . I can . . .

PHILIP: If you keep struggling . . . I'll have to knock you out. Oh well . . . If I have to . . .

SOUND: *Of blow*

MARCIA: *Sighs as she falls into unconsciousness*

SOUND: *Splash of swimmer*

PHILIP: Sorry I had to hit you, lady . . .

You'd have drowned us both . . .

(*Grunts*) Now if I can just get her into the boat . . . (*Grunts*) There . . . And now to get myself in . . . (*Grunts*)

MARCIA *groans*: Where am I?

PHILIP: You're in my boat . . . For some reason which is a complete mystery to me, I just saved your life.

SOUND: *Oars*

MARCIA: What I was trying to tell you in the water was that I can swim . . .

That I have a room at home filled with cups for swimming.

PHILIP: Why didn't you say so, then?

MARCIA: Say so . . . I . . . (*Pause*) Where are you going?

PHILIP: I told you . . . I'm going to my sloop. Then you can have this rowboat and the rest of the world.

MARCIA: It's no use your doing all this. I'm not going to marry you. Take me back to shore this minute.

PHILIP *determinedly*: I don't intend to make any more stop-overs . . . I'm expecting an earthquake any minute.

MARCIA *after pause—calmly*: You'd better start swimming.

PHILIP: Why?

MARCIA: Because I just pulled the plug out of the bottom of the boat.

PHILIP *excitedly*: We're sinking . . . the water's coming in . . . Where's the plug?

SOUND: *Oars stop*

MARCIA *calmly*: Just the other side of that third wave . . .

PHILIP: Quick . . . Here's a pail . . . start bailing.

MARCIA: O.K. (*Starts humming*)

SOUND: *Water splashing*

PHILIP: We'll have to bail fast if we . . . (*Pause—quietly*) Ah . . . miss . . . ?

MARCIA: *Continues humming*

PHILIP: My dear? . . .

MARCIA: Huh?

PHILIP *quietly*: The accepted way of bailing is to take the water from *inside* the boat. (*Shouts*) Not from the outside and spill it in.

MARCIA: We ought to make another hole in the boat and let the water out.

PHILIP: Oh, what's the use. I'm heading for shore. Here I go.

SOUND: *Splash of dive*

PHILIP *off mike*: Why don't you just stay here and make yourself at home?

MARCIA: I'd rather be with you.

SOUND: *Splash of dive—and of swimming*

PHILIP: Here we are . . . together again.

MARCIA: Yes. Isn't it cozy? (*Pause*) Can't you find somewhere else to swim?

PHILIP: I'm swimming towards the pier . . . If you want to be alone you can head out to sea.

MARCIA: We can divide the harbor between us.

PHILIP: A good idea.

MARCIA: I'll take the top and you take the bottom.

PHILIP: You might just as well stop chasing me around . . . I'm not going to marry you.

MARCIA *astounded*: You're not going . . . (*Chokes on mouthful of water*)

PHILIP: Nothing personal, you understand.

MARCIA: You don't want to marry me!

PHILIP: You shouldn't take it so hard.

MARCIA: I've been spending the better part of a day touring jails and swimming the harbor to get away from you and now you . . .

PHILIP *incredulous*: You mean . . . you don't want to marry me?

MARCIA: If I'd thought it was going to be such a surprise I'd have broken the news gently. But I want to marry you like I want a case of smallpox.

PHILIP: *Chokes on mouthful of water*

MARCIA: I know just how you feel.

PHILIP: But if you don't want to marry me why . . . why . . . ?

MARCIA: I thought you were one of the eligible men that Auntie arranged for me to meet.

PHILIP: Here I thought you wanted to marry me and you . . . Saaay! Do you want to make a hundred thousand dollars?

MARCIA *chokes on mouthful of water*: Stop saying those things to me when I'm swimming.

PHILIP: All you have to do is marry me.

MARCIA: It's not enough money.

PHILIP: Oh, you wouldn't really have to marry me . . . We'd just pretend to get married.

MARCIA: Now listen . . .

PHILIP: You want a hundred thousand dollars . . . I want dad to quit hounding me about getting married . . . We'll

pretend we're married . . . Dad will let me alone and you'll be able to pay off the family mortgage.

MARCIA *speculatively*: A hundred thousand dollars . . .

PHILIP: There's a fellow fishing on the pier. (*Calls*) Hey . . . give us a hand up, will you.

SOUND: *Swimming stops*

TRUSLOW (*Off mike—dull—speaks through his nose*): Yeah . . . all right.

PHILIP: Give the girl a hand first.

MARCIA *grunts*: There . . . I'm up.

PHILIP *grunts*: Fine. Thanks, fella.

MARCIA *teeth chattering*: Come on . . .

I've got to get into some dry clothes.

PHILIP *sheepishly*: We . . . we fell in.

TRUSLOW: Ya, scared all the fish.

PHILIP: Well . . . I'm . . . I'm sorry but . . . Saay . . . Do you want to make fifty dollars?

TRUSLOW: Not especially.

MARCIA: What are you trying to do now?

PHILIP: Dad is too smart to be fooled by an ordinary trick.

MARCIA: So?

PHILIP: Well we could have this fellow pretend he's a Justice of the Peace . . .

MARCIA: Him?

PHILIP: All he has to do is read the marriage ceremony and we could get a real marriage license to show dad.

MARCIA: Well, go ahead . . . I'm only working here . . . for a hundred thousand dollars.

PHILIP: Say, fella . . . I'll make it a hundred dollars . . . and it's only a half hour's work.

TRUSLOW: Is it heavy work?

PHILIP: No.

TRUSLOW: Ahhh . . . All right . . . But only a half hour.

PHILIP: Fine . . . (*Fading*) Now here's what I want you to do.

(*Pause—if music is used: "Wedding March"*)

TRUSLOW: Do you, Philip Carstairs, take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?

PHILIP: I do.

TRUSLOW: Do you, Marcia, take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?

MARCIA: Uh . . . huh . . .

TRUSLOW *bored*: I pronounce you man and wife.

CARSTAIRS: Fine . . . fine . . . Now may I kiss the bride?

PHILIP: Go right ahead . . . Dad.

CARSTAIRS: There you are . . . As for you, young man . . . this is the only thing that could make me forgive you for the two hours I spent convincing that blockhead detective who I was . . .

PHILIP: Well, you know, Dad . . .

CARSTAIRS: Now, young lady . . . You come over here with me . . .

MARCIA: Yes . . . Father.

CARSTAIRS: I want to write out my wedding gift to you . . . (*Walking away from mike—ad lib*)

PHILIP *over voices—quietly*: Here's your hundred dollars, fella . . . Now get away from here as quick as you can.

TRUSLOW: I'm hungry . . . Ain't I gonna get nothin' ta eat?

PHILIP: All right . . . all right . . . Go in the kitchen and help yourself from the refrigerator . . . But don't stay any longer than necessary.

TRUSLOW *going away*: O.K.

SOUND: *Door opens—closes*

CARSTAIRS *fading in*: And now, Philip, everything is all ready for you . . . Here's the check and here's the marriage contract all signed and . . . Say what did you say that justice's name was?

PHILIP: Ah . . . ah . . . Smith.

CARSTAIRS: You said Jones before.

MARCIA: Well lots of people get those names confused . . . You know . . . Smith and Jones . . .

CARSTAIRS: But he signed that contract (*Reads*) Camembert Truslow.

MARCIA: Camembert Truslow . . . That sounds something like Smith.

CARSTAIRS: There's something rotten in Denmark . . . I'm going to have a talk with that justice . . .

PHILIP: Dad . . . Are you accusing me of . . . ?

CARSTAIRS: If you've tried to fool your own father, Philip . . . I'll cut you off without a penny.

MARCIA: Now, Mr. Carstairs . . .

CARSTAIRS: As for you, young lady . . . If there's anything wrong . . . You not only won't get a cent but I'll see that you get prosecuted for securing money under false pretenses . . . Where is that man? (*Shouts*) Truslow . . . (*Going away—shouts*) Camembert Truslow!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Door opens—closes*

PHILIP *fading in*: Camembert . . . or whatever your name is . . . you've got to get out of here . . . Dad's looking for you.

TRUSLOW *between mouthful of food*: Well tell him I'm here in the kitchen.

PHILIP: Listen . . . I don't want to strain that feeble mind of yours but dad suspects something and if he finds out what we've done we'll all be sent to Siberia or something.

TRUSLOW: Would you know where they keep the ketchup?

PHILIP: Can't you understand? . . . You've got to get out of here . . . Now!

TRUSLOW: But I haven't finished eating.

PHILIP: Take the chicken with you . . . take the ham with you . . . take . . .

TRUSLOW: The ketchup, too?

PHILIP: Yes, the ketchup, too . . . but get . . .

TRUSLOW: But there is no ketchup.

PHILIP: Here . . . Buy yourself some ketchup . . . buy a case of ketchup but get out . . . quick . . .

TRUSLOW: I always wait seven minutes after eating before I move. The doctors say . . .

PHILIP *sweetly*: Truslow?

TRUSLOW *between gulps of food*: Huh?

PHILIP: Would you like a new fishing tackle?

TRUSLOW: Uh . . . huh . . .

PHILIP: I'll buy one for you . . . I'll buy you the best tackle made . . . I'll buy you two outfits . . . three . . . but . . .

TRUSLOW: Oh, you're just saying that to get rid of me.

PHILIP *shouts*: Will you get out of here before I cut you up in little pieces and pour you down the drain.

SOUND: *Door opens—closes*

MARCIA *fading in*: Philip . . . quiet . . .

PHILIP: Marcia . . . where's dad . . . ?

MARCIA: He's coming over this way . . . He's looking for you . . . and . . . and Lord Fauntelroy over here.

PHILIP: Camembert has decided to home-stead here in the kitchen.

CARSTAIRS (*Behind door—shouting*): Philip . . . Where are you?

PHILIP: He's coming . . . Quick, you . . . out the back way here.

TRUSLOW: A fine house . . . no ketchup.

MARCIA: He can't go out that way . . . Your father's got the butler, looking over the grounds.

CARSTAIRS (*Behind door—closer—angrier*): Philip!

MARCIA: I wonder what kind of food they serve in jail.

PHILIP: We've got to do something quick . . . Here, Camembert . . . Crawl into this laundry basket.

TRUSLOW: You said that if I leave you'd buy me three fishing tackles.

PHILIP: But, Camembert . . .

TRUSLOW: You did so . . . I heard you.

PHILIP: Oh, well there's only one way.

SOUND: *Smack of fist against jaw*

TRUSLOW: *Groans*

MARCIA: Philip . . . You hit him.

PHILIP: That's much quicker than trying to explain . . . Quick help me put him in the laundry basket here.

CARSTAIRS (*just outside door*): Philip. Where are you?

SOUND: *Marcia and Philip grunting*

PHILIP: There. Now quick . . . close the lid.

SOUND: *Lid dropping*

SOUND: *Door opens*

CARSTAIRS (*fading in*): There you are, Philip.

PHILIP *innocently*: Were you looking for me, dad?

MARCIA: We were just looking at the kitchen . . . Newlyweds . . . you know.

CARSTAIRS: I'd like to know where that . . . that Justice of the Peace is.

PHILIP: He must have left already.

CARSTAIRS: The butler said no one has left the house since the wedding . . . He's been at the front and the chauffeur has been at the back. That Justice of the Peace is around here someplace. (*Going away*) And I'm going to find him.

SOUND: *Door opens*

CARSTAIRS (*Off mike*): And don't either of you leave . . . I've got some business to attend to as soon as I find that . . .

SOUND: *Door slams*

MARCIA: Whew! We would have been better off if we'd really got married instead of . . .

PHILIP: You mean . . . you'd really marry me?

MARCIA: It's better than going to jail.

PHILIP: You know what?

MARCIA: What?

PHILIP: I wish I had married you . . .

(*Pause*) Marcia?

MARCIA: Huh?

PHILIP: I feel like somebody punched me right in the solar plexus . . . You know what that is?

MARCIA: What?

PHILIP *tragically*: Love.

MARCIA: You know what?

PHILIP: What?

MARCIA: I feel the same way . . . I thought it was something I ate.

TRUSLOW: *Groans in basket*

MARCIA: Camembert is coming to life . . . I haven't got any money but . . .

PHILIP: Marcia . . . will you marry me?

MARCIA: You'll have to wait until I get out of jail.

SOUND: *Cover of basket goes back*

TRUSLOW (*Off mike*): Oh . . . My head.

PHILIP: I'll go to jail with you.

TRUSLOW (*Off mike*): How did I get in here?

MARCIA: No, you wait for me . . . and send me magazines and cakes and things . . . with files in them.

TRUSLOW (*Off mike*): I remember eating cold chicken and I asked for the ketchup . . .

PHILIP: Anyway we have each other.

TRUSLOW (*Off mike*): Then everything went black.

PHILIP: Marcia . . . I've got an idea . . . We'll carry Camembert here out in the laundry basket.

TRUSLOW (*Off mike*): Oh no . . . oh no . . .

MARCIA: But the chauffeur is out in back. He's sure to see us.

PHILIP: We'll try to bluff him . . . It's our only chance.

TRUSLOW: I wanna go home.

MARCIA: Eeehay ontway ooday itay.

PHILIP: I'll use the old convincer on him . . . Now hold still just a minute, Camembert . . . We're going to measure you for a picture.

TRUSLOW: Don't want a picture. I wanna go home.

PHILIP: Hold your chin up . . . Just a little higher . . . That's fine.

SOUND: *Smack of fist against jaw*

TRUSLOW: *Groans*

PHILIP: And now he belongs to the ages. Quick now . . . Help me put him into the basket.

SOUND: *Both grunt—body being moved*

PHILIP: Now down with the cover.

SOUND: *Cover down*

PHILIP: Now we'll carry the basket out the back door there. (*Grunts*)

SOUND: *Door opens*

CARSTAIRS (*Off mike*): Where are you going with that laundry basket?

PHILIP: We . . . ah . . . I . . . ah . . .

MARCIA: Oh, we were just playing house . . . Mr. . . . er . . . Dad . . . you know . . . newlyweds.

CARSTAIRS: Eh . . . oh . . . I just called up the City Hall . . . to check up on that marriage license.

PHILIP *hurt*: Dad . . . You didn't trust us.

CARSTAIRS: Well just playing safe . . . a hundred thousand dollars doesn't grow on trees, you know.

TRUSLOW: *Groans in basket*

CARSTAIRS: What was that?

PHILIP: What was what?

CARSTAIRS: I thought I heard a sound.

PHILIP: I didn't hear anything . . . Did you, dear?

MARCIA: Not a thing, dear.

CARSTAIRS: Hm . . . well . . . Anyway I was gratified to find that a license had really been issued to you.

PHILIP: This lack of confidence hurts me deeply, Dad.

CARSTAIRS: Well, I guess maybe I was a little suspicious and . . .

TRUSLOW: *Groans in basket*

CARSTAIRS *timidly*: You . . . you didn't by any chance hear something then, did you?

PHILIP: Perhaps, you've been working too hard lately, Dad.

CARSTAIRS: Hmmm . . . I think I've paid you children a great injustice and . . .

TRUSLOW: *Groans*

CARSTAIRS *after a pause*: And I thought that . . .

TRUSLOW: *Mumbles in basket*

PHILIP *very loudly*: What were you saying, Dad?

MARCIA *very loudly*: Yes, Dad, finish what you were saying.

TRUSLOW: *Mumbles louder*

SOUND: *Philip and Marcia ad lib very loudly to cover noises*

CARSTAIRS: Have you both gone crazy?

PHILIP *loudly*: I feel so good I think I'll sing . . .

MARCIA *loudly*: Yes . . . me, too.

SOUND: *Both sing "Sweet Adeline" very loud—Truslow calling to get out—Carstairs exclaiming in astonishment*

SOUND: *Cover thrown back—quiet*

TRUSLOW: I wanna go home.

CARSTAIRS: So there you are . . . Smith or Jones or whatever your name is.

TRUSLOW: My name is Camembert Truslow and I wanna go home. I don't like this place. Every time I open my eyes I'm coming out of a laundry box.

PHILIP: Now, Dad, I can explain.

CARSTAIRS: Just a minute . . . You . . . Where did you meet my son?

TRUSLOW: I was fishing on the pier and he said if I'd come with him he'd give me a hundred dollars.

MARCIA: Oh, if I had the wings of an angel.

CARSTAIRS: Just as I thought . . . He's not a Justice of the Peace after all.

PHILIP *resigned*: Well, I can always join the army.

TRUSLOW: Who says I'm not a Justice of the Peace?

MARCIA: Now, Mr. Carstairs . . . If you'll just listen to reason.

TRUSLOW: I been a Justice of the Peace in Osweegee county for seven years.

PHILIP: Now, Father, it was all a sort of joke.

CARSTAIRS: Joke indeed.

TRUSLOW: And my father was a Justice until the very year before I became one.

PHILIP: After all, Dad, I am . . . What did you say . . . ?

TRUSLOW: Who . . . me?

PHILIP: Yes . . . About being a Justice . . .

TRUSLOW: I been one for seven years . . . See here's my card . . . Camembert Rembrandt Truslow . . . Justice of the Peace . . .

CARSTAIRS: Let me see that card . . . Why . . . why he is a Justice of the Peace.

PHILIP *gulps*: Of course he is. Isn't that what I've been telling you?

MARCIA: He looks like an angel to me.

CARSTAIRS: I have wronged you both . . . Can you ever forgive me?

PHILIP: I don't mind telling you, sir, that I feel deeply hurt at your thinly-veiled insinuations. And if it weren't for the fact that you are my own father . . .

MARCIA: And the hundred thousand dollars . . .

CARSTAIRS: Thank you . . .

PHILIP *suddenly*: Marcia . . . You know what?

MARCIA: What?

PHILIP: I just happened to think . . . We've been married two hours . . .

MARCIA: That's right.

TRUSLOW: I wanna go home.

PHILIP: Really married!

MARCIA *impatiently*: So . . . so . . .

PHILIP: Well . . . Look at all the time we've been wasting.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

A CONTEMPORARY DRAMA

By EVELYN L. KELLER

(Broadcast over WPIC, Sharon, Pa.)

MAN: Well, Doctor? How is he?

DOCTOR: His condition is quite serious.

MAN: I know that! Why don't you do something?

DOCTOR: There is nothing I can do. To save him would require a very delicate operation . . . one which I could not perform.

MAN: You refuse?

DOCTOR: Certainly not, you misunderstand me. I meant I am not capable of such an operation. It is out of my sphere, entirely.

MAN: We must get someone else, then! Whom would you suggest?

DOCTOR: There is only one man in this country who has the skill for such a thing . . . Doctor Anton Roth.

MAN: Roth! But he is . . .

DOCTOR: He is not of our race, no. But if you wish to save our leader's life, there is the man you must have. And quickly.

MAN: It is an impossible situation! If we get this Roth, and our leader learns who it is that has performed the operation, he will never forgive me.

DOCTOR: If you do not get Roth, he will die. And if he dies . . .

MAN: There is no alternative, no other doctor?

DOCTOR: None. In other countries, yes, but they would not arrive in time, even if they could be persuaded to come. It is possible that even Roth may no longer be here. It has been six months since I heard of him.

MAN: He has not left the country since then, I assure you! Where shall I find him?

DOCTOR: That I could not say. He has been . . . removed . . . from his old quarters.

MAN: In a camp, perhaps?

DOCTOR: Possibly.

MAN: I shall institute a search at once!

What did you say his first name was?

DOCTOR: Anton. His mother was French.

MAN: Anton Roth. When must the operation be performed?

DOCTOR: Tomorrow morning. Find Roth, and I shall make the necessary preparations.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

SOUND: *Heavy knock on door*

MAN: Open up!

MARTA *frightened*: Who is that, Anton?

ANTON: It sounds like the police.

MARTA: Again! But why? We have done nothing . . .

ANTON: Don't be frightened, Marta, open the door.

MARTA: Why can't they let us be!

SOUND: *Knock again*

MAN: Open the door!

ANTON: Marta . . .

MARTA: Yes, Anton.

SOUND: *Bolt being drawn—door opening*

MARTA: What do you want?

MAN: Does Anton Roth live here?

MARTA: What do you want?

MAN: Answer me!

ANTON: Yes, he does live here.

MAN: You . . . are you Doctor Roth?

ANTON: I am.

MAN: Come with us!

MARTA: No! Anton!

ANTON: Where do you wish to take me?

MAN: Never mind the questions! It's taken me all day to find you! Come along.

ANTON: Have you a warrant for my arrest?

MAN: Of course not!

ANTON: Then I must know where you are taking me, and for what reason.

MAN: You'll do as you are told!

ANTON: I have done nothing . . .

MAN: If you must know, it's to perform an operation.

ANTON: So? What sort of operation?

MAN: You'll find out! Now, move!

ANTON: One moment, please! My questions are for a purpose, not idle curiosity. I have been allowed to keep my instruments. If you will tell me what it is I am to do, then I shall know what is needed.

MAN: Oh, well, I can't tell you anything, except that it's a . . . a brain operation.

ANTON: Very well. My instruments are in the next room. If you will allow me . . .

MAN: No tricks!

ANTON: What are you afraid of . . . that I shall run away? There are only two entrances to the house. Post one of your men at the back door, if you like.

MARTA: Anton . . .

MAN: You stay here!

ANTON: Yes, Marta. I can manage without you.

MAN: I'll give you five minutes.

ANTON: That will suffice.

SOUND: *Door opening and closing—slight pause—then clink of metal*

ANTON: Let me see . . . this, of course . . .

SON *low-urgent*: Father!

ANTON: Yes

SON: I thought I heard someone at the door a moment ago!

ANTON: You did.

SON: Is it the police?

ANTON: Yes, one of them looks like an official.

SON: What do they want?

ANTON: Where is Joseph? I thought he was in here with you.

SON: He hid in the closet when he heard them knock on the door.

ANTON: Tell him to come out, there is no danger if you speak quietly.

SOUND: *Door squeaks—slight pause*

JOSEPH *speaking as quietly as young Roth*: Who was it?

SON: The police.

JOSEPH: Are they still here?

SON: Yes.

JOSEPH: What do they want?

ANTON: Me.

JOSEPH: You!

SON: But you haven't done anything!

ANTON: Of course not.

JOSEPH *bitterly*: You don't have to do anything! They get you anyway.

ANTON: They are not arresting me.

SON: What do they want with you, then?

ANTON: They want me to perform an operation.

SON: An operation! On whom? Where?

ANTON: They did not say.

JOSEPH: I know! I know! It's him!

ANTON: You think so?

SON: He's right, father!

JOSEPH: Morris was here yesterday, remember? Morris said he was sick . . .

SON: He hasn't appeared in public for almost a month!

ANTON: That is true.

JOSEPH: Morris said it was something to do with his head . . .

ANTON: It is to be a brain operation, yes.

SON: You see?

ANTON: But they would not send for me, surely.

JOSEPH: Why not?

ANTON: Why not? You know why not!

SON: Because you're the only man who can save him, that's why!

ANTON: Mmmmmmm . . . possibly.

JOSEPH: Are you going to do it?

ANTON: Of course I am going to do it!

JOSEPH: Why? Why not let him die? We couldn't ask for anything better!

SON: Don't be a fool, Joseph! Father's got to do it. They'd kill him if he refused.

ANTON: Of course. Hand me my bag, please.

SON: Where is mother?

ANTON: In the room, with them.

SON: Father . . . what—if the operation should be unsuccessful . . . what if he dies anyway?

ANTON: There is always that possibility, of course.

SON: They'll blame you for it, even though it's not your fault! They'll kill you.

ANTON: Do not excite yourself, my son.

JOSEPH: Doctor Roth . . . I've been thinking . . .

ANTON: Yes, Joseph?

JOSEPH: If he were dead . . .

ANTON: If he were to die, another man would take his place. A man trained to fill his position.

JOSEPH: Perhaps . . . But for a little while, there would be turmoil. If we struck quickly, there's a chance . . .

- just a chance . . . that we could free ourselves!
- ANTON: What would you have me do, Joseph?
- JOSEPH: Kill him!
- ANTON: On the operating table?
- JOSEPH: Yes!
- SON: No, they'd kill father on the spot!
- JOSEPH: What makes you think they will not kill him anyway? You said yourself they would kill him if the operation failed . . . even though your father has done everything in his power to save him.
- ANTON: Joseph, I want as much as you to see our people relieved of this burden of oppression and cruelty . . .
- JOSEPH: Then strike! Now, while the opportunity is yours! It will never come our way again! So many of us have tried and failed . . . They are creating this chance . . . they are taking you to hum . . .
- SON: He will be guarded, Joseph, every moment. Even in the operating room, there will be guards!
- JOSEPH: What of it? One cut of the knife, and it would all be over! Isn't that right?
- ANTON: That is true.
- JOSEPH: Even if they shoot you down then and there, they wouldn't be quick enough to stop you! It's asking a great deal, I know . . . but I'd do it!
- ANTON: I know you would, Joseph.
- SON: No! Don't do it, father!
- JOSEPH: What is one life in comparison to the carnage he has wrought among us!
- ANTON: True. One life is as nothing.
- JOSEPH: Think of what he has done to us . . . all of us! Driven from our homes, some of us killed, others driven to suicide. Some of us put in camps that are nothing more than living deaths! The torment, the torture, the insults, the humiliations!
- SON: No, father!
- JOSEPH: Look how we live . . . in constant fear, like mice that must scurry into their holes at the slightest alarm! Not enough to eat, and no way to earn a living!
- ANTON: Close the bag, my son.
- JOSEPH: Think what he has done to you! You were the greatest surgeon in the country . . . in the world! But he forced you to leave the hospital, to give up your work, your career, everything.
- Your money, he took, and your beautiful home . . .
- ANTON: I must go now. They will be impatient.
- JOSEPH: Doctor Roth . . .
- ANTON: I will think on what you have said, Joseph. Now go into the closet until we are out of the house. There is no need to let them see you.
- SON: Father . . .
- ANTON: Goodbye, my son.
- SOUND: *Door opening and closing*
- ANTON: I am ready now.
- MAN: Let's see what's in that bag!
- ANTON: Only my instru . . .
- MAN: Open it!
- ANTON: Very well.
- MARTA: Anton, Anton.
- ANTON: It's all right, Marta. Do not look so pale.
- MARTA: Here . . . here is your coat.
- ANTON: Thank you, my dear.
- MAN: All right. Close it up. That coat . . . let's see it.
- ANTON: What are you looking for?
- MAN: Weapons. Here, put it on. You'll be searched again when we get . . . to where we're going.
- SOUND: *Door opening*
- MARTA: Oh, Anton!
- ANTON: Courage, Marta.
- SOUND: *Door slams—music up*
- DOCTOR: Here are the x-rays I took Doctor Roth.
- ANTON: Thank you. Hmmmm . . .
- MAN: Well?
- ANTON: He is much worse than I had expected.
- MAN: Expected? What do you mean by that? How could you expect anything? Nobody has been told . . .
- ANTON: I heard he was ill. Even in the Ghetto we hear things. But I did not know the nature of his illness until tonight.
- MAN: Who told you he was ill?
- ANTON: I do not remember. Is it important?
- MAN: Of course it is important! Information of this sort should not be bandied about.
- ANTON: He had not been seen in public for some time. Is it not natural to suppose that . . .
- MAN: I demand to know where you got your information!
- ANTON: Tomorrow we will go into that,

- please. Tonight I am very busy, Doctor, when were these x-rays taken?
- DOCTOR: These were taken just yesterday.
- ANTON: And there are no other symptoms or conditions you can describe?
- DOCTOR: I have told you everything I know about the case, Doctor Roth.
- ANTON: Very well. Then there is nothing to be gained by waiting. I operate to-night.
- DOCTOR: Tonight!
- ANTON: Yes.
- MAN: You said in the morning. You said tomorrow.
- ANTON: In a case of this sort, a few hours delay . . .
- MAN: I am not speaking to you! Doctor . . . tomorrow, you said!
- DOCTOR: I . . . You believe it would be wiser to go ahead at once?
- ANTON: By all means. There is apt to be a sudden change, and then it will be too late.
- DOCTOR: Very well, I have already prepared the operating room.
- ANTON: Anaesthetic? Nurses?
- DOCTOR: Yes. You wish to use your own instruments?
- ANTON: Please.
- DOCTOR: I'll have them sterilized at once.
- ANTON: Thank you. You will stand by, too, if you please.
- DOCTOR: Of course. You wish to wait here?
- ANTON: I want to study the x-rays a little more.
- DOCTOR: Very well. (*Pause*)
- MAN: You said tomorrow. Why are you letting him rush ahead like this? I don't like it.
- DOCTOR: I am willing to trust Doctor Roth's judgment.
- MAN: How do you know it isn't a trick?
- DOCTOR: How do you know tomorrow will not be too late, as he says.
- MAN: Why do you treat him as your superior? You are in charge here!
- DOCTOR: I forget. He was my superior once. I studied under him at the hospital. He is a great surgeon . . .
- MAN: He is a swine, an enemy of our people, and don't forget it!
- DOCTOR: I feel it would be better to co-operate . . . under the circumstances.
- MAN: We are using him only because it is necessary! I wish there were someone else . . .
- DOCTOR: There is no one else who could get here in time!
- MAN: All right! You said that before. Roth! In case you should feel inclined to leave this room before you are sent for, bear in mind that there are two armed guards outside the door!
- ANTON: Your reminder was quite unnecessary, thank you. Oh, Doctor . . .
- DOCTOR: Yes?
- ANTON: I understand there will be guards in the operating room.
- MAN: Of course!
- ANTON: Then you will see that they are all in gowns and wearing masks, please.
- DOCTOR: Yes, Doctor Roth.
- MAN: I warn you, Roth, if anything happens . . . if he should not recover . . .
- ANTON: I think I know what will happen if he dies. Spare me your explanations.
- MUSIC: *Up and out*
- SOUND: *Someone pacing heavily up and down—then the door opens and closes*
- MAN: Well? Well? How is he?
- (*Agitated*)
- DOCTOR *wearily*: I don't know.
- MAN: You don't know! You were there all the time, you were watching him! What did Roth do?
- DOCTOR: He did what he came to do. He performed an operation.
- MAN: There were no slip-ups, no mistakes?
- DOCTOR: None. It was beautiful.
- MAN: Beautiful! Bah! What I want to know is . . . was it a success?
- DOCTOR: That I could not say.
- MAN: What is the good of its being beautiful, if it does not succeed! You saw it! You know whether it was right or not!
- DOCTOR: I know as little about the results as you do.
- MAN: You call yourself a Doctor!
- DOCTOR *angrily*: It may be several days before we are sure! You will have to be patient, along with the rest of us!
- MAN: If he dies, Roth will die, too!
- DOCTOR: Doctor Roth did everything that was humanly possible. No surgeon on earth could have accomplished more!
- MAN: So! You defend him!
- DOCTOR: Before you take that tone with me, wait and see whether it is necessary to defend him!
- MAN *softly—menacingly*: If he should not recover, I think I shall hold you responsible, too, Doctor.

Music: Up and out

HIM: You are not in uniform this morning! Why?

ANTON: I am leaving today.

HIM: Where are you going?

ANTON: I shall return to my home, with your permission.

HIM: Who said you could go?

ANTON: You are much better. There is no longer any need for me to remain.

The other Doctors can take over now.

HIM: Mmmmm. I don't know whether I should let you go or not. I do not like to feel that I am indebted to you for my life!

ANTON: I do not ask your gratitude. I have performed that which was required of me, as a surgeon. Now, as a man, I ask to be released.

HIM: I want to know something. You hate me as much as I despise you, of course.

ANTON: Let me say rather that I despise the things for which you stand.

HIM: You dare to insult!

ANTON: You must not excite yourself, I warn you! Remember, you are not entirely well.

HIM: You would like to see me dead. Some of you have tried before. You would have killed me on the operating table, if it had not been for the guards. Am I not right?

ANTON: The guards could not have stopped me. In a fraction of a second, one slip of the knife . . .

HIM: Why didn't you, then? You were afraid!

ANTON: Afraid? Afraid to die myself, you mean? No, you are wrong.

HIM: What other reason . . .

ANTON: There are several reasons, since you are interested. First I came here as a surgeon, one of the men who are pledged to save lives, not to destroy them. You were unconscious, utterly helpless . . .

HIM: Such a marvelous opportunity, and you did not take advantage of it! Your people will surely . . .

ANTON: My people weep in oppression and misery, and I would gladly give my life to free them. There is one thing, however, which I have not learned, you see. It is a lesson you have mastered well . . .

HIM: What are you talking about?!

ANTON: My life for yours would be a fair exchange, I think. But this one thing I have never achieved, and that is . . . to take advantage of the weak. Some day, perhaps, we shall meet on an equal footing. And then . . . it will be my turn.

Music: Up

THE LADDER UNDER THE MAPLE TREE

A COMEDY

By MAXINE FINSTERWALD

(Presented by the Playhouse-of-the-Air, Station WJBK, Detroit)

NARRATOR: We are in the West Seventies in New York City in a rooming house for actors run by Idabelle Anthony, the toast of Broadway in the nineties. Idabelle is spending the evening dreaming of her past glories when there is a knock on her door.

SOUND: *Knock*

IDA: Come in!

SOUND: *Door opens*

IDA: Hello, Tommy Taylor! And whom do you want to see—Idabelle Anthony, the toast of Broadway in the nineties, whom everyone's forgotten, or Miss Idabelle Anthony, your landlady?

TOM: To be frank, Idabelle, it's both.

IDA: Both? I'm disappointed. But come in. Have a drink?

TOM: It might be a good idea—might give me nerve. Idabelle, I'm going to get married.

SOUND: *Pouring in glass*

IDA: On what? Who's going to marry you?

TOM: The queerest girl I ever knew. But she's wonderful, Idabelle. Only I wish I could figure her out.

IDA: Well here's hoping you never will. Because when you do—you'll fall out of love . . . But here's to . . .

TOM: Wait! Don't drink to us yet. Wait till we're man and wife.

IDA: I'm not drinking to you. I'm drinking to myself. When you marry I'll be losing my only boarder who pays rent.

TOM: Oh, no, you won't. That's what I came to see you about.

IDA: Oh, you want two rents for one, eh?

TOM: Well, sort of.

IDA: And old Ida's a good sport.

TOM: Ida, you've often said that I had promise as an actor so I've been won-

dering—maybe, since I'm going to be married, you'd let my wife and me . . .

IDA: Have the big front room on the second floor that Green left me flat with.

TOM: That's right; how did you guess?

IDA: It wasn't hard.

TOM: I can't very well bring my bride to my back-bedroom, Ida. I'm afraid, you see, she's not in show business.

IDA: Not in show business? That's bad.

TOM: She ought to be. She can think of the darndest things. You ought to know what she's making me do tonight.

IDA: But she must have a lot of grit if she's going to marry you. Have you told her she's taking an awful chance?

TOM: She knows I haven't a cent, but she doesn't care. She wants to marry me and try her luck on the stage. She would be doing it now if it weren't for her father. He's a crab. He hates the theatre.

IDA: And he's letting his daughter marry you!

TOM: Not exactly. He doesn't know anything about it.

IDA: Oh, I see . . .

TOM: I wish I did. We're going to get married tonight but before we do, I've got to climb up and carry down Phyllis and her suitcase.

IDA: Why, Tommy! You're eloping in old style! That warms my heart. I didn't know young people did that anymore.

TOM: They don't. I told Phyllis that, but she's so romantic. She says she won't elope unless it can be down a ladder.

IDA: Bless her heart. I like her already.

TOM: But you don't have to worry about the ladder.

IDA: What's a ladder between two actors!

TOM: I hate ladders, Ida. I hate them like some people hate mice or elephants.

IDA: When you're a trouser you should be ready for anything.

TOM: I'm a comedian, not an acrobat.

IDA: Cheer up, Tom. You're going to your wedding, not to your funeral. Are you bringing her back here to-night?

TOM: I have to. We haven't any place else to go. (*Shyly*) I said you'd be nice to us.

IDA: You can count on Idabelle Anthony to help young lovers. When you come back, the big front room will be ready for you.

TOM: Thanks, Idabelle, I knew I could count on you. I know you'll like each other too. She's a wonderful girl. It's just this ladder business—this climbing up . . .

IDA: Tom Taylor, I don't think there's an ounce of romance in you!

TOM: She has enough for both of us.

IDA: Bride . . . How I love that word. I was a young bride five times, Tom. I was always so happy the first week and then—oh well—

SOUND: *Pouring into glass*

IDA: Let's have a drink to your new bride, Tom.

TOM: No, thanks.

IDA: You ought to. It's bad luck to refuse.

TOM: No. I'm not very steady on my feet after a couple drinks and I've got that ladder between me and my bride.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Grating noise*

TOM *whisper*: Phyllis . . .

PHYLLIS *voice from above*: Tom, is that you?

TOM: Sh, not so loud, someone might hear.

PHYLLIS: Oh, Tom, aren't you excited?

TOM: Yes, only don't talk . . . Is the ladder safe?

PHYLLIS: I have a hold on it . . . Oh, I'm so thrilled!

TOM: Never mind the thrills. Keep your mind on the ladder.

PHYLLIS: I have it.

TOM: O.K. then; here I go.

SOUND: *Climbing on ladder*

PHYLLIS: Oh Tom, look!

TOM: What! Where! Are we caught?

PHYLLIS: No, I mean the moon. Isn't it beautiful?

TOM: Oh . . . Yeah.

PHYLLIS: To have moonlight, too!

TOM: Sh, sh . . . not so loud! Someone might hear.

PHYLLIS: No harm will come to us, darling. We have charmed lives.

TOM: I wish I thought so. (*Voice on level with Mike*) Well, here I am . . . That wasn't so bad.

PHYLLIS: Oh, Tom, you looked so romantic coming up the ladder.

TOM: I didn't feel it. Well come on. Let's get down again. Where's your suitcase?

PHYLLIS: I haven't packed it yet.

TOM: Gee, Phyllis, you'd better hurry. Your mother and father might hear us or look out of the window and see the ladder.

PHYLLIS: They're not home!

TOM: What! Why didn't you tell me that before? I could have come in by the front door like a gentleman. You let me ruin a perfectly good suit—and I nearly broke my neck and—

PHYLLIS: Oh, Tom, you shouldn't think of things like that on a night like this!

TOM: Well, maybe not, but you're not so good yourself. You haven't even packed your suitcase.

PHYLLIS: I know it! I've failed you!

TOM: Failed me? Don't tell me I climbed that ladder for nothing!

PHYLLIS: Not exactly. I'm more in love with you than ever, Tom. It's not my fault I'm not ready. I had to pack mother's bags.

TOM: Ye . . . Is your mother eloping with us?

PHYLLIS: No, but her sister's sick and she had to go to Chicago. Father took her to the station.

TOM: Gee, he'll be coming back soon. We better get started.

PHYLLIS: Yes, but . . .

TOM *impatiently*: But what? Don't waste time. Where are your clothes? Dump them in your suitcase.

PHYLLIS: Oh, Tom, you don't know all! Tom, I can't go!

TOM: Can't go! After I climbed that ladder and almost broke my neck for you.

PHYLLIS: Oh, Tom, it isn't that. You know I love you. It's mother. I'm disappointed in mother.

TOM: She's on the way to Chicago.

PHYLLIS: Mother's not a bit romantic. She says I can marry you, but that I can't elope with you tonight.

TOM: You weren't supposed to tell anybody about us.

PHYLLIS: I always tell my mother everything. I thought she'd understand, but she's just practical like everyone else.

TOM: She's not very practical if she said it was all right if you married me. All I've got is three lines in a show which is going to close in a couple weeks.

PHYLLIS: That's just the point. She said we should wait till you're famous.

TOM: I'll be an old man by that time.

PHYLLIS: I told her you'd never be famous unless you had me for an inspiration.

TOM: That was a good line. Now let's get down the ladder.

PHYLLIS: Wait. You haven't heard all. We had a dreadful scene and I promised her that you'd ask father for my hand.

TOM: What!

PHYLLIS: Yes, you have to get father's consent.

TOM: He'll never give it to me.

PHYLLIS: You have to make him. Now skip down the ladder and come in the front way.

TOM: But, Phyllis, your father doesn't like me. He'll say no, absolutely.

PHYLLIS: Of course.

TOM: Well, then, why in thunder . . .

PHYLLIS: When he does, mother says it's all right if we elope, because we're broke and can't afford a wedding anyway.

TOM: Really, Phyllis, I don't see the sense . . .

PHYLLIS: I love you, Tom, but I love my father, too. We have to give him the chance to refuse you. Otherwise he'll never get over my elopement. And mother says he'll blame her. He'll say she didn't raise me properly.

TOM: Gee, I didn't know there was so much to this marriage business. Some people just get married and that's all there's to it.

PHYLLIS: But we're not like other people, Tom.

TOM: I wish we were.

PHYLLIS: Oh, Tom, don't you see you have to fight for me. After father says no, we'll get married. He'll know then he should have said yes.

TOM: That doesn't sound very logical.

PHYLLIS: Well, it is. You better go now. Wait on the corner till he comes home. Then ring the front door bell five minutes later.

TOM: Phyllis, have you ever written movie scenarios?

PHYLLIS: Not yet.

TOM: You will some day. Of all the confounded nonsense . . . asking me to climb up and down ladders in a new pressed pair of pants!

PHYLLIS: But, Tom, it's for our grandchildren.

TOM: Our grandchildren?

PHYLLIS: Think how thrilling it will be when we tell them . . .

TOM: I hope I've forgotten this nightmare by that time . . . Maybe twenty years from now when I recall how your father kicked me out of the house, I'll think that's romantic, too.

PHYLLIS: He won't kick you out. He's not like that. He's too formal.

TOM: But I'm scared of him. I've only met him once. What am I going to say?

PHYLLIS: Why, that you love me so much you can't live without me and . . . Oh, you know . . . But you better slip away now. He'll be coming home soon.

TOM: Gee, Phyllis, I don't know why I'm doing all this. I certainly must be crazy about you. Well, here goes . . .

PHYLLIS: Oh, Tom, before you leave, let's stand here in the moonlight. Isn't it lovely?

TOM *flatly*: It's all right.

PHYLLIS: Don't you like the moon? Oh don't tell me that, Tom! I could never love a man who didn't like the moon.

TOM: Sure I like it.

PHYLLIS *sighing*: It's such a wonderful night.

TOM: It may be wonderful for you, but not for me. You can stand here at the window—but I got to go down that ladder. A cop might see me . . .

PHYLLIS: Don't think of cops! Think of the moon. It will give you a coat of silver . . . you'll look like . . .

SOUND: *Approaching auto*

TOM: Sh-h—what's that?

PHYLLIS: It's father! He's driving up the driveway!

TOM: He's sure to see me now.

PHYLLIS: No, he has to put the car in the garage. You have time to escape.

TOM: I'd rather not. Wouldn't it be better if we just went down stairs?

PHYLLIS: But we can't leave the ladder under the window. You have to put it under the maple tree.

TOM: I don't see why.

PHYLLIS: If he sees it, I'm ruined.

TOM: You're ruined? What about *me*?

PHYLLIS: He'll make you marry me for ruining me!

TOM: Say, that's a good idea!

PHYLLIS: There's no romance in that.

TOM: But it's sensible.

PHYLLIS: No, Tom, I won't have it. Come, you must fight your way to safety. Hurry . . .

TOM: Phyllis, I think—watch out! Don't push me!

PHYLLIS: You're so slow. I'll keep guard from the window. (*Voice from above*) Tom!

TOM *voice coming from below*: Yes?

PHYLLIS: He's still in the garage. Take the ladder away.

TOM: That's what I'm trying to do.

PHYLLIS: Tom!

TOM *very cross*: What!

PHYLLIS: Hurry!

TOM: Confound it. Phyllis! It's stuck.

PHYLLIS: Pull, pull hard!

TOM *puffing*: Ugh—ugh—I don't know what's the matter with the darn—

SOUND: *Falling ladder*

PHYLLIS: Oh!

TOM: I couldn't help it, Phyllis, it slipped!

PHYLLIS: We're lost. All's lost! (*Still from above*)

NOAH: Stick them up!

TOM: Sure, sure. Only it's not necessary, Mr.—

NOAH: Keep them there.

TOM *pleading*: I'm not a burglar, Mr. Porter. I'm just Tom Taylor.

NOAH: Tom Taylor?

TOM: You met me once, don't you remember? You didn't like me.

NOAH: Finding you prowling around my house at night doesn't make me like you any more.

TOM: I didn't think it would. That's just what I told Phyllis.

NOAH: What's this ladder doing here?

TOM: Why, er—Phyllis just asked me to put it under the maple tree.

NOAH *calling*: Phyllis!

PHYLLIS *from above—naively*: Yes, who is it? Oh, Dad, you're back.

NOAH: Phyllis, come down here.

PHYLLIS: Why, Father?

NOAH: Don't ask questions. Come down here!

PHYLLIS: Yes, Father.

NOAH: Now, explain yourself, young man.

TOM: Sure, I—I—you see Phyllis and I didn't know what to do with ourselves so we decided to play a game—climbing up and down ladders it's called.

NOAH: I see—in and out of bedroom windows.

TOM: Yes, that's the idea.

NOAH: Well, I don't think much of it.

TOM: To be quite frank, I don't either.

PHYLLIS *approaching*: Father, has he asked you? Did you refuse?

TOM: No, I haven't, Phyllis, I—you—see . . .

PHYLLIS: Tom, how disappointing. I shouldn't be here then. Father shouldn't be here. Father, you came home too soon.

NOAH: Not soon enough! Do you know about this ladder, too?

PHYLLIS: Yes. We were going to tell you about it later, after you said "no," and we were married.

NOAH: Married?

PHYLLIS: Oh, Tom's so slow. He's supposed to ask you for my hand in marriage.

TOM: Honestly, Phyllis, I haven't had a chance. He's kept me so busy explaining the ladder.

NOAH: You haven't explained anything yet.

TOM: Mr. Porter, I know it looks sort of funny, but Phyllis and I want to get married.

NOAH: Nonsense!

PHYLLIS: It's not nonsense. We're going to do it, Father.

NOAH: Idiots!

PHYLLIS: Ask him for my hand, Tom.

TOM: Yeh, all right. Mr. Porter . . .

NOAH: Get out of here!

PHYLLIS: Dad, you have to listen now that you've spoiled everything. It was suppose to be like this: Tom was coming to you in the library and . . .

TOM: I didn't think much of this ladder climbing business either. I just wanted Phyllis to marry me and tell you later. I knew what would be better.

NOAH: Oh, you did. You look like that kind—ready to rob a girl with money.

PHYLLIS: Father, Tom loves me, not your money.

NOAH: You can't live on love.

TOM: I know it. I've tried it before.

PHYLLIS: Why, Tom, you never told me that!

TOM: Be quiet. What I mean is that it's hard to live without money, but I have a job now.

NOAH: A job? Doing what?

PHYLLIS: Tom's in the show. (*Three laughs*)

NOAH: Playing a walk-on, I suppose.

PHYLLIS: He is not. He has three lines. And, Dad, he steals the show.

TOM: Now, Phyllis, I don't exactly do that, but the director said . . .

PHYLLIS: Tom's going to be a star some day and I'm going to be his inspiration.

NOAH: Be still, Phyllis . . . So, you're in the show business, Mr. Taylor?

TOM: Yes, sir.

NOAH: Has Phyllis ever told you what I think of it?

TOM: She said once . . .

NOAH: Whatever she said wasn't enough. Show business, humph. I call it monkey business.

TOM: I know it looks that way to some people.

NOAH: And I'm one of them. No daughter of mine is going to marry an actor. I'm in the rubber business. My son-in-law is going to be in the rubber business . . . Now, I know you're not interested in rubber . . .

TOM: No, I . . .

NOAH: Then we have nothing to say to each other. Goodnight!

PHYLLIS: But, Father, if Tom . . .

NOAH: I'd appreciate it if you'd put that ladder away and leave at once.

TOM *defiantly*: Not till I take Phyllis with me.

PHYLLIS: That's right, Tom, talk right up to him.

NOAH: Phyllis, go into the house at once.

PHYLLIS: I'm staying right here.

NOAH: Phyllis!

PHYLLIS: But, Father . . .

NOAH: We'll go together then. Say good-night to Mr. Taylor.

PHYLLIS: Father, don't hold me so tight, you're hurting me!

SOUND: *Quick walk*

TOM *calling*: Phyllis, what should I do?

PHYLLIS: Courage, Tom! This is not the end!

SOUND: *Door slams*

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Laughter—topped by several people singing: "Hail, Hail The Gang's All Here"*

VOICE: Sh-h—Tom's coming up the steps now . . . Pipe down everybody. Play, Idabelle.

SOUND: *A few bars of "Wedding March" which stop abruptly as door opens*

TOM: What's the big idea?

VOICES: The bride . . . Where did you hide her, Tom? . . . Where is she? . . . Here! Catch him! . . . Don't let him get away! . . .

TOM: Cut it, boys. Cut it out! (*Struggling*) Quit it, I tell you. I don't feel like fooling.

IDA: Boys, that's enough. You better clear out.

VOICE: What's the big idea . . . One of Idabelle's jokes . . . The girl must have changed her mind . . . Can you blame her? . . . Poor Tom. (*Fade*)

SOUND: *Door closes*

IDA: Now, Tom, tell me about it.

TOM *angrily*: I'll never tell you a secret again, Idabelle Anthony!

IDA: But I just wanted to give you a royal welcome.

TOM: You've made me the laughing stock of the house.

IDA: But you said you were going to bring your bride here. What happened?

TOM: Plenty . . . Gee, I'd like to take Phyllis across my knee and give her a good whacking. No! I should have grabbed her and taken her away. Instead I let her worry about her grandchildren.

IDA: Her grandchildren?

TOM: Yes. First she thinks of her grandchildren, then of her mother and father and last of all of me. Can you feature a girl like that! She . . .

IDA: Tom! Slow down. Suppose you start from the beginning. Why wouldn't she come with you?

TOM: She wanted to, but her father wouldn't let her. He marched her into the house.

IDA: And you let him do it!

TOM: By that time—oh, it was all such a mess. Anyway I don't blame her father for being sore. I'd get mad too, having people prowling around my house with a ladder.

IDA *amused*: That ladder business again?

TOM: I knew that ladder was dumb, Ida.

Mr. Porter's a solid citizen. He's in the rubber business and he wants a son-in-law who's in the rubber business, too. I don't know anything about rubber, Ida.

IDA: And you're not going to waste your time learning about it either. Did you tell him that?

TOM: He didn't give me a chance. He just took it for granted that I was after his money. I don't want his old money. All I want is Phyllis. If I'd known her father was Noah Porter of the Porter Tire Company when I first met her, I wouldn't have had anything to do with her.

IDA *slowly*: Noah Porter—Noah Porter . . . Where have I heard that name before. It's stored away in my memory. Noah—Noah—Noah Porter . . . (*Triumphantly*) I have it! (*Laughs*) Oh, Tom, it's funny. Noah Porter . . . (*Peals of laughter*)

TOM: What's the matter?

IDA: Call a taxi, Tom!

TOM: A taxi?

IDA: No, wait . . . Give me fifteen minutes . . . No, it's twenty years, give me a half hour! I'll need that much time to prepare for Noah Porter!

TOM: What are you talking about?

IDA: We're going to pay him a visit.

TOM: Not at this hour of the night!

IDA *romantically*: Anytime, anywhere—those were the last words he said to me . . . Don't stand there with your mouth open, Tom.

TOM: Ida, I don't want to go through anymore tonight. I've had enough.

IDA: This is my party, not yours. But you're going with me, Tom. Now keep your wits about you. I'm going to need you in a minute to hook me up . . . A half hour—a taxi—and then Noah Porter!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Auto stopping*

TOM: This is the house.

IDA: It's a good thing he didn't stick to the stage, Tom. He'd never have had a house like this.

TOM: We'd better have the taxi wait, Ida. I have a feeling that we won't be here long.

IDA: That depends. If Noah's improved with age I may be here a long time.

But keep the taxi; you and Phyllis will want it.

SOUND: *Door closing—walk on pavement*

TOM: Do you realize that it's one o'clock?

IDA: Fine. Night's the time for romance.

SOUND: *Doorbell*

IDA *softly*: Anytime—anywhere . . .

TOM: He was angry enough before. Now when we get him out of bed, I don't know what's going to happen.

IDA: Sh-h there's a light.

SOUND: *Door opens*

NOAH: Yes?

IDA: Anytime—anywhere . . . No, you're not dreaming, Noah.

NOAH: I . . . I . . . Idabelle!

IDA: Idabelle of the kid glove, the white camilla, the black curl . . .

NOAH: Idabelle Anthony!

IDA: Don't keep me standing on the doorstep, Noah . . . Anytime, anywhere—do you remember?

NOAH: Yes, but . . .

IDA: I don't mind the robe and bedroom slippers. They're both quite handsome. You always did have good taste in clothes.

NOAH *still bewildered*: Idabelle, after all these years . . .

IDA: I've just found you again, Noah, through Tom Taylor.

NOAH: Tom Taylor! (*Suspiciously*) He brought you here?

IDA: On the contrary. I brought him. Come in, Tom.

NOAH: Whatever you two want of me, I say no—no—no!

IDA: Still the same old Noah, as stubborn as ever. I haven't asked you for anything.

NOAH: But when you do, I say no.

IDA: This lovely girl, standing breathless on the stair, is she your daughter?

NOAH: Phyllis!

PHYLLIS: Tom, you've come back!

NOAH: Phyllis, go back to bed.

IDA: She's charming, Noah, the image of you.

NOAH: Phyllis . . .

IDA: Let them talk together, Noah. I brought Tom along as a chaperon, not a nuisance. We have a great deal to say to each other.

NOAH: We? I know your tricks, Idabelle.

IDA: Then you're smarter than I am.

NOAH: I don't like that boy and I won't have him marry . . .

IDA: What's wrong with him? He has nice flat ears.

NOAH *grumpily*: Still making fun of my ears.

IDA: No, yours have grown flatter with age, Noah.

NOAH: Don't try to flatter me . . . Tom Taylor . . .

IDA: He and your daughter look sweet together, Noah. We were like that when we were young.

NOAH: When I was his age . . .

IDA: When you were his age you were just like him. You had two eyes, a nose and a mouth and you wanted to be an actor.

NOAH: Sh-h, my daughter doesn't know that. It's a part of my past I don't care to . . .

IDA: You've kept it from her! But it's from you she gets her talent.

NOAH: Talent, she hasn't any talent. She's a feather-brained . . .

IDA: I say she has talent, imagination, artistry. Anybody who thinks of step ladders in this age has genius—and she gets it from you.

NOAH: From me? Idabelle, you know Hixby fired me out of the company.

IDA: Because he was jealous of you, jealous of our love, jealous of your art.

NOAH: Idabelle, that's not true.

IDA: Of course it's true.

NOAH: Well, then why didn't you tell me years ago? You didn't believe in me, then. You used to make fun of my ears and my acting—and you married Hixby.

IDA: Yes, I married him. He was one of my mistakes—one of my five mistakes. Noah, I should have married you and saved you for the theatre.

NOAH: The theatre's gotten along all right without me.

IDA: But the theatre has a way of claiming its own. It wants your daughter now.

NOAH: You over-rate her. She takes after her mother.

IDA: No, after you. I brought my pictures along to show you, Noah. You see, I've kept them.

NOAH *chuckling*: You've kept them of me?

IDA: They're pictures of the whole company, but I only kept them because of you. Look . . .

NOAH *romantically*: Idabelle, do you remember the night . . .

IDA *entering into his mood*: When you said, "Anytime, anywhere . . ." You've kept my glove, Noah?

NOAH: Yes, and the camilla and the black curl . . .

IDA: Oh, where are they?

NOAH: Why, I don't know exactly.

IDA: Find them, Noah.

NOAH: But I'll have to go way up to the attic.

IDA: Too old to climb steps now, Noah?

NOAH: Of course not. But I don't like to leave that boy here with my . . .

IDA: I'll watch over them. (*Softly*) Please, Noah, for me.

NOAH *sighing*: You haven't changed much, Idabelle. All right, I'll do it for you.

SOUND: *Climbing steps*

IDA *quickly*: Tom, this is your chance.

TOM: Come, Phyllis, the taxi's waiting.

PHYLLIS *stubbornly*: No, I don't want to.

TOM: But you have to. Idabelle came here to help us.

PHYLLIS: But I'm not dressed.

IDA: Bother being dressed. Slip on a coat. Tom, sweep her away!

PHYLLIS: No, I won't go.

TOM: But, Phyllis, why not? You see now, Idabelle . . .

PHYLLIS: Idabelle. All you can say is Idabelle! Is this her love affair or mine? I want to plan my own romance.

IDA: Just like her father—the image of her father. Not a spark of imagination in her. He always balked the same way.

PHYLLIS: I'm not balking, but if I'm going to get married, I want to comb my hair and wear a dress.

IDA *impatiently*: Well, go up and put one on then.

PHYLLIS: You have to climb up the ladder again, Tom.

TOM: What? Not again! Gee, I've had enough exercise!

PHYLLIS: I'll be waiting for you in my room.

NOAH: Phyllis, where are you going?

PHYLLIS: To my room, Father.

IDA: Did you find them, Noah?

NOAH: My wife found them first.

IDA: Never mind. We can relive old memories without them.

SOUND: *Door closing*

IDA: Noah, as you stand there . . .

NOAH: Where's that Taylor boy?

IDA: He's gone. I want to be alone with you.

NOAH: But, Idabelle, I'm a married man.

IDA: And I'm a married woman. Five times, Noah, five times . . .

NOAH: Yes, but . . .

IDA: Sit down, Noah. You look better sitting down.

NOAH: My wife . . .

IDA: Forget your wife for one night, Noah. Is it so hard to forget?

NOAH. Idabelle, you're trying to put something over on me.

SOUND: *Car driving away*

IDA: Is that a car driving away? I have put it over!

SOUND: *Door opening*

NOAH *calling*: Phyllis! Phyllis!

IDA: She's gone, Noah. Down the ladder and away.

NOAH: You—you . . .

IDA: Yes, I did it.

NOAH: Idabelle, you—you . . .

IDA: Don't get excited, Noah. You always stammer when you do.

NOAH: I—I—my wife . . .

IDA: Yes, still the same old Noah. How disappointing. Please hand me my fur, Noah.

NOAH. You—you—I . . .

IDA And call me a taxi. The children took mine.

NOAH: But why? Where are you going?

IDA: Home to sleep and dream of romance!

WHAT WE DEFEND

EXPERIMENTAL FANTASY

By BERNARD C. SCHOENFELD

(Broadcast by the National Broadcasting Co.)

ANNOUNCER *quietly*: The American Way of Life!

MUSIC: *Up and fade—dissolve into . . .*

SOUND: *A fife and drum come in faintly playing "Yankee Doodle"*

VOICE *He is a demagogue and the enemy of our times—he speaks with charm and friendliness*: What a stirring little tune! I've never heard it played before! What song is that?

2ND VOICE *A young voice—always quiet and assured*: That is a song of birth, That is a song of creation; An overture played as the curtain rises On a new way of life . . .

VOICE: A new way of life? That's quite an undertaking! Who sings the song?

2ND VOICE: All of us here in 1782.

We Yankee Doodlers with our homespun and our muskets,

We undernourished rebels with flaxseed in our hair,

We keepers of shops in Boston Town, looking down our long, lean noses,

We lawyers of Virginia in our poorly fitted wigs and breeches,

We sing that song,

We have won our independence.

VOICE: Then you must start off on the proper foot.

You must listen to some sound advice, Or else your song will die on the lips in time.

Others have tried to sing such a song and their voices cracked in bitterness.

HENRY *quietly and naturally*: We shall sing it for centuries.

Millions of voices will sing it together.

VOICE: Who are you?

HENRY: Henry. Patrick Henry, lawyer.

VOICE: You are a very young man to be so very optimistic.

ADAMS *quietly*: It will happen that way.

VOICE: Who may you be?

ADAMS: My name? Sam Adams.

VOICE: You should not feed on idle hopes.

FRANKLIN: We will be strong as gospel!

VOICE: Who are you?

FRANKLIN: Franklin, Ben. A printer and a scribbler.

VOICE *tolerantly*: Scribblers are notoriously bad prophets.

JEFFERSON *quietly*: We are an independent republic of the United States.

VOICE: Who are you?

JEFFERSON: Jefferson is the name. Thomas. Founder of a way of life.

VOICE: Perhaps I can advise you?

JEFFERSON: No, I thank you.

VOICE: Tell me, how did you win this independence?

JEFFERSON: We knew what we were defending.

VOICE: I speak as a friend, Believe me—'twas only luck!

Why, they had the ships and they had the guns,

They had the cloth and the food and the feed for the horses!

They had the musket balls and the muskets and the generals!

And what did you have?

JEFFERSON *quietly*: We knew what we were defending.

VOICE: No, it was just good fortune.

You didn't have men who were trained for defense!

You didn't have cannon made of finest metal!

You didn't have ships of sturdy timber!

You didn't have anything—nothing did you have!

HANCOCK: Yet we have won.

VOICE: Who are you?

HANCOCK *wryly*: Hancock. John. I sign a fancy signature to declarations.

We knew what we were defending.

VOICE: That is no answer to give a man of the world.

HANCOCK: It is all the answer we wish.

VOICE: But you had no shoes and you had no hose!

The wind found your flesh through the holes in your uniforms!

Your faces were white from hunger and frost.

And your feet froze in the snow that they walked through!

You had no gold to pay for your regiments,

You had no gold to buy troops of mercenaries,

You had no gold to hunt down your traitors . . .

You had nothing!

MADISON: Nothing? We had everything.

VOICE: Who are you?

MADISON: Madison. James. Man of small fortune.

We knew what we were . . .

VOICE *amused*: Have you no other tune to play on your fiddle?

HAMILTON *laconically*: The tune is a sweet one.

VOICE: Who are you?

HAMILTON. Hamilton. Alex. Soldier and treasurer.

We knew what we were defending.

SALOMON: That is why we won.

VOICE: Who are you?

SALOMON: Hayam Salomon. Soldier and patriot.

MARION: It was not chance that made us win our independence.

It was a dream hammered and shaped on the anvil of truth.

VOICE: Who may you be?

MARION *grimly*: Francis Marion, the Swamp Fox.

Fighter in lonely places.

It's our turn for questioning you.

You've been asking all the questions.

Answer quickly—who are you?

VOICE: I am—your friend.

I used to work for Caesar seven centuries ago,

I used to be a friend of Attila the Hun and Gengis Khan.

I come to help you,

As an older man comes to a youth to plot a course for him to follow.

You are a young and struggling nation . . .

Weak and helpless . . .

You need advice and counsel.

2ND VOICE: We know the course to follow.

These gentlemen have given you some proof of that.

VOICE: But they were the leaders, these Henrys and these Jeffersons!

Men of position in their halls of oratory.

Leaders are bloodless without their followers . . .

What of the people?

2ND VOICE: They knew, also, otherwise they should have lost.

They knew what they were defending.

VOICE: The rabble knew?

2ND VOICE: The rabble?

VOICE: I mean the mob . . .

2ND VOICE: The mob?

VOICE: Well, then, the People . . .

Did they know?

SOUND: *Sneak in voices low but steady up and fade under*

FARMER: We knew what we were defending.

VOICE: Who are you?

FARMER *simply*: My name be Charlie. Or maybe it be Michael. Or maybe it be James.

I don't reckon it matters a tinker's dam.

I got a farm down in Virginia. Or maybe up Rhode Island way, or maybe west in New Kentucky.

And that don't matter either.

VOICE: But you were the rebels who plowed the soil

The farmers in homespun and linsy!

You hadn't any schooling and you hadn't social graces . . .

And yet . . .

FARMER: We knew what we were defending.

VOICE: But you hadn't any mansions to defend!

You hadn't any property to hold!

You only had a cow or a pig or some geese

A field full of clover or a barn full of hay!

Was that what you were defending?

FARMER: No.

VOICE: I don't understand.

FARMER *laughing*: Ye ain't the kind to understand.

Ye'll never understand.

- Two hundred years from now you won't be understanding either.
- WOMAN: No. You'll never understand.
- VOICE startled: You—too!
- WOMAN: Why not?
- VOICE: You were the drudges in the kitchen!
- You were the mothers washing in the creeks!
- You were the women bearing children, cooking, sewing, weaving . . .
- And yet?
- WOMAN quietly: Yet we knew what we were defending.
- VOICE: What did you have to defend?
- WOMAN: Go away, please.
- I have my youngest child to suckle,
I have my years ahead busy with teaching my family how to grow to manhood.
- I have a way of life to pass on to my children.
- I have no time for idle conversation.
- Go away please.
- FARMER: Go away.
- Wheat and corn must grow in the fields from Maine to Carolina.
- The pigs and cattle must be fed, and the plowshares sharpened,
There must be green things growing for our future.
- WOMAN: We have important tasks ahead. Go away.
- We have a nation to build.
- VOICE baffled: But no one has told me yet . . .
- What was it you were defending?
What is it you go on defending . . .
Now—now—in 1782.
- FARMER: You wouldn't understand.
- MUSIC: *Up and out*
- VOICE: Greetings! It's 1823, and I'm back again.
- 2ND VOICE: What brings you here?
- VOICE: Friends of yours and mine have sent me.
- The Czar of Russia and the King of Prussia and the King of France,
The King of Spain and the Emperor of Austria.
- All noble, gracious despots whom I serve to please.
- They are the Holy Alliance . . .
- 2ND VOICE: Or Unholy Alliance?
- VOICE: If you knew them well, you would not say that.
- I'm here in 1823 to pay a little visit.
- You see, the Czar of Russia admires California.
- 2ND VOICE dryly: Really?
- VOICE: Oh, yes.
- And the Emperor of Austria admires Oregon.
- 2ND VOICE: Really?
- VOICE: Oh, yes. And the King of France admires Mexico.
- 2ND VOICE: Does he now?
- VOICE: Oh, yes. And all of them are especially fond of South America.
- SOUND: *Sneak under voices of men*
- 2ND VOICE: Listen . . .
- VOICE: What's happening there?
- 2ND VOICE: It's Washington, the Halls of Congress . . .
- VOICE: Who are those men?
- 2ND VOICE: The Congress of the United States.
- President Monroe has sent a message to them.
- Listen . . .
- SOUND: *Voices up—the gavel raps—the voices die down*
- SPEAKER: I shall now read to the members of this Congress the message of James Monroe, President of the United States of America, this day, December 2, 1823.
- VOICE bored: Why should I listen to him?
- 2ND VOICE: You will see.
- SOUND: *Gavel*
- SPEAKER reading: And the United States of America affirms that no European power shall seize territory in this hemisphere or set up a government on the American continent!
- 2ND VOICE: Now go back and tell your Holy Alliance
- That the Monroe Doctrine comes to them this Christmas
- Tied with silver ribbon and bedecked with holly . . .
- VOICE: You treat me harshly.
- I have always been your friend.
- But you are still young and flushed with high success . . .
- 2ND VOICE: We know what we are defending . . .
- Even now . . .
- Fifty years since Valley Forge.
- We still know what we are defending!
- MUSIC: *Up and out*
- VOICE effusively: I'm back again.
- 2ND VOICE: Sent by whom this time?
- VOICE: Friends of yours—across the sea.
- 2ND VOICE: Why do they send you?

VOICE: Amazement and delight.
Curiosity and admiration.

2ND VOICE *sceptically*: Admiration?

VOICE: Come, come—let us all join hands together!

We can rule the world!

In 1776 we watched you being born,

A weak, anaemic infant,

Hardly able to force a gasp out of your lungs.

Then in 1823, you were a hardy adolescent.

But now you've grown to become a Hercules!

Congratulations—it's scarcely to be believed.

2ND VOICE: We knew what we . . .

VOICE: . . . were defending, I know all that.

A charming phrase. I've quoted it to my friends.

But there was the Mississippi to cross,

There were the Rockies to climb,

There was the heat of the desert and the snow of the Sierras . . .

Who would try to conquer a wilderness against such obstacles!

PIONEER: We did it.

VOICE: Who are you?

PIONEER: A Homesteader.

We set out from the East, rode out with the oxen,

Rode out with the oxen into the sunset, into the dusk,

Rode out with the oxen into the dust and the desert,

Into the thirst and the frost,

And built up a Promised Land.

VOICE: But why?

PIONEER: You could never understand.

VOICE: But there were the Crows and the Sioux

Crouching behind the Buttes of Wyoming!

There was the sting of the rattler, the whiz of the arrow,

No man in his senses would try to conquer a wilderness against such impediments!

WOMAN: We did . . .

And we were women.

VOICE: Who are you?

WOMAN: I and a thousand others . . .

I and a hundred thousand others . . .

I and a million others . . .

Crossed the Rockies in covered wagons,

Helped our men build the cabins,

Helped our men plow the parched land,

Sweated and stumbled, fainted and froze,

And the villages grew, and the towns,

And we died. It was worth dying for.

VOICE: For what? Do you really know?

WOMAN: To bring the things we had defended,

Out into the wilderness for our children To pass on to their children.

VOICE *with tolerant amusement*: What sentimentalists you are!

Who would wish to die for such a reason!

But where did your strength rise from?

Where did your courage take root?

In 1776 you were weak,

Only a sliver of land along the Atlantic!

But now like a blanket of green flung over the earth,

You cover a continent!

You straddle two oceans with peace and with power!

How were you able to face what you met on the road to completion!

LINCOLN: We knew what we were defending.

VOICE: Who are you?

LINCOLN: Lincoln, Abe, lawyer and story teller.

VOICE *charmingly*: Oh, yes, Mr. Lincoln, delighted to meet you!

You have a very clever point of view, politically.

"Oh the people, by the people . . ." (*He laughs amused*)

I wish I had your knack of thinking up such phrases.

It would come in handy.

I and my friends were shocked when Booth proved his marksmanship,

And yet were delighted to hear . . .

LINCOLN *dryly*: That we are still a nation?

Yes, I can imagine how delighted you were to hear that.

Which reminds me of a story . . .

VOICE: Forgive me, Mr. Lincoln, but could you postpone that story?

The North and South are one again.

You're stronger than ever as a nation!

Why?

LINCOLN: Did you ever hear the story of . . .

VOICE *with irritation*: What is it you defend, sir?

What is the secret of your strength!
What is it!

LINCOLN *simply*: Democracy.

VOICE: But that is just a word!

Four syllables beginning with the
letter D!

A word cannot keep a country alive
forever!

LINCOLN *simply*: So long as we know
what we are defending—

So long as we fight for what we wish
to keep—

Democracy will prove as strong as
General Grant's cigars,
And everybody knows
Nothing could be stronger.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

VOICE: Greetings! I'm back again.

2ND VOICE: You look strangely different.

VOICE: I'm wearing modern dress.

Would you like to listen to my calling
card?

SOUND: *Screech of a bombing plane and
out*

VOICE: Pretty sound, a bomber, pretty
as a summer morning.

2ND VOICE: What brings you here?

VOICE: This is 1940 and the old, old ways
are dead.

Conquest is not brought about by
wooden ships and curved white sails
Conquest is not made by armies of
mere thousands,

Conquest is the steel of tanks and the
steel of planes,

Conquest is the annihilation of little
children,

Conquest is the squashing of young
brides as beetles are squashed on a
garden path.

Conquest is the alpha and omega of
existence!

Gone is the treaty, the conference, the
honored word,

This is not 1776 nor 1870

This is 1940!

2ND VOICE: What do you want?

VOICE: I come as a friend to warn you. . .
Appease the wrath and gain the favor
of the conqueror!

I come as a friend to the discontented,
to the makers of money and to the
losers of money.

I love America.

2ND VOICE *dryly*: You've loved America
in strange, unwelcome ways.

VOICE: You've never understood my
motives.

I've sought to give you strength.

That's why I say to you . . .

2ND VOICE: We have no use for anything
you have to say!

VOICE: Listen—do not turn away!

These are words of wisdom tried else-
where,

They were found to do the trick!

Repeat them to yourself:

They have a hard, fierce sound,

They are practical in a practical world.

(*The demagogue at work—he almost
whispers*)

Do away with the Republican Party . . .

Do away with the Democratic Party . . .

Do away with all parties . . .

Save one . . .

The Party of Force,

The Party of Steel!

Have you ever realized how outdated
Democracy is?

Your President, your Congress, your
Supreme Court.

Excellent a hundred years ago . . .

But now? Outworn as a bustle.

See things the new way.

Be realistic.

We can let events shape themselves

Without one gesture from any other
land.

And while these things are being
done . . .

We'll show our hate . . .

2ND VOICE. Hate?

VOICE *irritated*: Don't be naive!

2ND VOICE: Hate does not come easily to
Americans.

Hate? Why hate?

VOICE: To destroy those who are against
us.

2ND VOICE: Go away! We are one united
people.

VOICE *for the first time losing his temper*:

You told me that a hundred years ago;

I went away contemptuously amused!

But now, my friend, I'm here to stay!

You're not a puny nation any longer.

You and I can talk things over realisti-
cally.

And so I say—hate!

Oh, hate is a miraculous perfect thing,

Blossoming like a lily at Eastertime!

Hate the little people . . .

They mean nothing to you.

Someone must be blamed for conditions.

That's the way to get our men in power.

Hate the Negroes in the South,

The Jews in the East,

Lynch them, burn them, frame them
with barbed wire . . .

Or hate the leaders of the People,
Jail the leaders of the People, kill them,
Hate the liberal, call him radical,
Hate the Catholic, call him outworn,
Bring dissension, bring the blood rush-
ing to the skin!

Oh, hate is a glorious device!
And it works!

2ND VOICE: It shall not work here,
Nor any of your suggestions!

We still know what we are defending.

VOICE: Democracy is not a lasting propo-
sition . . .

2ND VOICE: So you said when first you
heard our Yankee Doodle

Whistled by men trudging in the snow
at Valley Forge!

VOICE: You've had luck and that is all.
Just luck.

I never knew what it was you were de-
fending

Back there with Washington and
Jefferson.

2ND VOICE: What we defended then, we
defend now.

Perhaps the time has come to show you
What we've been defending all this
time,
Are still defending,
And will continue to defend!
Come!

MUSIC: *The music of flight—ethereal*

VOICE: Where are we?

2ND VOICE: A corner store at any cross-
roads in America.

Listen:

FARMER *not a rube*: Shucks, I wouldn't
cast my vote for Fred if he were the
last man on earth running for Congress.

2ND FARMER: Hmmm . . . got a chew
on ya?

FARMER: Here ya are.

2ND FARMER: Thanks . . . but I don't
think you're right about Fred. No, we'd
've never got that Farm bill passed if
it hadn't been for Fred.

3RD FARMER: Yeah. Reckon we ought to
give Fred another chance at Wash-
ington.

4TH FARMER: Fred's going to speak to-
night at the cooperative. You fellers
goin' to hear him?

FARMER: Reckon I will. No use being pig-
headed till I hear just what he's got to
say. But he'll have to do some mighty

high talkin' to convince me to send him
back to Congress!

(Pause)

VOICE *puzzled*: What were those farmers
doing—quarreling?

2ND VOICE: No.

Practicing Democracy.

Governing themselves.
Listen.

WOMAN *stoutly*: There's been a lot of
discussion this afternoon on whether
or not we should send a wire to our
Senator. Let me point out right here
and now, that our organization is a
consumer group and we women must
protest any action which will artificially
raise the cost of living during this
emergency. I, therefore, make a motion
that we immediately send wires, not
only to our Senator, but to every Sena-
tor, protesting the passing of this Bill!

2ND WOMAN: I second it.

CHAIRWOMAN: You have heard the mo-
tion. All those in favor signify by rais-
ing their hands. (*Start fading*) All
opposed signify by raising their hands.
(Pause)

2ND VOICE: That's one pure and shining
truth we cling to:

A truth that made us swim the torrents,
Die with arrows in our backs,
Thirst in deserts,
Stiffen in the gale.

The pure and shining truth of Self-
Government!

MUSIC: *Sneak in very faintly—a band*

VOICES: *Hullabaloo*

CHAIRMAN (*filter*): Alabama!

DELEGATE (*filter*): The State of Alabama
casts fourteen votes for Stephenson,
five votes for Ballantine and five votes
for Governor Steele!

VOICE: Self-Government!

Outworn as bustles or the hobbleskirt!
Look about you at the world!

Where else on earth do people govern
themselves today!

2ND VOICE: Exactly!

And that is why we must be a beacon
to the shipwrecked!

That is why we must be an oasis to the
thirsty!

For that we built our forts, our cabins
and our towns,

Built our bridges, railroads, highways,
Built our plants, our mills, our fac-
tories.

For this one pure shining truth . . .

That we are a nation which governs itself!

The People, my slick and jaundiced friend, the People rule!

You want to know the meaning of democracy?

The right to walk up to the corner store,

Mark a cross on a folded ballot,

Drop the ballot in a box,

And choose with freedom whatever man you think can do a job the best for all the People!

MUSIC: *The music of flight—ethereal*

VOICE: What next have you to show me?

2ND VOICE: This, too, we defend:

This, too, is what we call our way of life:

PULITZER: To print on paper those facts that you believe are true,

Though others might not think so.

VOICE: Who are you?

PULITZER: Joseph Pulitzer, of the old New York World.

VOICE: You're dead and gone.

MELLETT: The freedom of the Press is still alive.

VOICE: Who are you?

MELLETT: Don Mellett. My paper fought against corruption. My paper fought the people's fight. The enemies of freedom had to put a bullet in my back to silence me.

VOICE: Why did you go to all that trouble?

BROWN: Those alive will defend this freedom of the press until they themselves are also dead.

VOICE: Who are you?

BROWN: Heywood Brown, who hated guys like you.

VOICE: Gone the way of all flesh.

LUCE: No press can live on fear!

VOICE: Who are you?

LUCE: I print a magazine called Life. A magazine called Time. Luce is the name.

VOICE: Never read you.

MENCKEN: We're highly complimented.

VOICE: Who are you?

MENCKEN: H. L. Mencken.

I and the Baltimore Sun grow mellow from argument.

VOICE: But why disagree among yourselves?

PATTERSON: Our country has grown strong through freedom of opinion.

VOICE: Who are you?

PATTERSON: Patterson.

Ever read the New York Daily News?

WHITE: There is joy for us in printing what the people want to read.

VOICE: Who are you?

WHITE: William Allen White.

I have a little newspaper back in Kansas.

We wear our sleeves rolled up!

VOICE: Do the people care enough?

Does the mob, the rabble care what they read?

2ND VOICE: Listen!

NEWSBOY: Get your evening paper!

Read all about it! Get your evening paper!

MAN: I'll take the Register.

2ND MAN: Got a Times there?

3RD MAN: Give me the Star.

4TH MAN *recognizing the third man*: Hello, Jim.

3RD MAN: Hello, Tom. Going home on the bus?

4TH MAN: Yeah. I like to sit and read on the way home. What paper do you take?

3RD MAN: The Star. I like its foreign policy.

4TH MAN: Not me. Give me the Sun. It's got just the right editorial policy for me.

3RD MAN *laughingly*: Well, it's nice to know that all newspapers don't agree. Makes us think for ourselves.

(Pause)

2ND VOICE: This is another pure and shining truth . . .

Men have died too young,

Men have been imprisoned,

Men have died sitting at their copy desks . . .

To make this truth into a thing of heart and blood and guts!

We are a people who love the clean, black flow of printer's ink unchecked, And free to tell the truth without suppression!

This, too, we defend!

MUSIC: *Music of flight*

VOICE: What next to show me?

What next to make the Conqueror laugh?

SOUND: *Town crier's bell*

TOWN CRIER: Hear ye Hear ye. Town meeting tonight! Town meeting tonight!

ANNOUNCER (*filter*): Tonight the Town Meeting of the Air presents the subject

"Capital versus Labor." The speakers for tonight are Norman Thomas, well known leader of the Socialist Party, Ernest T. Weir, President of the Republic Steel Corporation, and John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers. (*Start to fade*) And now here is George V. Denny, moderator of the Town Hall.

2ND VOICE: Yes, this is what we have always defended since the beginning. Our right to exchange opinions. We call it freedom of speech.

SOUND: *Sneak under voices*

2ND VOICE: Listen. It's a square in a park of a city.

MAN: It's this way. If the city had municipal electric power, rates would be cheaper.

2ND MAN: You're nuts! The city shouldn't compete with the private utilities.

3RD MAN: Who says so? We're the guys who pay the bills.

2ND MAN: You're talking through your hat!

3RD MAN: Oh, yeah? Now listen here. I've been doing some thinking and . . .

COP: Hello, boys. Is this a private fight or can a cop join?

3RD MAN: Hello, Clancy. What do you feel about this power question?

COP: Well, the boys down at the station house were saying just the other night (*Fading*) that the thing to do was get the city and the company and . . .

(*Pause*)

VOICE *with contempt*: Police should demand agreement,
Not foster argument!
Freedom of speech—a luxury of children never grown up!
Come, what else do you defend, I'm in a hurry!

MUSIC: *Playing "Kol Nidre" or ancient Hebrew Melody*

RABBI *chanting*: Oh Lord God of Israel,
Great Giver of Blessings,
Watch over your Tribes of Israel
Deliver us from persecution
Teach us to obey your precepts (*Start to fade*)
And guide us toward light and happiness.

MUSIC: *Organ playing Gregorian chant*

PRIEST *chanting*: And on this Easter Sunday, we invoke Thy blessing
And in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost

(*Start to fade*) We beseech you to bring peace to this unhappy world.

MUSIC: *Protestant hymn*

MINISTER: Come in Father David.

FATHER: Reverend Clark, I've come to invite you and your parishioners to use my church while yours is being built. I know since the fire . . .

MINISTER: Yes. We have had no place to worship.

FATHER: Then we shall expect you to use the Cathedral next Sunday?

MINISTER: Thank you, Father David. I need not tell you how my congregation will appreciate your offer.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

2ND VOICE: And this we, too, defend,
Basing our democratic creed on the Sermon on the Mount . . .

VOICE: The beliefs of sentimental fools!
Religion, the outworn cloak to hide your fears!

The only god is the god of Force!

The only god is the god of Steel!

Kneel to the god of conquerors!

MORMON: We crossed from Missouri to Utah to defend the right to worship our God as we saw fit.

VOICE: Who are you?

MORMON: A Mormon. We built part of the West out of our faith in Him.

VOICE: Children walking in a dark forest frightened of the unknown!

QUAKER: We left the old world for the new to worship as we pleased,
And to permit others to do likewise.

VOICE: Who are you?

QUAKER: A Quaker. We have built America. We are building America.

VOICE *almost screaming it*: But there are races and religions that are enemies of decent men!

ENTIRE CAST *in unison*: The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want . . .

VOICE *trying to stop the chant*: Keep still!

ENTIRE CAST *still stronger*: The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want . . .

VOICE: Be quiet!

2ND VOICE *triumphantly*: You cannot drown out that sound in America!
You cannot make race hate race, creed hate creed!

You cannot weaken the strength of our tolerance!

We know whom we defend!

The Americans named Stokowski who came from Poland,

The Americans named Farley from
Erin,
The Americans named Dubinsky from
Russia,
The Americans named Douglas from
Scotland,
The Americans named Hughes from
England,
The Americans named Knudsen from
Denmark,
The Americans named LaGuardia from
Italy,
The Americans named Du Pont from
France,
The Americans named Garbo from
Sweden,
The Americans named Willkie from
Germany,
The Americans named Roosevelt from
Holland!

We come from all races, creeds and
colors

And our way of life demands that we
be tolerant of our brother!

We came on the Mayflower and we
came in the steerage

Carrying our bundles of grief.

This was a haven for those of the
pogrom,

This was a haven for those of the lash,

This spirit of tolerance we have de-
fended,

This spirit of tolerance we will de-
fend!

MUSIC: Up and out

VOICE: But why defend these things?

What is nobler than living the life
given you by the Conquerors?

Give up!

Relax!

Obey!

2ND VOICE: No!

For there is one more and lasting truth
that we defend . . .

The fact that I am I

And you are you,

With separate lives and minds and
bodies.

We defend the right to be an indi-
vidual

To be ourselves,

To dream our dreams,

To build on hope

To have initiative.

VOICE: But what is better than being told
what to do!

What is more noble than thinking of
the Leader

And working for the Leader,
Submerging whatever makes the thing
called you

Into—Nothing?

GIRL: I can tell you what is nobler!

VOICE: Who are you?

GIRL *iron in her voice*: Just a girl. Age 22.

I've got a fellow named Joe. He and I
are getting married in the Fall. What
do we want of life? We want a home.
We want a child. We want that kid to
have a chance. We won't have to ask
permission to give the kid a chance to
be almost anything he wants to be. We
want friends. We want all kinds of
friends. We won't have to be afraid to
make friends. We can tell our friends
whatever we think, about anything,
because they won't sneak behind our
backs and tell the State. We want jobs.
I want to be a stenographer. I won't
have to ask permission. Joe wants to be
a mechanic. He won't have to ask per-
mission. We'll have a right to work at
what we want to work at. If we want to
join a union, we can join one. And at
night, alone, Joe and I will talk things
over with each other and not be afraid
of the neighbors listening, and running
to the leader to tell him what we said.

(Her voice rises triumphantly) We can
live our own, decent, private lives as
human beings! We can go to church
or not go to church! We can laugh
and we can play without signing a
card! We can have Mr. Weinstein and
Mr. Riley and Miss Kobotsky for sup-
per and no one will wonder or care!
(She is almost laughing with happiness)

Because we're free. *(With grim earnest-
ness)* And when that freedom goes I
don't want to live and I don't want Joe
to live! But we'll fight to defend those
things before we die. *(With cold, quiet
fury)* Now, get out of here, before I
call my Joe!

MUSIC: Up and under

2ND VOICE: Well, now I've shown you.
Now you know what we were defend-
ing back there in 1776.

I doubt whether you even now fully
understand.

And yet it's very simple.

Our way of life?

Come back Mr. Jefferson.

No one can tell us as simply as you.

MUSIC: Sneak under

JEFFERSON: Our way of life gives every man an opportunity to work out his own salvation. It allows that men may have differences of opinion and yet speak those differences . . . it is a way of life in which all races and all creeds are respected, and one may be a Jew, or a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, or a

Quaker and live contentedly all the days of his life . . . It is a way of life where one may print what he likes, how he likes, where he likes . . . where one's laws are made for everyone . . . where the common man rules and not the dictator nor the tyrant . . .

Music: *Up and out*

THE MARCH ON CHUMLEY HOLLOW

A DOCUMENTARY

By MYRA PAGE

SOUND: *Fade in voices of men up against coal face humming in sombre work rhythm, as their picks swing to an old Cumberland folk ballad*

MINE GUARD: Heave that coal, you luggards!

SOUND: *Rhythm of picks and shovels louder then fade under men singing—you can hear the words clearly now*

MINERS' VOICE: Watch out! Car's a coming!

SOUND: *Coal car rumbles by—hold singing under woman speaking*

DOLLY HAWKINS *in clear ringing voice of the Hill country*: This is Dolly Calvin Hawkins, woman of the Cumberland mine country speaking to you. Through me you will hear a fine bit of American history that somehow never got writ down in the textbooks I reckon, but all the same lives on in the hearts and memories of folks like me. THE MARCH ON CHUMLEY HOLLOW. Now listen and mind me well while I take you back to those great days of the 1890's when our hills echoed with the sound of marching men. *(Fade out)* I was no more than a child at the time . . .

MUSIC: *Music—voices crescendo—music fades under pick and shovel rhythm broken by sounds of heavy feet dragging balls and chains*

1ST CHILD (Dolly): Listen to them sing, those penitents! *(With bitterness)* How I hate 'em!

2ND CHILD: Look! *(Scornfully)* How they drag their feet!

3RD CHILD *awe*: Look at those balls and chain fastened on their legs.

DOLLY: Serves them right—the thieves!

2ND CHILD: My dad says if our hills were shet of the penitents, maybe honest miners could make a living again.

4TH CHILD *(Very young)*: Dolly, I wanna go home! *(Crying)* I'm hungry!

DOLLY: Hush, Sissie.

SOUND: *Tread of chain gang and moaning undertone of their song grows louder*

DOLLY: Hush Sissie, hush. Here they come!

CHILDREN: You lowdown penitents! *(Hissing and catcalls)* Get outa our hills! Get out! Get out!

SOUND: *No answer—a man groans under his breath—chain gang fades out*

WOMAN DOLLY (Narrator): Penitents. That's what we called 'em back in the nineties. Penitents in convict stripes. Penitents out of the state pen down in Nashville that Cap'n Chumley and the others had started bringing in to mine the coal veins in our Cumberland hills. *(Fade out)* That's we young 'uns undertook . . .

SOUND: *Fade in chain gang and mumbled undertone of song: "We are bound . . ."*

2ND CHILD: Here they come! *(Hissing grows louder)* You dirty faced penitents!

1ST CHILD: Taking bread right outa our mouths!

2ND CHILD: You got no right in our hills!

BOY'S VOICE: Our Dads are free miners, they are!

2ND CHILD: Yes, and making a living till you came here—in your convict stripes!

CHILDREN CHORUS: Get out! Get out!

DOLLY: Cheese it! The guard!

MINE GUARD: Heigh there! You brats! Clear off!

3RD CHILD *awed*: That's Joe Bartlett.

MINE GUARD: Off with you, you Shamrock brats! You got no right in Chumley Hollow.

1ST CHILD: We got right enough.

2ND CHILD: It's them got no right in our hills.

MINE GUARD: No back talk! Clear off!

4TH CHILD *still whimpering*: I'm hungry!

BOY: It's our Dad's right to mine that coal.

3RD CHILD: Dolly, look at that guard. He's got a whip and a gun. And that one too. And that. Oh I'm ascairt.

DOLLY: Aw shut up, scared cat! That's just Potato Face Joe Bartlett.

SOUND: *Chain gang grow louder and men's labored breath*

DOLLY: Come on, kids, now's our chance!

SOUND: *Catcalls—sounds of stones hitting against human flesh—angry men's cries*

MINE GUARD: You little . . .

SOUND: *He fires—children run off crying—he laughs*

GUARD: That'll learn you, you brats! . . . And tell your Pappy the next time they send you here (*angrily*) I won't be firing in the air!

JIM HAWKINS (*Running in*): What's up? Who fired that shot?

GUARD: It's all right, Jim Hawkins. Nobody hurt yet.

JIM: A gun's nothing to play with, Joe Bartlett.

GUARD: I reckon I know that better'n you miners, Jim. (*To chain gang*) Heigh you, penitents! Get going! (*Whip cracks—gang starts on*) Down the mine hole! (*Slow emphasis*) As for that shot, Jim, I just figgered to scare off your brats.

JIM: My brats! (*Calls out*) Dolly! You, Dolly, come from behind that red oak! Oh, I see you all right, dragging little Sissie off. (*Scuffle—sound of a cuff on the ear*) Up to it again, are you! (*Child cries out*) Ain't your Ma and I told you often enough not to come here!

CHILDREN (*Running in*): Aw, Mister Hawkins, that mine guard he shot right at us, he did!

BOY: Aw, tell the truth, he didn't nuther.

JIM: You've no business here, not a last one of us.

MUSIC: *Fade in chain gang's low moaning worksong*

JIM: This here's a sight not fit for God nor man, let alone a child.

2ND CHILD: We were only sassing the penitents.

JIM: Little idiots. They ain't to blame.

BOY: But my dad says, if we were only shet of these penitents . . .

JIM: There's truth in that, son.

2ND CHILD: If they ain't to blame, then who is?

JIM: The men who brought them here. Them with greed on their breath!

BOY: But we gotta get shet of 'em, ain't we?

JIM: Yes son, we gotta. (*angrily*) But you kids can't do it!

DOLLY: Dad, look! He's driving 'em down the mine hole . . . He's gonna lock that mine door fast!

SOUND: *Heavy iron door closes—bolt is shot*

DOLLY: Dad, what if a fire started down that mine hole?

JIM: They'd be caught like rats.

SOUND: *Third child cries out*

GUARD: Jim Hawkins, I warned you. Call off your pack of hooligans before they get into trouble.

JIM: Looks like trouble's already here, Joe. (*Pause*) Going down that mine hole. (*Half to himself*) These young 'uns put shame on a man . . . Not so many years since we fought a war to rid this country of slave labor—and look! It's creeping up on us like a corpse outa the grave. (*Aloud*) Joe Bartlett, take Cap'n Chumley a message from us miners. Tell him this: No slave labor's gonna drive free labor outa our hills!

GUARD: Nobody wants that.

JIM: Oh, yes, they do. Coal's cheaper thataway.

SISSIE *crying*: Dad, I'm hungry. I wanna go home.

DOLLY: Hush, Sissie, can't ya!

JIM: Tell Cap'n Chumley the sound of our bairns crying should burn his ears!

GUARD: Now see here, Jim . . .

JIM: No, I ain't done! Tell Cap'n Chumley there's just one thing he forgot. America was built on free labor, Joe. She's gonna stay thataway.

GUARD: Big words, Jim.

JIM: And by heaven, a big country. It takes big words. Freedom! America was founded on that. Maybe him and your kind don't know it. We Cumberland miners do. And we aim . . .

GUARD *slowly*: Just what you aiming to do?

JIM *after a pause*: Good night, Joe Bartlett.

GUARD: Heigh, wait a minute!

CHILDREN (*from a distance begin a derisive singing*:

Potato Face Joe's got warts on his chin!

Potato Face Joe's got warts on his nose!

JIM: Go on home, young 'uns. Clear out!
And don't let me be catching you near
Chumley Hollow again.

BOY: But the penitents?

JIM: Clear off! This here's a job for men,
not kids. (*To himself—as the children
leave*) A job for five hundred men.
And this time we'll do it proper.

SOUND: *A rising wind drowns out his
words—as the wind lessens—sound of a
man running—then a low knock—Jim
Hawkins' voice in an undertone: "Jake,
fox hunting tonight!"—more running
—other knocks—"Bill, Harry, fox hunt-
ing tonight!"—"Alec, round up the
others, fox hunt tonight!"—Once more
the wind rises—dies off as young voices
are heard singing to a guitar's strum-
ming out a lilting old mountain ballad:
"God gave Noah a rainbow sign*

Don't you see?

God gave Noah a rainbow sign

Gonna rain no more—till next time

Don't you see!"

*The song fades under as Dolly, the
woman narrator begins to speak*

DOLLY (*Woman Narrator*): That next
evening the wind was messing 'round
our cabin hunting trouble for certain.
Inside all the Hawkins' brood was
gathered 'round the grate listening and
humming while brother Clyde picked
his guitar. Dad had his mine boots off,
roasting his feet over the coals. Ma was
next him, Sissie asleep in her lap. I was
sitting close to Dad, so close I could
feel his arm quiver though his voice
sounded dull and low. "Sue," he said
(Sue, that's what he called ma) "Sue,
if anybody comes here tonight—"
(*Fade*)

SOUND: *A flare of wind—faint sound of
guitar and voices*

JIM: Sue, (*in slow undertone*) if anybody
knocks at our door tonight and wants
my clothes—

SUE HAWKINS *fearfully*: Jim!

SOUND: *The guitar stops*

JIM: If they want my clothes I tell you—
don't ask no questions. Just hand 'em
out.

SUE: Jim, what you aiming to do?

DOLLY (*Child*): Ma, they gonna do it
again! (*Divided between joy and panic*)
Dad and the miners gonna march on
Chumley! Drive the penitents off!

JIM: You, Dolly!

SOUND: *Claps hand over her mouth*

JIM: Where'd you hear such drivel as
that!

SUE: March? Oh, no, Jim! Chumley's
troops will shoot you down first!

JIM: Dolly, get to bed.

DOLLY *gasping*: Dad I—I—

JIM: Get to bed! I never thought a bairn
of mine'd have a loose tongue. Tom,
Clyde, Bessie, the lot of you—get to
bed!

DOLLY (*Running back*): Dad I never
meant to—oh, Daddy!

JIM: It's all right, bairn. But get to bed.
Here, take Sissie with you. Your Ma
and I got work to do . . . Now, Ma
Sue, you do as I say . . .

SUE: Jim, I won't let you! You know what
happened last time. Seth killed—and
Buck.

JIM: But that was different. We hadn't
laid our plans so careful as this.

SUE: Oh, merciful heaven! Oh what's
the use, Jim? The posse'll hunt down
the penitents, like they did last time,
bring 'em back.

JIM: Oh, no, they won't! This time (*ex-
cited laugh*) we aim to do better.
We ain't letting the posse spot 'em so
easy by their stripes. We're giving the
penitents our clothes. This time we're
clearing 'em off for good!

SUE: Jim I won't let you! (*Praying under
her breath*) Oh, Father in heaven I
gotta stop him. I gotta . . .

JIM: Heigh, what're you doing! You
gimme my boots!

SUE: No! Stand back Jim. You're not
going outa the house this night! They'll
kill you, Jim!

JIM: Woman, gimme my boots. I'll be
late. (*In a whisper*) The men are al-
ready gathering up the mountain. We're
marching on Chumley Hollow before
the rise of the moon . . . Come on,
gimme my boots!

SUE: No! Come a step nearer, I'll throw
'em on the coals.

JIM: You gone stark outa your mind!
My one pair of boots. How'll I get to
the mine tomorrow?

SUE: How'll you get there (*sobbing*) if
Cap'n Chumley's gunmen shoot you
down?

JIM: Sue Hawkins, drop those boots!

SOUND: *Running feet of Jim Hawkins*

SUE *with low moan*: You're hurting my
wrists!

JIM: Drop 'em I tell you! (*One boot falls then the other—laughing*) There!

SOUND: *Stamps three times—in same beat as the pick and shovel work rhythm*

JIM: Back on my feet where they belong . . . Come on, sweetheart, gimme a kiss for luck.

SUE: Oh, Jim—they'll be the death of you.

JIM: Death? (*Pause*) And what's this but death! Our kids going hungry, their eyes begging for what we ain't got! I tell you I can't stand it any longer. Little Sissie crying for hunger—and those bloody penitents mining our coal. What's this—but slow death?

SUE *more calmly*: There's truth in that, Jim. But man, we still got each other. Don't go, Jim.

JIM: Sue, darling, think of it! By tomorrow the hills will be ours again—free! Free as the good Lord made them. And full of coal to dig, and warm brotherhood.

SUE: Jim, what you doing!

JIM: It'll be like the sun coming out, after a long hard winter.

SUE: Jim, where you going with that gun!

JIM: To free our hills!

SOUND: *Door slams—silence in the cabin except for Sue's harsh breathing—from far off a dog barks—then another*

SISSIE *crying*: Ma! Ma! I'm hungry.

SUE: Hush, baby, hush. Here's a rag for you. Come, I'll rock you to sleep. (*She hums brokenly*)

SISSIE: Ma, I want my supper.

SUE: Hush, baby, you'll wake the others. (*She hums more steadily now*)

SISSIE: Ma, where's Dad gone?

SUE *with sudden firmness*: Your Dad's gone to fetch you something to eat. Now you be a good child and go to sleep. Your Ma's got work to do.

SISSIE: But I'm hungry.

SUE: Suck on the rag. Soon as ever Dad brings something I'll wake you up, I promise. There, snuggle up against Dolly, close your eyes. (*Moves about the room—half humming half moaning as she gets clothes together*) Oh, Heaven have mercy . . . I must get Jim's things together, in case somebody knocks. Here's an old pair britches worn through at the knees . . . Oh, look down on us, Lord, protect us this night.

SOUND: *Wind rises then fades out*

DOLLY (*Narrator*): I watched Ma from my pallet in the far corner, waiting my chance. I was lying there shivering and remembering the first time my Dad and the others had marched. That was in ninety-two as I recollect. Three days and three nights it had taken them, first over to Chumley Hollow, then down to (*Fade out*) the Governor's mansion at the Capitol . . .

SOUND: *Marching men—march song: "Men of Harlan"—faint sounds of chain gang*

JIM: Halt men! There's the city . . . Down there below us, where you see the lights . . .

A MINER: In another half hour it'll be dawn. We gotta hurry!

PENITENT: Oh, Lordy, I'm ascairt.

JIM: What you scared of, man? You penitents ain't done nothing. It's us Cumberland miners who've done what was done—and so we'll tell the Governor.

VOICES: We'll tell him, all right!

JIM: Come on, men. Forward—march!

SOUND: *Men marching in heavy boots*

JIM: All right men, halt! . . . Stranger, which way to the Governor's house?

CITY DWELLER: Well, I'll be . . . But who? What? (*Stammering*) So many of you!

JIM: No time to be answering questions, stranger. Which way?

CITY DWELLER *in strained voice*: Straight, ahead!

JIM: Straight ahead—march!

SOUND: *Men marching*

JIM: Here we are! Halt! Ring the door bell, Seth. Keep on till they come!

SOUND: *Ringing bell—door swings open*

SECRETARY: Upon my word! What's this infernal ringing in the middle of the night!

JIM: The top o' the morning to you, mister. And who might I have the honor of speaking to—the governor himself?

SECRETARY *with dignity*: Of course not. This is his secretary. And who are you, you ill-mannered—why—what? So many of you!

JIM: Please, tell his honor, the governor, the Cumberland miners are here.

SECRETARY: But what! (*Confused*) I don't understand. It's the middle of the night.

JIM: Sorry to disturb him, but . . .

VOICES: Call the governor!

SECRETARY: So many of you!

JIM: Five hundred, all told.

VOICES: Call the governor!

SECRETARY: But the governor's still in bed!

JIM: Sorry to bother him. But we kinda thought (*with slow emphasis*) it would be quieter thisaway. We've come for a talk about the convicts mining coal in our Cumberland hills.

SECRETARY: I see (*Pause*) It's most unusual but . . .

VOICES: Call the governor, blast it! Quit the stalling!

SECRETARY *hurriedly*: I'll see what can be done.

SOUND: *Door closes*

JIM: All right, men, at rest. Our journey's nigh done.

SOUND: *Door opens*

SECRETARY: All right, gentlemen. The governor will see you. Please send your delegation this way.

SOUND: *Mumble of men's voices*

JIM: Er—r. Tell the governor if he don't mind, we'd as soon meet him right here. You see it's a long way we've come, three days and three nights, nad our boots are caked with mud. Besides (*Chuckle*) all the way down from our mountains I've promised my buddies a sight of the governor. Up in the Cumberlandds we've heard tell that he's a just and true man.

SECRETARY: That's true.

JIM: And that his old Daddy was born and brought up in our hills.

SECRETARY: That's right.

JIM: Good! Then tell him not a man of us could go home and face the missus, if he left here without seeing the governor with his own eyes.

SOUND: *General friendly laughter*

SECRETARY: Well, that's fine of you. But there's too many of you to go inside.

JIM: To be sure. So if you'll tell the governor that, with our respects . . .

SECRETARY: Well . . . (*Hesitates*) You see, his honor—

SOUND: *He breaks off, as chains rattle and a man groans*

SECRETARY: Say, who's that in your midst in convict stripes?

JIM *grimly*: The ones we came to see the governor about.

VOICES: We got 'em all here . . . Every blasted one . . .

SECRETARY: Governor! Governor!

SOUND: *Door slams—miners laugh—door opens—laughter stops*

SECRETARY *still hoarse*: His Excellency, the Governor of Tennessee.

SOUND: *Cheers*

GOVERNOR *dryly*: Good morning, gentlemen.

JIM: Top o' the morning to you, Governor!

SOUND: *More cheers*

GOVERNOR: Thank you. But no more of that, please. Unless you want my neighbors roused.

JIM: That we don't, Governor. This is between you and us.

GOVERNOR: What brings you here?

JIM: Governor, we came—not to make trouble—but to settle a matter, man to man. You see us, five hundred miners from our Cumberland hills. There's five thousand more like us, back home. We, and our fathers before us, have been digging coal outa our hills for four generations. Now they send those penitents in on us!

VOICES: Convicts!

Striped-back labor!

Labor straight outa the pen! Murderers! Thieves!

Labor nobody pays a cent for!

How can free miners compete with them?

JIM: Quiet, men! One at a time! But, Governor, I reckon they put the issue straight. It's got to be the place in our hills where it's us or them. Slave or free labor. So we brought you your convicts back.

GOVERNOR: You, what!

JIM (*Turning and calling behind him*): Men, open ranks! Bring the penitents here.

SOUND: *Shuffling feet—chains—a man groans*

JIM: There ain't nothing to be afraid of, men. I explained to the Governor already, what's happened is the miners' doing, no more nor less.

GOVERNOR: Now see here—!

JIM: Jim Hawkins is the name, sir.

GOVERNOR: You realize what you've done is against the law!

JIM: Yes sir, I reckon it is—as some reckon the law. But Governor, human law goes deeper than that. As a just man, we put it up to you—we miners can't stand by and see our bairns starve?

GOVERNOR: Of course not. But . . .

JIM: Then you know why we had to do what we did. (*Pause*) Governor, here's your penitents. (*Voice rings out*) So good as to keep them where they belong out of our hills!

SOUND: *Cheers*

GOVERNOR: Just a minute! (*Cheers subside*) Listen, men, I know how you feel. But this—this thing has to be handled in a reasonable, fair way.

JIM: That's what we want, your Honor, peaceful like.

GOVERNOR: The state of Tennessee has let contracts to Captain Chumley and other mining firms. It is beyond my power to set aside those contracts by a wave of my arm. You must understand that.

SOUND: *Murmurs—grumbling, etc.*

JIM: Now see here, Governor, I reckon you don't know after all how we feel. (*Pause*)

VOICES: Go on!

Tell him, Jim!

JIM: We didn't aim to say this if we could help it. But looks like we gotta make things clear . . . Governor, not so long ago we fought a war to free this country of slave labor.

GOVERNOR: Now, just a minute!

JIM: Hear me out. We Cumberland folk figger, every last miner's son of us—if we have to, Governor, we can fight another!

SOUND: *Cheers fade-out*

DOLLY (Narrator): So the Governor took the hint. (*Fade under rhythm of marching feet*) He promised Dad and the other miners he'd call a special meeting of the State Legislature to pass a law forbidding convict labor in Tennessee mines. (*She stops, listening to the faint echo of men cheering*) On the strength of his promise, the miners marched back to the hills. And the penitents went back to Chumley Hollow and Coal Creek, and wheresoever they'd been gathered from. (*Pause*) Well, the Governor kept his word. But the legislature wouldn't pass the law. Cap'n Chumley and his likes saw to that. (*Angry muttering grows louder*) The miners stood it as long as they could. Then they took matters into their own hands.

SOUND: *Marching rhythm comes closer—in distance you can hear faint echo of the chain gang song: "We are Bound . . ."*

DOLLY (Narrator): In ninety-two they marched! (*Quick march rhythm*) They over-powered the guards, turned the convicts loose. (*Faint cries of "Thank de Lord!" Chains dropping off*) They told them to go West, make a fresh start in the lumber camps—Most of these penitents, my Dad said, weren't bad men—Debtors, Vagrants . . . But the posses spotted the penitents by their convict stripes. They brought them back to our hills. So in ninety-three, my Dad and the miners marched again. That time there was firing and blood lost on both sides. But once more the posses rounded up the penitents . . . So now in ninety-four, my Dad and the miners were marching again.

SOUND: *Fade in under noise of marching—and a high wind*

DOLLY (Narrator): Outside as I lay on my pallet waiting my chance, I could hear Dad and the miners on the march. I aimed to be with them. As soon as Ma was done gathering up clothes to hand out, as Dad had said, she sat down by the fire to wait. I can see her yet, eyes, closed, hands folded, the light from the fire on her as her lips moved, praying . . . I crept out the back way and started as fast as my feet would carry me.

SOUND: *Child's feet running over hard ground, timed with low howling of wind and sounds of march*

DOLLY (Narrator): Back of the mountains the moon was beginning to rise. Ahead of me I could see the column moving—like the woods itself moving on Chumley Hollow. (*Marching grows louder*) I raced on, keeping out of sight in the wood. By now I could see a rifle or a shotgun on every miner's shoulder. As I caught up with them I spied my Dad right where I knew I'd find him—in the front ranks. (*Fade out*) I kept alongside . . .

JIM: Halt! (*Marching stops in undertone*) All right, men. We're in sight of the Hollow. Every man has his gun? (*Ad lib: "Yes! Yes!"*) Remember, we don't aim to use them—unless we have to.

VOICES: There's a light in the lookout tower over the mine . . . Then the guard ain't asleep . . . Hope no snitch forewarned 'em . . . Why don't we move? . . . What we waiting for? . . . For our scout we sent on, ahead.

- JIM: We gotta keep a sharp lookout, men.
- MINER (*Running up—out of breath*): Jim! All's clear 'head!
- JIM: Good scout! You sure, Man?
- MINER: Sure as my name's Kelly.
- JIM: Attention! Double quick to the mine door!
- SOUND: *Running feet—men breathing hard*
- CHILD DOLLY: Oh Merciful Heaven, take care of my Dad.
- GUARD (*Calling down from tower*): Halt! Who's down below there! Halt, or I shoot!
- JIM: Joe Bartlett, we got you covered.
- GUARD: Jim Hawkins, lay down that gun or I'll shoot!
- VOICES *running up*: Joe Bartlett, throw down those keys! . . . We want the keys to the mine door . . . The keys . . . Throw 'em down before we come up and get 'em . . . And you besides.
- GUARD: Stand back or I'll fire!
- SOUND: *Angry murmurs*
- JIM: Brothers, wait! No hotheads here. Now see here, Joe. We're four hundred strong. Better drop that gun and throw down the keys.
- GUARD: I know you, Jim Hawkins! Stand back! I'm giving you fair warning. Stand back or I'll fire.
- VOICES: He will, too! . . . Better stand back, Jim.
- JIM: I'll stand my ground.
- DOLLY: Oh Daddy . . .
- MINER: That bloody guard—I'll get him!
- JIM: Hold your gun. No blood spilt to-night that we can help.
- VOICES: Throw down those keys! . . . We got to hurry, Jim . . . Before the alarm gets out.
- JIM: Joe Bartlett, we give you one last chance. Throw down those keys before we come up and get them.
- GUARD: I'll shoot first.
- JIM: No go, Joe. You might get a couple of us—you can't get four hundred.
- MINER: And we'd get you, Joe Bartlett, so help me, along with the keys.
- GUARD: All the same I'll shoot!
- JIM: Then, by heaven, we're coming up! We give you till ten (*Begins slow count—dead silence as count starts*) One-two-three-four-five-six . . . (*Murmurs from crowd*) seven-eight . . . (*Ad lib: "The keys! The keys!"*) We're coming up! -nine . . .
- GUARD: You blackguards! Take 'em!
- SOUND: *Keys falling on ground*
- VOICES: The keys! . . . He threw 'em! Coward, I knew he would!
- JIM: All right, men. To the mine door! To the barracks! Turn the penitents loose!
- VOICES: Turn 'em loose! . . . To the stockade! . . . To the mine shaft!
- SOUND: *Confusion of noises—men running—doors swung back—frightened cries—chains falling off—then men rejoicing "Praise de Lord!" "Hallelujah!"*
- JIM: Run, you penitents! Clear outa our hills! Run for your life!
- SOUND: *Running feet—exclamations of gratitude: "Praise de Lord! Praise de Lord!"*
- JIM: Run—no, wait! Go first for your clothes! Shed your convict stripes! (*Speaking fast*) Then head West. Here's what you do, you go to . . . (*Fade*)
- MINER (*Runs in*): Jim, the troops! Chumley's got word to the troops!
- SOUND: *Beat of horses' hoofs—coming closer*
- DOLLY: Oh, Dad . . . (*Confusion of sounds grow louder*) I gotta get home, warn ma!
- SOUND: *Rifle fire—fade*
- DOLLY (*Running into cabin*): Ma! Ma!
- SUE: Dolly! You wicked child! Where've you been!
- DOLLY: Ma, they did it! I saw 'em! They did it!
- SUE: Saw what?
- DOLLY: Saw dad set the penitents loose.
- SUE: Heaven be thanked—and your dad?
- DOLLY: I—I don't know
- SOUND: *Rifle shots in distance*
- DOLLY: Oh, Ma! The troops!
- SUE: Oh, I knew! (*Knock at door*) Who's there?
- VOICE (*Muffled by doorway*): Lady, gimme some clothes.
- DOLLY: Penitents!
- SUE: Hush. Step back, children. I'll crack the door. (*Door opening*) Here!
- VOICE: Thank ye, missie. Where can I change?
- SUE: Over there in woodshed. Oh heaven preserve us—
- VOICE: Oh, Lordy, I'm free!
- SUE: Where's your father!
- SOUND: *Distant sound of shots in hills*
- DOLLY: Out there! Oh Ma—?
- SUE: Come, kneel with me by our hearthstone. Pray children, pray for your

father. Pray like you never prayed in your life. (*They begin in faltering voice*) Our father who art . . . (*Another knock*) Who's there?

MAN'S VOICE: Lady, gimme clothes. Oh thank ye, missie.

SOUND: *Another knock*

MAN'S VOICE: God bless you, missie.

DOLLY: Oh, Ma, did you see that man's face!

SUE: Hush, Dolly! Oh where's Jim? Why don't he come!

SOUND. *Another knock—muffled "Hallelujah"*

SUE: If only we're free of 'em forever!

SISSIE *sobbing*: Ma, I wanta eat:

SUE: Hush, baby. Daddy will be here soon, now.

SOUND: *Muffled knocks continue—"Thank ye, missie"—fade out*

DOLLY (*Narrator*): I lay there till dawn, aquiver, listening to those knocks, and

out in the hills the miners and Chumley's gunmen shooting it out . . . I lay there waiting till near morning, when I heard my Dad's low chuckle by the fire. "Sue," I heard him say, "Sue (*Fade out*)

JIM: Sue, our hills are free at last!

SUE: Oh, Jim, you're safe!

JIM: And free we'll keep 'em. No room in our land for chain-bound feet. (*Fade*)

NARRATOR: And so it turned out. Our part of the Cumberlands never saw those penitents again. (*Pause*) I was full proud of my Dad that night. And proud we can all be, for the spirit that runs in our Cumberlands is the same wherever you go in our great land, America: yesterday and tomorrow—land of the free!

MUSIC: *Song, up full, "Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory"*

NANCY CLARE *

A DOCUMENTARY RADIO PLAY

By DOUGLAS JOHNSON

MUSIC: *Fanfare*

ANNOUNCER: With today's program we will trace the changing attitude of the public toward the treatment of the criminal, dramatize the story of NANCY CLAIR, an ex-convict, whose adjustment into society was aided by a parole officer, and, finally, present a discussion of the modern parole system by a group of students from

MUSIC: *From behind sound*

SOUND: *Marching feet—in high—fade under*

NARRATOR: Hear that? The hollow sound of marching feet. Along the streets of your community they come. Down the roads and through the fields of your part of the country. Some of them you may know, most of them you don't. These are the men and women who have violated the law. These are the men and women you call criminals. What will you do with them?

MUSIC: *Up and out*

VOICE: This man has stolen a sum of money, what shall we do with him?

MUSIC: *Up for background—hold*

SOUND: *Voices fast—pile up—montage effect*

2ND VOICE: What shall we do?

3RD VOICE: What shall we do with him?

4TH VOICE *loud* a "know it all": Now, the trouble is that he is bothered with evil spirits. What we have to do is drive out the evil that is in him.

2ND VOICE: Yes, punish the evil spirits.

3RD VOICE: Humiliate the spirit; make it ashamed.

1ST VOICE: But how shall we do it?

4TH VOICE: The real way to punish evil spirits is by torture. You have to beat it out.

3RD VOICE: You have to beat it out . . . whip him!

4TH VOICE: Flog him; stone him.

2ND VOICE: And another way is to make him ashamed. This can be done best by mutilation.

3RD VOICE: Cut off an ear . . . cut off both his ears . . .

2ND VOICE: Slit his nose. Cut out his tongue so he can speak no evil.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

1ST VOICE: This man has committed a crime. What shall we do with him?

MUSIC: *Background—pile up*

2ND VOICE: What shall we do?

3RD VOICE: What shall we do with him?

4TH VOICE: Now the trouble is that too many criminals are allowed to go free. The solution is to put them in prison.

2ND VOICE: Yes, we have to protect ourselves. We have to protect society.

3RD VOICE: Putting them in prison will be a warning to others.

4TH VOICE: Prisons protect decent citizens from criminals, they serve as a warning to would-be offenders, and they give the prisoners a chance to do penance.

2ND VOICE: Make him feel sorry he did it.

3RD VOICE: Give him a chance to reform—in prison.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

1ST VOICE: This boy is on the wrong track, your Honor. He has been going with a bad crowd. They've been getting into trouble. What shall we do with him?

* As written in the Radio classes of Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, under the direction of Dr. Sherman P. Lawton. This program was presented with the coöperation of the Missouri State Parole Board and presented over Station KMBC.

JUDGE: It used to be thought that punishment and imprisonment was the best way to handle youthful law-breakers. Most people thought that the purpose of a prison was to put people away so they could be properly punished, and society could be protected at the same time.

NARRATOR: That's true, your Honor. But before that, prisons were not places of punishment, they were really places of confinement. Prisons were places to keep people until it could be decided what punishment should be inflicted on them.

JUDGE: But all that is changing now. Modern prison systems try to educate the law-breaker. They try to find him the right kind of work; to give him training so that he can do some kind of work when he gets out.

NARRATOR: And the modern system helps ex-convicts get jobs and, what is more, keep them.

JUDGE: Most important of all, the modern prison system tries to help the ex-convict live right. State officials, especially trained for their work, try to help ex-convicts make proper adjustments in their community. Ex-convicts are encouraged to keep sober, to go to a church, to take part in community projects, and to develop interesting recreations.

NARRATOR: All of this started much longer ago than you might think. As long ago as 1704, Pope Clement XI at Rome conceived of a prison as a place for reformation and training, not punishment. The training school for boys was called The Hospital of St. Michael. Over the door was written the words:

2ND VOICE: "For the correction and instruction of profligate youth, that they who, when idle, were injurious, may when taught, become useful to the state."

NARRATOR: And in the hall where the boys worked were written the words:

3RD VOICE: "It is of little advantage to restrain the bad by punishment unless you render them good by discipline."

NARRATOR: Motion pictures like "The Big House," "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," and "20,000 Years in Sing Sing" have aroused public interest in prisons.

More and more people are coming to realize that a good penal system is not simply a good prison system. It is a whole system of law enforcement.

2ND VOICE: Modern systems, like the U. S. Industrial Reformatory at Chillicothe, Ohio, and the Alcoa Farms at Jefferson City, Missouri, are proving that the best system of law enforcement is not a system of punishment, but a system of re-education and readjustment to society.

NARRATOR: It would be quite possible to tell you how state psychiatrists help prisoners achieve mental balance; how physicians help restore physical health; how classification-officials help men and women find jobs which interest them; and how state instructors train them for useful occupations. But what of the man who has been released from prison? Can society afford to dump men into the streets without making some effort to help them to make a readjustment? Can a government afford to release a man at the end of his sentence without setting up safeguards?

2ND VOICE: The modern penal system provides for this difficulty by releasing a prisoner when a portion of his sentence has been served. He then serves the remainder of his sentence outside of prison walls, under the supervision of a qualified state officer. This system is called "parole" and the supervising officer is called a "field man." We would like to tell you about the work of the field officer whose service with state parole boards is proving very valuable in enforcing the law. We think we can do this best by dramatizing for you the story of NANCY CLARE, an ex-convict.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Marching feet—in high—fade under*

NARRATOR: Hear that? The hollow sound of marching feet? Along the streets of your community they come. Down the roads and through the fields of your part of the country. Some of them you may know, most of them you don't . . . Ex-convicts—they are free now. Trying to work their way back into society. They bear the burden of a shattered past—too often, a broken spirit. They feel the sting of self-reproach. They face a wall of personal

and public prejudice. How are they encouraged? Partly by the voice of a member of the parole board, saying:

PAROLE: We believe that you can be trusted with liberty and that you'll use it to the best interests of yourself and your community.

NARRATOR: Then to themselves they say . . .

NANCY: I'll prove I'm worthy of that trust.

SOUND: *Clang of door—start marching men and bring up*

NARRATOR: Ahead they see new life. So they, too, join the march. Their only likeness, their common bond . . . ex-convict.

SOUND: *Bring up march—fade with cue*

NARRATOR: As we watch, the marching columns blur . . . and fade away.

SOUND: *Cross fade marching to steps of one person*

NARRATOR: One figure walks alone. A woman, rather young and smartly dressed. Her eyes—straight forward. Her chin—held high. (*Pause . . . across mike*) The story of one among thousands!

SOUND: *Steps draw closer and stop*

NANCY: My name is Nancy Clare. I took a job and was paid with a prison sentence. (*Blurt*) I was just a kid. I didn't know what I was doing. I was brought up in a little town in the west part of the state. In high school I learned shorthand and typing. After graduation I wanted to go to the city and get a job as a stenographer. The folks said it would be all right. I could stay with my sister Jinny. She had an apartment and things would be swell. Two months . . . that's how long I looked for a job. You can get awfully tired of tramping the streets in two months. You know, I'd have taken almost anything just to get started. Jinny had been swell, but I had to begin paying my share and I needed some clothes. One morning I saw an ad in the newspaper. It asked for a secretary. When I got down to the office it was full of girls, who also wanted the job. They hired me. (*Bitter*) I didn't know why—then, but I do now. It was because I was a hick and didn't look like I'd be able to figure out what they were doing. (*Pause*) I wish their guess had been right. If it

had of been . . . I wouldn't be telling this story. (*Pause*) I'd been there about three months. Investment Counselors—they called themselves. Well, one morning, while I was typing a letter, I heard voices. There was no one in the reception room. Then I realized that it was the inter-office phone. Mr. Todd had left the switch on at his desk.

TODD (*phone effect*): It's worked so far, hasn't it? What are you afraid of, Benson?

BENSON (*phone*): Somebody's going to get wise, Mr. Todd. We have plenty of dough. Let's clear out while we can walk and not have to run.

TODD (*phone*): You want to quit just when we're about to make the big haul?

BENSON (*phone*): No, boss, but look, we may . . .

TODD (*phone*): Listen! We'll pay out all we've taken in, see, in dividends. That'll make the suckers love us. They'll really start kicking in then. Well, when we're satisfied, got enough, we'll just disappear.

BENSON (*phone*): Yes, maybe you're right, Boss. Ah, you know how I get sometimes. Jitters, that's all. You just give the orders and I'll . . .

SOUND: *Snap of switch*

NANCY to herself: Oooh! What . . . what am I in to? What am I going to do? (*Pause*) I know.

SOUND: *Chair pushed back—steps across the room—open door*

NANCY: Mr. Todd.

TODD off: Yes, Miss Clare, what is it?

NANCY: I want to talk to you.

TODD off: I'm busy now. Mr. Benson's here—I'll call you when I have time for you.

NANCY: You'll listen to me now. I want Mr. Benson to hear.

SOUND: *Close door*

NANCY *deliberately*: I'm going to turn you over to the police.

TODD *quick*: What?

BENSON *quick*: Hey, what do you mean?

TODD *composed*: Come sit down, Miss Clare . . . now . . .

NANCY: I said I was going to report you to the police if you don't give back the money that you've taken.

BENSON: Listen, you little . . .

TODD: Take it easy, Benson.

NANCY: Your office phone was switched off, Mr. Todd, I heard everything.

TODD: And you're going to turn us in?

NANCY: Unless you give back the money.

TODD: I think you're going to forget what you heard, Miss Clare. You're working for us, you know. So you're as much a part of this enterprise as we are. At least we could make the authorities believe that.

NANCY *frightened*: You . . . you wouldn't dare. I just found out about it. If I'd have known before I'd never have . . .

TODD: Go on, Miss Clare.

NANCY: I suppose they wouldn't believe me . . . (*Firm*) But I'll take a chance.

TODD: You're being foolish. You know, you're too smart for a thing like that. Why don't you get wise and work with us? There's money in this business. You could use it, couldn't you? A few new dresses, nice apartment and travel. You'd like that, wouldn't you?

NANCY: Yes, but it isn't right to take the money and . . .

BENSON: Come on, be smart, kid. If you call a copper, we'll see that you go right along with us. We could tell 'em you got sore about the split. But if you string along we'll deck you in diamonds. Now, what do you say?

NANCY: I . . . I . . . don't know. If I don't join you . . . you'll . . . (*Defeated*) There's not much I can do I guess.

BENSON: Sure. You're all right, kid. Now go on out and type a few letters. We got (*fade*) big business to talk . . . the boss and me. (*Pause*)

NANCY: Well, I suppose you can guess the rest. They caught us. Benson and Todd had quite a record so they were hard on them. The judge only gave me three years . . . Only three years. I changed a lot in that time. I wasn't just a kid any longer. I quit thinking about little, petty things and turned my thoughts to problems and most of all my future. One afternoon, a couple of years after I'd been sent to . . . prison, I was in the cell trying to fix my hair a little (*Fade*) So I could make the proper appearance . . .

MAZIE: Give 'em the works, kid.

JUDY: Yea, make it good, Honey, tell 'em you've got a sick mother, that'll help

MAZIE *aside*: Don't tell her that, Judy. (*Back*) Just tell 'em the truth, kid. Play it straight. Remember, they know more about it than you do.

NANCY: That's what I thought; they're trying to help me. It won't do any good to lie.

MAZIE: Sure, kid, you'll get through all right.

JUDY: Ho, look who's preaching honesty and purity.

MAZIE: Shut up, Judy!

MATRON *off*: Miss Clare . . . Miss Nancy Clare.

NANCY: Yes.

MATRON *off*: Come on, they're waiting for you.

MAZIE *whisper*: Best of luck, kid.

NANCY *whisper*: Thanks.

SOUND: *Unlock heavy door—opens and closes—steps die in distance*

NANCY *fade in*: You . . . you sent for me . . . I'm Nancy Clare.

PAROLE MEMBER: Sit down, Miss Clare. These gentlemen and I would like to have a talk with you. Please don't be nervous. Now, Miss Clare, we'd like to have you tell us your story. We have the facts here in this report, but we want to hear it from you.

NANCY *nervous*: I don't know where to begin, it's rather hard to . . . Well, I was born (*fade*) in a little town in the west part of the state. In school I learned typing (*under*) and shorthand. Come to the city and got a job. It was illegal and we were caught. (*Fade in*) My employers were given long terms and I was sent here for three years. That's all, I guess.

PAROLE MEMBER: Thank you. (*Aside*) May I look at the prison record, please. Thank you. Well, you seem to have behaved well while you were here. What are your plans if you are released?

NANCY: Get a job as a stenographer, I hope.

PAROLE MEMBER: But you haven't a job as yet?

NANCY: No, sir.

PAROLE MEMBER: As you know, Miss Clare, before you are released we must insist that you have a home and . . .

NANCY: I wanted to live with my sister.

PAROLE MEMBER: Yes, I know, that will be satisfactory. She's also arranged for

a friend to act as your sponsor, hasn't she?

NANCY: Yes.

PAROLE MEMBER: That satisfies the second requirement, so the job is our only problem. I believe we can take care of it. (*Aside*) Miss Green, ask Mr. Ferguson to step in for a moment, will you?

GREEN *off*: Surely.

PAROLE MEMBER: Mr. Ferguson is our field man, Miss Clare. He may have something in mind for you. Dictation and typing, is that right?

NANCY: Yes, sir.

PAROLE MEMBER: A job like that isn't usually too hard to find.

FERGUSON *off*: You wanted to see me?

PAROLE MEMBER: Yes, Ferguson, sit down.

FERGUSON: Thanks.

PAROLE MEMBER: This is Nancy Clare.

FERGUSON *off*: Oh yes, I feel like I know Miss Clare. Her report came into my hands for investigation about two months ago.

PAROLE MEMBER: Then you know the facts in this case?

FERGUSON: Yes, I had a talk with Miss Clare's sister the other day. She seems to be a fine young woman. Very anxious to help us.

PAROLE MEMBER: The reason I asked you to come in, Ferguson, was to ask about a job. Miss Clare would like some office work if she is released. Do you think your department could help place her?

FERGUSON: Hmmm. I can't promise anything, but I believe we'll be able to help. If I locate something, I'll let you know. Is that all?

PAROLE MEMBER: I believe so. Thank you for coming.

SOUND: *Door closes*

PAROLE MEMBER: Now, Miss Clare, a very important question. Do you think that you're ready to go back into society?

NANCY: I know I am. I've learned my lesson and when I'm free I'll start all over again. I'll forget my past.

PAROLE MEMBER *musings*: I wonder if you should.

NANCY: Oh, I don't mean I'll forget what I've . . .

PAROLE MEMBER: I know. You won't forget what you've learned here. What the past has taught you; just the place in which you learned it.

NANCY: That's right.

PAROLE MEMBER: If you hide the fact that you've been in prison, you'll be sorry.

NANCY: How?

PAROLE MEMBER: You'd rather tell people about yourself than have them discover it for themselves, wouldn't you?

NANCY: I suppose.

PAROLE MEMBER: You don't want to be haunted by the ghost prison.

NANCY: How can I help it . . . now?

PAROLE MEMBER: I can't answer that positively. I'd suggest facing it. There should be no disgrace. If you master every problem that you'll have to face and make your life a success, you can be proud of it. Don't hide your past and regret that you have. Be fair and honest—I think that's the way to live. (*Pause*)

NANCY: The board voted to give me a parole and Mr. Ferguson found a job for me. It was so hard to wait until the day when I was to be freed. Then it came. When I left the cell and walked along the corridor, I heard the other girls calling:

MAZIE *off*: Be careful, kid.

JUDY *off*: Take it easy. I'll look you up when I get out.

MAZIE *off*: Wish I were in your shoes.

JUDY *off*: Drop us a line, you know the address. (*Laugh*)

MAZIE *off*: I'll be seein' you. (*Fade*)

JUDY *off*: I'll be seein' you.

MAZIE *off*: I'll be seein' you. (*Pause*)

NANCY: I was free again. I could see strange people. Hear talk. The first thing I did, was go to the address Mr. Ferguson had given me. It wasn't a very big office. Just two stenographers there when I went in.

SOUND: *Door closes—typewriter click—then stop*

MAME *bored*: Yes, what is it?

NANCY: I came to see . . . Mr. Blake.

MAME: O.K. He's in his office. Who'll I tell him's here?

NANCY: Nancy Clare.

MAME *knowing* . . . *hateful*: Oh sure, I'll tell him you're here.

NANCY *crushed*: She knew about me. She knew I'd been . . . (*On her feet*) Well, what did it matter? I could stand it. Mr. Blake was different, he understood and I know . . . he wanted to help me.

BLAKE: The pay won't be much, Miss Clare. I run a small business here but

the work won't be too hard. Ahhh, Mr. Ferguson was in the other day and he's convinced that you'll . . . you'll be able to do the work quite satisfactorily.

NANCY: For the first few weeks it was all right but the other girls in the office were so hard to talk to. I tried to be friendly but there wasn't any use. I got back from lunch early one afternoon and was in the filing room when they came in. They didn't know I was there or I'm sure they wouldn't have said:

MAME: Well, you can if you want to, but I'm not going to have anything to do with her.

BETTY: Aw, give the kid a chance. She just got a bad break, that's all. Besides, how do you know it's the one. I mean the ex-convict?

MAME: I told you about the letter and the guy that was here. The boss doesn't know I was listening, but I found out all right, been in two years for swindling. Say, if you think I'm going to be seen with her you're crazy.

NANCY: They knew. I tried to work. Go on like nothing had happened, but all the time they were watching me thinking!

BETTY: Guess Mame is right. Talking and being seen with her would be dangerous.

MAME: Working in the same office with a criminal, and what can I do about it?

NANCY: I couldn't go on. What good would it do if I tried to make them understand? No one could understand and I wouldn't blame them. I'd look for another job, where no one knew me. Mr. Blake would give me a day off and I could find something else. Why shouldn't I forget my past? I'd paid my penalty . . . the very first day that I looked, I was sitting in a lovely office. There was just one thing standing in my way . . .

HUMPHRIES: You haven't any experience, Miss Clare. That's too bad.

NANCY: You've seen my work, Mr. Humphries. You said yourself it was satisfactory. You see . . . I've . . . I've been living in a small town and there wasn't much chance for practical experience there. That's why I came to the city.

HUMPHRIES: I understand, I'm sorry, Miss Clare, but this is a law office. We need an experienced woman. One who knows our terms and how we work.

NANCY: I'll learn quickly. I could read and study in the evenings.

HUMPHRIES *laughing*: Well, Miss Clare, I'll give you a trial. Report to Mr. Talmage, the junior partner of our firm, your work will be with him.

NANCY: Jimmy Talmage was just out of college. He realized he was young and inexperienced, but what he lacked in years he made up for in work. Long hours, tiresome sometimes. I didn't mind though. I always stayed until he was ready to quit. Sometimes, when we'd work late, he'd offer to take me home then we'd usually stop somewhere for a bite to eat. (*Fade*) That was what happened the night I'm going to tell you about.

JIMMY *straining*: Now if I can just catch the eye of one of these waitresses . . . I'll . . . there's one . . . That blond over there . . . now watch this . . .

NANCY: Where is she?

JIMMY: By the water cooler, see, with her back to us.

NANCY: Oh yes, I see her . . . no . . . (*Catch breath—whisper*) Judy.

JIMMY: She's turned this way.

JUDY *echo*: So long, kid, I'll be seein' you . . . so long kid, I'll be seein' you.

NANCY: Jimmy, don't try to get that waitress's attention. I don't want any thing to eat. Just take me home.

JIMMY: But Nancy, you said that . . .

NANCY: Please, Jimmy.

JIMMY: O.K., but I don't (*fade*) understand it. You said a minute ago that you were starving. (*Pause*)

NANCY: That was the first time I'd seen any of them. About a week later I saw Mazie on the street during lunch hour. I couldn't face her, so I walked in a store. She didn't see me. No matter where I'd go one of them would be there. It happened several times when I was with Jimmy. I knew that if one of them got close enough to speak, I'd have to start all over again. Jimmy would hate me. What Jimmy thought of me was important . . . the most important thing in the world. I wasn't sure the he felt the same way that I did until the night he proposed. I was

happy, yet I was ashamed and afraid when he said:

JIMMY: I love you, Nancy, I have for a long time, I guess, but like most guys I was dumb and didn't realize it. I knew that you were swell and that I always felt better when you were around but . . .

NANCY: What, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Well, I've never thought much about getting married until the last few weeks, and well, the other day Mr. Humphries said that my work was improving and that he was going to turn all of the insurance cases over to me. That means more money and . . . and . . .

PAROLE (*Echo*): Be fair and honest—I think that's the way to live.

NANCY *whisper*: Be fair and honest. I have to tell you something . . . I . . . I . . .

JIMMY: Yes?

NANCY: I've been in prison, two . . . almost three years.

JIMMY: Yes, darling?

NANCY: Don't you . . . doesn't it make any difference?

JIMMY: I've known about it for a long time. Since right after you came to work for us. A man by the name of Ferguson came into the office one afternoon. He told me about you. He was sure you'd be a success by yourself but he thought he might be able to help. At first I couldn't understand. It seemed impossible, then we talked about you . . . the problems you'd have to face . . . he made me understand and . . . and love you more.

NANCY: And all the time you . . .

JIMMY: I knew . . . darling . . . will you marry me?

NANCY *whisper*: Yes, Jimmy.

JIMMY *sighs*: That's better. Now, I've got to be going home. Lots of work tomorrow (*laughing*) and you'd better be there on time or I'll fire you.

NANCY *laughing*: Yes, sir.

JIMMY: Goodnight, darling.

NANCY: Goodnight, Jimmy. (*Thoughtful*) I'll be seein' you.

JIMMY: For the rest of your life, darling. (*Pause*)

SOUND: *Marching feet—in slow and fade*

NARRATOR: Hear that? The hollow sound of marching feet. Along the streets of

your community they come. Down the roads and through the fields of your part of the country. Some of them you may know, most of them you don't.

SOUND: *Break—pause*

NARRATOR: What is your state doing to make good citizens out of people who have broken the law? How is the modern parole system solving many of the problems of law enforcement? Here is Mr. W. D. Achuff, Superintendent of the Missouri Training School for boys at Boonville, Missouri, and a group of students from the radio classes at Stephens College, to discuss the general topic of parole.

GIRL: Mr. Achuff, I always thought that parole was something all mixed up with politics, too much influenced by it.

GIRL: Yes, that's the way I always understood it because it is usually pictured that way in the movies.

ACHUFF: Unfortunately, in the past parole has been involved in politics but in our state there is no such thing as politics in parole.

GIRL: Nancy Clare didn't seem to have any political pull. How did she happen to get out before her time was up?

ACHUFF: Nancy Clare had the same opportunity to make application for parole that every other prisoner has in our Missouri institutions. Each individual is not only allowed to make application for parole but is required to.

GIRL: What, exactly do you mean by parole, Mr. Achuff?

ACHUFF: Parole is really an extension of the influence of the institution. An individual is conditionally released in order that he might attempt to make adjustments under supervision in his home community, rather than to serve his full time inside an institution.

GIRL: Just what is the purpose behind that, Mr. Achuff?

ACHUFF: Those who are dealing in penology are firmly convinced that it is better to release a person several months before the expiration of his full time in order that he might have the benefit of that period of supervision.

GIRL: Who does the supervising?

ACHUFF: In our state we have now a Parole Board staff of field men.

GIRL: Oh, that's what Mr. Ferguson was in the script wasn't he?

ACHUFF: Mr. Ferguson was the supervisor of Nancy Clare in his capacity of field man.

GIRL: He doesn't seem very important, he only came in the story once; that time he came in before the parole board . . . that's the only time I remember him.

ACHUFF: We hope that that's the way it appears in the life of every person who is released from an institution. If you will regard the script carefully, you will notice that Mr. Ferguson appeared four distinct times, always as a powerful influence in the life of Nancy Clare. He was with her before the Parole Board. When Nancy went to her job, Mr. Ferguson had obtained the employment for her. When Nancy changed the job, Mr. Ferguson talked to her new employer, and finally when Nancy got around to telling Jimmy about her past record Mr. Ferguson had paved the way for her.

GIRL: That's true, isn't it; I didn't notice it at the time.

ACHUFF: The parole officer always stays in the background but is always a powerful influence in the life of the parolee.

GIRL: How well that was brought out in the script.

GIRL: Is this idea of the field man new, Mr. Achuff?

ACHUFF: In our state the field men are new but in many other states this system has been operating beneficially for many years.

GIRL: What does the field man do?

ACHUFF: One of the functions of the field man is to gather information for the use of the Parole Board in order that they might determine more accurately whether or not a person is ready for parole.

GIRL: I noticed that Mr. Ferguson had a lot of information about Nancy Clare. I'd like to know where he got it all.

ACHUFF: Mr. Ferguson had gone into her home community and talked with her family and friends and talked with her school teachers and all of those who might have had some dealings with her in earlier years.

GIRL: Yes, I remember, he said he had been working on the case for two months.

ACHUFF: You recall that Mr. Ferguson got a report on the home conditions of Nancy's sister in the city.

GIRL: Oh yes. He made sure that Nancy had a home with her sister before he made his report to the Parole Board. And then he arranged for a sponsor. Is that always necessary, Mr. Achuff? Must a person have a sponsor before he is released from prison?

ACHUFF: It is required in our state. It is felt that if there is another person besides the parole officer who is interested in the welfare of the parolee, he will be better off.

GIRL: Does the field man recommend to the Parole Board whether or not it's all right to release a person?

ACHUFF: The recommendation of the field officer to the Parole Board does play a large part in the decision, but that is only one of many factors in the decision.

GIRL: I remember in the case of Nancy Clare, there was another factor, you know, the member of the board said she had a good record in prison so they were more willing to let her out.

GIRL: Suppose a person's home conditions aren't right, what happens then?

ACHUFF: Sometimes it is possible to work an other situation in a new community to give the individual an entirely new start.

GIRL: Suppose the home conditions are all right, how long would it be before the person could be released? Would it be very long?

ACHUFF: There is no definite time set for the period between the appearance before the Parole Board and the time of release. In the case of Nancy Clare it was two months.

GIRL: Mr. Achuff, I remember that Mr. Ferguson, the field man in the play got Nancy a job. Is that procedure a usual one?

ACHUFF: The parole officer is quite often able to get employment for a person just released from prison.

GIRL: After they do get out, have real jobs, and so forth, does the field officer keep up his duties, keep in touch with them or anything?

ACHUFF: After the individual is released from prison the parole officer's duties really just start. He is required to keep in constant contact with the parolee.

This is his supervisory capacity, and he must know exactly how each individual is progressing.

GIRL: How does he do this checking up, does the parolee get in touch with the parole officer or vice versa, just how does that work?

ACHUFF: The field man is required to get in touch with each person under his supervision at least once each month.

GIRL: Mr. Achuff, just how long does this procedure of supervising the parolee last?

ACHUFF: Until the expiration of the original sentence by the Circuit Courts.

GIRL: Don't the people on parole resent the fact that a field man is right behind them all the time—standing over them—watching them? Don't they come to fear them and dislike them?

ACHUFF: Generally speaking the parole officer is regarded as a friend, as a person upon whom they can lean in time of trouble.

GIRL: What would you say the function is? Why does the state set up a system like that?

ACHUFF: The readjustment from prison to a normal life is a tremendous job. Persons who have to undergo that transition will meet a lot of obstacles that they themselves are unable to overcome. The field man's job is to help to work with him, and to guide him over some of the rough spots in the road to rehabilitation, but primarily the parole officer's function is the protection of society.

GIRL: Do you mean by that that if the parolee does not live up to the rules that

the parole officer will take him back to prison?

ACHUFF: He certainly will, to finish his sentence.

GIRL: What good will it do to send them back to prison? How can they help to readjust themselves back in the prison when they really should get the readjustment outside?

ACHUFF: There are many opportunities for rehabilitation inside our modern prisons. Each individual is carefully studied and a program is made out for him and if he follows that program carefully he can be a much better person than he was upon entering . . . However, the situation is not as desirable as it would be on the outside because the conditions are not normal.

GIRL: I certainly think it is marvelous to find out about the parole system, it is entirely different than what I thought of.

GIRL: Mr. Achuff could you give us a summary of exactly what parole is and what a parole officer is?

ACHUFF: It is difficult to say exactly what a parole is in a few words but generally speaking a parole is a conditional release . . . an opportunity for a person to adjust himself in a home community under the careful supervision of a field man. Parole is a new chance for the individual at the same time it is controlled release for the protection of society.

Music Bridge

SOUND: Marching feet—in high—fade under

THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

A DRAMA

By JUNE NORRIS

ANNOUNCER: Tonight we go in imagination to Akaba, Arabia, a British outpost. The headquarters are located in the former home of Abu Bin Ibrim, whom the post fears has turned outlaw. Sir Charles Dawson, a seasoned diplomat, is Charge d'Affairs. As we open the door we find Major Horne in heated conference with Sir Charles over the whereabouts of Thomas Gaylord, a valued spy for the post . . .
(*Fade*)

MUSIC: *Sneak out under following . . .*

HORNE: But, Sir Charles, I tell you they've got him!

SIR CHARLES: I see no cause for alarm, Horne. Gaylord may have been delayed.

HORNE: Delayed? You mean captured! Why, Gaylord knows every inch of this desert. He should have been here two days ago!

SIR CHARLES *meditatively*: True.

HORNE: You know what those devils do to spies? Not a decent death. It's slow, unspeakable torture.

SIR CHARLES: That's a chance our men take when they become spies, Major. They know they can expect no sentiment from the Crown.

HORNE: Damn it, sir, is it sentiment to save a valuable man like Gaylord from—from—what's in store for him?

SIR CHARLES *quietly*: Would you have us admit that we employ spies Major? Gaylord fully understands that we have withdrawn our open protection from him.

HORNE: I tell you I have it on authority that Gaylord has been discovered by Abu Bin Ibrim!

SIR CHARLES: Whose authority?

HORNE: Hamid Hassen.

SIR CHARLES: Bah! Those tribesmen are all liars! You're still new to the post,

Major. When you've been here as long as Gaylord and I . . .

HORNE: Will you do nothing?

SIR CHARLES: Nothing! We are not aggressors, Horne, and Abu knows that. We defend, not provoke.

HORNE: You're damnably hard.

SIR CHARLES: Gaylord offered his services, Major. He has squeaked out of tight places for twelve years. The Crown won't forget his invaluable services.

HORNE *passionately*: Words, words! Apparently the Crown doesn't realize what dogs like Abu do to spies—tear off their ears, poke out their eyes—I tell you, man, I can't stand it!

SIR CHARLES: Perhaps you'd like to have that fate yourself—

HORNE: How do you mean?

SIR CHARLES: It would be certain death for you to leave here without reinforcements.

HORNE: Well?

SIR CHARLES: So we must sit tight until we have proof. Gaylord will bring that proof.

HORNE: And then?

SIR CHARLES: Then if Bin Ibrim's tribe is the real offender we get reinforcements, but not until then.

HORNE: This waiting!

SIR CHARLES: Look, Major, d'you see that holster there over the closet door?

HORNE: Yes.

SIR CHARLES: That, my boy, is like England, loaded, ready but unused.

HORNE: I'd like a drink.

SIR CHARLES: Certainly, I'll have one, too.

SOUND: *Footsteps—jingle of two glasses set firmly on table—splash of liquor into glasses*

HORNE *in quieter tone*: I'm sorry, Sir Charles. When I got that news, I—I wanted to do something.

SIR CHARLES: I understand, Horne, but our game is a game of wits. Try to absorb a little of the Arabian patience and cunning.

HORNE: I might try to absorb a little of yours. Your health, sir.

SIR CHARLES: And yours.

SOUND: *Drinking—glasses on table*

HORNE: Then I suppose the best thing is to—

SOUND: *Rapid hoofs over Horne's voice—Horne, after a moment, rushes to door—opening it*

SIR CHARLES: What is it?

HORNE *at door—off mike—excited*: A Bedouin headed straight here! Do you think it's Gaylord?

SIR CHARLES: We'll soon know.

HORNE: Quite a rider, whoever he is.

SOUND: *Hoofs in clearer now—then stop—horse moving restlessly—voices at door away from mike but move in as they come into the room*

GAYLORD: Sir Charles—Major Horne!

HORNE *joyful*: Then it is you, Gaylord!

SIR CHARLES: Thank God!

HORNE: We'd given you up, old boy.

SIR CHARLES *humorously*: You mean you had, Major. I knew Gaylord was safe.

GAYLORD: Thanks, sir, but I'm not safe. I stayed too long and Abu discovered me.

HORNE *eagerly*: How?

GAYLORD: Can't tell you now—give me a drink.

SIR CHARLES: Of course. I'll get another glass.

SOUND: *Walks away—sets glass on table—liquor poured in—Gaylord drinks and smacks lips*

GAYLORD: I needed that! Now, first the report. Abu is the boy we must wipe out. He's raiding the country.

SIR CHARLES: He would dare?

GAYLORD: He would. He knows I'm a spy, worse luck—in fact he's been chasing me up to half an hour ago. I must have lost him in the dunes. Lucky I got a good head start on him—he's a crack shot.

SIR CHARLES: We'll quietly send for reinforcements. Where will he head in from?

GAYLORD: The Pass. I'll go with Major Horne and the men and show him the vantage point. You see Abu will . . .

SOUND: *Hoofs*

GAYLORD: Wait! So I didn't lose Abu after all! He must have cut through Kyah to head me off! Quick!

HORNE: Take my horse.

GAYLORD: No, I mustn't be seen leaving here. Abu mustn't know I got through to you.

HORNE: But . . .

GAYLORD: I'll duck into this little closet here.

HORNE: But it won't hold a man!

GAYLORD: I'll make it. When Ibrahim comes, make out as if nothing were wrong.

SOUND *Closet door opening*

GAYLORD *off mike*: Tight squeeze, all right.

SOUND: *Door shut*

SIR CHARLES: Are you all right? Can you breathe?

SOUND: *Muffled assent from within closet*

SIR CHARLES: Quick, Horne, come to the desk.

SOUND: *Hoofs in close now—Horne and Sir Charles murmuring—loud knock on door*

SIR CHARLES: Come in!

SOUND: *Door opening*

ABU: The peace of Allah rest with you, Cidi.

SIR CHARLES *feigned surprise*: Abu Bin Ibrahim! Well, this is a surprise! Allow me—Major Horne, Abu Bin Ibrahim.

ABU: Major Horne.

HORNE *gruffly*: Your servant, sir.

SIR CHARLES: What brings you in such a hurry, Abu?

ABU: A thousand pardons, gentlemen, but I was on the scent of a most loathsome animal.

SIR CHARLES: What is it? Perhaps we can help you.

ABU: Allah forbid! Sir Charles, that you should know anything about the beast I am after. But forgive me, I see you have three glasses on the table. You were expecting someone?

HORNE *startled*: Why, uh . . .

SIR CHARLES *smoothly*: Will you accept our hospitality, Abu? Sit down and I'll pour you a drink myself.

ABU: Ah, Sir Charles, I am always charmed to be in your company, but with your permission I prefer to stand after so many hours in the saddle.

SIR CHARLES: As you wish, O wise one. It has been a long time since you lived here—do you find the house much changed?

ABU: Yes, Sir Charles, it is much changed.

This room, for instance, is uncomfortably English now. No tapestries, no couches, not even a cushion. Tell me, how can you sit on such hard chairs?

HORNE *a trifle testily*: We are here for business, not pleasure, sir.

ABU *laughs*: Of course. I had forgotten for the moment how unsentimental you English are.

HORNE *gruffly*: Will you have your drink now?

ABU *sharply*: What is your hurry, Major Horne? *(Then smoothly)* Perhaps, Sir Charles, the Major does not relish my company.

SIR CHARLES *suavely*: The Major does not know you as I do, Abu. I believe however, he would rather be in the saddle alongside of you, hunting, than sitting here visiting.

HORNE *reluctantly*: I beg your pardon, sir, if I seem unhospitable. What Sir Charles said is true—I like the saddle better than a chair.

ABU *laughing*: The Major and I, Sir Charles, are men of action. Crude, but effective.

SIR CHARLES: The Major, perhaps, but not you, Abu.

ABU: Ah, but yes. This gouge in the wall over by the closet. I remember pinning a faithless one's ear there—in the days of my hot-blooded youth.

HORNE: Arabian justice!

ABU *sighing*: But that was many moons ago . . . The little closet. Do you find any use for it?

SIR CHARLES: Very little.

ABU: Ah, you have a visitor?

SIR CHARLES: How so?

ABU: Merely a rat, I presume.

SIR CHARLES: No doubt.

HORNE: You seem damned fascinated by that door.

SIR CHARLES *sternly*: Yes, Ibrim, better not tamper with British property. *(Boldly)* Do you wish me to open the closet so you may look inside and satisfy your curiosity?

ABU: Forgive me, Cidi, by no means. I do not wish to pry. As a matter of fact I was fascinated by that pretty little weapon hanging above the door.

SIR CHARLES *once more affable*: Take it down. Examine it. Moorish work, you must know it.

ABU: So I see. And loaded, too.

HORNE *pleasantly*: A little beauty.

ABU: Ah, now we are on safe ground, you and I, Major? *(Laughs)* Guns are more in our line?

HORNE: Righto. Sometime you and I shall set up a target and have a go at it. What do you say to that?

ABU: An excellent idea, so excellent, my friend, that I suggest we do so at once.

SIR CHARLES: I'm afraid we haven't the time today, Abu.

HORNE: I must get a target made for us. What would you like?

ABU: I may not be back this way for some time, but I have a suggestion that I know will meet with your approval.

SIR CHARLES: Yes?

HORNE: What is it?

ABU: First, may I have a piece of chalk?

SIR CHARLES: Yes, but—

ABU: Thank you. *(Away from mike)*

Now on this closet door I will draw a figure of a man with a few bold strokes.

SIR CHARLES *breaking in*: Why are you so interested in that door, Abu?

ABU *easily*: I don't like this door, it is ugly. Besides, I smell a rat behind it.

HORNE *nervously*: Nonsense! There's nothing behind it.

SIR CHARLES: If you shoot at that door, Abu, you will be destroying British property.

ABU: Sometimes I buy my pleasures, and it pleases me to buy that door.

HORNE *testily*: You're getting dramatic, Ibrim.

ABU: The figure I drew is not so good. My aim will be better. Watch! First, the right hand! *(Fires)*

HORNE: Stop!

ABU: Why? There is nothing behind it? Now the left hand! *(Fires)* The right foot! *(Fires)* The left foot! *(Fires)* The head! *(Fires)*

SIR CHARLES: I command you to cease fire!

HORNE *hysterically*: You dirty dog! You —*(Sound of struggle—panting)* Let go of me, Sir Charles! Let me at him!

ABU *gleefully*: Ah, you can be made to squirm—you squeal like pigs—good! Watch! The heart! *(Fires)* A bullseye! *(Throws gun on desk)* Your gun, Sir Charles. Allah is with me! I found my rat and cornered him—I—Abu—Bin—Ibrim! *(Sound of money thrown on table)* Buy the rat a suitable burial, Abu

is generous. Adieu, my English friends,
I leave. The peace of Allah rest with
you.

SOUND: *Door wrenched open—boofs clat-
tering off rapidly*

HORNE: Why didn't you let me get at
him? We might have . . .

SIR CHARLES *crisply*: We wait no longer.
We'll get Abu and the whole tribe this
time, and with full justification.

HORNE: Too late for Gaylord.

SIR CHARLES *in awed whisper*: The closet
door—it's moving!

SOUND: *Horne smothers an exclamation*

GAYLORD *breathing heavily*: Too—late,
did—you say?

SIR CHARLES: Good Lord, Gaylord, is it
you or your ghost?

HORNE: He's unharmed—he's whole. It's
a miracle!

GAYLORD: A miracle that Abu's such a
dead shot. I owe my life to that. An

amateur would have made a bloody
sieve of me—(*Laughs*)

SIR CHARLES *mystified*: But I don't under-
stand . . .

GAYLORD: He called his shots, bless the
show-off! When he said right hand, I
crossed that hand over my body; the
left likewise. With the feet the same.

SIR CHARLES: But the head . . .

HORNE: The heart!

GAYLORD *laughs*: You think that space
small? Well, I don't blame you, Abu
thought so, too, but when he called out
head, and heart, I just slithered down
with my knees pressing into my tummy
and that brought my head a shade
under the X he drew on the door. And
now—if you don't mind, gentlemen, I
could do with another drink!

MUSIC: *Fade in with martial music—then
out*

SPEAK O' THE DEVIL

A MODERN MIRACLE PLAY

By DAVIS GRUBB

(Broadcast by the Radio Guild over WBLK, Clarksburg, W. Va.)

SOUND: *Burst of thunder—hold and fade behind*

MUSIC: *Swell—hold—fade behind*

SOUND: *Glass rod tinkling on sides of small vessel*

ROGERS: Five c.c.'s of alcohol.

SOUND: *Pouring small quantity of liquid*

ROGERS: And a half a grain . . . quinine hydrochloride. There! That does it! Lord, I wonder how many thousand times I've filled that perscription! Huh! Now labels . . . labels . . . labels . . . lemme see . . . Roger's Pharmacy . . .

TIBS *off mike*: Mr. Rogers!—Hey!—Mr. Rogers!—Anybody here?

ROGERS: In a minute, son! (*Sotto*) That'd be John Tibs' boy. Talks just like his dad. Up to some more of his chemical 'speriments prob'ly and wants tuh buy an ounce or so o' sulphur or some-thin'. (*Chuckles—shouting*) Be with yuh in a minute, son!

SOUND: *Scratching of pen on label on bottle—all during . . .*

ROGERS: Missus . . . John . . . Hunter. Teaspoonful . . . in water . . . as . . . directed . . . (*Aloud*) Comin' right out, Tibs!

SOUND: *Footsteps and door opens and footsteps*

ROGERS: Well, Tibs, boy! Glad tuh see yuh! I was just fillin' out a perscription fer Missus Hunter. S'pose yuh could drop it off at her place on yer way home?

TIBS: Sure. Be glad to, Mr. Rogers.

ROGERS: Well now, Tibs, how are yuh and what'll yuh have?

TIBS: Oh . . . an ounce or so of powdered charcoal.

ROGERS *chuckles*: Yes indeed, Tibs! An ounce o' charcoal. That'll be about a

nickel, I reckon. I'll get it fer yuh . . .

TIBS: Can I . . . Could I . . . come back with yuh?

ROGERS: Back in the drug room? Why . . . I reckon so. That's tuh say if yuh don't get inta no devilment. Have tuh promise not to touch nothin'!

TIBS: I promise.

ROGERS: All right, Tibs. (*Fade*) I reckon it'll be all right.

TIBS: Gee! Will yuh look at the chemicals! Must be a million of 'em.

ROGERS: Wouldn't know zactly how many they would be, Tibs. Reckon they is close to a thousand, though. Some of 'em I ain't touched fer years.

TIBS: What's that . . . that blue stuff in the big glass jar?

ROGERS: That? Why that's blue vitriol, Tibs . . . 'n the white powder is Nitrate o' Potash . . . 'n the yelluh stuff is sulphur . . . 'n that there black stuff . . . that's yer charcoal.

SOUND: *Rattle of bottle against bottles*

ROGERS *off mike*: Nickel's worth, eh?

TIBS: Yep.

ROGERS *off mike*: Uhhhhh . . . guess that'll be about an ounce. (*On mike*) Be enough, Tibs?

TIBS: Sure.

SOUND: *Powder pouring on paper and paper being folded*

ROGERS: There y'are, Tibs. Nickel's worth o' charcoal. That be all?

TIBS: Yep. Thanks a lot, Mister Rogers, fer botherin' with such a little bit!

ROGERS: Why, bless yer heart, child! It's no bother t'all.

TIBS: Well . . . gotta be goin'. I hafta be in by nine o'clock.

ROGERS: Ah, what's yer hurry, Tibs? It's only just a little past eight. Stick around

- a while and tell me what yuh been doin'. How's school?
- TIBS: Oh . . . all right. Yuh know of course how much I hate it! But . . . I guess I'm doin' O.K.
- ROGERS: Hate school! Why, Tibs!
- TIBS: Yeh! Can't stand it.
- ROGERS: Well, dontcha . . . dontcha like chemistry, son?
- TIBS: O, sure, sure! I don't count that as school! I mean . . . history . . . an' English . . . an' stuff like that. Gee whiz, I hate that part!
- ROGERS: Well, now . . . now English oughtnta be so bad. Whatcha studyin' about now?
- TIBS: Oh . . . plays.
- ROGERS: Well . . . gimme an example. What plays are yuh studyin' fer instance?
- TIBS: O . . . nothin' but just those old, fancy English plays like Shakespear and those guys. I hate t'have t'read stuff like that when I could be doin' chemistry 'speriments.
- ROGERS: Yes . . . but . . . but, Tibs! Shakespear's got beauty in it!
- TIBS: Maybe! But yuh can't tell half the time what the guys are talkin' about! All they say is "thee" 'n "thou" 'n . . . well, gee whiz! What good is there in readin' a play if yuh can't tell what the guys are savin'?
- ROGERS: Hmm . . . Well, yes, but . . . but, Tibs! Them felluhs that talk in Shakespear's plays is speakin' the real . . . the beautiful English. English we modern folks has forgot how tuh speak!
- TIBS: Maybe.
- ROGERS: Sure! Sure! Now . . . what's the name of the play yuh was readin' tuh'day?
- TIBS: Uhhh—uh. The history—the history of Doctor Faustus by somebody named Morley . . . or Marley or somepin'.
- ROGERS: Why Marlowe! Sure! Christopher Marlowe! The Tragical Historie of Doctor Faustus! O, well now there, Tibs! There's a play about a chemist! That's somethin' right up your alley!
- TIBS: Aw . . . I'll bet.
- ROGERS: Sure, Tibs! Honest it is! Why, Lord, boy, that's one o' the most interestin' plays that was ever written! And yuh can't beat it fer a ghost story!
- TIBS: Gee! Is it a ghost story?
- ROGERS: Sure. Don'tcha mind that part about . . .
- TIBS: I didn't read it.
- ROGERS: Didn't read it. Why, you said . . .
- TIBS: I . . . I didn't read it. I . . . sneaked outa class tuhday. Gosh . . . I'm sure sorry now!
- ROGERS: Well, I got it myself, Tibs! Sure! Got it right over there on my bookshelf! I'll fetch it down for yuh.
- TIBS: Oh, boy! Wouldja please?
- ROGERS *off mike*: Sure. It's right here . . . some place.
- TIBS: Is it . . . mostly about ghosts?
- ROGERS *off mike*: Well it's mostly about a chemist that got himself into a jam over traffickin' with the powers of evil.
- TIBS *whistles*: Whew! That oughta be good! What else?
- ROGERS *on mike*: Why . . . the powers of evil fetched him off with 'em to . . . to Hades. What else wouldja expect? Book oughta be right here on the second shelf.
- SOUND: *Books fall heavily to table and sound of thumbing through them*
- ROGERS: Wheeeee—ew these books is dusty! (*Puff—puff*) The best part, Tibs, the best part's where the . . . the Devil give old Doc Faustus the power to do anything he wants. And old Doc goes around makin' queens appear that's been dead thousands o' years and sendin' out devils to fetch him gold and pearls from the Indies. But in exchange . . . in exchange old Doc has tuh give his soul to the Devil. Ah, Tibs, I tell yuh there's more truth th'n poetry in that book!
- TIBS: Well, gee! Hurry up and find it!
- ROGERS: Well, now keep yer shirt on, son. Things is so mussed up here I gotta look around fer a while.
- TIBS: Has it got pictures?
- ROGERS: I don't mind fer sure! Lordy, I haven't had it down fer years! Book's older'n I am, I reckon. Think I musta picked it up in an old bookstore when I was a boy in college. Now waita second.
- SOUND: *Books fall on table and thumbing through pages*
- ROGERS: Gray's . . . Human Anatomy . . . U. S. Pharmacopœia 1897 . . . Ralph's Handbook of Poisons . . . Ah! Yes! Here it is!
- SOUND: *Book falls heavily to table—pages being turned*

ROGERS: The . . . Tragical . . . Historie . . . of Doctor Faustus. A . . . drama . . . by . . . Christopher Marlowe.

TIBS: Golly! That must be an awful old book!

ROGERS: Yep. Guess t'is. Lemme see . . . wheee—ew but it's dusty. (*Puff-puff*) Now . . . now it says . . . it says . . . (*Reads*) Edinburgh . . . Printed . . . at the sign of the Golden Mortar . . . at Brigis Alley . . . off Tower Street. Fifteen ninety nine—Fifteen ninety nine! Why Lord, Tibs! That's—that's over three hundred years ago! Why this must be one of the first Doctor Faustuses ever printed!

TIBS: Gee! I bet it's valuable!

SOUND: *Thumbing through pages—briefly—behind*

ROGERS: Why . . . I reckon so, Tibs. I never give it half a thought! Let's see. Yep. Now listen! This . . . this is how it starts off . . . ahem! (*Reads*) Chorus . . . ahem . . . Not marching . . . in the . . . fields . . . of Thrasee-meen . . . where Mars did mate . . . the warlike . . . Carthageens. Nor sportin' . . . in . . . the dalliance . . . of love.

TIBS: Where does the Devil part begin?

ROGERS: Here, Tibs . . . Here . . . where the Devil says to Doc Faustus . . . he says: (*Reads*) Now Faustus . . . what wouldst thou have me do? And Faustus says to the Devil: (*Reads*) I charge thee . . . wait . . . upon me . . . whilst I live . . . to do . . . whatever . . . Faustus . . . shall command.

TIBS: And then he gets carried off?

ROGERS: Not yit! That comes later on. No . . . now he gives old Doc the power of magic. And then . . . in the end . . . he comes and gits him. Which is just as it should be. Praise the Lord! Just as it should be!

TIBS: Gee . . . whiz!

ROGERS: That's the way it goes, Tibs. And it still works out that way. Though some folks has kinda fergot it.

TIBS: Yep.

ROGERS: Well . . . it got so finally poor old Doc couldn't repent. He's in the thing too deep now. My heart . . . he says . . . (*Reads*) My heart . . . is hardened . . . I . . . cannot . . . repent. Puts a felluh in mind o' what Doc Grant spoke on last Sunday mornin' . . . Salvation E'er the Die is Cast. Fine sermon.

TIBS: Well . . . how did he get started in his bad ways, Mr. Rogers?

ROGERS: Who . . . Faustus? Why, Tibs, I reckon he weren't no worse at heart than most common men. He just got it into his stubborn, willful head he was gonna be the best magician that ever lived . . . no matter what! And he stumbled onto a recipe fer raisin' the Devil in his readin' some place and . . .

TIBS *laughing*: Raisin' the Devil!

ROGERS: Sure! It told him what chemicals to mix and what to . . .

TIBS: Is that in this book?

ROGERS: Lord . . . no . . . boy! Dya think a man'd put a dangerous thing like that in a book intended for public readin'? Wheee—ew! Why with a book like that loose in the world a man couldn't sleep sound in his bed o' nights! No sirree . . . Now, excuse me a minute, Tibs. I gotta clean up over here and put these things away. Go ahead and take yer time readin' though if you've a mind to.

TIBS: All right, thanks.

SOUND: *Footsteps off and thumbing through pages*

TIBS: Well . . . Well fer cryin' out loud!

ROGERS *off mike*: Hmmmmm? What's it say, boy?

TIBS: Uh—Uhhhh nothin' . . . nothin'. I was just marvelin' at the pretty language.

ROGERS *off mike*: Yep. There's nothin' much kin beat it.

TIBS: Say . . . Doc . . .

ROGERS *off mike*: Yep!

TIBS: What are . . . what are (*Reads*) The . . . flowers . . . of . . . sulphur?

ROGERS *off mike*: Hmmmmm? Why that's just plain common ordinary sulphur, Tibs, like yuh see up there in the big bottle.

TIBS: Oh . . . (*Reads—sotto*) To . . . conjure . . . from . . . the . . . earth. A . . . feiry . . . servant . . . second in power . . . to Lucifer . . . himself . . . procure a portion of . . . the flowers . . . of sulphur . . . the residoo . . . of . . . roasted . . . linden cords . . . (*Aloud*) Doc!

ROGERS *off mike*: Yep, Tibs!

TIBS: What the heck is . . . (*Reads*) The . . . residoo . . . of roasted . . . linden . . . cords?

ROGERS *off mike*: Charcoal.

TIBS: Just . . . plain charcoal?

ROGERS *off mike*: Yep. Just plain common ordinary charcoal like I gave you outta the big bottle.

TIBS: O.K. . . . O.K. . . . Thanks. (*Reads*) And . . . the . . . the white ash . . . of burned antimony . . . (*Aloud*) Say . . . Doc! What's the . . . the "white ash of burned antimony"?

ROGERS *off mike*: Ohhhh . . . stuff I use in selves for poison ivy. That's it . . . that white powder in the big bottle . . . over the table.

TIBS *excited-reads*: Place in a vessel of . . . white . . . China . . . glass. Then with the . . . fuming . . . essence . . . of . . . Harts horn . . . Call forth the powers of . . . of Hell . . . to work thy will. (*Aloud*) Doc!

ROGERS *off mike*: Yes, Tibs. Whatcha want now!

TIBS: What's . . . harts horn?

ROGERS *off mike*: Ammonia . . . Just plain, common, ord . . . Say, Tibs! What's all this for? All this stuff yuh been askin' me! (*On mike*) Say . . . Sa-a-ay! Whatcha been readin' there?

TIBS: Just . . . just what it says on this piece o' paper I found in the book.

ROGERS: Well, what's it say?

TIBS: It . . . it tells how.

ROGERS: Tells how to what!

TIBS: It . . . tells how to raise the Devil!

ROGERS: Tells how tuh raise the De . . . Go on! Lemme have a look! . . .

(*Reads*) To conjure from the earth a feiry . . . Jumpin' Jehosaphat if it don't! Tibs! . . . Tibs you ain't . . .

TIBS: Well, gee whiz, Doc!

ROGERS: Tibs . . . you . . . you wouldn't . . . You ain't got no notions in yer head about . . . about tryin' this out!

TIBS: Aw geeeee!

ROGERS: Tibs! Think, boy, think! Lord A'mighty think what yer a'sayin'!

TIBS: I won't deny it, Doc! I'd like tuh see if it'd work. It'd be the biggest 'speriment I ever did!

ROGERS: Here! Gimme that book! (*Off mike*) By golly that's goin' back on the shelf and it's gonna stay there from now on! I reckon . . .

TIBS: Aw gee whiz, Doc! It woulda been a swell 'speriment. I'd think a . . . a scientist like you would see that!

ROGERS: Yes . . . but, Tibs! Tibs think a minute! Picture . . . picture the . . . the Devil . . . Old Nick himself . . . sittin' on that stool . . . grinnin' at us

. . . right there! Before our faces! Lordy Lordy! It turns me half sick just thinkin' about it!

TIBS: Well, all I've got to say . . .

MAN *off mike*: Hey! Hey Rogers! How about a little service!

ROGERS *sotto*: Gotta customer, Tibs. Gotta go. (*Aloud*) O.K. Charley! Be right out! (*Sotto*) Now munda, Tibs! No foolishment while I'm gone.

TIBS: Oh, all right.

ROGERS: Comin', Charley!

SOUND: *Footsteps—door opens—closes*

TIBS: Well . . . he's gone . . . I don't think it'd be any harm just tuh take another look at the old book . . . Where'd he put it!

SOUND: *Footsteps*

TIBS: Let's see . . . Second shelf . . . Yep! Here it is!

SOUND: *Book falls to table—rattle of pages*

TIBS: Here it is! Lemme see . . . It says yuh gotta have . . . flowers o' sulphur 'n charcoal . . . Aw gee whiz! I don't see why Doc's such a coward! I think it's . . . it's my duty as a . . . as a scientist to see if this thing'll work! By golly, I'm gonna try it! Yes by golly! If Doc don't have the nerve . . . I do! Now . . . Sulphur . . . sulphur . . .

SOUND: *Rattle of bottles against bottles*

TIBS: I'll put a little bit in this mortar . . .

SOUND: *Click of bottle against dish*

TIBS: I guess that's enough . . . now! What next!

SOUND: *Rattle of paper*

TIBS: Charcoal! Here it is!

SOUND: *Rattle of bottle against bottles and clink against dish*

TIBS: Guess that's 'nough o' that. Now what . . . (*Reads*) It says . . . says . . . the white ash of . . . burned . . . antimony. Gosh what'd Doc say that was! Sure! I remember now. In the big glass jar!

SOUND: *Rattle of bottle against bottles*

TIBS: I sure hope Doc doesn't come back too soon! Now . . . I'll just put . . .

SOUND: *Clink of bottle on dish*

TIBS: About this much! There . . . now what! Yep! I remember . . . harts horn . . . Doc says that's just plain ordinary ammonia. There it is! Spirits of Ammonia . . . U . . . S . . . P . . .

SOUND: *Rattle of bottle against bottles—pouring liquid—sound of chemical reaction—sound of falling bottle—sound of violent chemical explosion*

TIBS: Geeeee whiz! Now I've gone and done it! I spilt the whole bottle in! Whew! . . . What a smell! (*Cough-cough*) Oh the Devil with it!

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

DEVIL: Good evening. Did you . . . call me?

TIBS: Gee whiz! Are you one of Doc's customers?

DEVIL: I'm not one of his regular customers. I merely solicit him in his weaker moments. He is busy at present, I believe, with a gentleman named Charley Stone who is purchasing some aspirin for his wife. He should be in any minute. As I was saying . . . Did you or did you not . . . call me?

TIBS: Oh, gosh! Oh, gosh! Who . . . who are you?

DEVIL: I'm the Devil.

TIBS: Th . . . the Devil!

DEVIL: Yes . . . Well, you don't look very pleased about it.

TIBS: Oh, gosh! Now I went and done it! Oh, gosh! Gee whiz!

DEVIL: Hmmm. You're not very bright, are you, bud? All you seem able to say is "gosh" and "gee whiz."

TIBS: Sufferin' catfish!

DEVIL: Well . . . that's a trifle better. A bit more poetic. Now! Let's get right down to business. What can I do for you? You're a school boy I presume. Now . . . now what would a school boy want? Hmmm . . . Perhaps. Ah ye-e-es! Perhaps you would like me to burn down the school house!

TIBS: N-n-n-o-o!

DEVIL: Well, then . . . Ahhhh! Now here's something really special! Perhaps you would like me to turn your teacher into a frog or a duck and you could keep her in a pond in your back yard!

TIBS: Turn . . . turn Miss Anderson into a duck! Gee whiz, no! She's mad at me bad enough as it is! Gosh! If I hadja do that she'd flunk me sure as shootin'!

DEVIL: Ah, yes! But don't you see? She couldn't . . . then! She'd be a duck and you . . . why you could even cook her for your dinner on New Year's Day. Or . . . if she were a frog you could eat her for lunch.

TIBS: No! No! (*Shouting*) Mister Rogers! Mister Rogers please come! Quick!

DEVIL: O now I believe you're frightened of me, bud. Ah . . . if you only knew

all the little things I could do for you . . . you'd treat me with more courtesy.

TIBS: No! N-o-o! You . . . better . . . go . . . now.

DEVIL: Well, now isn't . . . that . . . a nice . . . thing! You call me up and then send me away. See here, bud, don't you know your own mind? I'm a busy man! I'll have you to understand I'm not a person to be trifled with! Why, do you realize that I've got three wars going on this very minute . . . and . . . and more murders and robberies than you could count on your fingers and toes! Now . . . what do you want!

TIBS: Well . . . gee . . . I . . . I just wanted tuh see what the . . . the Devil looked like!

DEVIL: Hmmmm . . . Well I suppose that's natural enough. Well . . . now are you satisfied? Or did you expect me to look like one of those abominable pictures of me in old bibles and history books! You know . . . forked tail . . . and horns . . . and a waxed, black moustache . . . and . . . and red, flannel underwear I suppose it is?

TIBS: Yes . . . I guess I did . . . figure you'd look like that . . .

DEVIL: We-ell. Come now! Don't you think this straw hat and these white flannels are much more suitable for this time of year?

TIBS: You . . . you've got a . . . a cane!

DEVIL: Instead of a red hot pitchfork! It's really much more useful. And I drive a model-T Ford instead of a fiery chariot. I'm really quite . . .

SOUND: *Door opens and closes—footsteps*

ROGERS: Now, Tibs, what in thunderation was yuh screamin' about! Lord, boy! Yuh was shoutin' fit tuh raise the devil . . . (*Cough-cough*) Tibs! What's that . . . (*Cough-cough*) that awful smell! Sa-ay! What the devil! Who are you? See here, Tibs, who is this feller?

TIBS: I . . . he . . . It's . . .

DEVIL: The odor you refer to is that of brimstone. It's what you might call my trade-mark. I even have it in my shaving soap.

ROGERS: See here, mister! If yuh're a robber yuh'll not git much here! So if yuh'll just oblige by leavin' the way yuh came . . .

DEVIL: Tibs! Tell this . . . this patriarch who I am.

TIBS: I . . . Oh . . . Ohhh.

ROGERS: Well . . . Who is it, Tibs?

TIBS: It's . . . it's the Devil, Mister Rogers!

O lordy, I fetched him up accordin' to the recipe in the book. O lordy, Mister Rogers, I'm terrible sorry!

ROGERS: Tibs! Tibs . . . What . . . what have yuh done!

DEVIL: Let . . . me . . . speak. I was quite busy when this young man called me . . . but . . . of course . . . I had no choice but come. Now he can't seem to recollect any particular reason why he called me at all! And . . . I can see that I'm not . . . welcome.

ROGERS: That's right! That's the first right thing yuh said yit, Mister Devil! Yuh ain't welcome here! Tibs and me is god-fearin', church-goin' folk! So . . . git!

DEVIL: Tut, Mr. Rogers! Some of my most devoted disciples are churchgoers.

ROGERS: Hmmm. Well, Tibs. Reckon we're gonna have tuh hitch up our belts and face this thing like men! Now . . . Now, Mister Devil! Look me in the eye! What's yer game! What do yuh want with me?

DEVIL: The question is still, I believe, what do you want? I was called, you know.

ROGERS: Pretty smooth number, aintcha? . . . sittin' there on my stool in yer white flannels and yer straw hat . . . and yer cane! So yer the felluh that's been causin' so much devilment since the trouble in Eden. Why, yer . . . yer nothin' but a . . . a glamor boy!

DEVIL: Come now! Don't you think it a bit petty to slander my clothes! This suit cost me twenty-five dollars. I did get it at a fire sale but . . .

ROGERS: Listen, you drug-store cowboy! I don't believe yer the Devil at all!

DEVIL: Ohhh . . . I see. You don't think I'm the Devil. You doubt my powers! Well I'll soon fix that! What . . . for instance . . . do you think . . . of this!

SOUND: *Whiz bang and explosion ball*

TIBS: Lord a'mighty, Mr. Rogers. Look what he's done. He just touched yer overcoat with his cane and it's jumped off the hook and started to dance all round the room!

SOUND: *Whiz bang and explosion ball*

DEVIL: Now . . . It's back on the hook. Well . . . what about it? Do you still doubt me? If you do . . . watch . . . this!

SOUND: *Whiz bang and explosion ball*

ROGERS: Lord, Tibs! He's changed my hat into a duck! A duck!

SOUND: *Whiz bang and explosion ball*

DEVIL: Back on the hook. Well . . . I see you're impressed. That's better. Or perhaps you'd like me to change Tibs here into a bull dog . . .

ROGERS: That's the last! That's ab-so-lutely the last! You dare! You dare touch a hair 'o' that boy's head! You dare! Now . . . now I'm givin' you exactly two seconds to git yerself outa my drugstore and if yuh don't . . . I'm gonna kick yuh one right in the seat of those fancy flannel pants 'o' yours!

DEVIL: Ah, yes! But it's not as easy as all that. I was called and I intend to stay until you've given me something useful to do . . . And then . . . I'm going to take you back with me. We needaa good druggist in Hades. Someone is always scorching his finger or getting scratched with a pitch fork.

ROGERS: I'm a'warnin' yuh! I'm a'warnin' yuh! (*Sotto*) Quick, Tibs, quick! Get the book and find the antidote for unfetchin' the devil! (*Aloud*) Ahem! This is the last time I'm tellin' yuh, Devil! Yer about as welcome in my store as that patent medicine salesman from Pittsburgh!

DEVIL: Well, I don't propose to mince words about it. And it's quite useless to threaten me. I haven't got all night! So . . . now! What'll it be? (*Pause*) Well let me suggest a few things! How . . . how would you like to be King of England?

ROGERS: Back you, devil! Yer words is a'fallin' on deaf ears! (*Sotto*) Hurry, Tibs, hurry! O, Lord, Tibs, hurry!

DEVIL: I beg your pardon?

TIBS *sotto*: It don't say nothin' about unfetchin' him onct yuh got him! What'll I do?

ROGERS *sotto*: Keep lookin'! Maybe the page fell out!

DEVIL: I consider whispering extremely rude. I wish you wouldn't do it. Now . . . as I was saying. Perhaps . . . perhaps you would fancy being made head sample man at the U.S. Mint. Or maybe you'd like a trip around the world.

TIBS *sotto*: Mr. Rogers! It don't say nothin' about unfetchin' him here! I can't find it!

DEVIL: I might even arrange a short excursion to the moon! See here, Bud, will you stop that infernal whispering!

ROGERS: Tibs! Tibs, I reckon they's only one thing left for us to do. And that . . .

TIBS: Yes?

ROGERS: . . . Is to pray. Yessir, I reckon we'll pray. How will that suit you, Mister . . . Devil!

DEVIL: Well I must confess it always makes me a little uncomfortable but . . . if it makes you feel any better . . . by all means . . . pray.

TIBS: Now I lay me . . .

DEVIL: Do you mind if I smoke?

TIBS: Now . . . now I lay me . . .

ROGERS: That one won't do, Tibs. Try the other one . . .

DEVIL: Stop it, you idiots! You don't impress me in the least! Now I repeat! I haven't got all night so hurry up and decide what you want me to do for you and then we'll be off!

ROGERS: Now . . . see here, Mr. Devil. We . . . we never called you up a'purpose! This . . . this youngster here . . . outa pure and simple kid curiosity mixed up a bunch of chemicals he read about in a book and . . . well it was all an accident.

DEVIL *yawns*: The thing is done. Explanations . . . are unnecessary.

ROGERS: Yes but, Mr. Devil . . . We . . . we, Tibs and me, is simple honest folks. It stands to reason you ain't gonna get much good outa folks like me and Tibs. We ain't . . . perfect . . . and we . . . we got lots o' faults and sins . . . especially me. But we knows 'em and we does our best tuh do better next time. So . . . if yuh'll just . . . just git on back tuh where yuh're from . . . which . . . which place I ain't namin' . . . we . . . apologize fer . . . disturbin' yer peace.

DEVIL: I'm sorry to be stubborn. But . . . you're a business man, Doc Rogers! A deal's a deal. There's no way around that!

ROGERS: Well, couldn't you . . . couldn't you . . . maybe . . .

TIBS *sotto*: Stall him off, Mr. Rogers! Then edge around towards the door and run fer it an' we'll lock him in!

ROGERS *sotto*: Right, Tibs!

DEVIL: I wish you two would stop whispering. It makes me very nervous.

ROGERS: Uhhh . . . Would yuh . . . would yuh say yuh c'd spare a coupla million dollars, Devil?

DEVIL: In ones . . . fives . . . twenties. In gold. Or . . . I could write you a check! Just like that!

ROGERS: Hmmm . . . I reckon I c'd use a million dollars. But . . . but looky here! If yuh took me off with yuh t'night . . . I wouldn't have no time fer spendin' it!

DEVIL: O, don't let that worry you. You may have a week or so of grace before we go. I'll stay here in your back room!

ROGERS: Yes . . . Ye-e-s. Yuh could do that.

In fact . . . in fact yuh can just stayin' . . . right now! Come on, Tibs!

SOUND: *Scuffle and running feet—slam of door—turn key in lock*

ROGERS: Wheee-ew!

TIBS: That's done it, Mr. Rogers! We got him locked up in the drug room!

SOUND: *Knocking on door*

DEVIL *off—mike*: You know you won't get anywhere with this sort of thing! If I want to get out of here all I have to do is blow the door down with a little thunder and lightning!

TIBS *sotto*: Gosh, Mr. Rogers, do you suppose he could?

ROGERS: I'm afraid so, Tibs. We gotta think up somethin' pretty quick!

TIBS: What . . . what could we do! O gosh!

SOUND: *Knocking on door*

DEVIL *off—mike*: I give you precisely two minutes to let me out of here.

ROGERS: Tibs . . . Tibs, help me think of somethin'! O Lord, boy, yuh really put yer foot in it this time!

TIBS: Lemme think! Lemme think! Gee, Mr. Rogers! Ain't there no medicines for curing devils?

ROGERS: No . . . None that I can think of off hand.

TIBS: Wait! Wait a minute!

ROGERS: Huh?

TIBS: Sure there is! Sure there is! Them patent medicines! Why they cure anything! It says so on the bottle!

ROGERS: No . . . no . . . no!

TIBS: Sure! Sure!

ROGERS: Lordy . . . Lordy if I could only think! My mind's all spinnin'! Wait a minute . . . Maybe . . . maybe yuh're right, Tibs!

TIBS: Sure I am! Look and see what kinds yuh got!

SOUND: *Knocking on door*

DEVIL: Sixty seconds more!

TIBS: On'y a minute! O hurry, Mr. Rogers, hurry!

ROGERS: Wait'll I get my spees on! Just wait a second!

SOUND: *Squaky glass door opening—rattle of bottles*

TIBS: There they are! Them's patent medicines!

ROGERS *reading*: Sander's . . . Vegetable . . . Compound. Or how about this . . . Hart's . . . Indian . . . Extract . . .

SOUND: *Rattle of bottles*

TIBS: Here's one! This one looks good!

ROGERS *reading*: Wahoo . . . Vegetable . . . Extract and hair restorer. Says . . . says . . . Is the only . . . remedy . . . that can be ree-ried upon . . . for the . . . permanent cure . . . of spasmodic con-trackshuns and irritations of the nerves . . . sick headache and all . . .

SOUND: *Pounding on door*

DEVIL *off—mike*: Thirty seconds more!

TIBS: Don't it say nothin' about Devils!

ROGERS: Wait a second till I'm done read-in'! . . . (*Reads*) sick headache . . . and all . . . all nervous disorders and also all the most dreadful diseases that inflicts the human race . . . includin' . . . includin' the Devil! Halleluia, Tibs! We've got it! This'll do it or nothin' will! Wahooo! We'll show the Devil a trick or two! Now keep cool, Tibs, keep cool! And when I open the door . . . you . . . you throw it right smack in his face! Now git set!

TIBS: I'm all set!

DEVIL *off—mike*: Here I come! Thunder and lightning!

ROGERS: No . . . No, wait! We'll open up. Just a second till I git muh key. (*Sotto*) Now . . . git set, Tibs. And remember . . . remember . . . if yuh miss . . . We're gonners!

TIBS *staunchly*: I won't miss.

DEVIL: Quit mumbling around out there and hurry up. If you're up to any tricks it won't do you any good.

ROGERS *sotto*: Lordy! He don't know what's ahead of him!

SOUND: *Fumbling key on lock*

ROGERS: Just a second, Devil. Muh hand's shakin' so's I can't git muh key . . .

SOUND: *Key unlocking door*

ROGERS: There! It's unlocked! Now . . . just a second.

SOUND: *Door opens*

ROGERS: Well . . .

DEVIL: It's about time!

ROGERS: Now, Tibs, now! Throw it!

SOUND: *Splash of liquid*

DEVIL: Oh!! Ohhh!

SOUND: *Explosion ball*

ROGERS: Praised be the Lord from whom all blessings flow. That's done it!

TIBS: Disappeared! Slick as a whistle!

ROGERS: I reckon . . . reckon that's the closest shave I've had since the campaign in Manila. Lemme sit down fer a minute! Wheeew!

TIBS: That's powerful medicine, Mr. Rogers.

ROGERS: Yep, Tibs. I always did swear by Yahoo Vegetable Extract. And say . . . get me pen and paper while it's still fresh in my mind. I intend to write 'em every word o' what happened here to-night. I reckon it'll be the best testimonial they ever had.

EVEN THE BLIND

AN EXPERIMENTAL DRAMA

By EDWARD ANTHONY HARTWIG

MUSIC: *Introduction—Theme I Segue Theme II**

SOUND: *Ticking of clock*

VOICE (*Filter*): Do you hear it? . . . That is time! You can't see it!

SOUND: *Ticking of clock—door opens—footsteps slowly fade in*

PAT: Is that you, nurse?

HESSLER *fade in*: No, it's the doctor, Pat. PAT: Ohhh! . . . Doctor! . . . Come in, please.

HESSLER: How do you feel, Miss Haynes?

VOICE (*Filter*): He's wasting time, go ahead ask him.

PAT *hesitantly*: Doctor, what—what is it?

HESSLER: It's very difficult for me to say—

PAT: It isn't serious?

VOICE (*Filter*): Let him do the talking.

HESSLER: The crisis is obviously past. No one knows. It may be too late.

VOICE (*Filter*): Did you hear him? He said "Too late."

PAT: No! No! It can't be! I must see! You've got to do something. You've got to!

HESSLER *consoling*: We shall.

VOICE (*Filter*): What can he do?

PAT: I can't be blind all my life. I can't.

VOICE (*Filter*): Days of darkness. Nothing else.

HESSLER: The condition of your eyes is such that a complete diagnosis is impossible.

VOICE (*Filter*): He can do nothing.

HESSLER: And treatment of any kind would be dangerous, if not harmful.

PAT: But there is some hope?

HESSLER: There is, though small . . . If you had come to us immediately, we . . .

PAT: Stop it! Please!

HESSLER: I'm sorry.

VOICE (*Filter*): Why listen to him?

PAT: You'll have to excuse me . . . But let's not talk about the if's, let's talk about what can be done.

HESSLER: Yes, what can be done! The first thing we're going to do, Miss Haynes, is this. you are going to be accompanied throughout the day by my assistant.

PAT: Your assistant?

HESSLER: Being with you all day, he will be able to observe first hand, and record your reactions to certain things. But above all, you must cooperate. You must tell him everything, any sensation or feeling you might have.

PAT: Gladly (*almost crying*) I'll do anything!

HESSLER: He can do nothing alone.

PAT *crying*: I'll do anything, just to see again. (*Sniffing*) Oh, if I could only see!

HESSLER: There . . . I'll wipe those tears away. You wait here, and I'll call him. (*Off*) Dr. Ridgely, come in here, please.

VOICE (*Filter*): I wonder . . . I wonder what he looks like.

RIDGELY *fade in*: Yes, doctor.

HESSLER *fade in*: And here Dr. Ridgely is our patient . . . Miss Haynes, Dr. Ridgely.

PAT: How do you do! . . . You'll have to excuse me, I . . .

VOICE (*Filter*): Don't tell him, he knows it.

RIDGELY: I understand.

PAT *warmly*: Your hand please.

VOICE (*Filter*): Why do that?

PAT: Let me feel it . . . (*Softly*) So sensitive, so strong.

HESSLER: You see, Ridgely, a very easy patient to handle.

* Production note: In order to create and maintain a unity throughout the play the author suggests that the two themes be utilized in the music bridges. *Theme I* which we may call the *blind* motive, and *Theme II*, the *time* motive.

VOICE (*Filter-mocking*): A very easy patient.

MUSIC: *Bridge-Theme I*

PAT: Well, doctor, what's first on the program today?

RIDGELY: Anything you like.

VOICE (*Filter*): Don't say what you want to say.

PAT *smiles*: I wish all doctors were like you . . . I like you.

VOICE (*Filter*): Don't say it!

PAT: I mean your ways and things.

RIDGELY: Not all doctors have such good patients . . . Would—well, would you like me to read to you?

PAT: I'd love it.

VOICE (*Filter*): Don't say "love."

PAT: I think there's a book of poetry on my desk.

RIDGELY *fading*: Oh, yes, I see it. I think this is it. (*Fade in*) Now what shall I read?

PAT *laughing*: Open the book, the first thing you see, read!

RIDGELY: Open the book! There! First thing I see! "Man" by Sir John Davies. Read it! "I know my soul hath power to know all things, yet . . ." (*Breaks*)

PAT: Please read on.

RIDGELY: No . . . no, I'll find another.

VOICE (*Filter*): Tell him the next line.

PAT *slowly*: "Yet she is blind and ignorant in all." Isn't that it?

VOICE (*Filter*): How ignorant?

RIDGELY: Wouldn't you rather do something else?

PAT: Yes, something else.

RIDGELY: Like to go to the park?

VOICE (*Filter*): Tell him yes.

PAT *fading*: To the park it is!

SOUND: *After short pause fade in birds singing softly*

PAT *sigh*: Can't we sit down for a while?

RIDGELY: Don't you feel well?

PAT: I'm just tired.

RIDGELY: Remember if you feel any pain or dizziness, anything, tell me, it's important that I know.

VOICE (*Filter*): You can't tell him. You can't tell him you love him, or think you do.

PAT: It's been the same for a week now . . . Darkness!

RIDGELY: A week already!

VOICE (*Filter*): How fast time goes. Listen to it!

SOUND: *Ticking of clock*

VOICE (*Filter*): He doesn't hear it as you do. He sees it go.

PAT: Tell me, where are we? What are we doing?

RIDGELY: First of all, we're sitting on a park bench.

VOICE (*Filter*): Park bench! He isn't taking advantage of it.

RIDGELY: The grass is green. The trees are green.

PAT: Go on what else do we see?

VOICE (*Filter*): He won't say what you want him to. He doesn't see the beautiful woman sitting next to him. He sees a pair of eyes that can't see.

RIDGELY: The birds flying high, looking down on us. Wondering what we're doing.

PAT: What are we doing?

VOICE (*Filter*): He's dropped your hand.

RIDGELY *coldly*: We're looking up at them.

PAT *slowly*: We're looking up at them. (*Excitedly*) Let's go somewhere else now, where there's a lot of people, (*fade*) noise, confusion, anything, but let's go.

SOUND: *Birds out-street and crowd noises slowly in*

VOICE (*Filter*): Keep walking. Faster! Faster!

RIDGELY: Please don't go so fast, you're liable to fall.

PAT: No, I won't fall. I'll never . . .

VOICE (*Filter*): Faster!

PAT *despairingly*: Let's go where there's a bigger crowd, more noise, anything.

VOICE (*Filter*): Faster!

RIDGELY: Look out!

PAT: *Gasps*

RIDGELY: You almost fell.

VOICE (*Filter*): Keep walking! Faster! Faster!

PAT *near exhaustion*: I want to keep walking.

RIDGELY: People are staring at you.

VOICE (*Filter*): Faster!

PAT: Let them stare. (*Pause and then in a daze*) They're staring at ME, yet I can't see THEM.

SOUND: *Crowd and street noises fade out slowly*

VOICE (*Filter*): They left the door open. You can hear them. Listen.

SOUND: *Conversation slowly fades in*

HESSLER: It's been three weeks already. I tell you, our last resort is the Waller Treatment.

RIDGELY: That's out of the question.

HESSLER: Why?

RIDGELY: There's hardly a fifty-fifty chance in a case like this. She's young; you can't take chances with youth.

HESSLER: Then what do you propose we do?

RIDGELY: Wait!

HESSLER: Never! There's only one answer. The Waller Treatment!

RIDGELY: No!

PAT *slightly off*. Yes! (*Fade in*) The Waller Treatment.

HESSLER } Miss Haynes! Why, Miss
RIDGELY } Haynes!

PAT: I agree with you, Dr. Hessler.

RIDGELY: You don't know what you're doing.

VOICE (*Filter*): Tell them.

PAT: I heard every word that was spoken in here.

RIDGELY: Everything?

PAT: Yes, everything, the nurse left the door ajar, and I couldn't help but hear.

HESSLER: You see, Miss Haynes, it's been three weeks.

VOICE (*Filter*): There he goes with time again. Listen to it!

SOUND: *Ticking of clock*

HESSLER: We still have nothing to work by, but with the Waller Treatment, there's sure to be some development. If it be for the better, there is no doubt of your recovery.

RIDGELY: If for the worse, you'll never see again.

PAT: I understand.

RIDGELY: It's only chance. You're sure of nothing.

PAT: I am sure of one thing . . . I can't see!

MUSIC: *Bridge—Theme I*

HESSLER: Doctor! . . . Come in my office, please . . . Well, what do you think?

RIDGELY: I'm afraid.

HESSLER: Why, the treatment went beautifully. In all my experience I have never seen it go better.

NURSE *off*: Dr. Ridgely!

RIDGELY: Yes, nurse?

NURSE *fade in*: She's coming to. You'd better go in.

RIDGELY: Thank you. (*Fade out*) I'll take care of her.

SOUND: *Short pause—door opening—closing*

RIDGELY *softly*: Miss Haynes! Do you hear me?

PAT *slight moan then indistinctly*: What do you want?

RIDGELY: It's Dr. Ridgely.

VOICE (*Filter*): It's he. The one you love.

RIDGELY: Dr. Ridgely! Do you remember?

VOICE (*Filter*): When one's in love one never forgets.

PAT: Ohh . . . I'm so glad you're here.

VOICE (*Filter*): This is his duty not his choice.

RIDGELY: Your eyes, do you feel any strain?

VOICE (*Filter*): Tell him! Tell him your heart does.

PAT: No, but the bandages are tight.

RIDGELY: They'll be taken off tomorrow, and then we'll know.

VOICE (*Filter*): He'll never know.

PAT: Tomorrow! . . . That'll be a relief . . . Let me feel your hand . . . Still so sensitive and strong as the day I met you.

VOICE (*Filter*): Still as cold.

RIDGELY: You'd better rest now; I'll be back later.

VOICE (*Filter*): He'll be back, not to see you, but an experiment.

RIDGELY: Miss Haynes, don't be afraid if you feel a sudden numbness. It's only part of the treatment taking effect.

PAT: I understand.

SOUND: *Door opens—closes*

VOICE (*Filter*): Did you hear him? . . . A sudden numbness! What if it doesn't come? What if it doesn't come!

MUSIC: *Bridge—Theme II*

HESSLER: Here it is—today, Ridgely.

RIDGELY: Today! . . . Yesterday's tomorrow.

HESSLER: What room will we do it in?

RIDGELY: I told the nurse to have 721 ready.

NURSE *fade in*: The patient is ready, Doctor.

RIDGELY: Did you put her in the northeast corner?

NURSE: Yes, Doctor.

SOUND: *After short pause—door opens—closes*

HESSLER } Good morning! Good morn-
RIDGELY } ing, Miss Haynes!

PAT: Good morning.

VOICE (*Filter*): You must not tell them the truth. You must lie.

HESSLER: How do you feel this morning?

PAT: My head felt a bit . . .

RIDGELY: Numb?

PAT: Yes, yes. But most of it's gone now.

RIDGELY: We're going to take the bandages off.

HESSLER: Hold your head erect. That's it . . . now . . . we'll take this off . . . very slowly . . . take the other end, Doctor. Now put your head back slowly. I've got my hand behind, don't be afraid. Slowly . . .

PAT *in pain*: Ohhh!

RIDGELY: What's the matter?

PAT: Something—something in the back of my head.

VOICE (Filter): You must lie. Don't tell them you felt no numbness.

HESSLER: We'll have to take the rest of the bandages off later, you'd better rest now. Nurse, take her to her room.

MUSIC: *Bridge—Theme I*

HESSLER: We've taken the pressure off, and there may be an inflammation.

RIDGELY: I told you it was only chance. You didn't know what you were doing.

MUSIC: *Bridge—Theme II*

VOICE (Filter): There goes time again. It's going fast.

SOUND: *Ticking of clock*

VOICE (Filter): It's going fast.

PAT: Stop it! Give me peace!

VOICE (Filter): You can't stop time.

PAT: Oh, if I only knew.

VOICE (Filter): They don't know either.

PAT: But how can I tell?

VOICE (Filter): The way they can. (*Slowly*) Take the bandages off.

PAT: No! No! I can't do that.

VOICE (Filter): Why not? That's what they're going to do.

PAT *in thought*: Yes, that's what they're going to do.

VOICE (Filter): Put your hands to your eyes. You can see if you want to.

PAT: If I could only see again.

VOICE (Filter): You can! Rip the bandages off! Slowly! Slowly!

PAT *breathing heavily*: There! . . . (*Sobbing*) I can't see! I CAN'T SEE!

MUSIC: *Bridge—Theme I*

RIDGELY: She'll never see again.

HESSLER: She must have been mad to take the bandages off.

RIDGELY: No, Hessler, not mad. There is more to blindness than not being able to see.

SOUND: *Ticking of clock*

VOICE (Filter): Never to see again. Time is yours now.

RIDGELY *fades in*: Good morning, Miss Haynes.

PAT: Oh, doctor.

RIDGELY: We haven't given up; there's still some hope.

VOICE (Filter—*mocking*): Hope!

RIDGELY: Would you like to go out now?

PAT: I've been waiting here in the hall for you. How is it outside. You must tell me everything.

RIDGELY: Just a minute, I'll open this door . . . There, now down the steps . . . One, two three . . . That's all.

SOUND: *Street noises slowly fading in and under*

RIDGELY: To our right. We can sit on the bench. The noises don't disturb you, do they?

PAT: No, they're my world, and I've built into skyscrapers of sound . . . Oh, my sweater. I left it in my room. Could you get it for me?

RIDGELY *hesitantly*: I hate leaving you alone. You can wait here, I'll be right back.

PAT: I'll wait. I'll wait.

VOICE (Filter—*after pause*): You're alone. Just you and the world.

PAT *to herself*: Alone.

VOICE (Filter): Get up and walk! you can walk!

PAT: No!

VOICE (Filter): There's no one watching you. Get up! That's it. Walk! Straight ahead! Walk! Walk!

SOUND: *Noises become louder as . . .*

MUSIC: *Fades in faintly and stays under—Theme I*

VOICE (Filter): Don't stop. Keep going! . . . Hear the noises? You can almost see them, can't you? You can, but not as other people see them.

RIDGELY *calling far off*: Miss Haynes. Miss Haynes!

VOICE (Filter): That's he . . . Faster! He doesn't love you! You're blind! He doesn't love you! You're blind!

MUSIC: *Swells to climax with . . .*

SOUND: *Noises swell—screeching of brakes —a scream—then a short dead silence*

VOICE (Filter): There's no more time. It's eternity now. Even the blind must die. (*Softly — slowly fading*) Goodbye, Patricia Haynes, goodbye!

MUSIC: *Swells to a dissonant climax*

THE LION ROARS

A COMEDY

By BUD SWANSON

SOUND: *Train whistle—clicking of wheels—under*

OMAR: Well, dear, we ought to be getting to Spanish Fork pretty soon.

KAY: Yes, I'll certainly be glad when we get there, Omar. It's so hot and dusty on this train.

OMAR: Well, we just left Cheyenne. When we get up in the mountains it'll be cooler.

KAY: How far are we from Spanish Fork, Omar?

SOUND: *Paper crumpling*

OMAR: Lemme look at this map. Here's Cheyenne. Laramie. Green River. Spanish Fork. Oh, about 200 miles, I guess.

KAY: We should be there by noon, then.

OMAR: Sure—easy.

KAY: I hope we can find the ranch all right.

OMAR: Don't worry about that, Kay. The boss wired Tex Dodge to meet us at the station.

KAY: Is he the foreman of the ranch?

OMAR: Yeah. He's a regular rip-snortin', hi-hootin' cowpuncher, according to the boss.

KAY *thrilled*: Just think of it, Omar! Here we are, Mr. and Mrs. T. Omar Herringbone, taking a vacation on a real dude ranch.

OMAR: Well, it's not exactly all pleasure, Kay. You know I'm out here on business, too.

KAY: I can't understand how old Warrington gave you the job, Omar. Usually he gives all the good assignments to that Mr. Roth.

OMAR *brightening*: Well, he wasn't at first, dear. (*Fade*) You see, it was this way . . .

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Door banging shut*

OMAR *fading in*: Good morning, chief. H're you?

WARRINGTON *pleasantly*: Oh, good morning, Omar. You're just the fellow I want to see.

OMAR: Yeah. What's up?

SOUND: *Papers shuffling*

WARRINGTON: I just got a report here. Something's happened at our South American office and I thought . . .

OMAR: And you thought I'd be just the guy for the job, eh?

WARRINGTON: Why, yes . . .

OMAR: Well, nothing doing! I'm not chasing off to South America. Besides, I'm allergic to ships an' water an' all that sort of thing. Makes me seasick. No, sir, not me!

WARRINGTON: But see here, Omar . . .

OMAR: Naw, not a chance, chief.

SOUND: *Papers shuffling*

OMAR: Now take this Wyoming deal of old Morganstern's, for example. That's more up my line.

WARRINGTON: But I thought of sending Roth up there . . .

OMAR: No, sir! South is about his style.

WARRINGTON: Yes, I suppose I could—

OMAR: Of course you can. Lemme see this report again . . . Hmm. A dude ranch. Missing riding horses. No clues. Horses covered by insurance . . . Yep, sounds good. Vacation and business, that's me.

WARRINGTON: Well, if you've made up your mind there's no use arguing.

OMAR: Now you're talking.

WARRINGTON: I'll have my secretary wire Tex Dodge to meet you at Spanish Fork. When are you leaving?

OMAR: Right now. Yippee! Two-Gun Herringbone rides again! Hi, ho, Sil-l-ver-r-r!

SOUND: *Door slamming shut*

OMAR *fade in*: And that's all there was to it, my dear.

KAY *laughing loudly*: I haven't been mar-

ried to you five years for nothing, Omar Herringbone! (*Fade*) Now I'll tell you what really happened!

SOUND: *Timid rap on door*

WARRINGTON *gruffly*: Come in . . . come in!

OMAR *shyly*: Good morning, Mr. Warrington.

WARRINGTON: Oh, it's you, is it?

OMAR *awkwardly*: Yes, sir. May I come in?

WARRINGTON: Looks to me like you're in, already.

OMAR: Yes, sir. That is . . .

WARRINGTON: Sit down! I haven't got all day.

OMAR: Yes, sir.

WARRINGTON: I've got an important job for you, Herringbone, a mighty important job.

OMAR *hopefully*: Yes, sir. I'm sure I can handle it, sir.

WARRINGTON *doubtfully*: Hmm. I'm not so sure. But Roth is sick so I'm counting on you.

OMAR *happily*: Oh, yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

WARRINGTON: You remember old man Morganstern, don't you?

OMAR: The ranch owner?

WARRINGTON: Exactly. As you know, we handle all of his insurance. Well, right now there's something fishy going on at the Rocking R . . .

OMAR *puzzled*: The rotten who?

WARRINGTON: The Rocking R! That's one of Morganstern's dude ranches in Wyoming.

OMAR *chagrined*: Oh-h-h.

WARRINGTON: Well, you know old Morganstern's got a lot of fancy horses up there for those city dudes to ride.

OMAR *hesitantly*: Yes, I know, sir, but I don't see . . .

WARRINGTON *snapping*: No, I suppose you don't! Well, anyway, those horses are insured with us and they're disappearing right and left.

OMAR *meekly*: Maybe someone's stealing 'em, Mr. Warrington?

WARRINGTON *flabbergasted*: Of course, you idiot, of course! And what's more it's costing us a lot of money.

SOUND: *Fist pounding desk*

WARRINGTON *fairly screaming*: It's got to stop! You hear? It's got to stop!

OMAR *stammering*: Yes, Mr. Warrington, I—I hear you.

WARRINGTON *calming down*: Well, Herringbone, that's the story. Personally, I'd advise you to tackle the job incognito.

OMAR *bewildered*: Income who?

WARRINGTON *roaring*: Incognito, you fool! In disguise.

OMAR: Oh, I see. You mean wear a beard and everything?

WARRINGTON: No, no, no! Just act like you're another dude or something. Anything. Only don't let on that we're suspicious anything is wrong, sec?

OMAR: Yes, sir, I understand, Mr. Warrington.

WARRINGTON: Fine, fine. Now remember, Herringbone, I'm counting on you to go up there and find out what's going on.

OMAR *amazed*: You mean leave town?

WARRINGTON *sarcastically*: D'you want me to bring the ranch from Wyoming and set it in your back yard?

OMAR: Well, you see, sir, my wife and I were planning on going to the beach for our vacation an' . . .

WARRINGTON *mirthlessly*: And now you're going to take a vacation on a dude ranch instead.

OMAR: But Mr. Warrington, I don't think my wife . . .

WARRINGTON *harshly*: Well, leave her at home, then!

OMAR *horrificed*: Oh, I couldn't do that, sir.

WARRINGTON: Well, do whatever you want!

OMAR *eagerly*: You mean we can go to the beach?

WARRINGTON *exasperated*: No, no, you fool! Your wife—I mean your wife!

OMAR *a trifle stern*: I beg your pardon, sir, what about my wife?

WARRINGTON: Take her or don't take her! I don't care. Only get out—get out before I throw you out!

OMAR: Yes, sir . . . Yes, sir, I'm going.

SOUND: *Door opening and closing—after a moment it opens again*

OMAR *meekly*: Mr. Warrington.

WARRINGTON: Ye Gods! You again—now what?

OMAR: I guess I'd better take my wife . . .

SOUND: *Door closing*

KAY *fade in*: And *that's* what really happened, Omar. You can't fool me.

OMAR *sighing heavily*: Well, anyway, here we are.

CONDUCTOR *with sing-song voice*: Span-ish
F-f-fork!

SOUND: *Train puffing and clanging to a halt*

KAY: C'mon, Omar, get our bags.

OMAR: I'm coming, dear. (*Groans*) This one's very heavy.

KAY: That's my bag, Omar!

OMAR *to himself*: How women can wear so little and pack so much in—I'll never know . . .

KAY: Omar, stop mumbling to yourself!

CONDUCTOR: Watch your step, lady.

KAY: I'm all right. (*Laughs*) Look out for my husband.

CONDUCTOR *snickering*: O.K. buddy, watch your petticoat.

OMAR *gratefully*: Thank you, Conductor.

KAY: My, what a little place!

SOUND: *Train going off*

OMAR: Smell the air, dear, so clean and fresh.

KAY: There's no one here, Omar.

OMAR: That's funny.

KAY: Oh, look, Omar, over there—those two men with those big hats.

OMAR: Yes, they're coming this way.

DODGE *coming into mike*: Howdy! You Mr. Whalebone?

KAY *haughtily*: Whalebone, indeed!

OMAR: Herringbone is my name, T. Omar Herr . . .

DODGE *laughing*: Sure, sure. I never could remember names. My mistake, Mr. Fishbone.

OMAR *somewhat irked*: Herringbone, sir.

DODGE *laughing again*: Sure, sure, Mr. Herring. My mistake.

KAY: Are you Mr. Dodge?

DODGE: That's me, lady.

OMAR: This is my wife.

DODGE: Glad to know you, ma'am. (*Raises voice*) Hey, Brownny!

BROWNLEE *off mike*: Keep your shirt on. I'm comin'.

DODGE: Shake a leg. Some folks here wanta go to the ranch.

BROWNLEE *coming into mike*: More dudes!

DODGE: Folks, this is Smokey Brownlee. Brownny, meet Mr. and Mrs. Herring-whale.

KAY AND OMAR *in unison*: Herringbone! How-do-you-do?

BROWNLEE: Howdy! (*Under his breath*) More dudes.

DODGE: You folks kin go ahead. That's our rattletrap at the end of the station platform there. We'll bring your bags.

BROWNLEE *grumbling*: That means I'll bring 'em!

DODGE: Aw, quit your beefin'.

BROWNLEE *groaning*: Ugh! What's in this one?

OMAR *calling a short distance ahead*: Be careful. That's my wife's.

BROWNLEE *grunting*: These city dames must be wearin' armor plate these days.

DODGE *whispering*: What d'you think of 'em, Brownny?

BROWNLEE *disdainfully*: More dudes . . . more dudes.

MUSIC

SOUND: *Horses walking through underbrush—cricket sounds*

KAY *poetically*: Isn't it wonderful riding in the evening, Omar? Soon the moon will come out. Everything's so quiet, so still.

SOUND: *Mournful cry of a coyote*

OMAR *teeth chattering*: It scares me. Listen to that hideous cry.

KAY: Don't be silly, Omar. It's probably just a coyote or a wolf calling for its mate.

OMAR: Sounds more like an Indian calling for a scalp if you ask me.

KAY: Anyway, we can ride alone for a change.

OMAR: Yes, we slipped away without Mr. Dodge or Brownny tagging along.

KAY: Now we can look around the ranch ourselves.

OMAR: It's about time, too, dear. We've been here almost two weeks and we haven't found out a thing.

KAY: Well, how could we, Omar, with those two always following us?

OMAR: I wonder what the boss would think if he saw me dressed up in this cowboy outfit.

KAY: I'll bet he wouldn't know you, Omar. You look like a regular cowboy.

OMAR: Yes, but these suspenders, dear . . .

KAY: Now don't worry, darling. I think you look sweet.

OMAR *morosely*: I know, dear, but all the cowboys laugh when they see me.

KAY *provoked*: Well, you know you can't wear a belt because of your stomach, Omar. Remember what happened on that last fishing trip?

- OMAR *remembering all too well*: Yes, dear, but . . .
- KAY: And besides, I saved boxtops two whole months to get those suspenders for you. You remember, on that radio program, where the cowboy yells and rides so hard . . .
- OMAR: Oh, you mean "The Last Ranger," don't you, dear?
- KAY: Yes, that's it. And there's a cute little sheriff's badge that goes along with it. Did you see it, Omar?
- OMAR: Yes, dear. I've got it here in my shirt pocket.
- SOUND: *Faint whinny of a horse*
- OMAR: W-w-what was that?
- KAY *whispering*: Sh-h-h. Be quiet.
- SOUND: *A cricket—then the whinny of a horse—closer and more distinct*
- KAY: It's a horse!
- OMAR: Notice how funny our horses act with their ears sticking in the air?
- KAY: Come on. Let's tie them here in the sagebrush and go ahead.
- OMAR: All right. Here, let me help you down, dear.
- KAY: No, I'm all right. Come on.
- OMAR: Wait'll I tie these reins. There. O.K. Let's go.
- SOUND: *Walking over twigs*
- KAY: The sound came over here. Come on, Omar, don't be so slow.
- OMAR *panting*: I'm coming as fast as I can, dear.
- SOUND: *Walking stops*
- KAY: Omar, look!
- OMAR: Why, I can't see anything—
- KAY: In that canyon, down there! Look!
- OMAR: Why—why, it's a big corral.
- KAY: And it's full of horses.
- OMAR: Yes, sir. One . . . two . . . three. Why, Kay, there's dozens of 'em!
- KAY: No wonder horses have been disappearing so fast.
- OMAR: Look—down there, Kay.
- KAY: Yes, what is it? I don't see anything.
- OMAR: That big white horse with the spot on its side. I know I've seen it around the Rocking R.
- KAY: Sh-h-h. Listen.
- SOUND: *Faint rumble of a truck in distance*
- OMAR: Look, coming down that canyon trail.
- KAY: It's a truck.
- OMAR *excitedly*: Quick, get behind these rocks. There's a man coming from the corral.
- KAY: He's going to meet the truck.
- SOUND: *Truck rumble louder and finally stops*
- OMAR: The truck's backed up to the corral.
- KAY: There's two men getting out.
- OMAR: Why, I believe it's—
- KAY *breathlessly*: It is, Omar, it is! That short man with the bow legs.
- OMAR: Yes, sir, it's Brownie, all right.
- KAY: I knew the moment I saw that man he was no good.
- OMAR: I'll bet Tex Dodge and him work this thing together.
- KAY: Of course they do! They ship the horses out of the country and collect the insurance from your company.
- OMAR: And they're getting rich, too. The dirty, low-down . . . (*Mutters under his breath*) Pardon me, dear, I didn't mean to swear.
- KAY *solemnly*: That's quite all right, darling. This calls for strong language.
- OMAR: I'll bet the boss will give me a raise when I turn these fellows in.
- KAY: How can you do that?
- OMAR *pondering*: Uh . . . yeah, I hadn't thought of that.
- KAY: We'll have to be careful. These men are desperate.
- OMAR: I'll bet they even wear guns. (*Sourly*) And they don't carry 'em on suspenders, either.
- KAY: Well, what would you do with a gun if you had one?
- OMAR: Uh . . . yeah, I guess you're right.
- KAY: Of course I am. Be reasonable.
- OMAR: Just the same I'd rather face these guys than tell the boss I let 'em get away.
- KAY *patiently*: Oh, Omar, can't you see? They think you're just a city dude. They'd only laugh at you.
- OMAR *almost weeping*: They've laughed at my suspenders already.
- KAY: As soon as we can get to Spanish Fork, we can get the sheriff to help.
- OMAR *eagerly*: That's a good idea, dear.
- KAY: And in the meantime, we can keep our eyes open.
- OMAR: Yes, dear. Let's go get the horses.
- SOUND: *Of a low rumble as rock falls*
- KAY *startled*: What was that?
- OMAR: My foot—I slipped.

KAY: You pushed a rock down the canyon.

OMAR: C'mon, Kay. Those men are looking up here.

SOUND: *Shots*

OMAR *yelping*: They're shooting at us!

SOUND: *Running feet over ground*

KAY: Omar—Omar—wait for me!

OMAR *faintly ahead*: C'mon, dear, I'll get your horse.

KAY *panting*: You could at least wait to see if I'd been shot—

OMAR *excitedly*: Yes, dear, yes, dear. Here, get on.

KAY: Hold the stirrup still. You're shaking like a leaf.

OMAR: There. C'mon. Let's go.

SOUND: *Hoofbeats galloping away (Fade)*

SOUND: *Fade in horsebeats—coming to a quick stop*

DODGE *drawling*: Howdy, Brown. 'Pear you been ridin' some, way your hoss is sweating.

BROWNLEE *grimly*: I have.

DODGE *quizzically*: What's up?

BROWNLEE: Something went wrong last night.

DODGE *growling*: Didn't you git them hosses shipped?

BROWNLEE: Yeah, we got 'em off all right.

DODGE: Yeah? What happened, then?

BROWNLEE: Somebody saw us.

DODGE: Who?

BROWNLEE: I ain't so sure. It was kinda dark an' they were up on the canyon rim. But it sure looked a heap like that Whalebone an' his squaw to me.

DODGE: Yeah. Then what happened?

BROWNLEE: Well, not much, I reckon. Joe got excited an' shot at 'em a couple times, though.

DODGE *angrily*: The crazy fool! He didn't hit 'em, did he?

BROWNLEE: Naw. You know, Joe. He couldn't hit a rattlesnake if it was shoved down his gunbarrel.

DODGE: Just the same, I don't like it.

BROWNLEE: What d'you reckon we better do, Tex?

DODGE: I dunno—yet. I'll lay odds that was ol' Fishbone snoopin' around last night, though.

BROWNLEE: Yeah, what makes you think so?

DODGE: Well, I did a little snoopin' of my own while they were out of their cabin.

BROWNLEE: Find anything?

DODGE: Well, he ain't just a city dude, that's a cinch.

BROWNLEE *sarcastically*: Oh, he's runnin' for congress, huh?

DODGE: Don't be funny. Now git this—

BROWNLEE: O.K. . . . O.K.

DODGE: Way I figger it he's an insurance adjuster of some kind. I saw some letters he had from the Warrington Insurance Company.

BROWNLEE *startled*: Huh? Say, that's the outfit we're cashin' in on, ain't it?

DODGE: Exactly.

BROWNLEE: Let's clear outa here.

DODGE: Take it easy. We gotta couple more hoss shipments yet.

BROWNLEE: Sure, I know, Tex, but . . .

DODGE: Nothing doin'. I ain't lettin' any of this easy money slip through my fingers.

BROWNLEE: But what about this Whalebone fella?

DODGE: Don't worry. We can take care of him.

BROWNLEE: Well, don't look at me. You an' Joe are the only buckeroos that pack a gun in this outfit.

DODGE *laconically*: We don't need a gun for this job.

BROWNLEE: Oh, poison, huh?

DODGE: No, you bandy-legged runt! See that hoss out there?

BROWNLEE: Sure, Gold-dust. You got him all saddled.

DODGE: Yeah. Ol' Whalebone always goes for a ride about this time every mawnin'.

BROWNLEE: Oh-h-h, I savvy—now.

DODGE *laughs*: Reckon Gold-dust'll take care of him.

BROWNLEE: I'll say he will! Nobody in this outfit kin ride him. Remember that puncher he killed at the Calgary rodeo last year?

DODGE: U!-huh. Well-l-l!

BROWNLEE *lowering his voice*: Sh-h-h. Here he comes now—with his squaw.

DODGE: That's all right. I'll take care of her.

BROWNLEE *chuckling*: Ain't he a purty one, though, with those fancy suspenders on them big chaps?

DODGE *bissing*: Shut up. They'll hear you.

OMAR *full in mike*: Good morning, boys.

DODGE: Mawnin', Mr. Whale—er, I mean Mr. Herringbone . . . G'mawnin', ma'am.

KAY: Lovely morning, isn't it?

BROWNLEE: Sure is!

DODGE: Great mawnin' for a ride.

OMAR: Yes, we were just thinking about that. Got a couple horses for us?

DODGE: There's one already saddled. The sorrel there, see?

OMAR: Oh, yes, that looks like a spirited animal.

BROWNLEE *quickly*: He sure is!

KAY: He isn't wild, is he?

BROWNLEE: No, ma'am. Gold-dust's a good horse. Gentle as a lamb.

DODGE: The boys'll round up a hoss for your wife, pronto.

OMAR: That'll be fine. I'll just ride around the corrals until you're ready, dear.

KAY: All right, Omar.

BROWNLEE: Here, lemme untie ol' Gold-dust for you.

DODGE: Yeah, I'll give you a hand, too. There.

OMAR: He seems a little nervous . . . Steady, old boy, I won't hurt you.

BROWNLEE: Just put your foot in the stirrup an' you're all set.

DODGE: There you are.

OMAR: Now for a nice ride . . .

SOUND: *A short and thundering hoof-beats*

KAY: Why—why, what happened?

DODGE: Why, I dunno offhand. Looks like old Gold-dust's a little ornery this mawnin'.

BROWNLEE: Funny, too, ain't it, Tex? He usually's gentle as a lamb.

KAY *astonished*: Why, the horse is bucking. Look out, Omar!

DODGE: Man, lookit that hoss sunfish!

KAY *screaming*: Do something! Don't just stand there. He'll be killed.

BROWNLEE *matter-of-factly*: Ain't nothing we kin do, ma'am. Gold-dust has gone plumb loco.

DODGE: Yeah, hosses git that way up here sometimes, ma'am. The weeds, you know.

KAY: Oh, you unspeakable brutes! You did it on purpose. Omar, jump—jump!

DODGE: He's stickin' on better'n I expected.

BROWNLEE: Yeah.

KAY *yelling frantically*: Omar, jump—jump!

DODGE *pleased*: There he goes.

BROWNLEE: No, he's back in the saddle again.

DODGE: Doggone, he ain't bitin' the dust yet.

KAY *still yelling*: Omar, for heaven's sake, jump . . . jump! (*As a last desperate gesture*) Bite the dust!

BROWNLEE: By gosh, he ain't a bad rider, at that.

DODGE: His neck's snapping like a bull-whip.

BROWNLEE *astonished*: Doggone, what d'you know about that?

DODGE: I can't believe it. The hoss is breaking into a trot.

KAY *sighing with relief*: Thank goodness.

BROWNLEE: If I wasn't stone sober, I'd swear I was drunk.

DODGE: Here he comes—ridin' him in.

SOUND: *Hoofbeats galloping to a stop*

KAY: Omar, are you all right?

OMAR *feebly*: Y-y-yes, dear. Help me off.

BROWNLEE: Take it easy . . . take it easy.

DODGE: There. Now you're down.

KAY: Can you stand, dear?

OMAR *weakly*: Y-y-yes, I think so.

BROWNLEE: Man, you sure put up a great ride, boss.

OMAR: D-did I?

BROWNLEE: I'll say you did!

OMAR: T-t-that so?

DODGE: Yeah, it takes a good man to ride Gold-dust, all right.

BROWNLEE: I'll say it does! You're the only buckaroo in these parts that's ever rode him to a standstill.

KAY: See, did you hear that, Omar? He's a bad horse!

BROWNLEE *caught off guard*: Why, I—

KAY: Just as I suspected, Omar, they deliberately tried to kill you.

BROWNLEE *cajoling*: Naw, you're too tough to kill, ain't you, boss?

OMAR *suddenly becoming lion-hearted*: I'll say I am! Now I'm gonna take care of you wise guys.

DODGE *mockingly*: Oh, he's gonna spank us, Brownny.

OMAR *sternly*: You won't think it's so funny, Mr. Dodge. I know all about your horse-stealing racket in Devil's Canyon.

DODGE *bluffing*: You ain't got nothing on me.

OMAR: That's where you're wrong. I'm going to turn you over to the sheriff

- at Spanish Fork—and then we'll see what you've got to say.
- BROWNLEE *gasping*: The sheriff?
- OMAR: Yes, the sheriff. See this?
- BROWNLEE: Why—why, it's a badge. Say, you ain't no city dude. You're a range detective!
- OMAR: It should be quite obvious what I am.
- DODGE *snarling*: You ain't taking me to no dirty pen!
- KAY: Look out, Omar, he's got a gun!
- DODGE: Stand back.
- BROWNLEE: What you aimin' to do, Tex?
- DODGE: You'll see—soon enough. Well, thanks for breakin' in Gold-dust, Mr. Whalebone. He's the only saddled hoss on the place.
- BROWNLEE *hotly*: You ain't figgerin' on leavin' me behind, are you, Tex?
- DODGE: Shut up! There's only one hoss.
- BROWNLEE: Why, you dirty skunk—
- DODGE *rasping*: Stand back! Keep away from that hoss' bridle.
- BROWNLEE: I'll show you . . .
- DODGE: Git back—git back or I'll shoot!
- SOUND: *Shot*
- BROWNLEE *moaning painfully*: Oh-h-h, my arm!
- OMAR: Look out, Kay, the horse is scared!
- DODGE: Steady, you jug-headed killer . . .
- KAY: He's beginning to buck.
- BROWNLEE *groaning*: I hope Gold-dust kills him . . .
- SOUND: *Dull thud*
- OMAR: The horse has thrown him!
- KAY: Quick, Omar, he dropped his gun!
- OMAR: There, I've got it. How's Dodge?
- BROWNLEE: Don't worry about him. He's too cussed mean to die.
- KAY: Look out, Omar, he's getting up!
- OMAR: O.K., Mr. Dodge, put up your hands. This time you're really going to see the sheriff.
- BROWNLEE: Hey, boss, here, you dropped your badge.
- OMAR: Keep it. It's a present from me.
- BROWNLEE: Well, thanks, but . . . say, what's this? (*Reading*) "The Last Ranger Radio Program, Club No. 14."
- DODGE *disgustedly*: A tin badge! Well, I'll be . . .
- KAY *sighing*: Oh, Omar, I think you're wonderful.
- MUSIC: *Up and out*
- SOUND: *Tram bell ringing*
- CONDUCTOR: Al-l-l aboard-d-d!
- KAY: Hurry, Omar, or we'll be late.
- OMAR: I'm coming, dear.
- CONDUCTOR: You just made it. Oh, it's your folks again. O.K., lady, I'll help your husband. All right, buddy, watch your—
- OMAR *savagely*: Yeah, I know—petticoat!
- SOUND: *Fist striking face*
- KAY: Why, Omar, you knocked him down.
- OMAR: Sure, I did! I'm tired of people pushing me around.
- CONDUCTOR *muttering bewilderedly to himself*: After thirty years I thought I knew people. An' that little kitten turns out to be a lion.
- SOUND: *Train slowly puffing into motion. (Keep under)*
- KAY: Well, darling, we're on our way home at last.
- OMAR: Yes, I'll be glad when we get there.
- KAY: You ought to get a nice bonus for this job, Omar.
- OMAR *growling*: Well, if I don't I'll kick old man Warrington in the pants!
- KAY: What did the sheriff do to those men when you brought them into Spanish Fork?
- OMAR: He locked 'em up, of course. They signed a full confession after I talked to them.
- KAY: I suppose you wired Mr. Warrington.
- OMAR: Yeah. He's sending Roth up here to press charges.
- KAY: Quite a letdown for Roth, isn't it?
- OMAR *indifferently*: Oh, I don't know. Cleaning up minor details after I settle the case is about his speed.
- KAY *laughing*: I'll never forget the look on the faces of those men when they saw that tin badge.
- OMAR: Yeah, they thought it was the real thing, all right.
- KAY: Honestly, darling, I'm so proud of you. But I still don't see how you managed to ride that awful bucking horse.
- OMAR *chuckling softly*: That's some more of the "Last Ranger's" good work, my dear.
- KAY: Well, what are you grinning about? I don't see anything so funny in that.

OMAR: You remember those suspenders you got for me?

KAY: Of course.

OMAR: Well, the secret of riding a bucking bronco is to wear a good pair of suspenders.

KAY: But I don't understand.

OMAR *laughing*: Well, you see, dear, after Gold-dust took the first jump, one of my suspenders got caught over the saddle-horn, and I couldn't get off to save my neck!

SOUND: *Uproarious laughter and train whistle fading out*

LEGEND OF DUST

A VERSE PLAY FOR WOMEN

By DWIGHT STRICKLAND

SOUND: *Wind howling—blend into music
fade slowly out*

NARRATOR: Out of no time . . .
out of no place . . .
yet out of the living struggle against a
barren field
anywhere . . .
in all time.

Out of the wind of death this is a legend
of dust and of drought
for all people who know what it is to
have been deserted by living things,
who know the meaning of desert . . .

SOUND: *Bring up wind howling and fade
quickly down*

NARRATOR: In the early morning, in the
pale mauve light
through which only the bat knows his
way surely,
a woman and child are working.

SOUND: *The regular striking of a spade
into hard earth and the falling of the
dirt being tossed from it—hold under
following*

WOMAN: Did you bring the cross from
the barn, son?

CHILD: Yes, Mother, there it is, leaning
against that pile of dirt . . .
I cut myself with the knife when I
was making it.

WOMAN: Here, son, on the prairie's edge,
behind the empty barns,
in the dust and the wind we shall bury
her.

And this cross which you made for me
out of cottonwood
shall stand, though it dry in the hot sun
like the bony frame of a scarecrow and
splinter,
shall stand through the years to remind
us of drought . . .
shall stand as a milestone
marking the growth of this desert,
here at the prairie's edge,
here, where the prairie died even as she
died, without water . . .

SOUND: *Spade striking out*

CHILD: Is it deep enough now, Mother?

WOMAN: No . . . deeper, son, deeper . . .

SOUND: *Resume spade striking and hold
under*

CHILD: Water cannot wash it away now,
Mother. There is no water.

WOMAN: But wind there is, son. Wind
that lifts the soil from the earth.
This seed that we plant must not be
harvested by wind
as our corn was and scattered across
the prairie in a cloud of dust.

We must plant it deep
that it shall never be uprooted,
for the raking of the wind,
or the glutting of the vulture . . .

SOUND: *Bring up spade striking—hold in
dead air five seconds*

WOMAN: Stop, son!

SOUND: *Spade striking out*

WOMAN: Yes . . . It is deep enough now,
deep enough for the planting of a tree.
In the good days when trees grew,
I can remember a time when the earth
at this depth was moist
and clung to the hand without slipping
through the fingers.

We planted a poplar then and the leaves
were all shiny

like silver,
like the shape of the pear they were,
like a little heart . . .

but . . . well . . . (*Sigh*)

(*Pause*)

Help me now, son . . . Take a good
hold.

CHILD: Yes, Mother.

WOMAN: Steady . . . (*Pause*) Steady . . .

SOUND: *Heavy thud*

WOMAN: Now kneel, son—kneel by your
sister.

SOUND: *Low sobbing of child—take down
into indistinct whimpering in back-
ground—hold through long pause*

WOMAN *after a deep sigh*: When I was a child such things were hid from me. But that was in another time. Death did not walk abroad then as it does now.

The wheat grew waist high then and hid death from our eyes.

But there is no hiding of death now . . . now with his doom on the prairie . . .

The dried river beds, the dried wells, the dried flanks of the cattle, the dried bone . . .

No one can hide death now, not even from a child!

SOUND: *Bring up sobbing of child*

WOMAN *firmly*: Bite your lips, bite off the whimpers!

Let drought scar the tears from your eyes!

For us there can be no soft and whimpering sorrow, only a hard grief, a grief that remembers . . .

Promise me, son, never to forget this . . . never to forget your sister!

CHILD: I promise, Mother.

WOMAN: And her murder?

CHILD: But, Mother, she died from the drought . . .

WOMAN: Not from the drought alone, but because of the man who made it.

CHILD: God made the drought. You told me so, Mother.

WOMAN: I lied, son. Thinking I might shield you from the truth.

Man made this drought . . . the man on the hill.

CHILD: The man on the hill? Is he big, too, like God?

WOMAN: No, small, smaller than the most miserable of men,

but big enough to have dammed up the spring in the hill, and to have stolen the river.

CHILD: Did he steal the creek too, Mother, where I sailed my boat and paddled naked?

This summer when I went to play there it was nothing but pebbles.

WOMAN: Yes, son, and more than the creek.

SOUND: *The wind rises and rattles the dust against the dried clapboards of the barn—hold—then fade down slowly through the following*

CHILD: The wind, Mother, is rising . . . It slaps at the barn . . .

With a hand of dust it strikes, scaling the shingles . . .

Will it hurt her?

Can she feel the sting? Wind and dust? Ought we not cover her?

WOMAN *moodily*: Who knows what the dead feel? We know though, who live in the shadow of death, the feel of the dust;

in the terrible wings of the wind we know it;

the sting we know!

But what the dead know we do not know . . .

CHILD: Ought we not cover her?

WOMAN: Yes . . . yes . . . cover her . . . quickly.

SOUND: *Sound of dirt being thrown onto wood—hold five seconds—then fade down under following*

WOMAN: And when you have finished, beat the earth down with your spade, trample it with your feet that the wind may not cheat us;

put the cross where her head is. Then go to the house, stay there, lock the doors, wait for me . . .

CHILD: Mother, where are you going?

WOMAN: To join the women of the prairie.

At sunrise we are to meet in the fields beyond the crossroads.

and the sun is already rising . . .

CHILD: But, Mother, I am afraid of staying all alone with the dead.

WOMAN: Be afraid of the living, son, not the dead.

With the dead we must learn to live, live always and grow used to it, for they cling to us, the dead do, (*fading*) and demand of us vengeance, upon the cause of their death, vengeance . . .

CHILD: Don't go, Mother! Don't!

SOUND: *Bring wind howling slowly up*

CHILD: Mother! (*To himself—bewildered*)

What is vengeance? Vengeance? (*Shouting into the rising wind howls*)

Mother! Mother! Mother!

SOUND: *His final cry is drowned out by a chord of music—hold music—then fade down slowly into whipping of wind—blend in voice of narrator*

NARRATOR: Out of the wind of death this is a legend of dust and of drought . . .

In the middle of day are still gathered the women of the prairie.

All morning they have talked and
wrangled but to no purpose.

Now it is noon-time in the fields be-
yond the crossroads
where once the coyote cried who cries
there no longer,
where once the gopher made his home
but is dead or gone now,
and no longer jumps the cottontail, the
jack-rabbit.

Only the sun is there, and the dust, and
the hot wind,
only the lizard, the scorpion, the rattle-
snake and the tarantula,
and the women of the prairie . . .

SOUND: *Music—hold—blend in wind howl-
ing—take slowly down and hold under
the following*

1ST VOICE: In God's hand we must leave
this thing.

2ND VOICE: It is a terrible thing that you
ask us to do.

WOMAN: He stole the river, didn't he?

3RD VOICE: Yes, he changed the course
of it . . . but . . .

4TH VOICE: There are millions of other
prairie folk who do not live by a
river bed .

who are stricken with drought.

WOMAN: But in the days when we had the
river it was different, wasn't it?

CHORUS: Yes, it was different!

WOMAN: Even with drought there was
water, some water?

CHORUS: Yes, there was some water . . .

5TH VOICE: But . . . No . . . no . . . we
cannot do it!

6TH VOICE: We will not do it!

CHORUS: We refuse you!

SOUND: *Bring up howling of wind and
hold*

1ST VOICE: Curse the wind!

2ND VOICE: Curse the dust!

3RD VOICE: Curse the coming of desert!

4TH VOICE: Curse the rainless prairie!

5TH VOICE: Curse the hot wind that burns
with the heat of hell!

6TH VOICE: Curse the sun! The sun!

CHORUS: Curse the sun!

WOMAN *topping chorus*: Stop! This is
madness!

1ST VOICE: Let us go where there is
shelter, then.

2ND VOICE: Yes, out of the sight of this
death of wind and of heat and of desert.

WOMAN: No! Here let us stay,
here where we may feel the sting and
choke of it full in our faces,

here in the fields that are barren,
for only in the very face of this shall
we have the desperate courage
to plan against a threatening future!

3RD VOICE: We know what death is who
stand in the face of him, but . . .

4TH VOICE: We who stare at death know
the compulsion to be doing, but . . .

5TH VOICE: What can we do? We who
know also the despair

of every prayer unanswered
choking in our throats as does the dust?

6TH VOICE: Yes, what can we do? We
that are weak and are women?

WOMAN: In the days when there were
harvests we were not weak, were we?

1ST VOICE: That is true. In the days when
there were harvests

like a man I bound the sheaves of the
grain.

2ND VOICE: Like a man I husked the corn,
thrashed, and pitched hay to the
wagons.

3RD VOICE: But now it is different.

CHORUS: Drought fell and the land turned
arid.

4TH VOICE: The seed that we planted
withered in the sun.

5TH VOICE: The corn grew no higher.

6TH VOICE: The oats . . .

1ST VOICE: And the barley . . .

2ND VOICE: And the rye . . .

CHORUS: Hug the ground like grass in a
good season.

3RD VOICE: O water, water, in what spring?
On what hill?

4TH VOICE: O bread that's turned to rock,
food ungood!

CHORUS: O song unsung! O tongue that's
locked! O unfulfilled, unfed!!

5TH VOICE: Now has the very earth be-
trayed us,

we who had prayed for rain, prayed for
the healing fall of water
without answer . . .

CHORUS: Prayed for rain, prayed for the
healing fall of water
without answer . . .

MUSIC:

WOMAN: Women of the prairie, you, who
came yesterday
witnessed my child, dead without even
flowers to cover her.

You all know, for I have told you,
how I lowered her
into the dust this morning, the dust that
killed her . . .

Mine! Mine is the bitterest anguish of you all!

Yet not for a barren grief did I ask you to come here . . .

1ST VOICE: We have all known sorrow and what can we do for it?

I, who had five sons, have but one now, and he, too, grows restless. Year after year in the heartless autumns they disappeared from the prairie, one by one, and did not return . . .

2ND VOICE: Why do we not desert this land as our sons and daughters have? This land which has deserted us?

Vengeance can do us no good.

It can only burn in our lungs as these winds do.

WOMAN: O women of the prairie, though the dust here be a fog without water, choking us and our cattle, still must we stay here . . . stay and . . .

3RD VOICE: Listen to me, you who rant of vengeance and talk of staying here!

When my daughter grew to be a woman she came to me and said:

"Mother, I must be gone from this dying place."

I pled with her even

as you plead with us, but she answered what is true

and what even you cannot deny now . . .

"Nothing can stick here, Mother. Even the soil

will not stick to the roots of the grain, even the soil is blown away, Mother;

by the wind it is carried away from us,

carried away into dust."

4TH VOICE: What you ask us to do is the work of men, not of women!

WOMAN: Our men cannot do it. You know how they have tried.

How they have repeatedly gone to the man on the hill,

only to have been met and turned back. Because we are women they will not suspect us,

and we can tear down this dam that has been built up against our spring . . .

change the course of the river back to the prairie.

1ST VOICE: Tearing down the dam is not all you have asked us to do.

You would pledge us to vengeance.

2ND VOICE: Yes. Why must we do away with the man on the hill?

3RD VOICE: Why must we kill him?

WOMAN: Fools! Would you have him live on who has done this thing to you?

4TH VOICE: But he bought the land where the spring is. He owns it;

and a man can do what he will with the land that he owns.

WOMAN: Can do what he will? Even to the murdering of a child?

Even to the bringing of death to us, death to the prairie?

Would you have such a one live on that he might rob us again,

change back the course of the river after we had restored it to the prairie?

Should he live on he would not fear us. No one would fear us, and

we must strike fear to the hearts of them that are ruthless,

that steal life from us!

5TH VOICE: But the hand of death is God's hand. It is not for us to strike with it.

WOMAN: With what hand did the man on the hill strike at us?

1ST VOICE: But it is murder, I tell you, murder!

WOMAN: His murder for our murder. His death for our death!

2ND VOICE: But what one alone of us can do this monstrous thing?

I cannot do it.

3RD VOICE: Nor I . . . It would people my sleep with nightmares!

4TH VOICE: Nor I . . . It would creep in my skull like a ghost in a haunted house.

5TH VOICE: Nor I . . . I cannot do it!

6TH VOICE: Nor I . . .

CHORUS: You would pledge us to a vengeance but no one of us can do this vengeance . . .

WOMAN: Think I would trust such an act to any of us?

Even if one among us were strong enough,

brave enough, and would do it,

we could not do it, and I know it . . .

We would be stopped at the gate by the caretaker.

But a child can do it.

1ST VOICE: What madness is this that you talk?

2ND VOICE: A child? May God forgive you.

WOMAN: Only a child can do this thing, and

may God forgive you if you fail me to help him!

Only a child can strike this blow for us. Only a child will be able to slip unobserved by the caretaker, and he will do it, for I will teach him the way.

In the evening he will do it. Quietly, stealthily, crossing the green lawn of the man on the hill

while we hide in the trees close by.

He will knock on the door, and he will ask for the man himself.

He will say he has lost his dog and is looking for him.

When the man on the hill says, that he has not seen any dog, he will cry and say that he is thirsty and he will ask for water.

The man on the hill will bring him water and then he will strike him.

With the knife that he cut the cross with he will do it . . .

and hurl the water into his face as he falls.

3RD VOICE: It is monstrous!

4TH VOICE: She is possessed of the devil!

5TH VOICE: Look, the sun has hidden his face from us!

SOUND: *Distant rumble of thunder*

WOMAN: Has the heat of this desert not maddened you enough?

Are you not yet driven to a frenzy?

Let the sun hide his face!

SOUND: *Crash of thunder*

3RD VOICE: God speaks in thunder!

WOMAN: Let the heavens speak. It will not deter me!

I will have this vengeance upon the man on the hill,

my vengeance and your vengeance!

Come, Women of the prairie, come!

Let us be about the work of a just hatred!

Let us make ready the knife that delivers!

Let us . . .

SOUND: *A terrific blast of thunder drowning out her voice followed by gusts of wind—then falling of rain—incessant wild rain beating down on the hard dry earth—hold—fade slowly down under following*

1ST VOICE: God has answered our prayers and has sent us the rain!

2ND VOICE: Rain! The healing fall of water . . .

3RD VOICE: Rain!

4TH VOICE: The heavens have freed us!

5TH VOICE: We are delivered! Rain!

1ST VOICE: Rain!

CHORUS: Rain . . . Rain . . . Rain . . .

WOMAN: Stop this faltering chatter!

Let the fall of the rain which is life to us

be life also to our courage!

Let this water sparkle along the dull blade of our purpose

like lightning while we hold it against the grindstone of our hatred

to make it dagger sharp for this hour, our hour, the hour of vengeance!

SOUND: *Mumble of women's voices slowly fading out*

WOMAN shouting: Come back! Come back! You cannot desert me!

Where are you going? Oh, Fools, where can you go to?

2ND VOICE: Home, we are going home . . .

3RD VOICE farther off: Home to gather the rain . . .

1ST VOICE still farther off: Home to gather the water . . .

CHORUS fading out entirely: To gather the healing water . . .

SOUND: *Terrific gusts of wind—fall of deluge of rain—hold*

WOMAN covering the bowl of the storm:

Fly! Fly to your homes, then!

To your buckets, to your pots, to your rainbarrels!

You are gutless who are bought off, bribed by a moment's fury.

In the face of the wind of death you are gutless who can turn

to the little hope in a drop of water!!

SOUND: *Thunder—more wind howling, etc. . . . fade down slowly—and hold under the following*

WOMAN: Fly, you that call yourselves women!

You, who cursed the wind and the dust,

you, who even cursed the sun,

know that it is *you* whom I curse,

you, who for the hope of a moment would abandon the full future.

Fly, hags that you are! I curse you.

Curse the women of the prairie!

CURSE THE RAIN!!

SOUND: *The fury of storm rises and drowns out her voice—hold for a few seconds—when it subsides she is heard crying over the storm*

WOMAN: Strike, Storm!

Forsaken, alone, I shall stand and defy
you!

Crash, Thunder!

Pursue me with all the echoes in your
hollow reverberations!

Drench, Rains!

You cannot wash away the blood of a
murdered child

that cries for vengeance!

Flash, Lightning!

With all your eerie shafts your terror
cannot swerve me!

If it must be alone, then alone I shall
do it, to achieve justice.

No little drop of rain can ever slake
the thirst of so just a hatred,

no, not even a torrent of water!

Alone, I shall go to the man on the hill.

I shall go to my home and my son, and
alone with my child I shall do it!

I will have vengeance!

SOUND: *Bring up the fury of the storm
to a tremendous crescendo blend into
music—fade music out into a howl of
wind—blend into the voice of the narra-
tor*

NARRATOR: Out of the wind of death this
is a legend of dust and of drought
for all people who know what it is to
have been deserted by living things,
who know the meaning of desert . . .
(Pause)

Determined and faltering,
a woman, drenched by rain that be-
trayed her,
all afternoon through the fury of storm,
blinded by anger,
wandered the dust-plighted-prairie:
Cursing, she lost her way; planning a
vengeance,
she found it;
then lost it again:—
muttering, mumbling, crying, broken,
alone,
determined and faltering . . .

Night fell. In the swirling darkness
finally she came to where a grave was.
By the brief streaked flashes of lightning
she saw a cross there, and
knew she was home where her son
waited to fulfill a promise . . .

SOUND: *Music—blend into wind howling
—and follow under with rain patter on
house*

CHILD: The door is unlocked, Mother.

SOUND: *Creaking of door-opening*

CHILD: When the rain came I unlocked
it and since then

I have been running in and out of the
house
gathering water.

WOMAN *tersely—firmly*: Where is the
knife?

CHILD: What knife, Mother?

WOMAN: The knife that you cut the
cross with.

CHILD: I hid it, Mother, because it cut me
and made me bleed.

I hate the sight of blood!

WOMAN: Hate? (*Muttering*) Courage,
give me the courage to finish! (*Loud*)
Get me the knife!

CHILD: But I can't get it, Mother. I hid
it in her grave. I buried it with sister.

WOMAN *moved by this revelation*: What?
Oh, no . . .

CHILD *after a slight pause*: Now that there
is rain she will be happy, won't she,
Mother? (*Pause*)

Flowers will grow on her grave . . .
Won't they, Mother?

WOMAN *muttering*: What? Flowers . . .
Weeds or flowers . . .

Who knows what can grow on a grave
now?

The things that the dead leave to live
on after them are terrible;
but the things that we bury with the
dead are more terrible.

Death is terror! Living is terror! There
is nothing but terror . . .

I am afraid!

CHILD: Mother?

WOMAN: Run! Hide from me! Hide
yourself from your mother!

As you have hidden the knife, hide!

Of myself I am afraid!

CHILD: You are tired, Mother. You need
rest. I was afraid, too,

waiting alone so long, alone with her,
But when I fell asleep I dreamed, and
dreamed beautifully.

You got to sleep. You dream, too, dream
what I dreamed . . .

all about a wonderful country where
we lived and were happy,

where the grass was higher than the
wheat ever was,

and the wheat taller than trees are, and
oh, there was water,

water, water, so much water . . .

WOMAN *muttering to herself in tragic be-
wilderness*: To what am I re-

sponsible? To whom do I owe the
allegiance

of this broken heart?

Between a dead daughter and a living
son . . .

The dead that cries for a vengeance
upon the awful truth of life

that destroyed her . . .

and the living that demands a lie to live
by, the illusion . . .

Oh, what! What! What! (*Stifled
sobs*)

CHILD: Mother . . . Mother, listen to me,
Mother!

WOMAN: Yes, son . . .

CHILD: Then I woke up and the rain was
beating on the roof.

But I didn't know it was rain. I
wouldn't believe it either

if it hadn't talked to me . . . (*Pause*)

Listen! It is talking now.

Do you know what it is saying, Mother?

It is saying: (*In rhythm with the patter
of rain*)

To live . . . To live . . . To live . . .

SOUND: *Woman begins to sob very
quietly—hold under*

CHILD: What is the matter? Tell me,
Mother . . . (*Pause*)

What do you want me to do? (*Pause*)

I will keep my promises . . . Who is the
man on the hill? (*Pause*)

What is vengeance?

WOMAN: Not now . . . not now . . .

What will I say to you, in this hour so
decisive and so full of indecision?

Out of so great uncertainty what will
a woman tell her child now?

Whether to love or to hate, whether to
forget or remember?

Son, the pang of your birth was a rip-
ping at the bowels of me,

and the pang of your sister's death was
a searing burn at my heart,

but the pain of shaping your life to the
unknowable future

is greater pain and more constant.

Oh what, what, what, what shall a
woman tell her child now?

On the edge of this desert which faces
disaster, cheered by

the unpredictable storms bringing hope
in a little rainfall?

On what will a woman tell her child
now?

SOUND: *Bring up rain and storm—blend
into music—follow with gusts of wind
—fade down and blend into the voice
of the narrator*

NARRATOR: Out of the wind of death this
is a legend of dust and of drought . . .

To live . . . To live . . . To live . . .

like dripping water where no water is,
glad sound in unglad time

To live . . . To live . . . To live!

THE MAGIC GIT-FLIP

A FANTASY-COMEDY

By WILLIAM E. SHULMAN

MUSIC: "*Arkansas Traveler*" played on a violin—stop

WILLY with glee: Haw! Well, chickens, how'd you like that! (*Chickens clucking*) Want more of this play-purty? Tell you what, if you'll dance I'll play again. (*A few bars of "Pop Goes the Weasel."*) Come on. 'Tain't often I gits the chance. (*Wistfully*) Guess you're too thin to show much life. No pone on you at all. No sir, Old Silas ain't fed you enough. Maybe you'll like this tune.

MUSIC: "*Red River Valley*"

SILAS interrupting: Why, you mess-a-head good for nothing!

MUSIC: *Stops abruptly*

WILLY: 'xcuse me, Mr. Nester, you polly-foxed up so quiet, I ain't seen you coming.

SILAS: Why ain't you tillin' that scope o' field? What do you think I'm feeding you for, you crazy idjit?

WILLY: Quieten down, Mr. Nester, I'm a quiten'.

SILAS: What! (*Changing tone*) Jest when I need you most?

WILLY: Yep. Want my pay.

SILAS: Looka here, Willy, you know I've been pore-hawgin' along. Crops has been very bad.

WILLY: I heered people say you're the richest farmer in the county. I want my pay.

SILAS slyly: Tell you what. You stick till the end o' Summer an' I'll give you a dollar.

WILLY: That's what you told me last year . . .

SILAS: That's right, Willy.

WILLY: An' the year before.

SILAS: So I did.

WILLY: Well, I ain't been paid nothin' yet!

SILAS clearing his throat: Ahm, er. This

time, this time I'll give you a silver dollar, a shiny one!

WILLY awed: You will? Gosh, Mr. Nester . . .

SILAS: Now git goin' afore I change my mind.

WILLY fading off: Sure. I sure will.

SILAS calling after him: An' lay your hand to! Push th' collar! (*To himself*) Danged simpleton.

SOUND: *Music up and into the clatter of farm machinery and plodding hooves that slow down*

WILLY: Gee up thar. (*Wheels creak*) Come on Mandy. Git. (*Wheels and hooves come to a stop*) Hey. (*Mule brays*) I know. You miss the p'tato. But old Silas don't let me play no more. So all's I can do is talk to you. (*Wheels creak—plodding hooves*) That's it. You jest keep a-goin' while I talk. People's alwuz laughin' acourse I talk to myself. But shucks, I don't care. It's easier to onderstand when you hear what you're thinking about. (*Beginning to fade off*) Right now, I'm thinkin' I'm gonna see a movie pitcher when I gits paid . . . Mandy, you never seen a silver dollar, did you? Wonder what it looks like . . .

SOUND: *Clatter of farm machinery up into music and fade*

SILAS: Firewood all cut?

WILLY happily: Yep. Now, kin . . . ?

SILAS: Beans shelled?

WILLY: Sure, Mr. Nester, kin I . . . ?

SILAS: Don't crowd the mourners. I git time.

WILLY: But you said when I'm all finished you'd pay . . .

SILAS: All right, Willy, lemme see. You worked three years. A dollar a year makes three whole dollars. Lot o' money.

WILLY: An' don't forget, one of them is a silver dollar.

SILAS shrewdly: Tell you what, suppose

'stead o' givin' you two old dollars an' one silver one, I give you two silver ones?

WILLY: But, gosh . . .

SILAS: An' I'll throw in a jug o' cider!

WILLY: Two silver dollars! Gosh, Mr. Nester, I'm rich.

SILAS: Sure, you are. Come in the house an' I'll pay you off.

SOUND: *Steps on gravel*

WILLY: Sure! (*Fade*) Mr. Nester, you're smilin'. I never seen you that way before. Why, you're gonna laugh!

SILAS (*Off mike*): You're a smart boy, Willy. (*Laughing—Willy guffaws with him*) Yep, a smart boy. (*The laughter of both trailing off*)

SOUND: *Birds chirping angrily*

WILLY: Don't be scairt, birdies, I'm not gonna tech your nest. I'm jest lookin' for some berries. Ain't et since mornin'. See? I ain't techin' your bush atall. (*Chirping subdues*) Ah, here's some ripe 'uns . . .

MAESTRO (*From a distance*): Hola!

WILLY: Hey?

MAESTRO: Hola . . . (*Coming closer*) my good fellow.

WILLY: Hello, yourself.

MAESTRO: A brother vagabond as I live and breathe.

WILLY: No, my name's Willy. Wild Willy they calls me.

MAESTRO: And I'm a knight of the wandering road. What's that jug you're carrying?

WILLY: Jest some cider.

MAESTRO: Well, well, well. We must become acquainted. The boys call me Moe the Maestro. Let's sit down here on the green firmament.

WILLY: The which? Oh, sure.

MAESTRO: That good cider?

WILLY: I don't know. I jest use it for 'skeeter bites.

MAESTRO: Sacrilege! Such vintage wasted as liniment. Let me see how good it is. (*Sound of popping cork—inhaling*) Ah. It smells good. Now for the crucial test. That is, with your permission?

WILLY: Shore, shore.

MAESTRO: Spoken like a gentleman and a scholar. (*Sound of gurgling jug—smacking lips*) Potent, quite potent. And now, my young man, what twist of fate brings you here?

WILLY: Gosh, Mr. Maestro, you use the

same words as a reverend but they don't make the same sense.

MAESTRO: I guess not. No, I'm a mere itinerant musician.

WILLY *uncomprehending*: Uh. Whatcher got in that poke?

MAESTRO: An observant lad! For another taste of your apple nectar, I shall be glad to show you my sole worldly possession.

WILLY: Sure.

SOUND: *Gurgling jug*

MAESTRO *between swallows*: Be careful when you . . . open it. It's very fragile . . . Easy there.

WILLY *overcome*: A git-flip. A real git-flip!

MAESTRO: A what? You mean a violin.

WILLY: A git-flip. Jest what I've been a-honin' for all my life. Kin, kin I tech it, gentle like?

MAESTRO *a little tipsy*: With pleasure, my musical soul mate.

MUSIC: *Violin strings plucked*

WILLY *joyously*: Haw! Just like my paw's.

MAESTRO: Your father played?

WILLY: He was a hump-back. Could play faster than a twister.

MAESTRO: I sometimes wish I could play. Sometimes I feel remorseful posing as a musician for a mere hand-out.

WILLY: Kin, kin I play it?

MAESTRO: You know how?

WILLY: Sure. My paw showed me.

MUSIC: *Violin being tuned*

MAESTRO: Maybe you'd want to buy it?

WILLY: Sure would. But I only got three years wages.

MAESTRO: Three years wa . . . (*Laying it on*) Of course when I bought this Stradivarius from a gypsy, I didn't believe what he said about it. (*Hic*)

WILLY: What, what did he say?

MAESTRO *impressively*: He said it was magic!

WILLY: Glory! A magic git-flip, a magic git-flip! Now I gotta play it.

MAESTRO: Hold on. Don't you dare. Not yet.

WILLY *awed*: No? Why not?

MAESTRO: Whenever that's played every-one must dance—whether he likes to or not.

WILLY: Gosh!

MAESTRO: Now you help me to my feet. (*Grunts—shuffle of feet on ground*)

- That's it. Now I'm ready. You can start.
- WILLY *dubious*: Here goes. (*Folk music—at first hesitant but gaining in dexterity*) Haw. You're dancin', Mr. Maestro.
- MAESTRO *grunting*: Sure. I'm compelled to. One, two, three, kick. (*Hick*)
- MUSIC: *Tempo increases*
- WILLY: Haw!
- MAESTRO: Not so fast. (*Puffing*) I can't keep up with you. (*Stomping feet in time with music*). Stop!
- WILLY: Whee. You're doin' fine.
- MAESTRO: That's enough, Willy. (*Puffing hard*) I'm out of breath. (*To himself*) Somethin's strange. My legs. (*Panicky*) I really can't stop. (*Shouting*) Quit! Quit!
- MUSIC: *Stopping abruptly*
- WILLY: What's the matter, Mr. Maestro? You're plain tuckered out. (*Maestro pants heavily*) You didn't have to dance so hard, did you?
- MAESTRO *catching breath*: I couldn't stop. It was magic. Where's, where's that jug?
- WILLY: Don't you think you had a mite too much, Mr. Maestro?
- MAESTRO: Hmmm. Hic. Maybe you're right. You, er, wanted to buy this instrument, didn't you?
- WILLY: Sure, but shucks, you won't want to sell this here magic git-flip.
- MAESTRO: Of course there's not another Stradivarius in the world like it, but I'll part with it for (*shrewdly*) for whatever you got.
- WILLY *amazed*: Haw! Then it's mine. (*Exploding joyously*) My git-flip!
- MAESTRO: You know there's no "G" string and it's a little warped . . .
- WILLY *softly*: She sure is purty.
- MAESTRO: Then let's square accounts.
- WILLY: Here you are, mister.
- SOUND: *Clink of coins*
- MAESTRO: Shay! Where's the rest of it?
- WILLY: That's all there is, two dollars, but they're real silver.
- MAESTRO: That's all you got for three years work? Who'd you work for?
- WILLY: Old Silas Nester, a coupla miles back up the road.
- MAESTRO: Oh, that man. I might have known. He came after me with a shotgun when I stopped for some water. Two dollars is nothing. You march right back.
- WILLY *crestfallen*: Then, then I can't have it?
- MAESTRO *after a pause*: Don't look at me that way. Reminds me of a dog I once had. Here, it's yours.
- WILLY *overcome with joy*: Thanks, Mr. Maestro, thanks.
- MAESTRO: I'll take another drink to shettle the bargain. But don't play that while I'm around. (*Gurgling*) Here'ya, lad. (*Cork pushed back in jug*) Sealed up tight. Don't forget, go back and get the rest of your money.
- WILLY (*Fading off*): Thanks, Mr. Maestro, I sure will . . . I sure will.
- SOUND: *Country telephone bell rings three times—click of receiver*
- SILAS: Hello?
- HINKLE (*Filter*): That you, Silas?
- SILAS *sharply*: Yep. Who's bothering now?
- HINKLE: This is Hinkle, the Fire Chief . . .
- MRS. SHARP (*Filter*): Hello, Mrs. Hawk? I've got that recipe you wanted . . .
- MRS. HAWK *in telephone*: Good, one moment, Mrs. Sharp . . .
- SILAS: Hey, get off the line . . .
- HINKLE: You're on a crossed wire . . .
- MRS. SHARP: Get off yourself. This is a party wire . . .
- HINKLE: Now see here, Mrs. Sharp, the town board asked me to make this call so please don't interrupt . . .
- SILAS: You can tell that town board I ain't paying no fire department assessment!
- HINKLE: You ain't paid your share for five years an' we need . . .
- SHARP: That skinflint wouldn't part with a dime!
- SILAS: I ain't asking you your opinion and furthermore, Hinkle, I ain't gonna support no checker-board lizzards even if my place burns to the ground.
- SHARP: And I hope it does.
- SILAS: Mind your own business. (*Heavy click of receiver*) Squandering goober-grabers! (*Knock on door*) What is it now? Come in. (*Door opening*) Willy! What are you pilfering around for?
- WILLY: I come back.
- SILAS: So I see. Well, y' can't sleep in the barn no more 'cause I paid you off. Now git.
- WILLY: Jest holt yer 'tater, Mr. Nester. I'm here on business.
- SILAS: Business, eh? Whatcha got in that poke?

WILLY: A git-flip.

SILAS: I ain't buying no git-flip. Where'd you steal it?

WILLY: Bought it for two dollars and I ain't selling it neither.

SILAS: Then what are you boguin' around here for?

WILLY: I want more money.

SILAS *exploding*: What! Wasting your money on a mangy playment and—

WILLY: That ain't no playment. You be keerful what you call this magic stradahoozis.

SILAS: Magic, eh? You addle headed donkey, gimme that.

SOUND: *Scuffle*

WILLY: Leggo, you'll break it.

SILAS *struggling*: You little . . . polecat . . . (*Sound of fiddle falling on ground*) Now, outside!

SOUND: *Crying—running down steps*

WILLY: My git-flip. You broke it.

SILAS: And stay away from here.

SOUND: *Door slam—barn noises—clucking chickens—cows*

WILLY *sniffing*: Quieten down, chickens . . . it's only me . . . Willy. (*Mule Bray*) Shh! Mandy. Ole Silas don't know I'm hidin' out here in the barn. (*Cow moo*) Jest a minute, Nelly. Want to see how broke it is. (*Plucking of string—hopefully*) Maybe . . . (*Stroke of chord*) It's all right. Haw! (*Tuning of violin*) It's fit. Mandy, listen to this. (*Lively jig played on violin*) Ther's it, chickens, join in. (*Hooves stamping in unison*) Mandy! I never knowed you could dance like that—on your hind legs. And Nelly . . . (*moo*) Go ahead. I'll call the turns. (*Stamping and animal noises swell—singing*)

Swing Sally Goodin

Then gran'maw,

An' don't ferget

To swing your taw . . .

MUSIC: *Violin up full—under*

SILAS: Well, I'll be hanged. Them animals is drunk. (*Shouting above noises*) Stop. Stop, I tell you. (*Music and commotion subsides abruptly*) Willy, come out here afore I salivate you with a load o' buckshot.

WILLY: Y-yes, sir.

SILAS: I'll whey your hide for getting my stock drunk—and on the cider I give you . . .

WILLY: I didn't git them drunk. I jest

played and they danced. Didn't mean no harm . . .

SILAS: Didn't mean no harm, eh? You jest played and they danced, eh?

WILLY: I tole you it was magic. Now you stay away afore I make you dance too.

SILAS *menacing*: Go ahead. I'll teach you what dancing is!

WILLY: I warned you.

MUSIC: *Stroke of bow—folk dance music on violin*

SILAS: I'll break—Hey, my feet, they're a tingling. (*Synchronized with music*)

I can't stand still . . . I've got . . . to . . . to . . . dance. (*Breaking all restraint*)

Yowee! (*Singing against his will—prancing feet*)

Shoo fly, don't bother me

Shoo fly, don't bother me

Hey, shoo fly, don't bother me . . .

Stop. I'm a-losing my breath . . . I'm in love with somebody. Help.

SOUND: *Music and barn noises drown out his protests*

WILLY *loudly*: Ther's it. Kick high . . . Now take a turn with Mandy.

SILAS: I . . . don't . . . wanta dance . . . with . . . no mule . . . Ouch . . . He stomped on my foot . . .

SOUND: *Bray*

WILLY: And now with Nelly. Go on, Nelly . . .

SOUND: *Moo*

SILAS *groaning*: I ain't danced in thuty years . . . Please, cow, I'm in love with somebody . . . (*Gasping*) Oh . . .

SOUND: *Thud of falling body—moo—all music and noises stop*

(*Pause*)

WILLY: Gosh, Nelly, you sure swung him hard. Mr. Nester?

SILAS: Ohhh.

WILLY: You all right?

SILAS: Jest . . . lemme be . . . go way.

WILLY: After you pay me what's coming.

SILAS: No . . . I ain't.

WILLY: Then I reckon I'll play again.

MUSIC: *"She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain"*

SILAS: No! No! Stop!

WILLY: Well?

SILAS: Comin' round the mountain . . . Give you . . . ten dollars . . . when she comes.

WILLY *guffaw*: Haw! You sure sing purty.

SILAS: Help . . . six white horses . . . fifty, fifty dollars.

WILLY (*Above the music*): You mean it?

SILAS: A hondered. Here, take it all. (*Clink of change purse*) He'p yo' self. (*Bellowing*) When she comes. Quick!

MUSIC: *Stops*

SOUND: *Jingling purse*

WILLY: Gosh. Never seen so much.

SILAS: Git. Git out'n my sight. (*Panting*)

SOUND: *Footsteps—fade out*

WILLY: If you say so. Bye . . . Mr. Nester . . . Bye.

SILAS *groaning*: I'm cracked in the head . . . I gave thet mess a-head my money . . . (*Stumbling steps*) I'll fix him . . . (*Steps on wooden stairs*) I'm so stiff.

SOUND: *Opening door—whirr of telephone knob—click of receiver*

SILAS: Sheriff! Get me the sheriff, quick!

OPERATOR: One moment please.

HINKLE (*Filter*): Yep? Sheriff's office.

SILAS: This is Silas Nester. Hurry!

HINKLE *with deliberate slowness*: Well, and this is Hinkle. Don't tell me your barn's afire?

SILAS: No, it ain't.

HINKLE: Too bad, too bad. What kin I do for you?

SILAS: Nothing. I don't want no fire department. I want the sheriff—and quick too.

HINKLE: Keep to the willows, Silas. You are a-talking to him now. Seems you oughta take an interest in town affairs and know what's going on.

SILAS: I got no time t' talk town pole-ticks. Kerch 'im afore he gits away.

HINKLE: Who?

SILAS: That busty idiot, Willy. Robbed me of more 'n a honderd dollars. You hear me, a honderd dollars!

HINKLE: I hear you.

SILAS: Yep, and a jug o' cider too. (*Snapping*) Stop asking so many danged questions an' cut mud here quick!

HINKLE *unruffled*: Well, I certainly would like t' come out and help you, Silas, but we're low on gas an' we got to save it for an eemergency.

SILAS *exploding*: What? This is an eemergency t' me.

HINKLE: Not to the town council it ain't.

So long, Silas, too bad . . .

SILAS: Wait. All right, you robber. I'll pay thet assessment. But get over here afore it's too late.

HINKLE *chuckling*: Sure, Silas. Keep your daubers up. I'm a coming. But remem-

ber, I ain't budging till thet tax money is laying in the palm of my hand.

SOUND: *Click of receiver—music into notes indicating counting—voice of Hinkle counting synchronized with fading musical beats*

HINKLE: Thuty four, thuty five, thuty six . . . You got no more in thet pig bank?

SILAS: No. All the rest was took by Willy. Now, will you start looking? He's got an hour head start.

HINKLE: If'n he went on foot, he couldn't have gone far. Which way did he go?

SOUND: *Door opens—closes—steps on stairs*

SILAS: He went yarn. Why didn't you come in the police car 'stead of the fire truck?

SOUND: *Start of auto motor*

HINKLE (*Above racing motor*): Wasn't enough money in the town treasury t' keep both. Hop on if'n you're a-coming.

SOUND: *Motor roar and fire siren up and reduce in BG*

SILAS: Thet as fast as you can go?

HINKLE: 'Tain't so bad. Three miles in fifteen minutes. How'd he steal it?

SILAS: Er, he, he held me up. Yep, with my own shot-gun—and he took a jug o' cider, too.

HINKLE: Serious, mighty serious. But, 'tain't like him. Thet dreamy kid don't live with the world but he's never done harm before. I can't believe it.

SILAS: Never you mind. You jest do your duty, do your duty. (*Excitedly*) Holt! There he is.

SOUND: *Brakes slammed—lurching stop*

HINKLE: Where?

SILAS *softly*: Settin' by thet tree. Got yer gun?

HINKLE: 'Tain't necessary, he's asleep. Funny way for a thief to act.

SILAS: I'm a-telling you he's vigorous.

HINKLE: Then gettin' behind me. Don't see your gun no place. (*Sharply*) Willy, wake up!

WILLY *sleepily*: Whaa? Huh?

SILAS: Git your hands up, quick.

WILLY: Oh, it's you, Mr. Hinkle and Mr. Nester. Watcher doing with thet gun? A-hunting rabbits?

HINKLE: No. Now git your hands up afore you git hurt.

WILLY: Like'n the movies! Haw! You do it too, Mr. Nester. Jest like a real pitcher.

HINKLE: He's harmless. He didn't do it.

SILAS: I ain't asking no opinions. Jest do your duty. Search him.

HINKLE: All right, all right. Whatcha got in thet poke, son?

WILLY: A git-flip. A magic one.

HINKLE: Yeah? Lemme see.

WILLY *quickly*: You can't touch it. It's mine.

HINKLE: You needn't get so het up . . .

SILAS: Probably stole thet too. See, there's the jug. Now do you believe me?

HINKLE: Hmmm. Keep your hands up, Willy. Now turn around so's I can search your hip pocket—like in the movies.

WILLY: Sure, sure. (*Naively*) What are you looking for, Mr. Hinkle?

SILAS: As if'n you didn't know—my money, you thief!

WILLY: Oh that? You're looking in the wrong place, Mr. Hinkle, you'll find it in my front pockets.

SOUND: *Clink of coins*

HINKLE: I would have never thought . . .

WILLY: But I didn't steal it.

HINKLE: No? Then how'd you git all this money?

WILLY: Mr. Nester give it to me.

SILAS: Next he'll be telling you I begged him to take it.

WILLY: But you did, when you were dancing with Nelly.

HINKLE: What's this? Who's Nelly?

WILLY: Nelly's the one with a brown nose and silky ears.

SILAS *impatiently*: Nelly's my cow! Now do your duty.

HINKLE: Guess you're right, Silas. I'll turn the money back to you at the court house. Willy, we ain't playing pitchers no more.

WILLY *disappointed*: No? Then I'll take my hands down.

HINKLE: Don't! Not till I'm through searching. How'd you get this money?

WILLY: Jest like I tole you. Mr. Nester was dancing with Nelly and . . .

HINKLE: All right, all right. Drop your hands and get up on that truck.

WILLY: Gosh, me? You giving me a ride on the fire truck?

HINKLE *kindly*: Sure. Here, I'll hold that git-flip while you get on . . . (*Step and squeak of springs*) There, now take your violin while I get on. Come on, Silas.

WILLY: That bell sure is shiny. Can I ring it? Can I?

HINKLE: Sure, when we gits started. (*Idling motor*) Silas, whatcha doin' with thet jug?

SILAS: Taking a dram.

HINKLE: Hmm. Holt on. Gimme that. (*Pop of cork-sniffing*) Ah.

SILAS: Give that back. It's mine.

HINKLE: One minute. (*Gurgling jug-smacking lips*) Don't think I can let you have it, not yet anyway.

SILAS: See here, Hinkle . . .

HINKLE: Sorry, Silas, can't return it. (*Cork replaced in bottle*) All stolen property has to be held as court evidence . . .

SILAS: But, but . . .

HINKLE: Jest doing my duty, Silas, doing my duty. Here we go, Willy.

SOUND: *Shift of gears—motor up—clanging fire bell*

WILLY *joyously*: I'm a fireman. Ding, ding, ding, ding . . .

SOUND: *Motor roar and firebells up and under—clank of opening iron door*

HINKLE: Now, Willy, this is the cell where I said you could sleep.

WILLY: Sure is nice of you. Why, there's a real bed. Will you open this door a little wider so's I could squeeze this poke—

SOUND: *Fall of body*

SILAS *roughly*: Git in there, you simpleton.

HINKLE: Hold on, Silas. Needn't be so rough on the boy. You're getting your money back.

SILAS: When?

SOUND: *Steps of two men*

HINKLE: In due time. (*Fade*) First I got to get Charlie, the clerk, up to take a statement while the kid still remembers his alibi about you dancing with a cow.

SILAS *concerned*: You're not gonna record that?

HINKLE: Gotta give the kid his legal rights. Jest doin' my duty, that's all.

SOUND: *Door slam*

MAESTRO: Well, my star pupil! Welcome to the county dungeon.

WILLY: Mr. Maestro! I didn't see you in the dark corner. Whatcha doing in here?

MAESTRO: Just an overnight stop until the rosy fingered dawn when I'll be dumped over the county line. What did they arrest you for?

- WILLY: Oh, no. They didn't 'rest me. No, sir.
- BATHLESS: No? Then what are you here for, a beauty nap?
- WILLY *startled*: Eh. Whoozat?
- MAESTRO: Excuse me. This is Sam, Bathless Sam, our ceil mate. Sam, this is Willy. Now go on.
- WILLY: Well, Mr. Nester sez I stole his money, so Mr. Hinkle—gosh, he's a nice sheriff, ain't he?
- MAESTRO: Of course our accommodations haven't a northern exposure, but I've seen worse cells. What then?
- WILLY: Mr. Hinkle's letting me sleep here till morning on a real bed so's I could explain about Mr. Nester giving me the money on account of my playing.
- BATHLESS: I can see this is your foist time in the clink. As a man of experience I advise you t' change your alibi.
- MAESTRO: But you never heard him perform.
- WILLY: He paid me to stop playing.
- BATHLESS: How much?
- WILLY: 'Bout a hondered dollars, maybe more.
- BATHLESS *whistling*: Dar's the screwiest alibi I hoid yet—*(Opening door)* Cheese it!
- SOUND: *approaching footsteps*
- SILAS *(Drawing near)*: But, do we haveta?
- HINKLE: Yep. There he is, Charlie. Set down and take his testimony afore he forgets. Willy, this is the county clerk. Got him outa bed jest for you.
- WILLY: Thanks . . .
- CHARLIE *sleepily*: Don't mention it. What's your story?
- WILLY: What?
- SILAS: See? He's addle headed and don't remember nothing. *(Snorting)* Me dancing with a cow!
- WILLY: I do remember. I played my git-flip and he danced—with the mule, too. He had to, acorse it was magic.
- HINKLE: Get it all down, Charlie. *(Clearing his throat)* You say "he had to." Can you make him do it again?
- BATHLESS: I told you that was a phony alibi. Now you're stuck.
- WILLY: No, I ain't. *(Violin being tuned)* I'll show you.
- MAESTRO: Gentlemen, I can vouch for his virtuosity and—
- HINKLE: Pipe down, you bums. All right, Willy—
- SILAS: Holt yer horses. Hinkle, you ain't—
- HINKLE: Why not? You skeered?
- SILAS *sputtering*: No, but, but—
- HINKLE: Nothing like a little music to pass the time.
- MAESTRO: The most noble of the muses.
- BATHLESS: I'll take a slice of Beethoven.
- SILAS *flustered*: I got t' be going. Jest remembered that . . .
- SOUND: *Hurrying women's footsteps approaching*
- HAWK: Stop this instant.
- SHARP: The idea! Locking a minor in a common jail.
- HINKLE *attempting authority*: See here, you don't belong . . .
- HAWK: You seem to forget that I'm the head of the children's society . . .
- SHARP: And I represent the school board. This case must be turned over to the juvenile authorities. I heard Silas Nester's accusation over the party line.
- SILAS: I might have known. But he's over sixteen.
- SHARP: Mentally he's not.
- HINKLE: Hmmm. I was jest taking testimony. If his testimony's convincing I'll be more than glad to set him free. Willy, would you want to go with these ladies?
- WILLY: Gosh, no, Mr. Nester. I'd rather stay here in jail.
- HINKLE *(Sotto Voce)*: So would I. *(Aloud)* Let's proceed. Silas, you stay right here. Don't sneak away.
- MUSIC: *Violin playing "Turkey in the Straw"*
- SHARP: What . . .
- HAWK: I never . . .
- SILAS: Ohhh . . .
- HINKLE: Seems . . .
- CHARLIE: like . . .
- SHARP: there's . . .
- HAWK: something . . .
- MAESTRO: that's . . .
- BATHLESS: making . . .
- HINKLE: us . . .
- HAWK: lift our feet . . .
- SHARP: point our toes . . .
- CHARLIE: kick our heels . . .
- BATHLESS: and force us . . .
- MAESTRO: compel us . . .
- HAWK: make us . . .
- SILAS: *To dance! (In agony)* Dance!
- SOUND: *Music and dancing feet up*
- HINKLE: Yowee! Come on, Mrs. Sharp.
- SHARP: No! No! Whee!
- CHARLIE: My turn, Mrs. Hawk.

HAWK: "Turkey in the Straw"—no, stop —"Turkey in the Hay."

SILAS: My lumbago. I got the hip-swinny. Gimme a partner, gimme a-a partner—ow, my lumbago—

BATHLESS: Lemme out. I gotta do a rumba. I'll tear the bars down. Lemme out. Yippee.

WILLY: Now, Mr. Nester, you take a turn with Charlie. Mrs. Hawk, haw, you go under the mill.

HINKLE *puffing*: Willy, that's enough. Stop.

WILLY: Nope. Having too much fun. Open the door so's I can come out.

HINKLE: That's against the law! Ow, my corn.

SILAS *groaning*: Humor him. Do something.

HINKLE: All right. (*Jangle of keys*) You're free, now. Please stop.

HAWK: Yes, please.

SOUND: *Iron door opening*

WILLY: Can my friends come out, too?

CHARLIE: Yes, only, "Turkey in the Straw," yowee!

BATHLESS: It's unhoid of. A dancing jail-break.

WILLY: Mr. Maestro, do some of your fancy stepping with Mrs. Hawk.

MAESTRO: Come, my fair damsel.

HAWK: Such impertinence—tra, la, la, tra, la, la.

WILLY: Mrs. Sharp, you dance with Bathless.

HINKLE: Everybody in the square dance!

HAWK: Bathless! (*Aghast*) Oh, now take my other arm—you—you beast.

SILAS: How . . . long 'r you . . . gonna?

WILLY: I'm gonna keep playing till you tell the truth. Think I'll speed 'er up a bit.

SOUND: *Tempo increases—groans from all*

SILAS: I confess. I give him the money. He didn't steal it.

HINKLE: You ain't saying it against your will? Charlie, get that down.

CHARLIE: Can't . . . hold my pencil still. Wow!

SILAS: No, I give it to him . . . voluntarily . . . give it to him again . . . it's his'n.

SHARP: Please stop. We won't interfere.

BATHLESS: Don't mind me. I'm enjoying this. Toots, you dance as good as a taxi-dancer.

HINKLE: I give you my word, Willy, that I'll let you go and give you your money.

WILLY: And let my friends go too?

HINKLE: Yep—And lock Silas up for perjury!

WILLY: All right.

SOUND: *Music stops—ad lib of voices* "ohh . . . pheww . . . my arches, etc."

HINKLE: Boys, I'm a man of my word. Willy, here's your money.

SOUND: *Jangle of coins*

WILLY: Thanks.

HINKLE: Now take your git-flip and hop on that fire truck. You two hobos get on the rear.

SILAS: My back's out of joint.

MAESTRO: I'll fix that. I was once a chiropractor. Now bend over . . . (*Silas groans*) That's it . . . hold steady while I . . . (*Grunt*)

SOUND: *Blow against body*

SILAS: Owwww. You kicked me.

MAESTRO *blithely*: Sure. Let's go, boys.

SOUND: *Receding steps*

BATHLESS: So long, skoit. The pleasure was soitenly mine.

SHARP: Oh!

SOUND: *Door slam*

HINKLE: Everybody on?

SOUND: *Ad lib voices*: "Sure—Home James—To the county line"

WILLY: Yippee. Ding, ding, ding, ding.

HINKLE: Here goes . . . (*Start of motor—sputter—motor dies*) Shucks. The motor's broke down. She won't move.

MUSIC: *Sound of strings*

HINKLE *alarmed*: Willy, what are you doing?

WILLY: Everything has t' move when I play. You start her up again while I fiddle.

HINKLE: All right, but when the motor turns over, you stop 'cause I can't drive dancing. (*Start of music—motor warming up—purring motor*) Stop, Willy, I'm, I'm, I can't keep my hands still.

WILLY (*As music stops*): Sure. Now, gimme that fire bell. (*Fire bell*) Ding, ding, ding . . . (*Motor up as voice fades*) Ding, ding . . .

SOUND: *Motor up full into closing music*

CASK OF AMONTILLADO

A DRAMA

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

(ADAPTED FOR RADIO BY ELLIS NEWMAN)

ANNOUNCER: Our tale is set in the dreary castle of Lord Ferranza, an Italian nobleman of the fourteenth century.

ANTONIO: This palace, Lady Ferranza, is quite extensive.

LOUISA: You haven't seen all of it, Signor Antonio. Oh, Carlo. You may serve the wine in here.

ANTONIO: Do you mean there are more of these ugly, dark buildings on the estate that I have not yet seen?

LOUISA: It has been in my husband's family for hundreds of years—and each generation makes further additions to the grounds. Sometimes even I get lost in the corridors.

ANTONIO *laughing*: Come now, Lady Ferranza. I believe you're pulling my leg.

LOUISA: Really—there are passageways and halls and even rooms that I haven't seen in the months since I married Lord Ferranza. Oh, Carlo.

CARLO: The wine, Signora.

LOUISA: Why did you bring this, Carlo? Don't we have a sherry? Amontillado, perhaps?

CARLO: I'm sorry, Signora, but there is no more Amontillado. I spoke to the master about it this morning.

ANTONIO: I'm sure this wine will do, Lady Ferranza. I know it to be a choice vintage.

LOUISA *laughing*: I will not assail your reputation as a connoisseur of wines, Signor Antonio. All right, Carlo. Put it here and you may leave.

CARLO: Si, Signora.

LOUISA: Did Lord Ferranza tell you when he would return, Carlo?

CARLO *off*: The master will not be back until late.

LOUISA: Thank you.

CARLO *off*: Good night, Signora.

LOUISA: Good night, Carlo.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

ANTONIO: Louisa!

LOUISA: Antonio!

ANTONIO: Oh, my darling, I thought he would never leave.

LOUISA: Don't say anything, Antonio. Just kiss me again. Oh, how wonderful it is to have you hold me so.

ANTONIO: Dearest, if it could only be like this always. How I hate these secret meetings . . . The precautions we must take even before we can meet. It's become so that I jump with nervousness at the slightest sound.

LOUISA: There is nothing to fear, Antonio. You heard the servant.

ANTONIO: But still—we must go on always in fear that your husband will find us out . . .

LOUISA: Dearest . . .

ANTONIO: For months we've gone on, it's true, and the fool suspects nothing, but . . .

LOUISA: And he never will. Here, drink some of this wine.

SOUND: *Clink of glasses—pouring of liquid*

ANTONIO: I've really had enough during dinner, but—oh well, shall we drink to our love?

LOUISA: To our love!

SOUND: *Clink of glasses*

ANTONIO: Superb! What a wine! Your husband's inability to keep his wife is equalled only by his ability to keep a wine cellar.

LOUISA *laughing*: Ha—ha—ha.

SOUND: *Knock on door*

LOUISA *whispering*: Quickly! Sit over there!

ANTONIO: All right!

LOUISA: Come in.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

LOUISA: Why, Stephano, I didn't expect you so early.

FERRANZA *fading in*: Good evening, Louisa, Antonio.

ANTONIO: Ferranza, my dear fellow, we were just speaking about you.

FERRANZA: So?

LOUISA: Signor Antonio was complimenting you upon your purchases of wines.

FERRANZA: His judgment seems based upon rather frequent sampling.

ANTONIO: Come, come, I'm not quite drunk. Rather shall we say—gay.

LOUISA: I had better remove this bottle.

FERRANZA: No, no, Louisa. A fine hostess you are. Pour out some wine and let us all drink—the three of us.

ANTONIO: Let us all be gay, eh, Ferranza?

SOUND: *Clink of glasses—pouring of liquid*

FERRANZA: Right you are. Who knows? This opportunity to be so carefree and happy may never again present itself—eh, Louisa?

LOUISA: Yes.

ANTONIO: Let us drink—let us drink to your gloomy wine vaults and its secret treasures.

FERRANZA *laughing*: I'll drink to that.

SOUND: *Clink of glasses*

ANTONIO: Signora, you did not drink.

LOUISA: I—I don't feel quite well. I think I'll go up to my room.

FERRANZA: No, no, Louisa. Stay here a while. You wouldn't want to deprive my good friend Signor Antonio of your company.

ANTONIO: No, you wouldn't want to do that. (*Laughs—Ferranza laughs heartily*)

—Louisa weakly) A good wine, this. I repeat—a very good wine.

FERRANZA: I'm glad you like it. I've just purchased a cask of Amontillado, Antonio, and I want your opinion on it.

LOUISA: Amontillado? There must be some mistake. Carlo said there was none.

FERRANZA: Oh, Carlo said that? Then he was wrong. The wine was delivered last week. What do you say, Antonio?

ANTONIO *laughing*: I say you've been duped. There's no Amontillado to be had at this time of the year.

FERRANZA: I'm not so certain. I paid a good price for it. I really should have consulted you first. Shall we look at it?

ANTONIO: But of course. Where is your precious cask.

FERRANZA: Down in my vaults.

LOUISA: The vaults? Anton—Signor Antonio, don't go.

ANTONIO: Why not? You will pardon me, Lady Ferranza, but it seems you speak foolishly.

FERRANZA: Yes, Louisa. Why shouldn't my good friend, Signor Antonio, go down with me?

LOUISA: The cellar—it's—it's damp down there.

FERRANZA: Oh, of course. How thoughtless of me. I see now that you have a slight cold.

ANTONIO: Oh, it is nothing.

FERRANZA: Nonsense, Antonio. I will go down to the vaults in the morning with Luchesi. He'll be . . .

LOUISA: Yes. Luchesi is a great judge of wines.

ANTONIO: Luchesi? Bah! That fool couldn't tell you the difference between port and claret. No, no, no, my friend. I will go with you. Which way to your wine vaults?

FERRANZA: But . . .

ANTONIO: No more of that. Amontillado! Let me see it. I fear someone has taken advantage of you, old fellow.

FERRANZA: I'll fetch two torches to light our way. (*Fading*) It will take but a moment.

LOUISA *whispering*: Antonio! I'm afraid! Don't go down there with him.

ANTONIO: Dearest, you have nothing to fear. He doesn't suspect a thing.

LOUISA: I wish I could be sure.

SOUND: *Clink of glasses—pouring of liquid*

LOUISA: What are you doing?

ANTONIO: I'll just take a drink of this to fortify myself against the dampness.

LOUISA: You're pouring it on the floor. Antonio, you're drunk.

ANTONIO: You underestimate my capacity, my dear Louisa. Ah! That does it.

FERRANZA *fading in*: Here are the torches. Are you ready?

ANTONIO: Ready. Which way? Which way to your blessed vaults?

FERRANZA: We just step on this section of the floor near the wall, so . . .

SOUND: *Noise of sliding wood and click*

LOUISA: A secret panel! In the wall!

FERRANZA: Are you surprised?

LOUISA: Yes—no—I mean—I didn't know there was one in this room.

FERRANZA: There are many—throughout the palace, my dear, many you know a thing of. Right through the opening. Antonio. We shall return shortly, Louisa. I'll close the panel, so . . .

SOUND: *Siliding of wood and click—switch to filter mike now*

FERRANZA *on filter mike*. Careful now. Antonio. These stone steps are winding and steep. I had better hold your arm.

SOUND: *Footsteps on stone*

ANTONIO: Amontillado! I simply can't imagine your being taken that way, Ferranza. You should have . . .

FERRANZA: Oh, watch your step. You almost fell off.

ANTONIO: How careless of me. It is dark here, isn't it?

FERRANZA: Perhaps if you held your torch up higher—so. Ah, we're almost at the bottom. Watch these last steps. Here we are. Just through this archway.

ANTONIO: Where—where are we?

FERRANZA: We are in the catacombs of the Ferranzas.

ANTONIO: The catacombs? Ugh!

FERRANZA: Why, does that surprise you?

Surely you know that my family has . . .

SOUND: *Footsteps halt*

ANTONIO: What was that?

FERRANZA: What?

ANTONIO: That . . . That noise!

FERRANZA *laughs*: Calm yourself, Antonio.

SOUND: *Footsteps resume*

FERRANZA: It was probably just a rat scurrying about. They are plentiful down here.

ANTONIO: I thought it was . . .

FERRANZA: Come along. Don't stand in the damp peering into dark corners.

ANTONIO: Yes, yes. I'm coming. (*Coughs violently*)

FERRANZA: Look here, Antonio. We should go back. Your health is precious to me and your cold sounds worse now. You will be ill and I wouldn't want to be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi . . .

ANTONIO: It is nothing. The cough will not kill me. I will not die of a cough.

FERRANZA: True, true, but you should be cautious. Here is a shelf of Medoc. A draught of this wine will defend us both from the damp.

SOUND: *Footsteps halt*

FERRANZA: Here. Drink, Antonio, drink.

SOUND: *Pop of cork*

ANTONIO: Thank you. I'll drink to the

buried that repose around us. Ahhh! Here's the bottle.

FERRANZA: And I drink to your long life. (*Pause*) Come, we can take the bottle with us. Hold your light higher.

SOUND: *Footsteps resume*

ANTONIO: The cask—where is the cask of wine?

FERRANZA: It is further on. Hold your torch up.

ANTONIO: Let me see it. Let me see it. I want to see your Amontillado. A barrel—a whole barrel of the stuff. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh! Ferranza, you were taken. Right now there's probably not a good cask of Amontillado in all Italy.

FERRANZA: We shall see.

ANTONIO: We shall see, he says. Ha, ha, ha . . . the torch! The flame grows dimmer.

FERRANZA: Yes, the air grows foul here. We're below the river-bed now. Look up there.

ANTONIO: Water—water is dripping from the ceiling.

FERRANZA: It seeps through from the river. It seems—why do you stop?

SOUND: *Footsteps stop*

ANTONIO: That white thing lying there in the corner. Ferranza, what is it?

FERRANZA: Where? Let me see it.

ANTONIO: Don't. Don't go any closer.

FERRANZA: Why, it seems to be a bone—a human bone.

ANTONIO: Why—why is it here?

FERRANZA: It is a bone from the body of—hold your flame higher while I read this inscription—from the body of my great-great-grandfather. The dampness must have caused the coffin to rot up there and the remains fell to the floor.

ANTONIO: The dampness—yes, the dampness. I'll take another drink.

SOUND: *Pop of cork*

FERRANZA: Why, you're finishing the bottle.

SOUND: *Breaking of glass*

ANTONIO: Right. Now, how much farther do we have to go? Your precious wine isn't worth coming down here for.

FERRANZA *laughing*: I'm inclined to disagree with you. Before this is over it will have been very worth while. The cask is in this chamber. Let me open the door.

SOUND: *Clank of heavy chains*

ANTONIO: This room must contain unique

treasures. You have it well-padlocked.
 FERRANZA: It does, Antonio, it does. And this heavy stone door provides even further protection. Help me pull it open.

SOUND: *Creak of rusty hinge*

ANTONIO: There we are. And now for your Amontillado. Where is it?

FERRANZA: In the far corner there.

ANTONIO: Aren't you coming in with me?

FERRANZA: No. I'll stand here with the torches and light the way.

ANTONIO *low-on mike*: The light is so poor. I can hardly see. (*Normal*) Here, Ferranza? Is the cask around here?

FERRANZA *off*: No. Farther back.

ANTONIO *low-on mike*: Farther back—I can't see in front of me—this light is so dim . . .

SOUND: *Scuffling of feet—dull thud*

ANTONIO: A wall! Confound it, Ferranza, I hit myself against the wall. You'll have to come in here and . . .

SOUND: *Creaking of door—door shuts*

FERRANZA *off*: Antonio. Feel the wall, Antonio. It is very damp. Let me implore you to return.

ANTONIO: Ferranza!

FERRANZA *off*: No? Then I must positively leave you.

ANTONIO: But—but—Ferranza—the Amontillado.

SOUND: *Clank of heavy chains*

ANTONIO: Why do you put the chains back on the door? (*Pause*) Oh, oh, I see—ha, ha! A very good joke indeed. An excellent jest. We will have many a laugh—ha, ha, ha—many a laugh about it at the palace—ha, ha, ha—over our wine—ha, ha, ha!

FERRANZA *off*: Over our Amontillado! Ha, ha, ha.

ANTONIO: Yes, over our Amontillado. Ha, ha, ha, ha . . . For the love of Heaven, Ferranza, let me out!

SOUND: *Pounding on door*

ANTONIO: Open the door! (*Pause*) Do you hear me, Ferranza?

FERRANZA *off*: I do, but no one else does . . . or will.

ANTONIO: Ha, ha, ha! A joke—they will all laugh when we tell them about this. It is funny—very funny. Ha, ha, ha! Ferranza! Are you still there? He's gone. He's gone! He'll come back soon and open the door. This is just a prank—an excellent jest. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha . . .

SOUND: *Loud and piercing shriek—pounding on door—fade out*

WHAT TIME IS IT?

AN EDUCATIONAL PLAY

By PHYLLIS FREDERIC

(Presented over Station WHN, New York)

PRODUCTION NOTE: Suggest all bridges be accomplished by the ticking of a clock.

ANNOUNCER: Presenting a portrayal of the lives and achievements of men and women famous in the world of Science. This evening our program is dedicated to Time and how man has developed instruments for its reckoning. (*Fade*)

JOHN: Pardon me, have you got the time? My watch has stopped.

FATHER TIME: It's just about one o'clock.

JOHN: One o'clock. How can you tell?

FATHER TIME: By the shadows on the library steps.

JOHN *laughing*: First time I ever heard of any one using the public library for a time piece.

FATHER TIME: A clever person can use many devices for telling time.

JOHN: So you're sure it's one o'clock?

FATHER TIME: Positive.

SOUND: *Clock chimes once*

JOHN: Yes, there you are. One o'clock, which leaves me just one half hour to enjoy the sunshine.

FATHER TIME: Won't you join me on this bench?

JOHN: Thank you. (*Sighing*) Oh me—oh my—I wish Time would stop still for the rest of the afternoon. I don't want to go back to my stuffy old office.

FATHER TIME: Man makes the Time, my young friend.

JOHN: That's not quite right. Is it?

FATHER TIME: You mean the quotation?

JOHN: Yes. It's something about Man making the Times or the Times making the man—or something.

FATHER TIME: That's still another story. What I said was—Man makes the Time. Meaning that it is entirely your own

fault that you have to be the servant to Old Father Time.

JOHN: Hold on a minute. That's where you are wrong. Time serves us.

FATHER TIME: That's what you think.

JOHN: That's what I know. Didn't Man figure out the days into hours and minutes and seconds?

FATHER TIME: Yes. And after he did that what happened?

JOHN: Hummmmm, now I see what you mean. Then Man had to live according to what he figured out.

FATHER TIME: Yes. Caught in a net of his own making. Now if there was "no time," you could amble back to your stuffy old office any old time.

JOHN: How I would like that! But it's too late now, to do anything about it.

FATHER TIME: Yes, too late.

JOHN: How did we get ourselves in such a jam, anyway?

FATHER TIME: Over a long period of time, my young friend. It didn't happen all at once, you know. When the world was young the first people who lived on it just thought of time in terms of the time it was light and the time it was dark.

JOHN: You are talking about the cave man, I suppose.

FATHER TIME: Call him that if you will. Time, as we think of it meant nothing to him. He ate when he was hungry. He went hunting and fishing when he was hungry.

JOHN: In other words, his stomach served as a sort of clock.

FATHER TIME: Exactly. And a very good

one too. And now if you're really interested, I'll tell you how and when people first felt the need of marking time. The stomach was the real cause. Way back in ancient Greece; Athens to be exact, there lived a young married couple. The woman's name was Praxagora, and the man's name was Blephiros . . . (*Fade*)

PRAXAGORA *in a slight rage*: Mercious! Mercious! Where is that man?

MERCIOUS: Right behind you, mistress.

PRAXAGORA: Hide from me again and I'll cut off your ears. Now what did I want you for? Speak! Do something!

MERCIOUS: Yes, mistress.

PRAXAGORA: Be still. I have it. Where is my husband? The meal has been ready for a long, long time and he is not here.

MERCIOUS: I have not seen him since sun-up, mistress.

PRAXAGORA: Sun-up—bah! That means nothing to me. The Sun is in the middle of the sky, and where is my husband?

MERCIOUS: I do not know, mistress.

PRAXAGORA: Find him.

BLEPHIROS *fading in*: What is troubling you, my dear?

PRAXAGORA: You, just you. Where have you been?

BLEPHIROS: In the market place, discussing the best sites for the two new athletic fields.

PRAXAGORA: And here I've been waiting with the meal.

BLEPHIROS: I'm so hungry I could eat an ox.

PRAXAGORA: And so you will. It is burned beyond taste, waiting for you to arrive. You might have sent a messenger.

BLEPHIROS: I have no way of judging except by the shadows from the fountains in the market place.

PRAXAGORA: How about the shadow from the shaft of marble in the center of the market place?

BLEPHIROS: Oh, you mean the Gnomon? Hummm, some of the men do use that.

PRAXAGORA: And you will, too. Tomorrow I will go with you just before meal time and measure out the length of the shadow myself. (*Fade out*)

PRAXAGORA *fading in—counting*: Five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten. There you are, Blephiros. When the shadow from the Gnomon measures ten paces, the meal will be ready.

MALE BYSTANDER: But realize, dear friends,

a woman's pace is shorter than a man's. WOMAN BYSTANDER: That is true. When your husband measures out ten paces it will be longer than yours.

BLEPHIROS: So it will.

PRAXAGORA *exited*: Oh dear—then that will be all wrong.

BLEPHIROS: Calm yourself, my dear. I'll mark the place by chipping the stone. Then when the shadow reaches the chip, I return home.

MALE BYSTANDER: Fair enough. It can stand as a mark for us all.

WOMAN BYSTANDER: I hear there's not much trouble getting you home, now that there's a new slave from the Bospheros to serve you.

SOUND: *General laughter—fade*

FATHER TIME: And so the first step was taken to make Time walk the chalk line.

JOHN: So that's how it started?

FATHER TIME: Yes. And you will notice that a woman started it.

JOHN: As usual. But look here. Marking time by shadows is all right when the sun is shining. But how about dark days, and night, and . . .

FATHER TIME: I'm coming to that. At almost the same time that Praxagora was busy measuring shadows for her husband, there was a learned judge who spent his days trying cases in the market place. Now one day he had a particularly long list of cases—and . . . (*Fade out*)

SOUND *fade in*: *Voices and noises of market place*

JAILOR *roaring*: Silence!

JUDGE *wearily*: Bring the next case forward, jailor.

JAILOR: A murder case, one hundred and seventeen. Step forward. The accused Marcus. The accuser, relative to the victim.

JUDGE: State relative's position.

JAILOR: The dead man's daughter—Claudia—step forward.

JUDGE: Stop! Is this a lengthy case?

JAILOR: A most lengthy case, your excellency.

JUDGE: Then it must be tried tomorrow. I am too weary to listen to more.

CLAUDIA: Will it please the Judge . . .

JUDGE: Not now, tomorrow.

CLAUDIA: The case must be tried to-night. It must.

JUDGE: I am too tired to give the case proper attention. Tomorrow.

CLAUDIA *weeping*: What am I to do? Two of my most important witnesses must leave at sunrise tomorrow. Without them my father's death will go unavenged.

JAILOR *considering*: In that case, perhaps I can help you.

CLAUDIA: How? The witnesses will go.

JAILOR: Tell them to remain here and I will conduct you to the home of the judge. If we explain, he might relent and hear the case.

CLAUDIA: Do you think so?

JAILOR: You might be able to change his mind. Only do not weep.

CLAUDIA: All right. Take me to him. *(Fade out)*

JAILORS *fade in*: If you will but hear her plea.

JUDGE: I repeat, I am too weary.

CLAUDIA: Could we not come to your house later after you have eaten and rested?

JUDGE: Do you see that slave, over there?

CLAUDIA *puzzled*: Yes.

JUDGE: He is pouring water into jars that have many holes in them.

JAILOR: Surely.

JUDGE: When the water jugs are drained of the last drop of water, send a slave for me and I will return and hear the case in my courtyard. *(Fade out)*

JOHN *fade in*: And did he?

FATHER TIME: Yes. Because by the time the water had drained out of the jug the judge had had time to eat and rest.

JOHN: And did he convict the criminal?

FATHER TIME: He did. And the jailor was so impressed that he thought of the idea of using jugs of water to mark time on sunless days. This plan worked out very well, especially after the jugs were made funnel shaped.

JOHN: Funnel shaped? Why was that done?

FATHER TIME: Because it was discovered that the water poured out faster when the jug was full.

JOHN: Oh yes. On account of the pressure. A very ingenious device I must say.

FATHER TIME: Yes. And as time went on there were improvements of course. These water clocks were marked off into divisions of time called Klep-

shydras. Four of them would be about equal to one of the present hours.

JOHN: Then a Klepshydras was fifteen minutes. Imagine saying: I saw him about two klepshydras ago . . .

FATHER TIME: For your information, the prisoners on trial were always allowed one klepshydra to plead their case.

JOHN: I wish that were in effect now. Fifteen minutes is plenty.

FATHER TIME: Oh, there were cases when the prisoner talked beyond the appointed time.

JOHN: How could he if the water clock was marked off?

FATHER TIME: There's always a way. Pebbles were some times thrown into the clock to slow the flow of water, by friends of the prisoner.

JOHN: Oh, I see. But how about the sun dials, didn't the Greeks invent them too?

FATHER TIME: No. Sun dials were first used by the Babylonians. And they found their way into Greece and the Roman Empire by way of conquest.

JOHN: Oh, I see.

FATHER TIME: The sun dial was introduced in somewhat this manner . . . *(Fade out)*

SOUND: *Fade in noises of slave market*

AUCTIONEER: What! am I bid only thirty talents for this fine specimen! Come closer, citizens, and look well at the fine broad shoulders, the bronze skin that will go well in your green gardens . . .

1ST CITIZEN: One and thirty talents!

AUCTIONEER *pleading*: One and thirty talents! Citizens! This man is a Babylonian taken from the Greeks. Think of it! He is well versed in the sciences. Not only will he please with his strength, which is tremendous; but his brain and knowledge . . .

MARCUS: Sixty talents!

JULIAN: You have need of a brain, Marcus?

MARCUS: Perhaps I'll buy this man's brain as a present for you, Julian.

JULIAN: A fair reply, Marcus.

AUCTIONEER: Sixty talents! There, now we are . . .

JULIAN: Sixty five talents! I'll give him to you, Marcus.

AUCTIONEER: Sixty five . . .

MARCUS: Nay, Julian, I'll give him to you. One hundred talents!

AUCTIONEER: One hundred—one hundred talents! He is yours, Marcus!

MARCUS: And this is yours, catch!

SOUND: *Clink of money bag—fade out*

FATHER TIME *fade in*: And that slave made the first sun-dial for his master's garden. Then showed him how to build water clocks. Alexandria, the city in Egypt, became the clock-making center of the ancient world. Clock makers were called Automataries Klepsidras and a young man named Ktesibius who belonged to their guild made the first perpetual motion water clock . . .

JOHN: You mean even in those days they looked for perpetual motion?

FATHER TIME: They did. And one day this young man . . . (*Fade out*)

KTESIBIUS *fading in*: Come here a minute, Kakus, I think I've found an answer to my riddle.

KAKUS: It looks pretty but does it really work?

KTESIBIUS: It does, listen! This pole in the center is marked off into ninety six equal klepsidras.

KAKUS: I can see that plainly. But what are the two little cupids doing at the bottom of the pole?

KTESIBIUS: I'm coming to that. This cupid has a pointer in his hand and he rises with the indicator to point out the period of time. While the other cupid stays at the bottom of the pole and cries real tears into this jug at his feet. The water gradually lifts the weight and the one cupid rises as the other cries.

KAKUS: Very clever, and then?

KTESIBIUS: When the cupid reaches the top it will be ready to tell the time again in this manner. The water is released from the jug and falls back into the container behind the weeping cupid. The cupid at the top falls down and starts his trip all over again.

KAKUS: If it really works as you say, you'll be famous. But what of the different lengths of the days during the four seasons in the year?

KTESIBIUS: I've taken care of that too. This pole turns slowly and if you will notice each one of the four sides is marked to coincide with the varying seasons.

KAKUS: Then you think it is perfect?

KTESIBIUS: Yes. I am sure it is. (*Fade out*)

JOHN *fade in*: It sounds very reasonable. Did it work?

FATHER TIME: Yes. Soon all the wealthy people had them installed in their home.

JOHN: That is rather an ingenious idea, having the four sides of the pole marked to coincide with the different seasons.

FATHER TIME: The Greeks weren't the only ones to think of that. Did you ever hear of the time telling walking stick that the Indian Fakers carry?

JOHN: No, I don't think I ever did.

FATHER TIME: This stick looks like an ordinary cane, except that it is planed off into four sides, that are marked to coincide with the seasons. Then a peg is placed in a hole near the top of the stick. When the Fakers desire to know the time he holds the stick parallel to his body, then stands away from it and the shadow of the peg on the markings indicates the hour.

JOHN: Darn clever. I suppose if one really delved into it, he'd find that there are hundreds of ways of telling time.

FATHER TIME: Yes. The Monks used to tell it by books.

JOHN: Books! Come now you're not going to tell me that they had talking books or some such nonsense.

FATHER TIME: No. It happened to strike a Benedictine monk by the name of Austin . . . (*Fade out*)

MARTIN *fade in*: It will be your turn to toll the bells for morning prayer, Brother Austin.

AUSTIN: I am prepared, Brother Martin.

MARTIN: I have a candle marked in equal lengths to let you know the time! When the candle burns to this line here, it will be time to toll the bell for morning prayer.

AUSTIN: I have even a better plan to mark the passing time, Brother Martin. I have noticed that it takes me a certain time to read one page in the Book of Psalms. For days, now I have been measuring off the pages with these little marks.

MARTIN: But why not use the candle, Brother Austin?

AUSTIN: But it is uneven and burns badly. My method of marking the pages will be far better for me.

MARTIN: But some of us read faster than others.

AUSTIN: I have noticed that. Each monk

must mark his own book, if he wants to tell the time this way.

MARTIN: We'll try it, Brother Austin. Any means of marking time is sufficient just so long as the bell is rung to awaken the Monks and villagers for prayer and work. (*Fade out*)

JOHN *fade in*: How did this method work out?

FATHER TIME: Pretty good, until one night when Brother Austin read himself to sleep. He did not awaken till sunrise. The whole monastery and village overslept and there was a terrible turmoil.

JOHN: How about the roosters? Didn't they crow and awaken the people?

FATHER TIME: Not this time. Every one in the village had their ear tuned to awaken with the monastery bells.

JOHN: Funny how we humans become creatures of habit.

FATHER TIME: Even a difference of tone in the bell on your alarm clock may fail to waken you.

JOHN: I never thought of that.

FATHER TIME: Try it some time.

JOHN: I'll take your word for it. It might prove too expensive. Tell me more about clocks. That is if there is more.

FATHER TIME: There is enough to fill many books. The Egyptians had milk clocks built along the same principle as the water clocks. Only they did everything on such an elaborate scale that they had a different jug for every day in the year.

JOHN: What! You mean three hundred and sixty five jugs all lined in a row?

FATHER TIME: Only three hundred and sixty.

JOHN: What did they do with the other five days?

FATHER TIME: Paid no attention to them. But that's not all. There were three hundred and sixty slaves. One to attend each jug. The Chinese had a form of water clock also. Only they had a work-saving feature connected with it that the others had never thought of.

JOHN: What was that?

FATHER TIME: The Chinese placed four copper vessels on four steps. Then all they had to do was fill the topmost vessel and then it would run into the one beneath it—and so on . . .

JOHN: And when the bottom one was filled the day was ended?

FATHER TIME: Sometimes. And sometimes it would take a week or more for the water to reach the bottom pot.

JOHN: Do you know when men first discovered works and pendulums and springs and things like that?

FATHER TIME: I've made a special study of the subject. You see the weather had a lot to do with men discarding water clocks.

JOHN: I should think so. Since water clocks were no good during freezing weather.

FATHER TIME: Exactly. So then men took to using sand.

JOHN: You mean the hour glass? That's still in existence today.

FATHER TIME: Yes.

JOHN: Where were most of the clocks made?

FATHER TIME: In England.

JOHN: I never knew that. I had always supposed that Switzerland was the great watch and clock making country.

FATHER TIME: Not at first. But let's not get ahead of our story. You asked me about pendulums. Galileo was just a boy of about seventeen when he accompanied his mother to church . . . (*Fade out*)

MOTHER *fade in—whispering*: Galileo, stop nodding your head.

GALILEO: I cannot help it, mother. It is warm in here and I get sleepy.

MOTHER: You must keep awake. Do something. Watch something.

GALILEO: Very well, mother.

MOTHER: What are you staring at overhead?

GALILEO: At the lamp swinging above us. What if it should fall down?

MOTHER: Do not think of such things, son.

GALILEO: Will it never cease? There it hangs swinging back and forth . . . back and forth.

MOTHER: Do not talk so loud. People are looking at us.

GALILEO: Very well, mother. I will be still, but I must watch it. (*Fade*)

FATHER TIME: And the boy did. He timed the swinging lamp with the beats in his pulse, and from this timing he found the Pendulum.

JOHN: You mean he made clocks with pendulums?

FATHER TIME: No . . . No . . . Galileo lived in the sixteenth century. Most people still used crude form of clocks.

Galileo himself used a water clock in many of his experiments. It wasn't until 1662 that a Dutch astronomer by the name of Christian Huyghens made a pendulum clock.

JOHN: It took that long?

FATHER TIME: Yes, but in the meantime clockmakers had found the way to use springs and weights. They were getting on, all right. Presents of fancy clocks were one of the chief forms of diplomatic exchange used by kings in those days.

JOHN: You mean they were quite serious about it?

FATHER TIME: Oh quite. In fact there is one very amusing story told about the present of a watch. Charles the Second of England sent Louis the Fourteenth of France a present of a repeating pocket watch.

JOHN: Oh! then watches were invented too.

FATHER TIME: Yes. Several men are credited with these inventions. Among them a clockmaker of Nuremberg called Peter Henleis. He made his watches in the shape of an egg. People called them the Nuremberg eggs.

JOHN: Humm, now that I think of it I remember seeing some watches, just like that up at the museum.

FATHER TIME: They have a very fine collection there.

JOHN: I'm sorry to have interrupted you. Please go on with your story.

FATHER TIME: Well it seems that the King of England did not want the King of France to learn the secret of the repeating watch.

JOHN: Then why did he send him a watch?

FATHER TIME: Human nature, my dear young man. Simply couldn't resist showing off the craftsmanship of his superior watch-maker.

JOHN: But how could the King of England prevent the King of France from taking the watch apart?

FATHER TIME: Ahhhh! The King of England had his locksmith lock it with a trick lock that could not be opened.

JOHN: I bet that made the King of France sore.

FATHER TIME: It did. He was in his garden when the messenger arrived from England with the watch nestling in a silk lined case . . . (Fade)

LOUIS: And the lilies. I have never seen them so beautiful. Have you Henry?

HENRY: Never, Your Majesty. Who is the head gardener?

LOUIS: Some new fellow. I do not know his name.

HENRY: Something seems to be wrong over there by the fountain. The Queen's ladies seem unnerved.

LOUIS: Not at all. They have probably seen some strange bug, or small garden snake. Such things disturb the gender sex considerably.

HENRY: No, it's not that. There's a young man in their midst.

LOUIS: Oh! then that's it. A new man.

HENRY: He doesn't seem to be pleased about it at all. He seems to be trying to protect something that he is holding in his hands. I wonder what it is?

LOUIS: We'll soon know, for he's coming this way.

1ST COURTLADY *fading in*: Your Majesty! Oh, Your Majesty!

2ND COURTLADY: It is beautiful! Beautiful. LOUIS: Stop babbling! What is it?

1ST COURTLADY: Wait until you see it.

LOUIS: Come, come now. Stop trying my patience! What is it?

2ND COURTLADY: A watch!

MESSENGER: May it please your Majesty! LOUIS: Arise!

MESSENGER: I have the honor of presenting this watch. One of its kind has never been seen or made before. It is sent with the greatest token of esteem and affection from His Majesty, Charles II, King of England to his Majesty Louis XIV, King of France.

LOUIS: Hummmm, very pretty . . . very pretty. Take it, Henry.

HENRY: Yes, your Majesty. It is a marvel of beauty.

LOUIS: Hummmm, so it is. Annette.

1ST COURTLADY: Yes, Your Majesty!

LOUIS: Conduct the King's Messenger to the Lord Chamberlain, he will attend to his needs.

MESSENGER: Thank you and farewell, your Majesty.

LOUIS: Farewell. We will meet again at the noonday meal.

2ND COURTLADY: May I hold the watch in my hands, your Majesty?

LOUIS: You may after I have looked it over.

HENRY: I'll take it out of the case for you. There!

LOUIS: Hummm. I have never seen one like this before.

2ND COURTLADY: Such a fine delicate workmanship.

LOUIS: Open it, Henry. I would see the works inside.

HENRY: Yes, Your Majesty. Why, why, it cannot be opened.

LOUIS: Nonsense! Cannot be opened. You're weak, Henry. Here give it to me.

HENRY: Yes, Your Majesty.

LOUIS: Hummm. Now we'll see what's inside!

2ND COURTLADY *giggling*: Why not open it, your Majesty?

LOUIS *sputtering*: I will in just a minute. This confounded thing does seem obstinate.

2ND COURTLADY: No wonder. It's locked, your Majesty.

LOUIS: Locked! Where? Show me!

HENRY: Right here, your Majesty.

LOUIS: Ha! Some secret my friend the King of England does not wish me to know. Henry!

HENRY: Yes, your Majesty!

LOUIS: Send for Martini, my master watch-maker, immediately.

HENRY: Yes, your Majesty.

LOUIS: Charles may be King of England, but I'm King of France. And when the King of France wants to know the secret of a watch he will know it . . . *(Fade)*

JOHN: And did he?

FATHER TIME: He did! But it took a lot of time and money. The King had to send for an old fellow that had retired many years before from the post of master locksmith. He opened the lock without any trouble at all.

JOHN: And then the French made repeating watches.

FATHER TIME: Yes. But the English still led.

JOHN: Oh, by the way. I've always wanted to know about Big Ben.

FATHER TIME: Surely. But first, you must know about Big Tom. He is the Father of Ben. For almost four centuries Big Tom told the time to London town.

JOHN: Before Big Ben?

FATHER TIME: Certainly. Big Ben had made his home in Westminster Tower since 1858.

JOHN: Wasn't there a Legend about the

bell cracking when Big Ben was first installed?

FATHER TIME: Not a legend. It was the truth. For a while Big Ben rang out some very sour chimes. They fixed the crack however.

JOHN: How big is the bell?

FATHER TIME: Around thirteen tons.

JOHN: Whizzz! That's a lot of bell.

FATHER TIME: Speaking of legends about these two clocks and their bells.

JOHN: Oh, then there are legends, too?

FATHER TIME: Yes. The most famous one is told about Big Tom and the queen's necklace.

JOHN: You mean some one stole the queen's necklace and hid it in Big Tom?

FATHER TIME: This is the way it happened. One night during the coldest part of winter a young musketeer was detailed to guard the door to the queen's quarters that led into her garden. He was standing by the garden door trying to shield himself from the wind in one of those little sentry boxes. Suddenly he heard voices above the howling of the wind. *(Fade)*

SOUND: *Wind howling*

MUSKETEER: Who goes there?

SOUND: *Wind*

VOICE *off mike*: Just a friend.

MUSKETEER: Name a name!

VOICE *mocking*: Name a name! There are hundreds of names. Name one yourself.

MUSKETEER: Answer me, or I'll sound the alarm.

SOUND: *Just the wind howling—then Big Tom strikes thirteen times*

MUSKETEER *coming in counting*: Eleven . . . twelve . . . thirteen! Have I gone crazy? Big Tom struck thirteen! If I could leave my post I'd try and find someone who had heard it too. Thirteen times! I must have counted wrong. Or maybe I am dreaming! *(Fade)*

CAPTAIN: Nonsense . . . Nonsense! You were asleep at your post.

MUSKETEER: But, Captain! I know that I was wide awake. I never left the door to the queen's quarters for one minute.

CAPTAIN: The queen's necklace is gone. Stolen in the night!

MUSKETEER: I did hear voices just before the . . .

CAPTAIN: Well . . . go on. You heard voices, when?

MUSKETEER *slowly*: Just before the . . . just before Big Tom struck thirteen!

CAPTAIN *furiously*: Enough . . . man! You have tried to make enough of a fool of me! You will be imprisoned for this impudence!

MUSKETEER: Captain, I beseech you. Big Tom did strike thirteen!

CAPTAIN: You expect me to believe that!

MUSKETEER: It's true, Captain.

CAPTAIN: Someone must take the blame for the loss of the queen's necklace.

MUSKETEER: Not I . . .

CAPTAIN: I'll give you your chance to prove that you were awake! Send for the watchman who tends Big Tom! *(Fade)*

FATHER TIME: And sure enough the watchman verified the musketeer's story. Big Tom did strike thirteen the night before.

JOHN: But why?

FATHER TIME: Nobody knows. The legend has been handed down from father to son. And sometimes people tell the same legend about Big Ben.

JOHN: How did they get such strange names?

FATHER TIME: From the men who built them. You must remember that for every big clock built there is a man, or men who built it.

JOHN: I've seen the model of the Strausberg clock. It must have taken a life time to build that.

FATHER TIME: It did. But you must remember that the Strausberg clock not only tells the time. It is a planetarium also. A person can tell at a glance just where each star is at any time of day.

JOHN: That is the clock that has the gallery showing the four ages of man, isn't it?

FATHER TIME: Yes. As the clock strikes the hour a baby runs along the gallery. At the quarter hour a young man, at the half a middle aged man. Then at the three quarters a very old man totters across.

JOHN: I suppose it's a great spot for tourists.

FATHER TIME: It is. And when the hour comes around, the twelve apostles come out and strike the hour.

JOHN: That clockmaker must have had some brain.

FATHER TIME: There are still greater

wonders to be invented. You'll see them in your time.

JOHN: I'll tell you what gets me going. Those glass clocks without any works.

FATHER TIME: I know something even better than that!

JOHN: Do you mind my asking you just how you know so much about clocks and time and things?

FATHER TIME: That's my business.

JOHN: You're a watchmaker?

FATHER TIME: No. I'm Father Time.

JOHN: What?

FATHER TIME: Don't look alarmed. There's nothing strange about meeting Father Time, now, is there?

JOHN: Well . . . I suppose not. But, you just took me by surprise. So you're Father Time?

FATHER TIME: I am. And now, if you'd like to come with me, I'll show you a clock that will revolutionize the world. *(Fade)*

SOUND: *Fade in on—buzzing sound and anything else handy to give the impression of being inside a clock*

FATHER TIME: Now step right inside here.

JOHN: Where are we now?

FATHER TIME: We are standing on the main spring of the largest clock ever to be built.

JOHN: What kind is it going to be?

FATHER TIME: A sky clock.

JOHN: A sky clock?

FATHER TIME: Yes. And what is more, it will tell the time for a whole city.

JOHN: Who's going to wind it? . . . How will it run?

FATHER TIME: No one will wind it.

JOHN: That's right! I forgot that most clocks run by electricity now-a-days.

FATHER TIME: This clock will run for two thousand years on one infinitesimal speck of radium!

JOHN: Gee! Two thousand years! Why the works would run all to pieces before then!

FATHER TIME: Perhaps! Look out! Step aside, it's beginning to coil.

JOHN: What?

FATHER TIME: The main-spring!

JOHN: Help! . . . Help! . . . I can't get off . . . I . . .

SOUND: *Louder on buzzing—then gradual fade into snores*

POLICEMAN: Here . . . here . . . here . . . wake up you! No sleeping on these

benches . . . Either stay awake or get a move on ye!

JOHN: I'm sorry! Where am I!

POLICEMAN: You're sitting on a bench in front of the public library.

JOHN: Oh! Sure . . . I . . . where is that old man I was talking to?

POLICEMAN: There's no old man around here.

JOHN: Gosh! I must have been dreaming!

POLICEMAN: Dreaming! You was snoring to boot!

JOHN: Well . . . I guess I'll get back to work . . .

HANDSOME IS—

A COMEDY

By HELEN HANFORD

(Produced by the University of Wisconsin WHA Players,
over WHA, Madison, Wis.)

SOUND: *Telephone bell*

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR: Good morning.
Grubble Chewing Gum Incorporated
. . . Mr. Grubble's office? . . . One moment, please . . .

SOUND: *Bell*

SECRETARY: Mr. Grubble's office, Grubble Chewing Gum Incorporated . . . No, Mr. Grubble hasn't come in yet . . . I'll give you the Advertising department . . .

SOUND: *Bell*

ADVERTISING MANAGER: Advertising department, Grubble Chewing Gum Incorporated . . . The slogans for billboards? One moment, please . . . (*Calling*) Mr. Tiddle!

1ST CLERK *building*: Mr. Tiddle!

2ND CLERK *building*: Mr. Tiddle!

3RD CLERK *building*: Mr. Tiddle!

TIDDLE *quite small*: Oh, dear.

ADVERTISING MANAGER: The Billboard Company is waiting for the slogans, Mr. Tiddle.

TIDDLE: Oh, yes—yes, of course—the slogans.

ADVERTISING MANAGER: Well, Mr. Tiddle?

TIDDLE: They're—a—they're right here. Right here some place. I had a lovely one. On pink paper.

ADVERTISING MANAGER: Your files. Look in the files.

TIDDLE: Oh, no! I never put them in the files. You see, Miss Koppenheimer is in charge of the files, and she has them all arranged alphabetically according to flavors. Apple, banana, cinnamon and dog-wood—and the "S's" are all full of sweet tooth, and sooty-froo. There's no room in the "S's" for slogans.

ADVERTISING MANAGER: The Billboard Company is waiting, Mr. Tiddle.

TIDDLE: I—(*gulp*)—I can't find them.

ADVERTISING MANAGER: Very well. I regret to inform you that I shall have to take this matter to Mr. Grubble. Good-day, Mr. Tiddle.

TIDDLE: Oh, dear.

MUSIC: *Up fast—out*

GRUBBLE: I want to see Woodrow Willington Tiddle.

SECRETARY: Yes, Mr. Grubble. I believe he's waiting outside.

GRUBBLE: Show him in!

SECRETARY *back*: Yes, sir.

SOUND: *Door open*

SECRETARY *back*: Mr. Grubble wants to see you.

TIDDLE *back*: Oh, dear . . . a—thank you —thank you very much.

SOUND: *Door close*

GRUBBLE: Well! So you're Tiddle.

TIDDLE: Yes, sir . . . With three "t's."

GRUBBLE: What's that?

TIDDLE: Three "t's." Tittle.

GRUBBLE: Oh, I see . . . Well, Mr. Tiddle, this is the first occasion I've had to meet you, I believe.

TIDDLE: Yes—oh, yes, this is the first time. Although I've been in Grubble Chewing Gum for—a—for five years, three months, and two days. Two days to-morrow.

GRUBBLE: Well, of course, in a plant of this size, I rarely see all my employees. Sit down, Tiddle . . . go on—sit down —don't be afraid! I'm a plain man myself. Worked my way up from the elastic department.

TIDDLE: Oh, sir—a—thank you.

GRUBBLE: Now, let me see . . . this is a matter of slogans, I believe.

TIDDLE: Oh, yes, Mr. Grubble. I had

them—I know I had them—I put them in little pieces of pink paper—

GRUBBLE: It is most important that the Billboard Company have these slogans for our winter campaign. What were they like, Mr. Tiddle?

TIDDLE: Well, sir—I-I was trying something new. Something about—animals. Like this . . . Mrs. Hen is scratching in the dirt, and Mr. Hen—that is, the Rooster—is saying, “Cock-a-doodle-doo! We want a chew!” Only that’s not it—it’s better than that . . .

GRUBBLE: Animals, Mr. Tiddle! Our consumers are not animals!

TIDDLE: I know, but there’s a resemblance. I mean—there’s an affinity between homo sapiens and our furred and feathered friends. I thought if I appealed to animal instinct . . .

GRUBBLE: Your appeal, Mr. Tiddle, should be to the flavor fashion of the times. Grubble Chewing Gum is founded on the taste buds of the nation!

TIDDLE: Taste buds?

GRUBBLE: Yes, taste buds! I’ve got taste-buds, you’ve got taste-buds . . . everybody’s got taste-buds!

TIDDLE: Animals, too?

GRUBBLE: What? Of course not . . .

TIDDLE: No taste buds?

GRUBBLE: No! Who cares anyway? The point is, our customers . . .

TIDDLE: Oh, dear.

GRUBBLE: They want a flavor for every taste bud! Apple, banana, cinnamon, dog-wood . . . and your job, Mr. Tiddle, is to whet our customers’ appetite!

TIDDLE: Cows have appetite, Mr. Grubble. I could write one about cows . . .

“Moo, moo, moo! We want a chew!”

GRUBBLE: Cows! Animals! They don’t chew gum! They never heard of gum! Our customers are people! Two-legged, gum-chewing people!

TIDDLE: There’s an affinity. Chickens have two legs . . .

GRUBBLE: Mr. Tiddle, I am not in the poultry business!

TIDDLE: Oh, dear, no, of course not . . . But as I was saying, I do believe there is an affinity—a link, as it were, between hand, hoof, and claw. I was reading just the other day that man has as many vertebra as a goat, and . . .

GRUBBLE: Are you or are you not in the advertising department, Mr. Tiddle?

TIDDLE: What’s that? Oh—oh, yes, I’m in advertising.

GRUBBLE: And your job is to put our Chewing Gum in the public eye!

TIDDLE: Yes, Mr. Grubble.

GRUBBLE: And you’ve been writing slogans about life in the animal kingdom!

TIDDLE: Some aspects of their affinity—yes, Mr. Grubble.

GRUBBLE: Well, you’re fired!

TIDDLE: Mr. Grubble!

GRUBBLE: I said, fired! You don’t fit in! You’re off the track! I think you’re crazy!

TIDDLE: Oh, but, sir, I . . .

GRUBBLE: In the skeleton of our organization, Mr. Tiddle, you’re out of joint! You hear me—out of joint!

MUSIC: *Sharp ping in hi-frequency—sustained (one note)*

GRUBBLE: Oink! Oink! Oink!

TIDDLE: Mr. Grubble! You’re a pig!

GRUBBLE: Oink! Oink!!

TIDDLE: A pig!

GRUBBLE: Whoink, the noink of you! Get oink!

TIDDLE: Oh, dear!

MUSIC: *Up fast and into*

SOUND: *Street noises up full—fade into*

TIDDLE: I lost my job, I lost my job—oh, dear—I lost my job! And Mr. Grubble, Mr. Grubble—said I’m crazy! Oh, dear . . . But he looked like a pig! I saw him! A pig! Sitting there, he looked just like a pig! Oh, dear!

SOUND: *Policeman’s whistle*

POLICEMAN: Hey, you! You, there.

MUSIC: *Out*

SOUND: *Street noises up—brakes screeching*

POLICEMAN: Where d’ya think you’re goin’?

TIDDLE: Who? Me?

POLICEMAN: Get outta the street! You’re blockin’ traffic! Say are you nuts? Get outta the street!!

TIDDLE: Certainly, officer, certainly.

POLICEMAN: Who d’ya think you are, anyway? What’s your name?

TIDDLE: Tittle—Woodrow Willington . . .

POLICEMAN: Don’t give me any of your . . .

TIDDLE: Tittle—with three “t’s.”

POLICEMAN: Even that don’t make it legal. I’ve a mind to run you in for jay-walking—see? Holdin’ up traffic, and goin’ against the light. Move on now, before I . . .

MUSIC: *Sharp ping in hi-frequency—sustained one note*

SOUND: *Lion roar*

TIDDLE: Oh, no! no! Don't!

POLICEMAN *roaring*: Before I run you in!

TIDDLE: You can't be—a lion—not that!

POLICEMAN *roaring*: Why, b'gorra . . .

I'll show you . . .

TIDDLE *fade back*: Lion! Lion! Help!

MUSIC: *Up fast and out for . . .*

SOUND: *Door slam*

TIDDLE: *Panting*

CALCADIA *utterly placid*: Well, Woodrow!

I thought you were the bakery-man. I ordered some pastry shells for the chicken a la king, and they haven't come yet. I wonder if I ought to call up and remind them?

TIDDLE: Calcadia . . . something—something terrible's happened!

CALCADIA: If you must come in the back door, take your rubbers off outside. I just cleaned the kitchen and you're tracking mud all over the linoleum. I suppose I ought to call up about those patties—the Cassandra Club is coming at one o'clock, and it's almost twelve now. Woodrow, take your hat off the table.

TIDDLE: I—I've got to tell you something, Calcadia. I—oh, dear—I think I'm sick.

CALCADIA: Don't sit down on that chair! I'm taking the cake out of the oven in a minute and I want to put it there to cool. Really, Woodrow, I need more space in this kitchen. If you knew how hard it is every time I have Cassandra Club . . . Woodrow, your rubbers, outside.

TIDDLE: Yes, dear.

SOUND: *Door open*

CALCADIA: Don't slam the door! My cake!

TIDDLE *back*: No, dear.

CALCADIA: And don't leave it open! The biscuits!

SOUND: *Door close*

CALCADIA *pause—calling*: Woodrow!

SOUND: *Door open*

TIDDLE *back*: Yes, dear?

CALCADIA: Is there an extra pint of milk outside? I told the milkman to leave it.

TIDDLE *back*: Milk? Ah—yes, it's here.

CALCADIA: Bring it in when you come.

(*Pause*)

SOUND: *Door close gently*

TIDDLE *fading up*: Here's the milk, dear.

CALCADIA: Put it in the ice-box.

TIDDLE: I—a—I've something to tell you, dear.

CALCADIA: Careful of the jello—I didn't get it made till late, and it hasn't had time to set yet.

TIDDLE: Calcadia—I'm sick!

CALCADIA: Your medicine's on the top shelf in the bathroom, green bottle with a blue label. I put the electric pad in the linen closet, under the towels. Somehow I never feel quite safe with it around. Set the place on fire some day.

TIDDLE: Calcadia—it's—it's in my head!

CALCADIA: Aspirin on the bottom shelf, bicarbonate on the— What do you mean, in your head?

TIDDLE: Oh, dear, I don't know . . . something happened . . . something queer . . . Mr. Grubble called me into the office, and we were talking . . . and all of a sudden, Mr. Grubble talked like a pig!

CALCADIA: Well, I've told you time and again to ask for a raise . . . What did you say?

TIDDLE: He—he talked like a pig!

CALCADIA: Woodrow! You ought to be ashamed!

TIDDLE *miserable*: Well, he did!

CALCADIA: Woodrow Tiddle, if I thought you were being funny . . .

TIDDLE: Oh, no—oh dear, no—I'm not being funny. I don't feel funny at all! Just—sick.

CALCADIA: Well, I never heard of such nonsense. Here—get out of my way! I've got to look at my cake.

TIDDLE: There was a policeman, too. A big one. With a mustache. And it happened again—all of a sudden—he roared like a lion.

CALCADIA: I don't understand a word of what you're talking about. Why don't you get out of my kitchen and go lie down? You—you may have a fever.

TIDDLE: But the policeman's mustache—it looked just like a lion! Oh, Calcadia . . .

CALCADIA: Police! What were you doing with the police, Woodrow?

TIDDLE: It—it was coming home. I was thinking about Mr. Grubble being a pig and being fired, and I didn't notice I was crossing the street, and . . .

CALCADIA *shrill*: Fired!

TIDDLE: Oh, dear, yes . . . I'm fired.

CALCADIA: Calcadia! Woodrow!

TIDDLE: Because of—what happened. I said

- there's an affinity between people and animals . . .
- CALCEDIA: You didn't! Don't stand there and tell me you did!
- TIDDLE: Oh, yes, but—you see . . .
- CALCEDIA: And you're fired! You come into my kitchen all over mud, and stand around and tell me you're fired!
- TIDDLE: But, dear . . .
- CALCEDIA: I never heard anything like it! Never in all my life! What do you mean affinity? Affinity. I never heard of affinity. You never said a word to me about it! You never tell me a thing. And now you're fired!
- TIDDLE: But it happened—all of a sudden—they look and talk like animals—
- CALCEDIA: Who does? Who says so? Don't you speak to me. I'm sick and tired of you . . .
- TIDDLE: But, Calcadia . . .
- CALCEDIA: Calcadia! Calcadia! Get out of my kitchen!
- MUSIC: *Sharp ping in hi-frequency . . . sustained one note*
- SOUND: *Chicken cackle*
- TIDDLE: No! No! Oh, stop it! Don't do it!
- CALCEDIA *cackling*: Go on—go on . . . get out of here!
- TIDDLE: But no! You can't be! Calcadia!
- CALCEDIA: Ca-ca-ca-duckit!
- MUSIC: *Up fast—fade into walking theme—very sad*
- TIDDLE: Oh, dear . . . my head . . . something's wrong in my head. Calcadia—my wife—a chicken! All these years together, such lovely years together, and now I'm pecked out of my house!! Oh, dear, what'll I do? My eyes deceive me—double vision—hallucination—introspection—reincarnation! I'm psychic! Oh, dear, I need a doctor!
- MUSIC: *Up fast and out for . . .*
- DOCTOR: Now sit down quietly, Mr. Tiddle. I want to ask you some questions.
- TIDDLE: Oh, doctor, you'll help me, won't you?
- DOCTOR: Yes, of course, just sit down. Unbutton your shirt.
- TIDDLE: It comes on me, all of a sudden, like the time I had neuralgia, remember?
- DOCTOR: Say, Ah!
- TIDDLE: Aaah!
- DOCTOR: Your neuralgia, have you been bothered with that lately?
- TIDDLE: No, not a bit.
- DOCTOR: How do you sleep nights?
- TIDDLE: On my stomach!
- DOCTOR: What do you eat?
- TIDDLE: Food!
- DOCTOR: Do you digest it?
- TIDDLE: Unconsciously.
- DOCTOR: Lie flat on your back . . . close your eyes, and breathe deeply. Now tell me your reactions to this. You meet a man on the street you haven't seen for years. He greets you enthusiastically and invites you to a party at his hotel. What would you do?
- TIDDLE: Go home.
- DOCTOR: Your employer is giving a picnic for his employees. The men organize a baseball team, and you're the first man up to bat. What would you do?
- TIDDLE: Break a leg.
- DOCTOR: You're on a sinking ship. The life-boats are lowered, but the ladder is gone. Everyone jumps over the railing. What would you do?
- TIDDLE: Drown.
- DOCTOR: That's all. You may sit up now and button your shirt.
- TIDDLE: Oh, doctor, you know what's wrong with me? Is it fatal?
- DOCTOR: Your case is very clear, Mr. Tiddle. You are sadly maladjusted. Oppressed by the latitude, altitude and magnitude of life. You lack nerve muscles, corpuscles, and impulses to assert yourself. In short, you are an under-dog, and you suffer from quack-quack-quack!
- MUSIC: *Sharp ping in hi-frequency—sustained one note*
- DOCTOR: *Quacking*
- TIDDLE: Doctor! Doctor, you're doing it!
- DOCTOR: What? What's doing what?
- TIDDLE: You're a quack! I mean, a duck! Doctor, you look like a duck!
- DOCTOR: Quack, Mr. Tiddle, you're quaaaack!
- MUSIC: *Up fast—down to walking theme—sad*
- TIDDLE: I can't bear it . . . I can't go on. No home, no friends, nobody. Nothing to do but live in the park . . . Just a lost sheep in man's clothing . . . Oh, dear, what will happen to me!
- MUSIC: *Fades into . . .*
- NEWSBOY *fade up*: Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Paper—paper—evening paper! Wanta paper, Mister?
- TIDDLE: No, no—oh, dear, no—go away!

NEWSBOY: Read all about it . . . market features, comics . . .

TIDDLE: Please, go away . . . go on . . . go away!

NEWSBOY: Yaaa, yaaa—make me, make me! (*Yaps like a dog*)

TIDDLE: All right, little doggie, all right . . . here you are.

NEWSBOY: *Yaps fading out*

TIDDLE: Of course, he's a puppy . . . I should have known he would be . . . Maybe I was a puppy at his age myself. The doctor said I'm an underdog. No muscles, corpuscles or impulses to assert myself.

MUSIC: *Fades into . . .*

1ST WOMAN: But you don't mean to tell me you really did!

2ND WOMAN: Oh, yes, but I do! I just said to her, "My dear, I'm telling you this for your own good. Somebody told me meow—eeeo . . ."

1ST WOMAN *fading back*: Of course, meow, there's not a thing to it, but meow—eoow—eooww . . .

MUSIC: *Theme of walking up*

TIDDLE: Nice kitty, kitty-kitty-kitty . . . Oh, dear, they're cats! But I can't help it! There's such an affinity—homo sapiens and the animal kingdom! Why can't I be like everyone else? Maybe I am! My face! My whiskers! No, it's me! Woodrow Willington Tiddle? But everybody's looking—and laughing at me—don't laugh—please don't—oh, stop it!

MUSIC: *Montage with hi-frequency sustained through*

1ST MAN: *Hee haws . . . whinnies*

WOMEN: *Cackles . . . meows*

NEWSBOY: *Barking*

POLICEMAN: *Roars*

TIDDLE: *Screams*

MUSIC: *Climax—up and under B.G.*

CALCADIA: But he hasn't been home for a week. He lost his job and he just went off without saying a word about where he was going . . . No, he never did it before! He never did anything before! My Woodrow isn't that kind of man!

MUSIC: *Up—under for B.G.*

GRUBBLE: Woodrow Willington Tiddle? Never heard of him . . . Oh, you mean in the advertising department! Well, he hasn't been around here . . . I threw him out! and I don't ever want to see him again!

MUSIC: *Up and under for B.G.*

ANNOUNCER *on filter*: Calling all cars . . . calling all cars . . . report from the missing persons bureau. Woodrow Willington Tiddle, age 45, height 5 feet 5, weight, 131 . . . Wearing brown hat and overcoat . . . missing since last Wednesday . . .

MUSIC: *Up to and out*

DOCTOR: Don't worry, Mrs. Tiddle. I'm sure your husband's safe somewhere.

CALCADIA: Oh, but, doctor, he's been gone a week and without his rubbers . . .

DOCTOR: I don't believe he's likely to run any serious risks. Physically, he's as strong as can be expected and my guess is he's just suffering some temporary mental maladjustment. He's gone into retreat somewhere . . .

CALCADIA: But where, doctor? Where could he be?

DOCTOR: I think I've an idea. Come with me, Mrs. Tiddle. We'll find him!

MUSIC: *Building—out*

CALCADIA: Oh, doctor, you don't think, Woodrow's here?

DOCTOR: It's the perfect refuge for one in his condition. Just a moment, Mrs. Tiddle. I'll inquire. (*Slightly up*) I beg your pardon—can you direct me to the man in charge?

1ST CLERK: Mr. Biggenton? Right over there, sir.

DOCTOR: Thank you very much . . . (*Fade back*) Come, Mrs. Tiddle . . . (*Fading up*) I beg your pardon—Mr. Biggenton?

2ND CLERK: Yes, sir. What do you want?

DOCTOR: I'm looking for a man by the name of Woodrow Willington Tiddle. Can you tell me if he is here, by any chance?

2ND CLERK: Tiddle? Tiddle? I'll just ask you to step over to our personnel director, if you will. He'll give you the information. Right over there.

DOCTOR: Thank you very much. (*Fade back*) Don't despair, Mrs. Tiddle . . . (*Fading up*) I wonder if you can help me. I should like to inquire about a certain Woodrow Tiddle. Can you tell me if such a person is on the premises?

3RD CLERK: One moment, please . . . Mr. Tiddle.

1ST CLERK *building*: Mr. Tiddle!

2ND CLERK *building*: Mr. Tiddle!

3RD CLERK *building*: Mr. Tiddle!

TIDDLE: I'm coming!

CALCADIA: Woodrow! It can't be! Not you!

DOCTOR: Well, Tiddle, I must say, you look like a different man!

CALCADIA: Oh, Woodrow! In the mud, without your rubbers!

TIDDLE: A mere artifice of uncivilized life, my dear! I shall never wear them again.

CALCADIA: Woodrow! Don't stand there

and tell me what you'll do. You're going home and get your rubbers—right this minute. Do you hear?

TIDDLE: These premises, Calcadia, are my home with my friends . . . and my employment.

CALCADIA: Woodrow! That uniform—you don't mean . . .

TIDDLE: I do. I have asserted myself and my affinity. I am a keeper at the zoo!

PEACE ON EARTH

A CHRISTMAS PLAY OF TODAY

By B. GARY HUFHAM

MUSIC: *Soft strains of Christmas music—in background Big Ben bong out the hour—the clock strikes nine times. Christmas music down and under*

NARRATOR: Nine o'clock. Christmas Eve. London, England. The year nineteen thirty nine. A great city vibrant with life, though apparently slumbering beneath the all enveloping sable cloak that is the blackout. Hanging over the city, shot through the cloak, the fog. A soft grey shawl winding, twisting, tracing bizarre designs against the blackness. Here and there the enshrouding cloak rent by an occasional light. On the streets, homeward bound, Londoners completing their preparations for Christmas. Across the Channel great armies drawn up facing each other, completing their preparations for Christmas. (*Fade*)

SOUND: *Street noises—cars—all the sounds of a great city—occasional indistinct voices—hold under*

NARRATOR: Down a quiet street, walking slowly comes Mrs. Martin Hale. She is a woman somewhere in her thirties. Her face gives the appearance of one young, suddenly grown old. She walks as one lost in deep thought.

SOUND: *Mrs. Hale's footsteps slow—crowd noises—voices are heard gathering speed and varying in tone and intensity to give the effect of a chorus*

VOICES: Christmas Eve. All alone. Christmas Eve. All alone. War. Martin's gone. Jimmy's gone. Christmas Eve. All alone. War. Martin's gone. All alone. Jimmy's gone. War. Christmas Eve. Christmas Eve. War. Martin's gone. All alone. Jimmy's gone. War. Christmas Eve. All alone. All alone. All alone. (*The voices rise higher and higher, getting more insistent as they go on. Then Mrs. Hale screams.*)

MRS. HALE: Stop it! Stop it!

PASSERBY: I beg your pardon, were you speaking to me?

MRS. HALE: No, no, I guess I must have been talking to myself.

SOUND: *Footsteps—a gate opening*

MRS. HALE: Home at last.

SOUND: *Walking on stairs—door opening and closing—from the back of the house a woman's voice is heard*

MRS. JOHNSON off: That you, Mrs. Hale?

MRS. HALE: Yes.

MRS. JOHNSON: I've been keeping tea for you. Come on back.

MRS. HALE *aside in a strange voice—the voice of her thoughts*: Tea? Tea? No! I can't! I can't! Couldn't bear to see anyone. Don't want to see anyone. Better not be alone. Can't be alone. (*Louder—and in a natural tone of voice*) Thank you, Mrs. Johnson, that's very nice of you.

MRS. JOHNSON on mike: Put your things down here.

MRS. HALE: Thank you.

SOUND: *Bundles being dropped—a radio is playing softly all the while—off*

MRS. JOHNSON: You look tired, here let me pour you some tea.

SOUND: *Tea being poured*

MRS. HALE *sighing*: I am tired, the Christmas rush at the shop today was terrible.

MRS. JOHNSON: I know, I know. Here drink this. Nothing like a good hot cup of tea to make a body feel better, is what I always say.

VOICE OF ANNOUNCER ON RADIO: The Ministry of Information reports intensive land operations in the Saarbrücken area. Allied forces are reported engaged in heavy fighting.

SOUND: *Crash as a tea cup falls to the floor*

MRS. HALE: Oh! I'm so sorry! Please forgive me.

MRS. JOHNSON: There now, my dear, don't get upset, it was an accident, couldn't be helped. Just sit still, I'll clear it up.

SOUND: *Radio being snapped off*

MRS. HALE: I can't bear to hear any more war news. Do you mind?

MRS. JOHNSON: I know how you feel, and it's all right.

MRS. HALE: Let me get that up for you.

MRS. JOHNSON: I'll get it, here you drink your tea.

MRS. HALE: I'm sorry to be so nervous, but . . .

MRS. JOHNSON *interrupting*: If anybody understands I do, now don't you worry, everything is going to be fine. Jimmy will have a good Christmas, and your husband will be back from the war in no time at all.

SOUND: *Teacup being put down hard on table*

MRS. JOHNSON: Old Mr. Bryant was telling me just today that he heard there's revolution brewing in Germany and . . .

MRS. HALE *voice rising*: Do you have to keep talking about the war? (*Then after a pause*) I'm sorry.

MRS. JOHNSON: I didn't think, I mean I should have known . . .

MRS. HALE *interrupting*: That's all right, I'm too jumpy tonight.

MRS. JOHNSON: Somehow it doesn't seem much like Christmas this year. I had a letter from my sister Lucy this morning, you know the one in Birmingham, and she said . . . (*Fades out*)

SOUND: *Crowd noises—young children's voices saying goodbye to their parents—laughing—and some crying—and over them the voices of Mrs. Hale—her five year old son Jimmy and her husband Martin*

JIMMY: Mother, why do I have to go to the country?

MRS. HALE: I told you, Jimmy, the soldiers are going to be busy here, and little children would be in the way.

JIMMY: Are you going to be a soldier, daddy?

MARTIN: I don't know, son, maybe later.

JIMMY: Why are there so many soldiers here now, daddy?

MARTIN: They're here for practice.

JIMMY *wonderingly*: Practice? You mean like Hazel Smith does on the piano?

MARTIN: Something like that.

JIMMY: Do they hate to practice like Hazel?

MARTIN: Yes, son, most of them do.

JIMMY: Why do they be soldiers then?

MARTIN: Because it is their job, son.

JIMMY *near tears*: I don't want to leave you, I want to stay here.

MRS. HALE *trying to be calm*: Now, Jimmy, you mustn't cry. Remember you promised.

MARTIN: You want to be a good soldier, don't you, son?

JIMMY *sniffing*: No, I don't! I hate soldiers!

MRS. HALE *with a little breaking voice*:

Now, now, Jimmy, you know mother and daddy don't want you to go away . . .

JIMMY *interrupting*: Then why do I have to go?

MARTIN: The country will be fine, you can ride ponies, and feed chickens and . . .

JIMMY *starting to cry*: I don't want to ride any old ponies, I want to stay here.

MRS. HALE *crying now*: Oh, my poor baby, my poor baby.

JIMMY: Take me home, Mother.

MARTIN: Only girls cry, and you're a big man now.

JIMMY: I don't want to be a big man. (*Crying*) I want to go home.

MRS. HALE *crying*: Hold me tight, Jimmy, hold me tight!

MARTIN: You're making it harder, dear.

MRS. HALE: I can't help it, I can't be brave any longer. I want Jimmy here with me.

MARTIN: I know, dear, but it has to be this way.

OFFICIAL: The bus is ready to leave, you'd better get the little chap aboard.

JIMMY *screaming*: No! No! I won't go! I'm going to stay here with my mother and daddy!

MRS. HALE: I can't let you go, I can't, I can't!

MARTIN: Don't cry son, it makes it harder for mother, and we don't want to do that.

JIMMY *sobbing*: No, but I don't want to go away, I'm afraid!

MARTIN: You're going to be all right. Look at all the other children going with you.

MRS. HALE *weeping softly*: Goodbye, Jimmy, be a good boy, and don't forget to say your prayers.

JIMMY: I'm going to pray every night that the soldiers don't practice so long so I can come home soon.

MARTIN: You'll be home in no time. Now how about a big hug for daddy? There now, up you go.

SOUND: *Kiss*

MRS. HALE: Goodbye, my baby, goodbye.

JIMMY *crying*: Goodbye, mother, goodbye, daddy.

SOUND: *Goodbyes from all the children—amid babble—the motor of the bus roars up and slowly moves away—foot-steps running after it*

MRS. HALE: Goodbye, Jimmy, goodbye.

SOUND: *The motor fades into the distance*

MRS. HALE *sobbing*: He's gone! My baby's gone!

MARTIN: There, dear, there, you mustn't cry so. Please darling, please.

MRS. HALE *through her sobs*: I hate this war and everything about it! They've taken my baby away!

MARTIN: We'd better be getting home, dear. *(Fade)* Here, take my handkerchief . . . Stop crying.

MRS. JOHNSON *fade in*: . . . and she has it on good authority, too. The man that told her was a Secretary of something or other in the War Office.

MRS. HALE *starting*: What? Oh, yes.

MRS. JOHNSON: I don't believe you were listening to a word I said.

MRS. HALE: Yes, I was, Mrs. Johnson. I heard every word.

MRS. JOHNSON: I'm not going to say another word about the war. *(Lightly)* Are you coming to Mrs. Bryant's Christmas party tomorrow?

MRS. HALE: No, I don't think so, I intend to rest most of the day.

MRS. JOHNSON *kindly*: I wish you'd come, you're staying alone too much lately.

MRS. HALE *bitterly*: What else can I do? My son sent to the country. My husband somewhere in France . . .

MRS. JOHNSON *interrupting kindly*: Of course, of course, I know you're lonely and you must feel just dreadful, but you've got to control yourself. This war is hard on everybody, but it had to come.

MRS. HALE: Why? Why?

MRS. JOHNSON *sadly*: Now, dear, what can I say? What can anyone say?

MRS. HALE: There's been enough talking. But no one has said anything. I hate this war . . .

MRS. JOHNSON *interrupting*: Everyone does, they hated the last one, too. Why, I remember back in nineteen fourteen . . . *(Fades out)*

SOUND: *Martial music up—"God Save the King"—voices—soldiers saying goodbye—trains moving in and out of the station—Mrs. Hale is saying goodbye to Martin*

MRS. HALE: It's come at last.

MARTIN *slowly*: Yes, a few minutes more and I'll be on my way to France.

MRS. HALE: There's no sense to it, you belong here with me. Why are you going away, Martin? Why?

MARTIN *softly*: We've been over this a hundred times, dear. It's a thing to be done.

MRS. HALE: It's not right! It's cruel and mean and silly . . .

MARTIN *interrupting*: Let's not talk about it, darling. We have so little time.

SOUND: *Noises of crowd increase*

MRS. HALE: You will be careful, Martin? You won't take any chances? You're so reckless. Don't let anything happen to you, darling.

MARTIN *lightly*: Nothing will happen to me, I'll be all right. *(Laugh)* We'll be out of the trenches by Christmas, and you and Jimmy and I will have a great big goose with roast apples . . .

MRS. HALE *interrupting—catches her breath to keep from crying*: And I'll make a plum pudding, and lots of cakes.

SOUND: *Tension increases as crowd in station moves faster*

MARTIN: A real Christmas, that will be fine!

SOUND: *Sharp blast from a whistle*

MARTIN: I have to go now, goodbye, darling! I love you with all my heart. Goodbye, sweetheart.

MRS. HALE: Oh, Martin. Put your arms around me a moment. Don't talk, just hold me.

SOUND: *Another blast from the whistle*

MARTIN: Goodbye, darling, we're going.

SOUND: *Train starts to move*

MRS. HALE: Goodbye, Martin, God go with you.

SOUND: *Crowd noisy—goodbyes fill the air as the train slowly gathers speed—over noise Martin's voice is heard*

MARTIN: I'll stuff Hitler and bring him home for Christmas!

MRS. HALE: Goodbye, darling!

SOUND: *Trains picking up speed—chorus of voices in time with wheels*

VOICES: Never coming back. Never coming back. Never coming back. Never coming back. Never coming back. Never coming back. Never coming back. Never coming back. Never coming back. Never coming back. *(Voices fade out as the train disappears in distance)*

MRS. HALE *sobbing*: Martin, Martin! Martin . . . *(Fade)*

MRS. JOHNSON *fade in*: . . . And we'll beat them in this war, too!

MRS. HALE: What? Oh, there isn't any doubt about it.

MRS. JOHNSON: You haven't touched your tea. Let me pour you a fresh cup.

MRS. HALE: I hope Jimmy got the toys I sent him, all right.

MRS. JOHNSON *proudly*: He got them, don't you worry about that, the war hasn't upset our postal system.

MRS. HALE: It's hard for us to realize what's happening over there. It all seems like a terrible nightmare.

MRS. JOHNSON: I wish that man was in purgatory.

MRS. HALE: If it wasn't him it would have been someone else.

MRS. JOHNSON: I suppose you're right. My grandfather had a theory about that, he used to say . . . *(Fade)*

MARTIN *filter*: Dearest; Just a few lines before I crawl in my bunk. I have just come down from duty and honestly it's so quiet on the front you wouldn't know a war was going on . . .

MRS. HALE: How like Martin to try and reassure me. He's so kind and dear . . .

MARTIN *filter*: I'm sorry we can't be together at Christmas time, but I understand the General is counting on us, and we can't let him down. . . .

MRS. HALE: I don't believe he'll ever grow up.

MARTIN *filter*: I miss you so much, darling, and want to be with you. I will soon as the papers say there's talk of an armistice. I hope they're right. Seems sort of funny though to stop a war that hasn't really ever started, at least not around here. . . .

MRS. HALE: Martin you're lying to me, but I love you for it.

MARTIN *filter*: I have to turn in now as I have early duty tomorrow. I wrote Jimmy a letter yesterday, hope the kid isn't too lonesome. God! I'd love to hold you both in my arms again. *(Fade)* Good night, my darling. Your loving husband—Martin.

MUSIC: *Christmas music from radio*

MRS. JOHNSON: Isn't the music pretty?

MRS. HALE *absently*: Beautiful.

MRS. JOHNSON: Let me give you some more tea.

MRS. HALE: No thank you, I have to be getting ready for bed.

MRS. JOHNSON: Don't you want to hear the music? Why, Mrs. Hale, you're crying.

MRS. HALE: It's nothing, I'm just tired. Goodnight, Mrs. Johnson.

MRS. JOHNSON: Goodnight, and a Merry Christmas to you!

MRS. HALE *hollowly*: Merry Christmas.

SOUND: *Footsteps running up stairs—door opens and slammed shut—body flinging itself on bed*

MRS. HALE *sobbing*: Merry Christmas, Martin. Merry Christmas, Jimmy. Oh, my poor boys, my two poor boys. *(Weeping hard now)*

MUSIC: *Rising swell of Christmas carols which slowly fades out*

NARRATOR: In the home of Mr. and Mrs. Briggs somewhere in the country, far removed from London and the threat of enemy air raids, young Jimmy Hale is busily engaged in helping trim the Christmas tree. Mr. Briggs is speaking.

SOUND: *Crackling fire—hold under*

MR. BRIGGS: Hand me that star over there, Jimmy.

JIMMY: This one?

MR. BRIGGS: No, the big red one. I want that one for another place.

JIMMY: I'll bet Santa Claus will like this tree, don't you think so, Mother Briggs?

MRS. BRIGGS: I'm sure he will, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Maybe he'll like it so much he'll just stay here and play with me, huh?

MR. BRIGGS *laughing kindly*: I guess he'd like to, but Santa is a busy man. He's got lots of work to do tonight.

JIMMY *seriously*: Why doesn't Santa Claus have to be a soldier?

MRS. BRIGGS: Oh, he never has to be a soldier.

JIMMY: Why?

MR. BRIGGS: Because he lives at the North Pole, and the North Pole isn't fighting anyone.

JIMMY: I wish we lived at the North Pole, don't you?

MR. BRIGGS: Sometimes I do, Jimmy.

MRS. BRIGGS: Here, Jimmy, help me hang this popcorn on the tree.

JIMMY: Can I wrap it all around like I—like mother always does at home?

MRS. BRIGGS: You certainly can, anyway you like.

MR. BRIGGS: Hey, there, young fellow, don't wrap me up in it.

JIMMY: It's so pretty I almost can't help eating it.

SOUND: *Tolling of a church bell afar—voices faintly singing Christmas hymn*

MRS. BRIGGS: Listen, you can hear them singing down in the village.

MR. BRIGGS: It's a clear, cold night. Sound carries a long way.

JIMMY: My mother used to always sing me Christmas songs when I was home.

MRS. BRIGGS: I'll sing to you before you go to bed, Jimmy, if you want me to.

JIMMY: Oh, will you? Please do, Mother Briggs, and maybe if I close my eyes I can pretend like mother is singing to me—

MR. BRIGGS: Maybe we'll have snow to-night, you think so, Jimmy?

JIMMY *slowly*: I don't know, I wish it would. I remember last Christmas it snowed, and daddy made me a snowman . . .

MR. BRIGGS *interrupting*: If it snows I'll make you a snowman, tomorrow.

JIMMY: A big one?

MR. BRIGGS: Nineteen feet high.

JIMMY: Oh, that'll be jolly.

MRS. BRIGGS: It's time for you to go to bed, Jimmy, you've got a busy day tomorrow.

JIMMY: Not right now, Mother Briggs, I'm not sleepy, really I'm not.

MRS. BRIGGS: Well, just a little while longer.

MR. BRIGGS: You have to be asleep before Santa Claus comes.

JIMMY: Will Santa Claus go to see the soldiers?

MR. BRIGGS: Sure, he goes everywhere.

JIMMY: I wish he'd bring my daddy a big aeroplane and he'd get in it and fly down here and get me, and then we'd fly home and see mother.

MRS. BRIGGS: I'm afraid he can't do that. He'd never get an aeroplane in his sack.

JIMMY: Maybe he could fly to my daddy in the aeroplane?

MR. BRIGGS: He has to use his reindeers.

JIMMY: Then I wish he'd bring me my mother for Christmas.

MRS. BRIGGS: He would if he could, but he isn't allowed to bring real people.

JIMMY *twistfully*: It would be nice if he could, though.

MR. BRIGGS: It certainly would.

JIMMY: Do you think mother and daddy got the presents I sent?

MR. BRIGGS: I'm sure they did, and they'll be so happy when they open them.

JIMMY: Do you really think so?

MR. BRIGGS: They were the nicest presents I ever saw.

JIMMY: Why do the soldiers have to fight?

MR. BRIGGS: That's a long story, Jimmy—

MRS. BRIGGS *interrupting*: You can hear it some other time, now you must go to bed.

JIMMY: Do I have to?

MRS. BRIGGS: Yes, sir.

JIMMY: Can I undress here in front of the fire where it's warm?

MRS. BRIGGS: Yes, you get undressed and I'll go get you some milk.

JIMMY: Will you rock me to sleep?

MRS. BRIGGS: All right, now you get undressed.

SOUND: *Door opening and closing*

JIMMY: You know, I been thinking.

MR. BRIGGS: What about?

JIMMY: Sometimes at home in our block, some of the boys would start a fight, and then they'd talk some, sorta explain things, and most times there wouldn't be anymore fight, they'd be friends again . . .

MR. BRIGGS: Well . . .

JIMMY: Why don't the soldiers do that? Then maybe they won't fight anymore and my daddy can come home.

MR. BRIGGS: Jimmy, I'm afraid you're an idealist.

JIMMY *puzzled*: Is that good?

MR. BRIGGS *slowly*: Not these days I'm afraid.

SOUND: *Door opening*

MRS. BRIGGS: Here's your milk, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Thank you.

MRS. BRIGGS: Jimmy! Don't drink so fast!

JIMMY: I forgot.

MRS. BRIGGS: Say goodnight now.

JIMMY: Goodnight, and don't forget the snowman.

MR. BRIGGS: No, I won't. Goodnight, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Goodnight.

MR. BRIGGS: See you under the Christmas tree in the morning.

MRS. BRIGGS: Time for your prayers now, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Will you sing me the song as soon as I say my prayers?

MRS. BRIGGS: Yes.

JIMMY: Please make me a good boy, and bless my mother and daddy, and bless Mother and Daddy Briggs, and make it snow tonight big and deep. And please make all the soldiers stop fighting, I'm sure you can do it, so will you please see about it? Goodnight and Merry Christmas, God. Amen.

MRS. BRIGGS *with shaking voice*: Here, climb up in my lap, Jimmy.

SOUND: *Chair rocking*

JIMMY: Now sing to me, Mother Briggs.

SOUND: *Chair rocks as Mrs. Briggs sings "Silent Night" very softly (Fade)*

NARRATOR: The Western Front. Somewhere in France. The ground a muddy marsh as a driving rain beats down along the entire line. In an isolated pill-box Martin Hale is on duty, with him another soldier, Henry Ward. Martin is speaking.

MARTIN: A few more hours and it will be Christmas.

HENRY: It doesn't seem much like Christmas out here.

MARTIN: I was just thinking about that, back home I guess everyone is all excited, waiting for tomorrow, while we . . .

HENRY *interrupting*: Are just waiting.

MARTIN: That's about it.

SOUND: *Short burst of machine gun fire, and soft patter of rain—hold under*

HENRY: Somebody must have wakened our friend over there.

MARTIN: He's probably firing to keep himself awake.

HENRY: You're a family man, aren't you?

MARTIN: Yes, wife and one son.

HENRY: First Christmas away from home?

MARTIN: Yes.

HENRY: Tough.

MARTIN: Are you married?

HENRY: No.

MARTIN: Lucky beggars, those fellows getting leave for Christmas.

HENRY: For all the good we're doing out here, we might as well all go home.

MARTIN: You feel that too?

HENRY: Who doesn't?

MARTIN: I've tried to think the whole thing out straight, but it's like a big puzzle, and I can't get the pieces together.

HENRY: You never will. There's always one piece missing.

MARTIN: What's that?

HENRY: Reason.

SOUND: *Machine gun barks again, then quiet*

MARTIN: Fritz must be getting very sleepy.

HENRY: This inactivity would put anyone to sleep.

SOUND: *Faint voices of soldiers singing "Silent Night"—it fades out slowly*

HENRY *laughs sardonically*: Christ in a pill box.

(*There is a moment of quiet*)

HENRY: What's that you have there?

MARTIN: It's a sailboat. My son Jimmy sent it to me for Christmas.

HENRY: Let me see it.

MARTIN *proudly*: He made it himself. He's very good with tools.

HENRY: How old is he?

MARTIN: Five, six in June.

HENRY: Is he in London?

MARTIN: No, in Sussex, on a farm.

HENRY: It's better that way.

MARTIN: Yes.

SOUND: *Machine gun barks*

HENRY: Did you ever wonder how those fellows over there feel?

MARTIN: Often.

HENRY: Do you suppose they feel the same way about this war that we do?

MARTIN: Probably, they're no different from you and me.

HENRY: I guess there's something in that.

SOUND: *The machine gun gives a choppy burst—fades out for . . .*

NARRATOR: In a shell hole, an observation post in no man's land, two German soldiers, Hermann and Karl are lying. Their duty is to direct the artillery fire far behind the lines. Hermann is speaking.

HERMANN: Will this rain never stop?

KARL: I'm chilled to the bone.

HERMANN: Foolish business this.

KARL *startled*: What?

HERMANN: Don't be afraid, there's no Gestapo out here.

KARL: You shouldn't talk so.

HERMANN: Why not? I want to talk. It's good to be able to talk again.

KARL: This war is making you nervous.

HERMANN: This war is making me sick.

KARL *really frightened*: That's treason!

HERMANN *laughs bitterly*: Treason to be sick of a war that makes no sense?

KARL: That is not for us to say.

HERMANN: It's for me to say, and I'm saying it! Do you know what day this is?

KARL: Christmas eve.

HERMANN: Christmas eve! And here we lie in a mud puddle. It's crazy! Crazy!

KARL *slowly*: I never was away from home at Christmas before.

HERMANN: Home, that's where a man belongs at Christmas. Home with his wife and family.

KARL: I have a new boy at home now, he was born while we were in Poland.

HERMANN: Better we should have died in Poland.

KARL: Sometimes I get to wondering about all this.

HERMANN: Me, too. I wonder what the soldiers over there are doing tonight?

KARL: Maybe wishing they were home.

HERMANN: They must be. They must be.

KARL: You'd better call the post.

HERMANN: Yes.

SOUND: *Electric switch being opened*

HERMANN: Observation post calling . . .

Battery Twenty Two . . . Calling Battery Twenty Two . . . Battery Twenty Two . . . Battery . . . (*Fades out*)

HALE *softly on filter*: God, Father in Heaven, watch over Martin . . .

SOUND: *Rumble of big guns—then a lone shell screaming over no man's land—followed by a terrific explosion and as the roar dies down Hermann's voice is heard*

HERMANN: Battery Twenty Two, Enemy objective destroyed.

HALE: Keep him from harm, O Lord . . .

SOUND: *Bodies crawling through the mud*

KARL: Hermann, look!

HERMANN: What? Where?

KARL: Right in front of us, there.

HERMANN: I wonder where that came from?

KARL: A toy sailboat.

HALE: God bless Jimmy and make him happy . . .

SOUND: *Howling wind—then Jimmy's voice*

JIMMY: Oh look, the candle on the tree has gone out.

MUSIC: *This line spoken over background of "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear"—up and out*

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

A COMEDY

By HARRIET GLAZE

MUSIC: *Theme—up and out*

SOUND: *Car motor up and hold for B.G.*

TOM: Just think, Helen, in a few minutes we can begin to put the stamps on our wedding invitations! Golly, I'm so glad I could . . .

HELEN *interrupting*: Wait a minute, Tommy Briggs. Aren't you a little hasty? Remember Dad said . . .

TOM *interrupting*: Yeah, I know—he said . . . (*Assumes gruff voice*) "Hrumph, young man, I'll consent to my daughter's marrying you when I see the deed to a home and a receipt that the furniture's paid for. Hrumph!"

HELEN *laughing*: Pretty good imitation, Tommy. But he really meant it.

TOM: Didn't he though? He knows I'd be ready for an old age pension before I could save that much. Had me worried for a while, Helen.

HELEN: It's . . . It's still got me worried.

TOM: Why, Honey, that house and furniture are practically in our hands. It's only about a mile now to the farm and . . .

HELEN *interrupting*: I know. The minute we get there you'll be handed an envelope with eight thousand dollars in it.

TOM: That's right.

HELEN: Tommy, how can you believe—well—nobody knows for sure the money is in the envelope.

TOM: Of course it's there. Oh I know it sounds crazy, but . . .

HELEN *interrupting*: It certainly is crazy. Just because your grandmother's lawyer is going to hand you an envelope on a certain night is no sign there'll be all that money in it.

TOM: You could believe it if you knew my grandmother. She was always doing unheard of things. Besides there is eight thousand dollars not accounted for in her will.

HELEN: Maybe you're right to expect it—but—oh, Tommy, don't you see? I just hate to have you plan too much—and then be disappointed.

TOM: Not a chance, Sweetheart, I never cared before what was in that envelope. In fact, I'd almost forgotten about it 'till I got Oakley's notice the other day. (*Tenderly*) But I can believe anything that'll bring you to me.

HELEN *softly*: That's sweet, Tommy (*Change of pace*) Are you sure we're on the right road? This one seems as rough as a plowed field.

TOM: It's the driveway into the farm.

HELEN: Ugh . . . it's as dark as a tunnel . . . all of a sudden.

TOM: Guess the moon's gone behind a cloud.

HELEN: I hope it doesn't rain before we . . . (*Change of pace—aghast*) Is—is that the house?

SOUND: *Car stops over following*

TOM: Yes, my love, we have arrived.

HELEN: It . . . it looks kind of . . . well . . . sinister, doesn't it? I mean dark and . . . and deserted and everything.

TOM *laughing*: It won't be deserted long. Come on.

SOUND: *Car door opens—slams*

HELEN: Are you sure we'll be able to get in?

TOM: Sure. I don't think the front door's been locked in . . .

HELEN *interrupting—frightened*: Tommy, what was that? There behind that big bush.

TOM: Huh? I didn't see anything. Did it look like a cow by any chance? We are on a farm, you know.

HELEN: You needn't be sarcastic, Tom Briggs. I did see something, and it wasn't a cow. There—there it is again! Around the corner of the house.

TOM *laughing*: You're imagining things, Honey. Wait'll we get some lights on and you won't feel so jumpy.

HELEN: I'm not jumpy! I tell you I . . .

TOM *interrupting*: Careful of the steps here. Wish I had my flashlight. Well here we are.

SOUND: *Door creaks slowly open*

HELEN *astonished*: Tommy! The . . . the door opened . . . all by itself!

TOM: Yeah, it did. Magic, huh?

HELEN: Black magic if you ask me. Oh, it's too dark inside . . . Tommy, let's . . .

CONWELL *back a little—solemnly and slowly throughout*: Come in.

HELEN *gasps*: Who's that?

TOM: Why . . . it must be . . . Conwell.

CONWELL: Come in to the sitting room.

TOM: Conwell, is that you?

CONWELL: Of course, Master Tom.

TOM: Oh, it's so dark I couldn't see you.

CONWELL *fades a little*: Come in to the sitting room.

HELEN *sotto*: Who's Conwell?

TOM *sotto*: Grandma's old servant. He's probably whom you saw outside.

HELEN *sotto*: Well, he's pretty spry to get into the house so soon.

TOM *up*: Careful, Helen, there's a turn in this hall if I remember . . .

CONWELL *in*: The wise mind does not forget.

SOUND: *Several sharp raps on door—back*

HELEN: *Frightened reaction—ad lib*

TOM: That must be Lawyer Oakley. Let him in, Conwell. We'll find our way all right now.

CONWELL *fades*: The loud knock betokens the hasty visit.

HELEN: Now what in the world did he mean by that?

TOM: I should have warned you. Conwell always talks like something that just crawled out of Burk's Quotations—but you'll get used to him.

HELEN: I hope not. I don't want to be around him that long.

TOM: He's harmless.

HELEN: He may be. But he looks like a cross between an ape and—the old man of the mountain. Ugh!

TOM: Well, this is the sitting room.

HELEN: I'd call it the spider's parlor . . . from the number of cobwebs.

TOM: I'll see if I can't turn that lamp up higher.

HELEN *dryly*: It's all right. I can see enough, thank you.

TOM *laughing*: I'll admit it's not very inviting . . . with these sheets all over everything. This must be the sofa—let's sit down.

HELEN: Might as well.

OAKLEY *slow fade in over above*: Can't see the sense of traipsing way out here at this time of night. Ready to storm, too. That you, Tom?

TOM: Yes sir, Mr. Oakley, and this is my fiancée, Miss Lee.

CAST: *Exchange greetings*

OAKLEY: Well, let's get right down to work. I'm a busy man you know.

SOUND: *Clap of thunder*

HELEN: Yes, please let's hurry—before it storms.

OAKLEY: My sentiments exactly. Rain makes one so . . . well . . . er . . . so . . .

TOM: Wet.

OAKLEY: Yes, yes. Now . . . let's see . . .

CONWELL *fades in*: Every drop falleth to good purpose.

OAKLEY: Eh? Oh—to be sure. Now, I'll just check off the items of the will that must be complied with. I don't believe a re-reading of the whole will is necessary tonight.

SOUND: *Rattle of paper over above*

TOM: No, let's get it over with.

OAKLEY: Item one . . . yes here it is. The transfer must take place on the night before your twenty-fifth birthday, Tom Briggs.

TOM: I'll be twenty-five tomorrow.

OAKLEY: Hmmm. I'll check that item from the list. There—second item the time—nine thirty p.m. Well, it's . . . oh dear, it's nine-twenty-seven. Three minutes early. We'll have to wait.

TOM *disgustedly*: Why should we?

OAKLEY: W-e-l-l . . . yes, why should we? All right—check. Item three—the place, in the sitting room of the Briggs' Farm. This is the sitting room, is it not?

TOM: Say—is all this nonsense necessary?

HELEN *over end of above*: This is the sitting room, Mr. Oakley—so they tell me. I believe you can check that item.

OAKLEY: To be sure. You see, in the legal profession it is necessary to comply with all . . .

TOM: Sure—sure—go on.

OAKLEY: Item three . . . check. Now, number four, Conwell present?

CONWELL: The wise man anticipates his duty, sir.

OAKLEY: Er . . . quite. Tommy present?

HELEN: If he isn't it's a dirty shame.

OAKLEY: I beg your pardon?

HELEN: How silly—you know he's here.

OAKLEY: You must answer for yourself, Tom.

TOM: Certainly I'm here!

OAKLEY: Check item number four.

SOUND: *Loud clap of thunder*

OAKLEY: Oh, my goodness. That . . . that made me check all over the page! Now I'll have to erase.

TOM: Let it go. You can pretty it up later. Let's get this over.

OAKLEY: There now. After tonight, all the terms of Amanda Briggs' will shall have been carried out, Tom Briggs.

TOM: Yes, sir.

OAKLEY: This farm will tomorrow pass into the hands of your father. And to you, the only other heir, I now present this envel . . .

TOM *interrupts eagerly*: Do you know how much is in it, Mr. Oakley?

OAKLEY: Don't interrupt me, young man. As I was saying—I present this envelope with your grandmother's best wishes.

SOUND: *Loud clap of thunder*

HELEN: Do hurry, Tom, or we'll be caught in the storm.

TOM: Gosh, Helen, I'm so excited I can't get the envelope open. Here you do it for me.

OAKLEY: No, you must open it yourself.

SOUND: *Tearing of paper*

HELEN: Don't shake so—it'll open easier. What's the matter, Tom?

TOM *angrily*: Oakley—has this envelope been tampered with?

OAKLEY *haughtily*: Young man, the integrity of Oakley and Oakley has never before been questioned!

HELEN: Tommy, what's—what's in the envelope?

TOM: Nothing but—but a piece of paper. That's all.

CONWELL: All is not gold that glitters—verily.

HELEN: But . . . isn't there anything written on the paper?

TOM *groans*: Just the . . . the words to the song *The Old Oaken Bucket*.

MUSIC: *Theme—up and out*

SOUND: *Wind—hold PP for B.G.*

HELEN: More coffee, Tom?

TOM *glumly*: No, thanks.

HELEN: It wasn't very good; was it?

TOM *quickly*: It was swell, the whole supper was swell, Helen.

HELEN: I think so, too, considering the kitchen equipment. I've never ground my own coffee before.

TOM: Say, has it stopped raining?

HELEN *hesitatingly*: Guess so. I can't hear anything but wind.

TOM: What time is it?

HELEN: It's—ten-thirty.

TOM: Guess I'll take another look at the car. I ought to be able to find out why it won't start.

HELEN: I imagine Conwell could tell you fast enough, Tom.

TOM: What do you mean?

HELEN: I don't trust him; that's all. It wouldn't surprise me if he's deliberately trying to keep us here.

TOM: Aw, Helen, I've known Conwell ever since I was this high. He wouldn't . . .

HELEN *interrupting*: All right . . . all right. Maybe it's just this place. It gives me the jitters.

TOM: Not only the place . . . but our plans . . . shot to nothing.

HELEN: No, Tommy, you mustn't think that. They're just postponed.

TOM *hesitatingly*: You know—I might get Dad to deed me this place and then . . .

HELEN *interrupting*: Tommy Briggs, I wouldn't live in this house even . . . well even to marry you!

TOM: I . . . I . . . was afraid of that. I guess I don't blame you.

HELEN: Was that your grandmother's writing on the paper, Tom?

TOM: I think so. I haven't seen her writing very often. Why?

HELEN: Well, I can't imagine anyone planning all that ceremony just to give you the words to a song you could find in any song book.

TOM: I don't get the joke myself.

HELEN: I can't stand this place another minute. Let's . . . let's take a walk.

TOM: Well, it's certainly lovely weather for a stroll! But . . . here put your coat on.

HELEN: Thanks. And we'd better take the lantern.

TOM: Not a bad idea.

SOUND: *Knob rattling*

HELEN *with rising voice*: It won't open, Tommy, Conwell's locked us in!

TOM: Just a minute.

SOUND: *Click of latch—door creaks open—wind up to full and hold*

TOM: Always release the latch, my dear, before you scream for help.

HELEN: I wasn't screaming. What's down that way?

SOUND: *Door closes over above*

TOM: The orchard. Boy, I wish I had a dollar for every stomach-ache I've had from eating green apples off those . . .

HELEN: And what's that silvery looking patch next to it?

TOM: That's the pasture. Grandma called it the meadow.

HELEN *wonderingly*: Meadow . . . orchard . . . meadow. (*Suddenly excited*) Tommy, what's next? I mean if we walked through the orchard and the meadow, what would we come to next?

TOM: Well, let's see. The woodlot. But what?

HELEN: Oh, Tommy, don't you see? That's what the song says!

TOM: Huh?

HELEN: Your grandmother didn't leave you the money in the envelope—but the directions for finding it. Let me see that paper again.

TOM: Sure . . . here.

SOUND: *Rattle of paper*

HELEN: Hold the lantern up higher. See, it says (*reading*) "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my" . . . now wait . . . down a little farther . . . here . . . "The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood." That could be another name for woodlot, couldn't it?

TOM: Doggone if I don't believe you're right! Does the rest fit?

HELEN: "The wide spreading pond and the mill." Is there a pond near the wood?

TOM: There sure is! It's not very wide or spreading—but it's a pond. There's a mill by it, too.

HELEN: How about "the bridge and the rock where the cataract fell?"

TOM: W-e-l-l, there's no bridge. Plenty of rocks, though. What's a cataract?

HELEN: A waterfall.

TOM *disappointed*: There's no waterfall.

HELEN: Well, it couldn't possibly be exactly like the song. What's on the other side of the pond?

TOM: Another pasture. Then you're back to the house.

HELEN: It does fit! See, the next thing mentioned is "the cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it." Is there a . . .

TOM *interrupting*: I'll say it fits! See that old building down there? That's the dairy, and on the other side of it is an old stone well! I don't know whether the bucket there is oaken or not, (*Fades*) but we'll soon find out!

SOUND: *Up—briefly and down—hold PP for B.G.*

HELEN *fade in breathless*: Whew! Running in these high heels is no . . . Oh, Tommy, it really is a bucket well—the kind you can holler down!

TOM: Well, don't stop to holler down this one now. Let's pull on the rope.

SOUND: *Squeak of rusty pulley—hold over following*

HELEN: Feels like there's something on the end all right. Can you see what?

TOM: It's too far down yet . . .

HELEN: Here it comes!

TOM: Yep—there we are.

SOUND: *Pulley out*

HELEN *almost crying*: It . . . it's just a common old tin pail!

TOM *angrily*: Well, I'll be . . . there used to be a wooden bucket here. I remember it.

HELEN: Then if it's been replaced by this one . . .

HELEN } : Conwell!

TOM }

TOM: Come on let's find him.

HELEN *triumphantly*: Now—will you trust a woman's intuition?

SOUND: *Out*

MUSIC: *Theme—up and out*

HELEN *fade in*: Conwell's not in the house—that's certain.

TOM: I guess the most likely place to look for him is in the Belfry.

HELEN: The Belfry?

TOM: That's what Grandma and I called the room Conwell fixed up for himself in the barn loft. I'll take the lantern and go ahead. You . . .

HELEN *interrupting*: I'll take the lantern and go ahead. I'd rather have you behind me than the powers of darkness.

TOM: You're even beginning to talk like Conwell.

HELEN: Oh, hush. (*After a short pause*) You know, Tommy, I'll bet that grandma of yours was lots of fun.

TOM: You're right. There never was a dull moment when she was around. Do you remember those old-fashioned pink and white peppermint drops?

HELEN: Yes.

TOM: Well, on rainy days she'd hide them around in the sitting room, and I'd have a treasure hunt. She'd give me a few clues and then sit back and smile to herself while I worked my head off.

HELEN: I'm sure I'd have liked her.

TOM: Helen, that's what she's doing now! Giving me one more treasure hunt! Now I know we're on the right track!

HELEN: Of course!

SOUND: *Owl hoots*

HELEN *frightened reaction*: Oh!

TOM: Just a hoot owl, honey. The barn's full of them—and bats, too.

HELEN *shudders*: Don't let's go in. Just . . . just call Conwell.

TOM: There's no light in the Belfry . . . I wonder if . . .

CONWELL *fades in*: You are looking for something, Master Tom?

TOM: Oh, Conwell, you surprised us.

HELEN: You certainly did.

TOM: As a matter of fact we were looking for you. We've been down to the old well, and I noticed the wooden bucket has been replaced by a tin one. Can you tell me why?

CONWELL: The . . . the tin pail was purchased when the original one . . . disappeared.

TOM: You mean it was . . . stolen?

CONWELL: It was here one night and gone the next day.

TOM: When was this?

CONWELL: That I can not say.

HELEN *irritated*: You must have some idea. Was it before or after Mrs. Briggs' death?

CONWELL *sullenly*: Before, about three years.

TOM: And you've not seen it since?

CONWELL: Not since the day it disappeared.

TOM *sighs*: All right, Conwell. Good night. Come along, Helen.

HELEN *after short pause*: Well, what next?

TOM: I suppose we ought to search his room, but . . . wait a minute! "How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it." Isn't that in the second verse?

HELEN: Why . . . yes!

TOM: If the first verse meant something . . .

HELEN: The other must, too. Of course!

TOM: Let's find a spade and start digging around the brim of the well.

HELEN: O.K. Tommy! (*Fades singing*)

"How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it."

(*Pause*)

SOUND: *Digging in soft earth*

TOM: If I don't find it this time, I'm giving up. This is . . .

SOUND: *Creak of tree limb*

HELEN: Tommy, up in the tree—look!

TOM: Ahhhhh . . . Conwell, eh? Spying on us.

SOUND: *Sharp crack of breaking limb—digging stops*

CONWELL *reaction of disgust*: Darn!

HELEN: Oh—he's fallen!

CONWELL: The fall of man is predicted . . .

TOM: A tree is no stronger than its weakest branch, Conwell. You should know that. No, stick around. You may as well see the end of the show.

HELEN: Now that you're here you should be able to tell us whether it would do us any good to dig farther, or not, Conwell.

CONWELL: *Grumbling*

TOM: The gentleman says we dig at our own risk—so here goes.

SOUND: *Digging resumes*

HELEN: Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Conwell, spying on us? It serves you right that you . . .

SOUND: *Out*

TOM *over above*: I've hit something! Bring the lantern closer!

HELEN: Oh Tommy! It's the bucket!

TOM: Yeah, but what's it covered with?

CONWELL: Leather.

TOM: How'd you know?

HELEN: Never mind now, Tom. Open it . . . Hurry!

TOM: I'll have to rip it . . . Here she goes!

SOUND: *Leather ripping*

TOM *amazed*: Whew!

HELEN: It—it . . . it can't be gold!

CONWELL: It is gold . . . the root of all evil.

TOM: And here's a note. (*Reading*)

"Congratulations, Tommy. I knew you'd win. The money's all yours except a hundred dollars. I promised Con-

well that much to watch over it and see that no one else got it—without spoiling the game. Lots of love. Grandma.”

HELEN: Oh, Conwell, I'm sorry I suspected you.

CONWELL *interrupting*: Duty has its own reward.

TOM: Well, say, what are we waiting for? Let's head for home and father.

HELEN: But the car . . . ?

CONWELL: I can assure you it will start when I replace the distributor rotor. You see I was afraid you would leave before completing the search.

TOM: You old meddler! Shall we invite him to the wedding, sweetheart?

HELEN: Oh, Tommy!

TOM: Helen!

CONWELL: Two's company—three's a crowd!

MUSIC. *Up and out*

REVOLT IN ORTHOEPEY

A COMIC OPERA WITHOUT MUSIC FOR RADIO

By JUSTUS EDWIN WYMAN

VOICES (*an ensemble of odd—quaint voices—mixed*):

Your Majesty! Your Majesty!

O, Ruler of Orthoepey!

You are the King! You are the Word!

Lend us your ear that our grievance may be heard.

KING (*a buffonish fellow—highly excitable—has a full round, jovial voice*):
A grievance? A grievance? Oh dear!

Where's my Prime Minister?

(*Calls out*) Where's the Dictionary?

DIXIE (*a tall—unctuous fellow—austere—dignified, dogmatic*): Here—Your Majesty.

KING: Oh yes, yes.

VOICES: Down with the Dictionary!

He's a retroactive reactionary!

KING: What's that? What's that?

Here, here, what's all the fuss?

DIXIE *warningly*: Sire, the situation appears ominous.

KING: Yes, yes; so it does. So it does.

Well—well, step forward!

Step forward and be recognized.

VOWELS. (*female voices*):

We are the five little vowels,

A-E-I-O-U . . . (Like J-E-LL-O).

Y (*a neutral gender voice—perhaps cracked*):

And sometimes Yyyy . . . (Like "With-out a shirt").

VOICES: Quiet!

CONSONANTS (*male voices*):

We are your Majesty's consonants

And we demand your cognizance;

For what would happen to the Word

If we, the consonants, were never heard?

Y *fading*: And what about Yyyy?

VOICES: Quiet!

Your Majesty, either you give us . . .

DIXIE *correctingly*: Elther!

VOICES *defiantly*: Either!

DIXIE: Elther!

VOICES: Either! Y'see, your Majesty?

Potatoe—Potatoe,

Dixie says you gotto—you gotto—

You gotta always say a word his way.

KING: Now wait a minute, just a minute here.

We settled all this once—I thought.

DIXIE: We did, your Majesty; I Capitulated and agreed to accept either pronunciation.

KING: That's right. (*To others*) So what's wrong?

VOICES: You make us double-up
And work when there's no reason,
Like little Miss A in Caesar and season.

E (*a cute voice*):

And look at me, little E:

I'm always stuck out on the end

And made to sound like e' in "Bend."

I (*pert*):

And I am I,

And I don't need an E in "Lie" and "Tie."

And why am I forced to yield

In words like "Wield" and "Field"?

O (*a sad, woe-begone voice*):

And what about my woe?

Me, plump little O.

I'm not even heard

Whenever you say "Word."

U (*the shrew of the vowels*):

But we'll see this thru'

Or my name's not U!

I'm tired being O-G-Hed in "through"

And I demand to be put in "Few" and "Stew."

Y *coming in*: Yes! And why is Y pushed aside and . . .

VOICES: Quiet!

KING: Now just a minute, letters, just a . . .

VOICES: Quiet!

KING *startled*: Huh?

H (*the meekest consonant*):

I am H, and I never hurt a soul,
But what happens when I'm in
"Whole"?
I become a nothing, a thing out of
style,
Just excess baggage like when I'm in
"While."

G *guttural and loud*:

That's nothing, what about me?
The garrulous, guttural, glamorous G.
When I'm with an H you drop the
sound of me
And I'm robbed of my individuality!

P *sharp—precise*:

Yeah, and what about me?
The practical, pertinent P!
I'm telling your Majesty from bass to
treble cleff
You can't stick me with an H and
make me sound like F!

Y *coming in*: Please, your Majesty,
Won't you listen to *my* plea?

KING: Well, well, who are you? What are
you?

I can't tell if you're a consonant or a
vowel.

Y: I am Y

And my neutral gender—makes me cry.
At times, I'm a consonant.
At times I'm a vowel.
I never know whether I'm fish or fowl.
The vowels don't like me.
The consonants say, "scram."
I don't know where to go
And I don't know what I am.
This double-life is awful,
In fact, it's not so hot.
I meet myself in the most peculiar spots.

KING: Yes, yes; I see. I—see.

(*To group*) Letters of the alphabet,
I completely understand your feelings,
And there's no sense concealing
That our land of letters is a silly place.
Why, sometimes, I even hate to show
my face.

But what can I do about it?

VOICES: You're the word, aren't you?

DIXIE: Oh, go away, all of you.

Leave his Majesty alone.

He's got enuf troubles of his own.

VOICES: Down with Dixie

And his Dictionary.

Throw him out!

Get the hook!

Throw him a herring!

Burn his book!

DIXIE *exasperated*: Oh my!

KING: Letters, please! You can't blame
Dixie

It's not his fault any more than it's mine.

We both take orders—just like you.

VOICES: You take orders?

KING: Yes. Y'see, we're ruled over by a
mad race of giants.

VOICES *fearfully*: Giants?

KING: Yes; they're as mad as a hatter and
called "men."

(*Segues into his song*)

They're a silly race of creatures
With figures, feet, and features,
And I understand that they possess a
brain.

But the orders that they send me
Are enuf to break and bend me
And at times I think that they are all
insane.

They order words like "riappiness"
Which I return, Air-Express,
To every man and woman on the scene.
But once it starts to circulate
It meets a vile and deadly fate.
None of them agree on what it really
means.

I give them words so smooth and round,
Words as soft as feather-down,
But they garble them
And gargle them
And change their meaning so
That no man ever knows
What someone else is trying hard to
say.

It's driving me slap-happy.
In fact, I'm getting whacky,
For the words I make are always kicked
around.

So, if a revolution
Is the only real solution,
Let's throw away my lexiconic crown.

Well, well—there you are.

I had my little say and I said it.

DIXIE (*ahems*): Might I have the floor?

VOICES *emphatically*: No!

KING: Now, wait a minute, wait a minute.

Maybe Dixie's got an idea—for once.

Go ahead, Dixie, go ahead.

DIXIE: Of me, I know you're wary

Cause I'm the dictionary,

But I think that I might add a cheerful
word.

I am pleased to inform you

That I have found some Men who

Are pledged to spell all words just like
they sound.

They'll eliminate all I's and E's

That are made to sound like A;

And they'll spell "Enough" e-n-u-f,

And "Through" t-h-r-u;

And in this, I feel so confident that I
might say

Phonetic spelling is here to stay.

VOICES: Hooray! Hooray!

DIXIE: And that's not all that'll provoke
a howl.

Phonetically speaking, the Y is a
vowel.

Y: Three cheers for Dixie, I'm a vowel!

VOICES: Hooray, hooray, hooray!

Phonetic spelling's here to stay.

KING *glum*: Wait a minute, wait a minute.

I hate to be a kill-joy,

And I hate to throw cold water,

But I feel duty bound

And I feel that I oughtta.

Spelling words phonetically

So that they make sense to any nation-
ality

Is all right for you, but what about me?

I can spell out all the wordies

Like I do with "Bees" and "Birdies"

But what about the meaning?

For once I send them up to Men

They'll twist and change and alter them

Till no one knows the meaning.

VOICES: That's right! You helped us,
Dixie,

How about helping His Majesty?

DIXIE: Well, some of the words in my
dictionary

Have six or seven different meanings

For no apparent reason.

The Men did that so they might talk
and talk

And not be sued for Libel

Or accused of Treason.

Take the word "Liberty";

It really means freedom of an entire
group

To pursue the greatest amount of happi-
ness

For each individual in that group.

But what happened?

They twisted the meaning of Liberty

Until it meant "License"!

The license of one individual

To pursue his happiness

At the expense of all others.

KING: That's right, Dixie; that's exactly
what happened.

VOICES: What can be done about it, Dixie?

DIXIE: I say, cross out all the artificial
meanings.

We can do it at night when they're
asleep.

We'll re-organize the dictionary

So that each word will have but one
meaning.

KING: That's great, Dixie, that's great.

The Men will have to make up new
words.

VOICES: Which means more jobs for us.

DIXIE: And it'll help the men, too.

Creating new words requires thinking.

And that's something the men need
practise doing.

Well, your Majesty, what do you think
of the idea?

KING: Think of it? I'm awed, dumb-
founded.

It's colossal, stupendous!

You're a genius, a marvel!

What a man! What a man!

VOICES: Hooray, Hooray, Hooray for
Dixie!

We'll never have to worry about the
spelling of a word

Cause we'll spell it like it's heard.

And we'll never ever have to fear

That the meaning of words won't be
clear.

Cause dear old Dixie, once again,

Has saved the world from the silly men.

So come on sing!

Let's be gay!

Hip, hip, hip, hip-hip, hip-hooray!

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

A HOLIDAY PLAY

By WILLIAM FOLPRECHT

*(Presented by The Second Christian Church, Disciples of Christ,
over Station WBNX, New York)*

MUSIC: *Choir in strong on first verse of "O Little Town of Bethlehem"—down—humming—on second verse as narrator speaks*

NARRATOR: In a world become frantic with the presence and threat of war, the story of the First Christmas, when He Who was called the Prince of Peace, was born, in the little town of Bethlehem, comes as a soothing balm to our troubled lives. All Time, today, in every land, whether Jesus Christ is honored there as Lord and Savior or not, is reckoned from the birth of One Who was known as the Son of the lonely carpenter of Nazareth, Joseph, and his blessed wife, Mary. Bethlehem, as someone has said, is "The Greenwich of Time," and as often as we write a letter or print a newspaper with the date we testify that the Christ lived here on this earth, more than nineteen hundred years ago.

MUSIC: *Choir on third verse of "O Little Town of Bethlehem"—sung*

NARRATOR: So, for a few moments tonight, let us go back to that oriental land of almost twenty centuries ago, and for a little while picture again that glorious night, when Jesus Christ was born.

MUSIC: *Up for brief strain—down—softly—as narrator continues—as musical background for his words*

NARRATOR: For some time there had prevailed throughout the entire East an intense conviction, derived from ancient prophecies that before many moons had passed a powerful ruler would gain strength in Judea and soon encircle the world with his legions. Four hundred

years before Christ, Socrates, in Greece, had declared that some supernatural being would soon appear, as a great Teacher of men. He had said: "We must wait until someone comes from God to instruct us how to behave toward the Divinity and toward man." The Hebrew prophet, Isaiah, had spoken the word of the Lord, by saying, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel, which is, God with us." Now, it was this Person that not only Israel as a people, but most of the world of that day, looked for as the Savior of Mankind, and the One Who would, somehow, bring God closer to man." "And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed . . . And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, into the city of Bethlehem—because he was of the house and lineage of David—to be taxed with Mary his wife." On one of the several roads leading into Bethlehem, among those who were returning for the taxing, appeared a man and a woman, the former, dust-covered, weary, from the dreary trip from his home town of Nazareth, the woman, mounted on the ass the man was leading, with heroic fortitude striving to conceal the pain she suffered because of the rough road and the swaying of the animal. (Fade)

JOSEPH: It is indeed a long and tiresome journey, my wife, but soon, the Lord willing, it shall be over.

MARY: My heart rejoices at the blessed thought, my husband, for I am so weary and hungry!

JOSEPH *joyfully*: But look! Beyond that mount, is not that a gleam of light in the gathering dusk?

MARY *hopefully*: Where? (*Discerning it*) Yes, yes, it must be the town—for we have already come a long way.

JOSEPH: Look! Here cometh one bound no doubt for the same place. I will inquire of him the name of yonder town. (*Calling off mike*) Hail!

STRANGER *off mike*: Hail!

JOSEPH *up mike*: May the Lord bless you, brother.

STRANGER *up mike*: And grant you many days, friend.

JOSEPH: My wife and I are bound for the town of Bethlehem. Canst tell us if that be it beyond that mountain?

STRANGER: Aye! It is the town. Art thou journeying there for the taxing?

JOSEPH: Yes.

STRANGER: The taxing! Bah! Some day these Romans will find themselves on the other side of the table! Taxing! Would the Lord gave us a deliverer! Yea, a King to lead Israel to overthrow these heathen! Caesar Augustus, fie!

JOSEPH *musingly*: A King, a King of Israel!

MARY: It is growing cold, my husband. Can we not hasten to the town?

JOSEPH: Yes, we must not tarry in this lonely place. Night cometh nigh.

STRANGER: I bid thee farewell, brother, for I, too, must hasten. God give you peace!

JOSEPH: And you, too, friend! Did you hear, my loved one! A King, a King of Israel!

MARY *softly*: And the angel said "Fear not: for thou hast found favor with God. And behold, thou shalt bring forth a son, and shall call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father, David: And He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of His Kingdom there shall be no end."

JOSEPH *gently*: Come, Mary, my beloved wife, let us enter Bethlehem.

SOUND: *Pause—three seconds—noises of city*

JOSEPH *above noise*: Canst show us the way to the inn, brother?

MAN *off mike*: Straight down this very road and turn into the left at the well.

JOSEPH: May Jehovah bless you, brother!

SOUND: *Cut off crowd noise—pause*

JOSEPH: The peace of Jehovah be with you.

INNKEEPER: What you give, may you find again, and when found, be it many times multiplied to you and yours.

JOSEPH: I am a Bethlehemite. Hast thou lodging for my wife and I, good friend?

INNKEEPER: My inn is already filled, brother, for there are many come to town for the taxing.

JOSEPH *hopelessly*: What! No room at all?

INNKEEPER: Alas! Not enough for a single man, yet a man and wife.

JOSEPH: But we have come a long way, all the way from Nazareth, and are weary and hungry. Moreover, my wife is with child. A night on the hills in the open air, and the frost will kill her.

INNKEEPER: Pray, if that be true, you must be supplied. There is room in the shed, near the manger. That is all we canst offer.

JOSEPH: 'Twill do. May we have food and water?

INNKEEPER: At once! But come, take your wife and let us to the manger.

MUSIC: Choir "*It Came Upon the Midnight Clear*"—first two verses—organ in background

NARRATOR: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."

1ST SHEPHERD: How calm and peaceful this night, Onam!

2ND SHEPHERD: Truly, Nadab, the very sky appears to hang as a canopy overhead!

1ST SHEPHERD: Yes, it is only up here, on the mountainside, that one can really come into communion with the Lord, not down in the noisy town!

2ND SHEPHERD: Words more of truth thou hast never uttered!

1ST SHEPHERD: Here, on the mountain, with our sheep we can forget the struggle for existence in the towns and villages.

2ND SHEPHERD: And the Roman's everlasting taxing for roads and public buildings. Is there never to be an end to this man's greed for gold?

1ST SHEPHERD: Some day, perhaps, a leader will arise out of Israel, to remove him.

(Suddenly) Who knows, Onam, it might be you!

2ND SHEPHERD: No, brother, not I.

1ST SHEPHERD: Or maybe, 'twill be I. Wasn't the great King David a shepherd, too, many years ago?

2ND SHEPHERD: Indeed! How goeth his great shepherd Psalm? "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake!"

1ST SHEPHERD: Let me continue! Onam! "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

(Pause)

2ND SHEPHERD *musingly*: What beautiful words and thoughts that King had!

1ST SHEPHERD: Yea, King! But shepherd, too, just as we. But hark! What is that strange sound! (*Sound of angel voices simulated by choir or organ*) And that glow in yonder sky!

2ND SHEPHERD *growing excited*: It grows brighter. And brighter! It is the very wrath of the Lord! Fall, ere we are struck by it!

MUSIC: *Fades abruptly*

ANGEL *softly*: "Fear not! For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

MUSIC: *Choir in full on "Hark the Herald Angels Sing"—first two verses*

NARRATOR: "And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said, one to another, let us go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

MUSIC: *Choir—medium volume on "Silent Night, Holy Night"—first two verses*

NARRATOR: There was still another company making its way at that time to the little town of Bethlehem. From three different parts of the earth three men, each astride a camel, were hastening toward the city of David. They had come from the shores of the Caspian Sea. They had forded the Tigris and the river Euphrates, crossed the great desert, and followed the shore of the Dead Sea. They had met in a singular way many days before out in a forsaken spot on the great desert. The first, an old man, with long white beard, and regal bearing, had just settled himself for his evening meal, out upon the sand, when upon the distant horizon he noticed a speck which soon grew into another man on a camel. This latter, whose age was perhaps forty years, soon approached, and after the usual greeting of the east at that time, had been asked to dine with the older man. (*Fade*)

1ST WISE MAN: And now that we have supped, my younger brother, perhaps you would like to hear a strange tale.

2ND WISE MAN: No stranger can it be than that which I have to tell, learned brother.

1ST WISE MAN: Verily, the ways of Jehovah are past understanding. But let us wait (*excitedly*)! Let us wait! For see! Another comes yonder!

(Pause)

1ST WISE MAN: Peace be to you, o my brother!

3RD WISE MAN *solemnly*: God's will be done!

1ST WISE MAN: Hast thou broken bread, yet, brother?

3RD WISE MAN: That I have, but an hour ago.

2ND WISE MAN: Tell us, brother, did the Spirit bring you here, too?

3RD WISE MAN: He did.

1ST WISE MAN: Father of all, be praised! But, it is time we knew each other. Come into the tent! . . . So, if it be agreeable, let him who came last be the first to speak!

3RD WISE MAN: I am Gaspar, the son of Cleantes, the Athenian. Believing in the true God, invisible, yet supreme, I also believed it possible to yearn for Him with all my soul that He would grant me a revelation of Himself!

The Christmas Story

1ST WISE MAN *eagerly*: And He did! He did!

3RD WISE MAN: One night, praying that I might get nearer the mysteries of my existence, knowing which is to know God, I fell down and slept, and in my dream I heard a voice say:

2ND ANGEL *softly*: Gaspar! Thy faith hath conquered. Blessed art thou! With two others, come from the uttermost parts of the earth, thou shalt see Him that is promised, and be a witness for Him and the occasion of testimony in His behalf. In the morning, arise, and go meet them, and keep trust in the Spirit that shall guide thee.

3RD WISE MAN: And, in the morning, I awoke with the Spirit as a very light within me, surpassing that of the sun. I bought the camel you see and his furniture. Through the gardens and valleys that stretch from my far-off home I came to this very place, led by the Spirit of God!

2ND WISE MAN: Thou hast spoken well, brother. May my words be as well said! You may know me, brethren, by the name of Melchior. I am an Ethiopian by birth. One night as I walked by the shores of the Lake . . . (*Fade out as organ comes in softly*)

NARRATOR: And a similarly strange story was told by the second of these men, and when he had closed, the one who had arrived first unfolded his story, identical, save for name of the narrator. The tale told, and the moon having risen, urged by the Spirit they mounted their camels and continued their journey. They had not traveled long when a particularly bright star just ahead appeared to be beckoning to them to follow its flight across the winter skies. With one accord they cried: "It is the sign!" And taking the bright light in the heavens as token that their search would soon be at an end, they hurried their beasts onward.

MUSIC: *Male trio "We Three Kings of the Orient Are"—first two verses*

NARRATOR: Darkness and a lone star guiding a band of three men on camels. Approaching the town of Bethlehem.

1ST WISE MAN: Lo! The star has stopped over yonder town!

2ND WISE MAN: Just as the prophet has written!

3RD WISE MAN: The King shall be born in Bethlehem of Judea! "And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel."

1ST WISE MAN: Let us hasten to the place where the star directs.

(*Pause*)

1ST WISE MAN: Behold! It appeareth to stand over yonder inn!

3RD WISE MAN: We will inquire of the innkeeper whether there has been born within his humble dwelling a child this night!

(*Pause*)

1ST WISE MAN: What saith the innkeeper, Melchior?

2ND WISE MAN: He saith no one has been born in the inn; but an humble carpenter from Nazareth, who appeared at dusk with his wife, being refused admission at the inn because of the large company already crowding the dwelling, took abode in the manger nearby.

3RD WISE MAN: The King born in a manger?

1ST WISE MAN: Let us go and see.

MUSIC: *Sweep in organ softly for brief strain*

NARRATOR: And, as the shepherds, they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe, lying in a manger.

MUSIC: *Choir—softly "Away in a Manger"—first and second verses*

1ST WISE MAN: We bring the new King gold, as a sign of His royalty.

2ND WISE MAN: And frankincense, for His priestly estate.

3RD WISE MAN: And myrrh, as token of His manhood!

NARRATOR: "And, falling down, they worshipped Him, the young child, who was to be called Immanuel, God with us."

MUSIC: *Choir in full on "Joy to the World"—first two verses*

NARRATOR: And so endeth the Christmas Story.

THE STORY OF SILENT NIGHT

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By WILLIAM WATTS

(Broadcast over WOSU, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio)

MUSIC: *Silent Night* on organ—fade in softly as announcer begins and hold softly in background until conclusion of announcer's lead in

ANNOUNCER: Presenting the story of the beautiful Christmas hymn, *Silent Night*. Wherever men gather on Christmas eve in the great cities of the world, New York, London, Paris, Berlin, smaller towns and villages, one song is certain to be sung, *Silent Night*, *Holy Night*, the melody the same, though the words be in a dozen different tongues. It was written in 1818, but of the men who wrote it, Franz Gruber and Joseph Mohr, one might almost say that their names and history were eclipsed by the enduring charm and childlike simplicity of their famous composition. Thus, with this thought in mind, we bring to you, our conception based on facts and research, as to how this beautiful melody was composed by two young men, one a music teacher, the other, a parish priest, who lived over a century ago in a small obscure town of the Austrian Alps. (Pause) Our story takes us to the boyhood home of Franz Gruber in the little town of Unterweizberg, Austria. It is the year 1812. While Napoleon makes war, Beethoven is creating masterpieces of music. It is early evening in the Gruber home. Franz's father, an impoverished linen-weaver, is annoyed by the lack of interest displayed by his sixteen year old son in the trade of linen-weaving. (Fade) As we listen, we hear him speaking to the young boy in not a very amiable tone of voice.

MUSIC: *Fade out organ solo, Silent Night*

FATHER (*Harsh gruff voice*): Come! Come! Why do you sit there staring out of the window? Eyes and fingers on your loom! Hardly a pfennig in the house and no more money until we have fifty yards ready for the linen-draper's come next week. Hurry, while there is light! We have but two candles left!

FRANZ (*Juvenile voice*): Ah, but Father, through that window is such a picture! Look! The sky! See how the setting sun makes such wonderful colors! Were our great Beethoven here to see such beauty, he would compose a sonata, the music of which would be like the colors of that western sky. But Father, do not look so distressed! Listen!

SOUND: *Fade in softly—vesper bells*

FRANZ: Do you hear the vesper bells? Such beauty!

FATHER *very irritably*: Ach! Enough of such talk! Come! Light the candles, bring in peat for the fire. It gets cold, I will finish the weaving, you, you go, see old Peterlechner, the schoolmaster, he will listen to your foolish talk. Beethoven and what do you call, yes, sonatas, will not feed us. I will wait no longer! Tomorrow, you will be apprenticed to Herr Stein, the linen-draper.

FRANZ: Why, Father! I am very sorry that I have made you angry. But you are tired, it has been a hard day for you. Come, rest here by the fire and I will prepare some good strong coffee for you. It will cheer you up, And, and Father, I promise that I will do my best for Herr Stein.

FATHER *more kindly*: Yes, yes, well, maybe I have been a little cross. You are a good boy. And perhaps some day when

the linen business is better, I'll let the schoolmaster teach you a little music. *(Pursive tone of voice)* Sometimes, I think you are so much like your mother. She was always talking about music, pictures and, well, what are you waiting for? Run along! And don't stay too late!

MUSIC: Organ bridge

SOUND: Church bells and murmurings of voices fade to background as first voice begins

1ST VOICE: Good morning, Brother Muller, good morning! You were in church? Yes. Marvelous music! But I say, who was the new organist? Why that young man must have come from the great conservatory in Vienna. He played like a master!

2ND VOICE: Why, why didn't you know? That young man is Franz Gruber and he lives here in Unterweizberg, his teacher was old Peterlechner, the schoolmaster. But you are right! He plays like a Bach or a Handel, and believe me, some day he will write music that will be played long after you and I are forgotten! He is the best that ever . . . *(fade)*

MUSIC: Organ bridge

SOUND: Fade in footsteps—stop, as Franz speaks

FRANZ: Pardon me, sir, I thought . . .

JOSEPH: Yes? What, why, why is it possible, yes, it is Franz Gruber! I am amazed! But what . . .

FRANZ laughing: Wait! I am surprised too, but I was sure it was you. But well, I guess we have both changed a bit since we were in school. Tell me, what are you doing here in Obendorf and where—

JOSEPH laughing: Not so fast, old friend, not so fast. Well, I have passed my examinations and being ordained, have a Parish of my own here in Obendorf. And you?

FRANZ: Why Joseph, that is great news! Me? Oh, I managed to complete my musical studies, have a teacher's certificate and already have a few pupils who hope to become composers and play like Schubert and Beethoven. *(Laughs)* Yes, remember? Just the same ideas I had when old Peterlechner was teaching me only a few years ago. Dreams of youth, you know. After all, the real lessons of life are seldom found

in classrooms and, but I say, here we stand in the cold street, come, my rooms are just up the next square, we will talk over old times beside a warm fire and hot coffee. What do you say, old fellow?

JOSEPH: What do I say! Why, I'd be delighted! *(Laughs)* Franz, do you remember the night old Gudmacher's wig fell off during that organ recital? That was the funniest . . . *(Fade)*

SOUND: Door opening and shutting

FRANZ: Well, here we are Joseph. Come sit by the fire while I prepare some coffee. Just think, Christmas again, and with Napoleon on St. Helena, we may hope for peace again. The sort of peace that will bring about a better understanding between nations. A peace of love and charity, that is, like the peace taught by him whose birth the world celebrates tomorrow. What do you think, Joseph?

JOSEPH: Well, Franz, what can one really say? Certainly we all desire such a peace, but sometimes, even I, considering the sufferings and anguish of the recent wars, wonder and even doubt that man will ever emerge from the condition of selfishness and economic greed that surrounds us at the present.

FRANZ: Joseph! I am amazed! Such pessimism! Have a steaming cup of coffee, it will cheer you up and here, try some of these cakes, they are quite delicious, from one of my pupils.

SOUND: Clink of chinaware

JOSEPH: Thanks, old friend, thanks, maybe I will feel a little more cheerful with this. Say, this coffee is refreshing!

SOUND: Clink of chinaware

FRANZ: Certainly, certainly! Now, no more talk like that on Christmas eve! Why, listen, Joseph, there is hope! Man will undoubtedly redeem himself in the end, but only by the experience of suffering, will he finally be convinced of the fact that he will only attain contentment and happiness by turning to the simple things of life, such as, well, the laughter of a happy child, or music and the beauties of nature. But, what is this! Here am I preaching a sermon! This sort of talk should come from you, from your pulpit. Come, have some more coffee, and then we will go to the cathedral to hear the Christ-

mas music. With the choir and organ, it will be beautiful.

JOSEPH: Yes Franz, but wait a moment. Perhaps I have been a bit too pessimistic. What is this you say about beauty and the simple things of life bringing contentment and happiness? Why only last night, I must confess, the truth of such an idea came to me. I had—

FRANZ: But you said . . .

JOSEPH: Wait, let me tell you. I had retired early, but after tossing restlessly,

MUSIC: *Fade in softly, as Joseph speaks—organ playing "Silent Night"*

unable to sleep, I finally rose and went to the window. There was brilliant moonlight which was further enhanced by the sparkling white snow. As I gazed over the valley, I could see in the distance, the mighty Austrian Alps. It was a sublime picture, my dear Franz! It inspired one, the silence and majestic beauty of it. I thought, here indeed, is where one finds the infinite, manifested in the sea, the heavens and the mighty works of nature.

(Slight pause)

FRANZ softly: Yes, Joseph, you have . . .

JOSEPH: Yes! I have! I received an impression, an impression of such solemnity that I sat down and with that beautiful picture facing me, wrote a few verses. They express my idea as to the sort of night it may have been 2,000 years ago in the little town of Bethlehem. Would you care to read them? But wait, yes, that's it! But I wonder if I dare ask?

MUSIC: *Fade out organ playing "Silent Night"*

FRANZ: Why, Joseph, certainly, what is it? Come, tell me, old fellow.

JOSEPH: Why, that is, if you could write some music for these verses, we could have the choir sing it tomorrow. It would be a new Christmas carol, yes, and we will call it, Silent Night. What do you say, Franz?

FRANZ: A splendid idea, Joseph, a splendid idea. But wait, please believe me, I am not a composer like Haydn, Mozart and, well, I hardly . . .

JOSEPH laughing: Come! Come! Franz, this poem is simple, we don't need music like that! Just something that anyone can learn. You know, a melody that is soft and gentle, that is, yes, a melody that will visualize that night in Bethle-

hem so many years ago. Listen, while I read, Silent Night—Holy Night—All is Calm—All is Bright—There, you see! It isn't so difficult. Come, sit there at the piano and express the idea with a few simple chords and we . . .

FRANZ: Yes, yes, Joseph, I believe I understand now, just what you want. Let me see—here—you read slowly as I improvise.

MUSIC: *A few scales heard on piano—then first few bars of "Silent Night"—play slowly*

JOSEPH: There! That's it! Now I am certain, you have the idea. I will read the rest slowly while you pick out your notes. Ready? So! Listen! (*Read slowly*) Round yon virgin mother and child . . .

FRANZ: Shh! Just let me improvise here a bit, let me see, yes, no sharps or flats for this! We'll write in quarter notes, simple, you know, so most anyone will be able to play it.

MUSIC: *More practice notes on piano—then slowly few more bars of "Silent Night"*

JOSEPH humming with music: Right! Excellent! Now, here is the rest, ready? (*Reads slowly*) Holy infant, so tender and mild . . .

MUSIC: *Play more of "Silent Night," as Joseph continues humming*

JOSEPH reading slowly: Sleep in heavenly peace, sleep in heavenly peace.

MUSIC: *Play concluding notes on piano*

JOSEPH: Why Franz! That is beautiful! It will be . . .

FRANZ: Will be a new Christmas Carol? Well perhaps, who knows? But don't forget, I am to give them Handel in the morning and where do you suppose Franz Gruber and Silent Night will be after the people hear the music of the great Master?

JOSEPH: Where will it be? Why Franz, I'll tell you, yes, I'll tell you, in the hearts of the people! Can't you imagine how it will sound tomorrow in church! Yes, and wait, perhaps that new soloist in the choir, that marvelous tenor from Vienna, will sing it for us. Ah Franz, really, you have written something great, something that will never be forgotten! Yes indeed, old friend, Silent Night will endure forever in the hearts of humanity!

MUSIC: *Tenor solo—"Silent Night"—up.*

MY MOTHER

A DRAMA

By MUNI DIAMOND

SOUND: *Birds and soft music*

NARRATOR *yawn*: Nice day, warm, the sun and leaves make a pattern on the walk. Just the kind of day to relax and stretch. (*yawn*)

SOUND: *Dog barks—another dog growls*

AMERICAN LADY: Please, Madam, have your son take his dog away.

FOREIGN LADY: Please, Joey, take Rex away from the lady's dog.

SOUND: *Dog barks*

AMERICAN LADY: He's biting, Fluff . . .

Why don't you keep your dirty dog away? Take him away—do you hear?

FOREIGN LADY: Here Rexie—come to me—come Rexie . . . Ah, I got you!

SOUND: *Barking into whimper*

AMERICAN LADY: Good! Now remove him immediately!

FOREIGN LADY: All right—so don't get so excited. Accidents could happen . . .

Come now Joey . . . Come Rexie—you're a bad doggie.

SOUND: *Dog whimpers and they fade out*

AMERICAN LADY: Poor Fluff. (*Dog whimpers*) There—there—Baby. Mommy loves you. (*Dog whimpers softly*)

These foreigners—you can't go any place these days without stumbling over them . . . Foreigners . . .

MUSIC: *Up sharp and out*

NARRATOR: Foreigner . . . it felt like a sharp slap. I wondered why the resentment welled up in me so fast and so hot . . . Then I smiled in spite of myself . . . I resented it, because for the first time, I realized she meant my mother, too. My mother is a foreigner . . . But somehow or other, I always thought of my mother as American. All her children were born in America and the last forty-five years of her life—she has been as much a part of America as . . . well, say Lincoln Memorial, and Stuarts Department

Store . . . Foreigner . . . foreigner . . . funny, it kind of touched me off . . . my mother seems to fill the park and the air I breathe. I keep thinking about Fanny Goldfarb Cohen . . .

MUSIC: *Up and down into steady clang of bell*

NARRATOR: I remember the day my mother first told me the story of her first sight of America. She chuckled all over—but there was a moist veil over her eyes.

SOUND: *Steady clang of ship bell*

VOICE: Landing soon at Ellis Island . . . Landing soon at Ellis Island.

FANNY: Dora! Dora!

DORA *yawning*: Fanny, why are you bothering me? I'm sleepy.

FANNY: Dora, it's America! America! Oh Dora, look!

DORA: Fanny, where is America?

FANNY: There . . . right through the hole in the boat.

DORA: I can't see nothing.

FANNY: See, Dora . . . See—a hand stretched up with a big light . . .

DORA: Where, Fanny?

FANNY: There, Dora . . . and now a head with a crown on it. Look! Look! A whole lady stands in the water.

DORA: Sure! Sure! Fanny, I can see as plain as anything.

FANNY: Oh, Dora . . . it's so pretty . . . it hurts me . . . It is the Statue of Liberty.

DORA *laughing*: What a dumkop I am . . . I wanted to sleep . . . it's America! America!

MUSIC: *Up and down into . . .*

SOUND: *Cacophony of street noises—calls—trolley bells, etc. Up, down and back to end of scene*

FANNY: Dora, I'm afraid . . . America . . . it is so big . . .

VOICE: Here you are, ladies . . . any herring on the pushcart a nickel.

DORA: Look! Pushcarts—and more pushcarts.

VOICE: Come! Come ladies! Look 'em over, piece goods, ten cents a yard.

BOY: Mister, looka! Looka over there . . .

VOICE: Help! Help! The boy stole the shoes! Grab 'em . . . Grab 'em . . .

(Off) You should break your feet in six places.

FANNY: Come, Dora . . . Let's walk fast.

MASHER: Hello, girlics, how about a lemon soda? What say?

DORA: No . . . go away . . . we don't know you from nothing.

VOICES *building in a cacophony*: Here! Here! Buy! Buy! Cheap! Cheap! Buy! Buy!

FANNY: It's so big . . . did you ever see so much people in your life? Where is everybody running and rushing, Dora? Do you think maybe we can keep up? Maybe we could get work.

DORA: Sure, Fanny, work we gotta get.

MUSIC: *Up and down* . . .

SOUND: *Machines in background*

FOREMAN: Uh huh! Yeh! Yeh!

DORA: Mr. Foreman, don't stand there like a professor . . . Tell us, is our sewing good or no.

FOREMAN: The stitches are not so bad.

FANNY: It's our first work in America . . . We'll do better, sure.

DORA: Mr. Foreman, you could live to a hundred and twenty and not find a better sewing . . .

FOREMAN: All right. I'll give you a trial. Six dollars a week from eight in the morning to eight at night.

FANNY: Thanks . . . thanks . . . We'll work hard—to the bone we'll work our fingers.

FOREMAN: Report to the Trymore Shirt Waist factory tomorrow at eight.

MUSIC: *Up and down—Segues into sewing machines—up and back—out on "fire"*

DORA: Two weeks now we're working.

FANNY: It feels good . . . The music was nice in the park.

DORA: Yes, from Carmen. It made me sick for home.

FANNY: When I have a son, he'll play violin.

DORA: You mean, if you have a son.

FANNY: I'll have a son . . . you'll see . . . A woman must have a son.

DORA: I'll first start with a husband.

FANNY: You're always making jokes, Dora.

SOUND: *Hum of sewing machines up*

FOREMAN: Faster, girls, orders are coming in from all over the country for Trymore Peek-A-Boo Shirt Waists. (*Machines pick up*) Faster—faster.

FANNY: I'm getting tired, Dora.

DORA: It's hard work, Fanny, all the streets are not paved with gold in America.

FANNY: Dora, do you smell something?

DORA: The machine . . . that is all I smell . . . the machine.

FANNY: Smoke . . . I smell smoke!

DORA: You're tired Fanny . . . You think maybe you smell smoke . . . Go back to the mach . . .

SOUND: *Flame in*

DORA: Fanny! Fanny! Look! Fire!

FOREMAN: Stop the machines, girls. Stop the machines!

SOUND: *Machines out*

GIRL: It's fire! Fire!

FOREMAN: Now take it easy! Go out through the back.

DORA: Fanny, what is going to happen?

SOUND: *Girls scream*

FOREMAN: Right out through the back door!

SOUND: *Flames hiss and build*

DORA: Look Fanny . . . fire . . . all over!

FOREMAN: Don't look back . . . keep moving this way. We'll open the door . . . everything will be all right . . . don't look back.

SOUND: *Door knob being rattled. Door being banged harder and harder*

GIRL: It's stuck . . . the back door is stuck . . . (*In pandemonium*) Fire! Fire!

MUSIC: *Up in frenzied crescendo—then pause—music in soft to back, then fades out*

DORA: Water, some water . . .

FANNY: Here is water, Dora, darling. (*Sound of drinking*) How are you feeling?

DORA: Where am I? What happened . . .

FANNY: You fainted, Dora . . . I got a side door opened . . . and I dragged you out . . . It was terrible, Dora.

DORA: I don't want to make any more the shirtwaists. I don't want to go back to the machines.

FANNY: We won't have to, Dora. Listen, already I got a letter from Uncle Hellman.

DORA: What does Uncle Hellman say in the letter?

FANNY: Pearlle read it to me. I remembered it by heart to tell you. Uncle Hellman writes that business has picked up and he will take us in. There's plenty of trees and parks—and there are boys who are nice. We will go south, Dora.

MUSK: *Up fast into railroad train—into soft Southern music.*

NARRATOR: Uncle Hellman was kind . . . living was easier, in the South. Yes, there was a young man, Sam Cohen. He came to see both Dora and Fanny and neither knew which he really liked the best. One Sunday it was Fanny's turn to go riding in Sam's buggy . . .

SOUND: *Horse galloping up—Horse's hoofs up and back*

FANNY: Why didn't you ask Dora to come?

SAM: Because I wanted you by yourself. (Pause) Fanny . . .

FANNY: Yes, Sam.

SAM: I have something in my heart for a long time already.

FANNY: So what is it, Sam?

SOUND: *Horse neighs*

SAM: Blackie said it.

FANNY: English I don't know so good . . . So I should understand a horse?

SAM: It was three words, Fanny . . . I love you . . . (Pause) Didn't you hear me, Fanny? I love you—that's plain.

FANNY: But what about Dora? I thought maybe you . . .

SAM: I like Dora very much. She's a very fine girl. But I don't love her, Fanny.

SOUND: *Horse picking up speed*

FANNY: Sam, the horse is going too fast.

SAM: Blackie must be jealous . . . Whoa boy! Whoa!

SOUND: *Horse picks up speed*

FANNY: He's running away! Stop him, Sam!

SAM: Whoa, boy! The harness broke loose!

SOUND: *Speeding continues*

FANNY: Look out Sam! It's going into the fence.

SOUND: *Carriage crashing into wood (Pause)*

SAM: Fanny! Fanny! Are you all right.

FANNY: Yes, but your carriage, Sam, it's broken to little pieces.

SAM: As long as you're all right. Will you marry me, Fanny? I'm not talking through my hat, I mean it!

FANNY: But, Sam, let me catch my breath.

SAM: No—no—maybe if you catch your breath you'll say "No."

FANNY: I think. I've got just enough breath to say "Yes."

SAM: Fanny!

NARRATOR: Mom and Dad opened a little general store in Ellisville. They lived in back of the store.

SOUND: *Baby's gurgling—crying.*

NARRATOR: And the children began to come in a cycle like the seasons. Reba, and Milton, and Me, Rachel, Alex, Ben and Deborah . . . We were as restless as life—nothing could keep us still—We moved and wanted—and turned to Mom.

MILTON: Mom, can I have money for a ball?

RACHEL: Mom, my tummy hurts!

ALEX: Mom, did you see my brown pants?

REBA: Mom, Milton is pulling my hair.

VOICES OF CHILDREN: Mom! Mom! Mom! Mom!

NARRATOR: Mother ran the business, ran the home, watched the children grow and in her spare moments snatched her English from Reba's primer. Dad meant well, but every time Mother called . . .

FANNY: Sam! Sam!

NARRATOR: He was never around.

FANNY: Sam! Sam! The windows need washing. Where are you?

SAM *fading in*: I'll show him he can't do this to me, insulting Sam Cohen.

JOE: There, there, Sam!

FANNY: Sam! . . . Oh Joe—what happened to Sam? His head is all bleeding.

SAM: Insulting William Jennings Bryan—our greatest statesman. Where is my pool stick? Oh my head!

JOE: Take it easy, Sam.

FANNY: Here, let me wipe off the blood . . . How did it happen, Joe.

JOE: I think maybe he had a couple of beers too many. They were talking politics and Sam got excited and the first thing I know, Sam cracks Lou and Lou pulls back and cracks Sam.

FANNY: All right, all right, mind the store please, Joe. Come, Sam, I'll bandage your head.

SAM: They're trying to crucify us on a cross of gold. William Jennings Bryan

is a man of the common people. Lou is crazy . . .

FANNY: Sure—sure—you're right—like always . . . Oh Sam, you're more trouble than all the children put together.

MUSIC: *Up—down and out*

MRS. BOGGS *fading in*: I just stopped off to tell you how splendidly Milton and Reba are doing in school . . . both are on the Honor Lists.

FANNY: Thank you, Mrs. Boggs. You know that's my whole life—my children. Mrs. Boggs, I wonder . . . would you come to our Passover supper to-night.

MRS. BOGGS: Well, I'm not a . . .

FANNY: So does it matter what religion you are? You'll come?

MRS. BOGGS: I'd be delighted . . .

FANNY: Good, and you'll enjoy knedlach and matzoh.

MUSIC: *Jewish melodies up—down and out*

SAM: And now, Milton, as the oldest son, you ask the four questions.

MILTON: Why is this night different from all other nights? For on this night we eat unleavened bread instead of leavened.

SAM *aside*: Go away, Rachel.

RACHEL *joyfully*: Too late, Dad. Too late. I found the matzoh.

CHILDREN: Rachel wins a present. Rachel wins a present.

MRS. BOGGS: You win a present? I don't understand.

SAM: Yes, Mrs. Boggs, just a custom that adds a little fun to the service. I hide a matzoh or unleavened bread—the children look for it. The one who finds it, wins a present.

SOUND: *Laughter of children—singing*

MRS. BOGGS: It is a joyous holiday, your Passover.

FANNY: Sure! Sure. It gets all the family together and it comes in the spring. It's fine.

SAM: Yes, a very happy holiday. We celebrate the escape of our people from bondage in Egypt to freedom in the Holy Land. A very happy holiday, Mrs. Boggs.

MUSIC: *Music and laughter—up—down and out*

NARRATOR: In a small town all are neighbors and when trouble came to the Maguires . . .

VOICES *ad libbing*: It's a shame . . . Something should be done about it . . . Throwing nice people in the street.

VOICE: You can't do this to Mrs. Maguire and her children.

CHILD: Mommy, what is our furniture doing out here?

MRS. MAGUIRE *sobbing*: Where will we go?

SHERIFF: Listen, lady, I don't like to do this to nobody, but it's my job . . . I gotta dispossess warrant to carry out—and I dispossess.

WOMAN: Oh, no, you won't. Wait till Mrs. Cohen hears about this. (*Woman sobs*)

MUSIC: *Up—down and stops abruptly at Mrs. Cohen's first line.*

FANNY: Mr. Sheriff . . . never in my whole life have I heard anything like this . . . a fine family thrown out in the street.

MRS. MAGUIRE: I'd pay the rent if I had it . . . but I haven't got it.

SHERIFF: Mrs. Cohen, don't think it's my fault. The law's, the law . . .

FANNY: If it is a law like that, we got to change it. So in the meantime while the law is getting changed you'll help me move the lady's things right back in the house. Hurry, it looks like rain.

SHERIFF: But, Mrs. Cohen . . .

FANNY: Hurry. For rent I'll be responsible . . . Questions, I don't want. Just make it quick . . . Wait till I go to the Civic Club you'll see, I'll tell them plenty . . .

MUSIC: *Up sharp—out to bang of gavel*

CHAIRMAN: The Civic Club will come to order . . . Yes, the Chair recognizes . . .

FANNY *off*: Mrs. Cohen—Mrs. Fanny Cohen . . .

CHAIRMAN: Come right up, Mrs. Cohen.

FANNY *on*: Gentlemen and ladies, too, I can't talk so good, but I gotta say what's in my heart. All of us, we should hang our heads. That such things could happen in America . . . It's a shame before God. Nice people, the Maguires, fine people, our own people, we kick in the streets. How could we hold up our heads? Such things we should never let happen. Thanks, that's all I got to say.

LEIGHTON *off*: Mr. Chairman . . .

CHAIRMAN: The Chair recognizes . . . Mr. Leighton . . .

LEIGHTON: I agree with Mrs. Cohen . . . Putting people out into the street is a disgrace to our town . . . I move that a

municipal fund be set up to help in just such emergencies . . .

CHAIRMAN: Any seconds?

VOICE: I second it.

CHAIRMAN: Any discussion?

VOICES: Vote! Vote! Vote!

CHAIRMAN: All in favor.

VOICES: I . . . I . . . I.

SOUND: *In full*

MUSIC: *Up—down and out*

SALESMAN: How are you, Mrs. Cohen?

We're showing a beautiful line of . . .

FANNY: Not this trip, Mr. Kobey, business is not so good.

JOHNSON: That note is overdue, Mrs. Cohen.

FANNY: Just give me another ten days.

LAWYER: My client, Wall Company, gave me your account to collect. I must have something on account—or else . . .

FANNY: On the tenth sure. I'll raise the money.

MUSIC: *Up and down*

SOUND: *In the distance the soft chime of the town clock—and over filtered mikes—impinging on Fanny's consciousness—the voices of the children fill the night*

CHILDREN'S VOICES: I need shoes . . . I need socks . . . I need music . . . I need a haircut . . . I need . . . I need . . . I need . . . Need . . .

VOICES: You've got to pay in ten days . . . last chance . . . you've got to pay . . . pay . . . pay . . .

FANNY *voice on the borderline of sleeping and waking*: We've got to get a loan from Uncle Hellman . . . maybe we'll run a sale . . . I'll sell my ring . . . we can't lose the business . . . Sam, will we be able to give them everything children need . . . will we be able to see that they grow up to be fine men and fine women . . . I'm afraid . . . I never say a word to the children . . . But I'm afraid . . . (Soft snore) Sam, do you hear me? (Snore) Ah! Sam sleeps.

MUSIC: *Up staccato—distant roll of tympanis—building to heavy crescendo*

BOYS' VOICES: Xtry! U. S. declares war against Germany. Xtry! Xtry! War declared! Xtry! War budget up a billion.

(From this point on the voices of Fanny's children are adults)

NARRATOR: And Ellisville got its share of the war boom . . . Camp Locust . . . An officer's training camp . . . Situated on the bluff above Ellis river . . . And

men came from up and down the seaboard of the United States.

MUSIC: *Music up into . . .*

SOUND: *Cash register picks up tempo and then out*

NOLTE *fading in*: How do you do . . . I'd like to see that leather kit in the window.

FANNY: Here is one just like it. It will give you good service, \$1.75 . . .

NOLTE: Looks all right, I'll take it.

FANNY: A soldier boy at Camp Locust?

NOLTE: Yes, I'm in the first batch that arrived.

FANNY: How do you like Ellisville?

NOLTE: It's all right.

RACHEL *fading in*: We think it's the finest town in America . . .

FANNY: This is my daughter Rachel. Always full with city pride.

NOLTE: How do you do? I'm Jim Nolte.

RACHEL: Hello, Mr. Nolte.

FANNY: I guess maybe it's a little lonely being away from home.

NOLTE: You do get a little homesick.

FANNY: How would you like a real home-made chicken dinner?

RACHEL: And my mom makes the best roast chicken in town.

NOLTE: Is that an honest to goodness invitation? Don't fool me now, I've got a weak heart.

FANNY: Do you want I should give you the invitation in writing? Come and bring some more boys.

NOLTE: That's swell of you . . . but I'm running around with six fellows in my regiment . . . I couldn't . . .

FANNY: Why not, as long as they're soldier boys—as long as they're homesick. Two o'clock Sunday, 1075 Monroe.

NOLTE: Thanks a lot . . . Jim Nolte and Company will be there with bells on.

RACHEL: Don't disappoint us now . . . We'll be expecting you.

MUSIC: *Up and down into excited chatter of men and girls*

NOLTE: Mrs. Cohen, the best meal I ever ate.

RACHEL: Private Nolte, I'll bet you say that to all the regimental cooks.

FANNY: Listen, boys and girls, eat up in a hurry. I don't want to rush you, but the other boys are waiting.

RANDALL *little off*: Step on it, Nolte, our bunch is getting weak around the knees.

NOLTE: O.K. Corporal Randall, we'll finish our watermelon in the kitchen. Nolte's company stand and make room for Randall's hungry wolves.

SOUND: *Laughter—scraping of chairs*

NOLTE: Rachel . . .

RACHEL: Yes, Jim.

NOLTE: I don't think I want that watermelon.

RACHEL: Me, either.

NOLTE: Want to walk off the dinner?

RACHEL: Yes, let's go to Lane Park.

MUSIC: *Up softly—down—birds in background*

RACHEL: Jim . . . look . . . they're sad and lonely . . . they look like old men.

NOLTE: Old men?

RACHEL: Yes, the weeping willows, see their long green beards are touching the water.

NOLTE: And the swans moving like white sail boats. (Pause) Beautiful.

RACHEL: The swans?

NOLTE: No, Rachel, you.

RACHEL: Jim.

NOLTE: Rachel.

(Pause)

RACHEL: I knew it.

NOLTE: We knew it Rachel.

RACHEL: Yes, the second our eyes met in the store.

NOLTE: You'll marry me Rachel?

RACHEL: Yes Jim, the minute this war is over.

MUSIC: *Up and down*

NOLTE fading in: Good afternoon, Mrs. Cohen.

FANNY: Good afternoon, Nolte.

NOLTE: How's business?

FANNY: Can't kick. We're making a living.

NOLTE: That's good. I'm glad to hear it. (Pause)

FANNY: Nolte, you've got something on your mind. Don't keep secrets.

NOLTE: Yes, I have something on my mind . . . I . . . I'm leaving for overseas to-morrow.

(Long pause)

FANNY: Rachel! Rachel! Did you hear . . .

RACHEL fading in: Yes, mother, I heard.

FANNY: One of our boys going across, we'll miss you from our hearts, Nolte.

NOLTE: Thanks. In the little while I've known you, you've been like a mother . . . That's about the size of it . . . Sort of stupid trying to thank you for your

hospitality, your friendliness, those Sunday dinners . . . Well . . . Goodbye.

FANNY: Goodbye and don't be afraid . . . wars will end. You keep your head up, Nolte. (Pause) Can I kiss you goodbye?

NOLTE: Sure. (Pause) And, Rachel . . . will you come down to the train to-night?

RACHEL: Of course, Jim, darling.

NOLTE: Goodbye, Mother Cohen.

FANNY: Goodbye, Jim.

NOLTE: Don't forget, Rachel, at the train to-night at eight. (Fading) Goodbye.

RACHEL: Goodbye . . . Oh Mom (Crying) Mom.

FANNY: There, there, Rachela, I understand. Don't worry, the war will be over, and Jim will come back.

MUSIC: *Up full and frenzied—out abruptly*

FANNY: It's got to stop—killings—more killings—for what? Who gets something out of it? Mothers? It's heartaches they get. It's got to stop. It's got to stop.

SOUND: *Crown — pandemonium — tin pans—horns*

VOICES: Hurrah! Armistice! Wake up Everybody! Armistice, Peace! Peace! (Long pause)

NARRATOR: Jim came back, and the wedding was a big one. And I'll never forget what great joy two people found in each other.

MUSIC: *Jewish dance melodies up—down in back*

RACHEL: This is real, Jim, isn't it?

NOLTE: You bet it is, Rachel, you're Mrs. James Nolte.

RACHEL: Mrs. James Nolte . . . I want to be that, forever.

NOLTE: Thank you my bride. Look, Rachel, our mother is smiling at us.

RACHEL: You should be happy, mother, you're looking at the two happiest people on God's earth.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

NARRATOR: And in a shower of rice and laughter, Jim and Rachel went north to begin their lives together. But before the echoes of the last war faded, out of its groins sprang a new war striking with the speed of light.

VOICES in echo chamber: Plague! Plague! Plague!

1ST VOICE: My throat!

2ND VOICE: I feel dizzy.

FACTUAL VOICE: Order board of health
 . . . Schools closed till further notice
 . . . Reason—Spanish Influenza.

VOICES *building*: Influenza! Influenza! Influenza!

MRS. NORTON *fading in*: I called and called. I can't get a doctor. Mrs. Cohen, it's my Ellen. Could you do anything?

FANNY: I'll do what I could. Now, where did I put my hat?

MRS. NORTON: Please, hurry!

FANNY: I'm coming! I'm coming!

MRS. NORTON: You'll forgive me. I'm so worried about Ellen.

MUSIC: *Up and down*

SOUND: *Heavy breathing*

FANNY: Put the water on to heat. Squeeze lemons. Get me a hot water bottle. Open the window from the top.

ELLEN *weakly*: Mommy . . . Mommy . . .

FANNY: Everything will be fine. You'll be all right soon.

MRS. NORTON: Thanks for everything, Mrs. Cohen. Ellen will get well.

FANNY: Sure, just pray and work. Now I've got to get back home. Remember, plenty of fruit juice and as soon as you could, get a Doctor . . .

MUSIC: *Up and down*

MILTON: Mom, how is Mrs. Norton's little girl?

FANNY: Down with the flu but she'll get better.

MILTON: Mom, I've got to be a Doctor, now.

FANNY: You'll be one Milty. That's the kind of war we should fight. A war against sickness . . . Man dies too soon, so he's got to hurry it up by killing himself faster.

MUSIC: *Up softly segues into clock striking*

FANNY *talking half to herself*: Rachel has been away a year . . . any day now she should have her baby, and I'll be a grandmother . . . Fanny Cohen a grandmother . . . my how the years fly . . . (Telephone rings) Sam! (Heavy breathing) I should only sleep so good. (Telephone rings again) It's late . . . I wonder what it is . . . where are my slippers . . . and my robe . . . (Telephone rings again—sound receiver off) Hello, who is it?

OPERATOR *through filter*: Long distance—person to person. Is Mrs. Cohen in?

FANNY: Yes, yes, here I am.

OPERATOR: Here's your party.

NOLTE (*Over filter*): Hello, Mom.

FANNY: Who is it?

NOLTE: Jim.

FANNY: Jim, what is wrong, Jim?

NOLTE: Mom, you're a grandmother.

FANNY: Oh, thank God and Rachel. How is Rachel?

NOLTE: Mom . . . you see . . . it's . . .

FANNY: I feel it Jim. Something terrible happened—something terrible . . .

NOLTE: Yes, Mom, but she left us the baby . . . and . . .

SOUND: *Receiver dropping—then thud of body over chair*

NOLTE *jiggling receiver*: Operator! Operator! Oh, God, have mercy!

MUSIC: *Up—down and back of narration*

NARRATOR: And the days that followed were empty. Mom lost interest in her world . . . and we were worried.

VARIETY OF VOICES: You must live . . . for your other children . . . we still need you, Mom . . . we're grown now . . . but we need you . . . need you . . . need you . . .

NARRATOR: But as the days blended into each other with the passing of time, Mom found her place again. It was summer and mother was as joyous as a school girl as she walked arm in arm with Milton and Reba on the campus of the State University.

MILTON: Pinch me, Mom, it's true, I'm a full-fledged M.D.

FANNY: A doctor. My Milty is a doctor. I can't believe it.

REBA: Yes, and Reba is a designer, and Alex is a successful insurance salesman.

FANNY: Oh, if only Rachel was living.

REBA: Milton, we're so proud of you.

MILTON: Mom! Mom! You've been wonderful!

FANNY: Don't be a big baby, Milty.

MILTON: I can't thank you enough. I'll make it up.

FANNY: You want to thank me? So be a good doctor. Where are you going to practice? New York maybe?

MILTON: Oh, no. I was born in Ellisville and that's where I'm going to work.

FANNY: Good, Milty. And the first thing, another clinic we got to have. One little clinic in a big city like ours, it's not right.

REBA: Ouch, Milty!

FANNY: Milton, you're a doctor now, don't pull Reba's hair. *(They laugh)*

MILTON: Come on, let's all go and watch Doctor Milton Cohen hang up his shingle.

FANNY: Oh, wait! Stop! It hurts me! I can't stand up! I can't stand up! Milty . . . hold me.

MILTON: Mom! What's the matter? Mom!

REBA: Mom! Mom!

MUSIC: *Crescendo up down—soft*

MILTON: What's your opinion, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Paralysis of the right side. *(Sotto voice)* Just between us, she'll never walk again.

FANNY: Children . . . don't leave me . . . Mama will be all right soon. She'll walk! She'll walk!

NARRATOR: The specialist said she would never walk again, but he didn't know my mother. In the days that followed Fanny Cohen with the help of a strong oak cane, walked again!

SOUND: *Roar of ocean up and down*

NARRATOR: Just a few months ago, we were all at the beach together, celebrating Mom's 65th birthday. Her children and grandchildren were around her. Jim and Rachel's son, Alex and his child, I was there, Reba was expecting her first baby. We were all standing around Fanny Goldfarb Cohen and Dr. Milton Cohen had a handful of congratulatory messages.

SOUND: *Ad libbing and general laughter*

FANNY: All right, Milty, let me hear a telegram.

MILTON: Congratulations—our new housing project going up—no more dispossesses in Ellisville—we haven't forgotten you. Civic League, John Taylor, President.

FANNY: A big man like Mr. Taylor wastes a telegram on Fanny Cohen.

MILTON: And what's wrong with this one. *(Clears throat)* To a distinguished American citizen whom we're all proud of. Signed Mayor Butler.

FANNY: I bet, Milty, you made that up out of your own head.

MILTON: No, Mom, it's true . . . *(Pause)*

The water looks grand. How about a dip and let Mom rest a while.

REBA: Sure! Sure! Come on, I'll race you to the water, Milton. David, you stay with Mom. Come, Milty, let's go.

SOUND: *Ocean noises roaring—fading up and down*

FANNY: What's the matter, Davila—you're quiet. Worried?

DAVID *(Narrator)*: A little, Mom. It's the war. The world—everything is turned inside out. *(Sighs)*

FANNY: Nothing is a bed of roses, Davila. We Americans have gone through a lot but we made a wonderful country and you know Mama's motto 'Don't give up so soon.' Sure I know America is not paved with gold, it's a lot wrong, too. That Traymore Shirtwaist Fire, wars, and more wars, for Milty's name he found it hard to get into medical college—but every day we make things better . . . A man earns . . . Once I couldn't even write my name . . . now I write pretty good—some day very good . . . We learn—man will learn to live in peace.

DAVID *(Narrator)*: I wish I had half your courage, Mom.

FANNY *breathing deeply*: Ah this ocean air makes me feel like a spring chicken. You'll see . . . in a few days, I'll throw my stick away, and I'll swim faster even than Reba or Milty or you . . .

SOUND: *Her laugh up full into the roar of ocean*

MUSIC: *Up—down and out*

THESE HONORED DEAD

A DRAMA

By HAROLD C. ALGYER

MUSIC: *Fife and drum corps playing "Battle Hymn of the Republic"—when established—fade for . . .*

VOICE: It is for us the living, rather, to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.

MUSIC: *Fife and drum corps up to end of selection*

SOUND: *In the ensuing silence the sound of a sentry pacing a short beat on stone pavement—rattle of arms on each turn—establish then fade and hold to cue . . .*

SOLDIER: You stand this morning at my grave in Arlington

And watch the earliest sunlight flood
Across the river, up the hill, in silence
Broken only by the footfalls of the sentry

As he paces up and down. Yesterday's wreaths

Are frosted with the dew, the laurel leaves

Not wilted yet. The summer sun will dry

And wither them. They'll look ugly in a day.

Some man will come and carry them away

And burn them. The men who placed them here

Have done their duty and forgotten
Though the flowers still are fresh

And sparkle in the sun.

SOUND: *Pacing sentry up and fade again*

SOLDIER: It is lighter now. You trace
The carved inscription with your eyes.

HERE RESTS IN HONORED GLORY

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER KNOWN BUT TO
GOD

Scarcely worn with years of weather
The letters still are legible
As when they were unveiled with promises.

SOUND: *Sentry again*

SOLDIER: You do not hear my voice. I lie here dead

With sentries pacing up and down
Before the marble block which walls away

The friendly grass and sternly stops
The kind, obliterating earth of home.
Sanded with the alien soil of France
Within this coffin I lie dead.

No, you do not hear my voice.

These are just your thoughts.

Listen to them in the early morning stillness,

Looking out across the river
At the giant golden bubble of the dome,
The austere loveliness of marble shaft
And columns striping shadows to the west

In level rays of morning sun.

SOUND: *Sentry*

SOLDIER: You wonder who I am and read again:

. . . SOLDIER . . . KNOWN TO GOD

Soldier? No. A man—a surgeon,
Or a poet or a farmer or a clerk;
It does not matter. Nonetheless
A man who touched and saw and heard
And breathes no more.

Somewhere is a furrow left unploughed,

A scalpel rusting in a drawer.

A page has gone unwritten.

A mother lingers fondly over foolish relics;

A youth looks proudly at a medal
Treasured in a dusty box. A bitter woman,

Harsh and unfulfilled, weeps softly
For a vanished loveliness and turns
To score the barren world

With twisted mouth and venomed tongue.

I lie here dead

That these things need not be again.

SOUND: *Sentry walking*

SOLDIER: Do not turn away now that the sun

Has risen clear and bathes the city
In its light. You are not pressed for time.

What is there in the city that can call you back.

A home, perhaps, a fire and four walls?

A dream? No. The time for dreams

Is long since past and done.

SOUND: *Under next six lines faint crescendo of marching feet—shell shriek and explosion—diving plane—decreasing march*

SOLDIER: This is the world. It must be faced.

Its voices thunder through the air;

Its armies march; its guns still sound.

In palaces of peace the diplomats

Prepare another war.

Ruined cities strew the sterile ground.

No man has time to think.

SOUND: *Sentry walking*

SOLDIER: Across the land the sun is rising now.

You saw it come. The crests of Eastern mountains

Now are light. The Central plains

Are washed with slowly ebbing shadows

As the tide of night slips softly West.

Eternal snows are flushing pink with dawn

And glaciers gleam with sunlight on the Western peaks.

The last long valleys glow. The water

On Pacific beaches sparkles in the sun.

America is awake! In homes the people rise.

Listen! Are their voices in your thoughts

As mine has been?

ELLEN *fading in*: John, what are you doing? You'll miss your train.

JOHN: I want to take another look at my son and heir.

ELLEN: Silly. Be careful. Don't wake him up.

JOHN: All right.

ELLEN: Is he all right?

JOHN *softly*: Yes. Come here a minute.

ELLEN: John, you're turning into a fatuous parent.

JOHN: Look. He's kicked the covers off. Come on there, Tarzan. Get those hoofs under. Ellen, look. His feet are so little they fit into my hand.

ELLEN: John, you're going to miss your train if you don't stop standing here idolizing your infant son.

JOHN: I can't help it. He's ours, Ellen. We're a family now.

ELLEN: Yes, John, we're a family now.

JOHN: It makes me feel sort of solemn.

You can laugh at me if you want to, but I can't help it. We've got a responsibility now. We've got to see that this little guy grows up and makes something of himself.

ELLEN: I know, dear. I feel the same way. I can't say it any better than you can, but—I don't know . . .

JOHN: I suppose it's trite and commonplace enough, but I want him to have the things I couldn't have. I feel like going out and making the world over so it'll be a better place for him to live in.

ELLEN: Yes. He lies there and sleeps and kicks and he's so tiny you can hold his two feet in your hand, and yet you can't help planning the things that will happen when he starts to grow up. I'm the same way.

JOHN: I don't suppose it will seem long until he's going to school and asking for help with his homework.

ELLEN: And I'll have socks to mend and shirts to wash.

JOHN: And I can show him the best places to fish along the trout stream back home and take him duck hunting in the fall.

ELLEN: And I'll be fixing thermos bottles of coffee and big thick sandwiches for you both.

JOHN: And some day he'll be going to college. Where are we going to send him?

ELLEN: Why, to Beloit, of course. We both went there. Unless he wants to go somewhere else.

JOHN: That's right. He'll have to pick out the place for himself, won't he?

ELLEN: Yes. We mustn't try to force him to be what we want him to. Oh, John! Look at the time!

JOHN: Holy smoke! I'd clean forgotten I was a commuter. We're a pair of dopes standing here planning the future of a month-old baby. Bye, darling.

ELLEN: Goodbye, dear.

These Honored Dead

JOHN: 'Bye, son. I'll expect to see you wearing long pants when I come home tonight.

ELLEN: John! Run!

JOHN: O.K.

SOUND: *Sentry walking*

SOLDIER: The future of a month-old baby.
In what air-raid will his spine be shattered?

In what burning plane will his father fall?

This home, will it survive?

Or will its walls be charred and wrecked?

I lie here dead who lay a cradle infant
While his parents planned a future,
Dreamed a better world.

SOUND: *Sentry walking*

SOLDIER: The leaves and flowers of wreaths

Are drooping now the sun is high.

The sentries change. The new one marches up and down.

And yet I think I am forgotten in a world

Where children die in peace time from a death

That flies and drops its missiles on the cities

Lying peaceful in the sun.

That is not here, you say. Not yet.

They do these things abroad.

But here the lathes are turning steel
And shaping guns. The keels of battle-ships are laid.

And boys are learning how to fly.

Listen, young and careless in the noon-day sun,

Youth is speaking. Hear their voices.

Do not turn away.

MUSIC: *Portable phonograph playing last few bars of popular tune—when music is finished . . .*

LEE: I like that piece. I wish we had one of those electric machines you didn't have to wind up.

BETTY: And changed the records for you?

LEE: Yeah. Get the needle, will you, Betty?

SOUND: *Needle lifted from record and machine stopped*

LEE: Thanks. Ah, it's good to be home, Betty. It's swell: you and the lake and this old portable. I used to sit in my room this spring and plan how we'd do this very thing when I came home from school.

BETTY: I didn't think I'd be able to wait until you got here, Lee. It seemed like

there was so much I wanted to tell you that I couldn't put into my letters. And now . . .

LEE: What?

BETTY: I don't want to say anything. I can't even remember it. I just want to sit here and listen to records and know you're here with me.

LEE: It must be love.

BETTY: I'm afraid so.

LEE: What do you mean, you're afraid so?

BETTY: I don't know. Love's a pretty painful thing sometimes.

LEE: Yeah. I know. I've—I've missed you, Betty.

BETTY: This town hasn't seemed the same since you went away to school. I go places with the girls and all the time I'm remembering what you said the last time you were there with me.

LEE: Oh, well. One more year and we'll be together always. Unless you see someone you like better.

BETTY: Lee! Don't say things like that.

LEE: Aw, I was only fooling.

BETTY: I know, but don't fool about those things. They mean something, Lee. We're beginning to live. Oh, I know. That sounds young and foolish, but it's true.

LEE: I understand. All the other things I do, playing football, going to movies, reading, all of it—they're just incidental. But being in love with you, Betty, is something real and big.

BETTY: You do know what I mean, don't you?

LEE: Sure. I suppose that's why we love each other. We understand each other without having to say a lot. (*With a sigh of satisfaction*) I'm happy.

BETTY: So am I. (*Pause*) Lee, there is something I want to talk to you about.

LEE: *drowsily*: Go ahead.

BETTY: You're taking that government flying course, aren't you?

LEE: Yes.

BETTY: Tell me about it.

LEE: There's not much to tell, really. We haven't done much actual flying yet, you know.

BETTY: But aren't you nervous and excited?

LEE: It's not dangerous. I'm crazy about it. I'm thinking of trying to get into the army air corps.

BETTY: But, Lee, you've always said you wanted to be a lawyer more than anything else.

LEE: But this is so—so—I don't know how to say it. Look. You've been up in a plane, haven't you?

BETTY: Yes.

LEE: Well, then, you ought to know how I feel about it. It's like riding an aquaplane. You're skimming along and every part of you is alive and—oh, I can't say it.

BETTY: You've never talked about law like that.

LEE: I know. This is different. You have to use your head but you have to use your hands, too. You're all there, not just part of you that has to do something unpleasant while the rest of you is asleep or dead.

BETTY: I think I understand. Lee, do you know what's wrong with us?

LEE: Not much of anything; is there?

BETTY: Don't be like that. I'm thinking. This ties in somehow with what you've been saying about flying although I don't know how. Hearing you talk just now made me realize it. We're young and alive, but we haven't anything to believe in.

LEE: I don't understand.

BETTY *insisting*: We don't. We must have some sort of ideal to work for or life isn't worth the trouble.

LEE: I can't talk like that, Betty. You know it.

BETTY: No one can, really. It's all tied up inside you and it isn't quite decent to let yourself go on it. But tell me. Do you believe in anything right now enough to die for it? Religion? A way to live? Anything?

LEE: Well, when you put it that way, I don't know.

BETTY: Try to think.

LEE: There's Democracy.

BETTY: Oh, Democracy. What's . . .

LEE: No, wait a minute. (*Thinking out loud*) I want to marry you and be successful enough at what I'm doing to give you the things you ought to have, a comfortable home, books, pictures, music. More than that, I want to do a job that interests me so much that I'm willing to work at it day and night.

BETTY: I don't see what that's got to do with . . .

LEE: And that's tied up with Democracy. Maybe it doesn't work now. Maybe it isn't perfect, but I'll darn well try my best to make it work, because in America I have a chance to do the things I just told you about. I can make a home and live my own life in it.

BETTY: Lee, I never realized . . .

LEE: That's the thing I believe in. The right to bring up my children as I see fit, to have them taught the things I think are right. Betty, life is worth the trouble.

SOUND: *Sentry walking*

SOLDIER: Life is very lovely cupped between young hands.

It glows and throbs.

The dreams and hopes

Of youth a precious still. But they are fragile things.

As tenuous as tender flesh that can be torn

And mangled by explosive shells.

I dreamed and planned one summer afternoon

And threw it all away. I lie here dead That dreams and hopes of youth may find some goal.

SOUND: *Sentry walking*

SOLDIER: The waning sun now casts its shadows

In the other way. Across the plains the flax

Like blue-green water bounded by the fences

Is bending in the evening breeze. The corn

Is fragrant and all growing things are green

And tender there. What harvest will they have

Two months from now? Will trenches cut athwart

The fields and new-strung wire bound the pits

Of muddy water when the trees are bare?

Will empty barns gape ruined when a year ago

They held the prairies' yield and beasts Stood calmly in the yards? It lies with you.

SOUND: *Sentry walking*

SOLDIER: Now slowly sinks the sun and in the homes

The fires are lighted; in the cities lights

Will shortly glow. America comes home.

Listen!

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

PAUL: Ethel!

ETHEL *off mike*: Yes, Paul. (*Fading on*) Hello, my dear.

PAUL: Hello.

ETHEL: Tired?

PAUL: A little. Two operations this morning and calls all afternoon. It's been a hot day.

ETHEL: Sit down and relax, dear. We'll have dinner as soon as David comes.

PAUL: Where is David?

ETHEL: He went down to see if his letter came.

PAUL: About the post in Boston?

ETHEL: Yes, Paul, I know we've gone over it and over it, but—what do you think?

PAUL: It's up to him. I'll admit I'd like nothing better than to see him go into practice with me here in the home town, but this would be a wonderful chance for him.

ETHEL: I know. I wouldn't stand in his way either, but I hoped he'd stay here. He's all we've got, Paul.

PAUL: We can't think of that. If he gets this appointment to the hospital in Boston it will mean that he's one of the outstanding graduates of the State medical school. We should be proud of that.

ETHEL: I'm silly, I guess. But I've dreamed so long of seeing his name on your shingle. But then we mustn't complain. It's enough that he chose your profession. Remember? We wanted him to be a doctor from the time he was born.

PAUL: Whatever he does decide, it's been worth it, Ethel. Whether he is a general practitioner or a specialist, he'll be the best.

ETHEL: I wish he would stay here. There's so much he could do if he did. All the new techniques and treatments—

PAUL: Don't think I haven't thought of that. I can't talk of service to mankind and that sort of thing like these chaps do in their worthless books, but a young man is needed here. And I'd like it to be my son.

ETHEL: Well, I suppose there's no use going over and over it. It is something to be proud of that he had a chance at this appointment.

PAUL: Yes, I am proud of him. I have been all his life. Perhaps I haven't let him know it, but I am.

DAVID *off mike*: Mom! Dad! (*Coming on*) Oh, here you are.

ETHEL: Did your letter come?

DAVID: Yes, it's here. Listen! I want to read you this part: "Due to your excellent record at medical school and in the State hospital, coupled with the recommendations of your professors, the board, after long and careful consideration has decided in your favor."

ETHEL: Oh, David.

DAVID: Isn't that swell?

PAUL: Very fine, son. I'm proud of you.

ETHEL: When will you have to go, dear?

DAVID: They want me in Boston the first of September.

ETHEL: That gives you another month at home, then.

DAVID: Another month? I don't understand. Unless you're kicking me out.

ETHEL: David!

PAUL: What do you mean, son?

DAVID: Why, I thought it was understood. I'm not going to take the appointment. I'm going to stay here with you, Dad. Unless you think I should go.

ETHEL: David!

PAUL: Have you thought this over carefully, son?

DAVID: I didn't need to think it over. It was settled in my mind before I ever went away to school. As soon as I was finished I was to come back here and go in with you, Dad.

PAUL: But what about this appointment?

DAVID: One of my professors put me in for it, without saying anything to me. When he told me about it I explained, but he thought if I got it I might change my mind, I guess. Anyway I let it ride because I wanted to see if I were good enough to make it. Dr. Paul Martin deserves the best.

PAUL: Well, I'm sure he's getting it, Dr. David.

ETHEL *in tears*: Oh, David, David, you'll never know how happy you've made us.

DAVID: Here now, none of that. It's a purely selfish attitude on my part. This is my home; I like it. I know the people and I want to live here and work here. You can't take the country out of the boy, I guess. When do I start, Dad?

PAUL: Well, it doesn't do to hurry with things like this. I think tomorrow will be time enough.

SOUND: *Sentry walking*

SOLDIER: I think tomorrow may be just too late

For happiness of any kind. The guns Demand their targets and the men of skill

Must patch the shattered limbs to serve again—

If there are any left.

Now night has come.

The healing dark lies soft upon the land.

The transports wing across the night.

The bombs have lost another day.

Precarious peace has held a few short hours.

This is my challenge:

You laid me here with prayer and promises.

Then make the promise good. The pacing sentry

And the fading flowers are not enough.

The breaking promise must be kept.

The work I left was never done.

The scalpel and the furrow and the page

Have gone to waste because my life Lies sealed in lead. Then do not rob me further.

SOUND: *Sentry walking—crescendo*

SOLDIER: I lie here dead and these are just your thoughts.

Think them! On your honor, think!

MUSIC: *Roll of drums—taps on muted trumpet*

GIVE ME WINGS, BROTHER

A FANTASY

By VERNON DELSTON

(Broadcast over WJZ, New York)

NARRATOR: You have seen me around here before, and I don't think you are going to like me. I'm one of those poor unfortunate fellows who has an unhappy faculty of butting into other people's lives. I just reach into their tired little souls and hold the tiredness before the light. I guess I'm just nosy. Can't help it, I guess. Only yesterday, I was tossed into a sea of faces swimming in sweat. You had it right the first time, brother. It wasn't the ocean. Just the subway. That's all. You heard me say faces. You heard right. I don't see anything else. You never see bodies in the subway. Minds and bodies cut to the brain. Just bodiless creations. White, grim, hurt, twisted, torn, tired, famished faces. All kinds. Remember the old man, and the salesgirl, and the mentally unbalanced? Poor, the mentally unbalanced. And the little boy, a white mask? When the crowds started pushing their way into the subway, I found myself being pushed along with them. But I managed to squirm my way out to sort of look around. Then the faces began to move toward me—all kinds, white, sweaty, hollow.

SOUND: *Subway crowd—fade out—train coming to a halt*

MUSIC: *Rises—then dies down, but audible throughout*

SOUND: *Crowd noises*

NOSYBODY: Come on, boy. Step lively. Slam into 'em, Fat. You've got the idea. Just slam. Swivel hip your way in. Fat, you're doing O.K.

TOUGH GUY: Where's the fire, buddy?

NOSYBODY: Push, push. You got to get inside the door. Never mind the tough guy. Atta boy. Wriggle past the lady

and you're in—clear out of the way of the doors. Help the old man, Fat. Don't leave him out in the cold. Women and children first, eh Fat? Not on your life. You're first or your supper gets cold.

TRAIN GUARD: Close the doors. Close the doors. Sorry, buddy. No room. You'll have to wait for the next one.

LITTLE MAN: I can't wait . . . please. It's my wife. She . . .

TRAIN GUARD: Tell it to your grandmother. We'll hold up our schedule for you next time.

LITTLE MAN: Please, Mister . . .

TRAIN GUARD: Stand back. Wanna get your toes chopped off?

NOSYBODY: What's the matter, Little Man?

LITTLE MAN: Can you help me, Mister?

I got to get on this train . . . I got to. My wife—she's going to have a baby.

TRAIN GUARD: Hey, you! You can't hold up this train like that. We're two minutes behind schedule already.

NOSYBODY: I got to get this little man inside. His wife is going to have a baby.

TRAIN GUARD: I wouldn't care if she was going to have kittens. Train's got to shove off.

NOSYBODY: One moment, Guard.

TRAIN GUARD: If you don't take your hand off the door, I'm going to punch you right in the face.

SOUND: *Sound of a fist thud as the train guard is punched*

NOSYBODY: That'll retire the guard for a while. Now we've got to get you in here, Little Man.

LITTLE MAN: Ten years we've waited. My wife, she . . .

NOSYBODY: Hey, Tall Boy! You going home?

TALL BOY: Sure. I got to have my soup on time or it gets cold.

NOSYBODY: You're in O.K., eh, Fat? Would you mind giving up your space to a little man? His wife is about to have a baby.

FAT: Not on your life.

NOSYBODY: How about you, stranger? Going any place?

STRANGER: Who, me? Nah. Nowhere. I just ride and ride and ride. I love the subway.

NOSYBODY: Would you mind getting out here and waiting for the next train? See this little man here? His wife is going to have . . .

STRANGER: Say, you got your nerve. I paid for my ride and I go when I please.

NOSYBODY: You wouldn't mind, stranger. You got all day.

STRANGER: Let go of me. Let go.

NOSYBODY: You wouldn't mind.

STRANGER: Let go. I'll call the guard. I'll . . .

NOSYBODY: Come on, Little Man. Now there's room for you.

LITTLE MAN: You're so kind, mister. We waited ten years. My wife . . .

(Words drowned out by roar of train and music getting deeper and deeper)

SOUND: Train is rolling along—music scarcely audible

NOSYBODY: Everybody in. Sardines is right. Pickle 'em, boy, pickle 'em and what have you got? Right. Give them wings, brother. Give them wings and some blue sky and fresh air. Wings out of the darkness, brother. The subway's got you deep, ain't it brother! Right over the sweat of your brow. Don't fight for your seat. It's too hot to fight, brother.

WISE GUY: But I'm sitting.

BYSTANDER: You pushed him. The old man had it first.

WISE GUY: Scram, buddy, before I blow you . . .

BYSTANDER: It's none of my business, but . . .

WISE GUY: Right. Scram.

NOSYBODY: Don't you want to give the old man your seat? He's tired.

OLD MAN: I walk all day. Feet burn with fire.

WISE GUY: Mind your own business. I'm comfortable and I'm staying that way.

NOSYBODY: You wouldn't want to deprive a tired old man of a seat would you?

WISE GUY: What's it to you?

NOSYBODY: You're not a pig, are you?

WISE GUY: Who me? Nobody calls me names and gets away with it.

NOSYBODY: Sure, buddy. Nobody gets away with anything.

WISE GUY: Then, scram!

NOSYBODY: You *are* a pig.

WISE GUY: I'm going to let you have it.

NOSYBODY: Get up.

SOUND: *Impact of fist*

WISE GUY: Who hit me? Where am I? Where?

NOSYBODY: Here's your seat, Old Man.

OLD MAN: Thank you. Thank you. My feet burn with fire. I can't stand no more.

NOSYBODY: You shouldn't walk so much, Old Man.

OLD MAN: Yes, I should not walk so much.

NOSYBODY: It's too bad.

OLD MAN: Yah. Too bad. My daughter, she send me away. I got to look for work. My daughter, she say . . . *(Fade out)*

DAUGHTER *fade in*: I know, Pop. One more chance. That's all you want. One more chance. Well I'm sick of it, do you hear me? Just sick of it.

OLD MAN: I won't smoke my pipe no more. See, I throw it away. See.

SOUND: *Pipe falling to floor*

DAUGHTER: You and your pipe. You make this place all smoky and smelly. You burn a hole in my best carpet; you embarrass me in front of my friends. No, Pop. I'm sorry. Tomorrow you go to the old man's home. I can't help it.

OLD MAN: No, no . . . Don't send me away. Please . . . I . . .

DAUGHTER: I don't know what else I can do about it . . .

OLD MAN: Please, I won't be nuisance no more.

DAUGHTER: You might even like it there.

OLD MAN: I don't smoke no more.

DAUGHTER: It's not that so much, Pop. It costs money to feed you and John's business is not so good these days.

OLD MAN: I not eat so much.

DAUGHTER: Of course not. But every little bit counts.

OLD MAN: I'll go out and work. I get job.

DAUGHTER: Don't make me laugh. An old man like you get a job.

OLD MAN: Sure, I get job.

DAUGHTER: Don't make me laugh.

OLD MAN: I can work.

DAUGHTER: All you old guys think you can go on forever. You're all used up, Pop.

OLD MAN: I can work. I get job.

DAUGHTER: Don't make me laugh.

OLD MAN: I go out and get job today. I work. I . . . (*Fade out*)

MUSIC: *Loud blast of trumpets*

SOUND: *Roar of subway*

VOICE: Get your half pound bar of chocolate—only a nickel. Get your half pound bar of chocolate only . . .

UNBALANCED MIND: I don't like the way you are looking at my wife. I don't like the way you're looking at my wife.

GIRL: Please, Fred, please. We'll be there soon. Please . . .

UNBALANCED MIND: I don't like the way you're looking at my wife.

GIRL: Hush, Fred. Don't you remember me? I'm your sister Hilda . . . Hilda.

MAN: What's eatin' you, buddy?

GIRL: Remember when we used to play under the apple tree in the back yard? You used to pull my hair and I'd cry so. Fred, I'm not going to cry anymore.

UNBALANCED MIND: Not going to cry anymore.

GIRL: No, Fred.

UNBALANCED MIND: The apple tree. I remember the apple tree and the green apples. I like green apples.

GIRL: Remember how hot it was when the sun came out strong. But under the tree it was always shady, and cool as a drink of water.

UNBALANCED MIND: I'm not going to eat any more green apples.

GIRL: No more green apples, Fred. They make you sick.

UNBALANCED MIND: No more green apples. Are you my wife? You're not my wife.

GIRL: I'm your sister Hilda.

UNBALANCED MIND: Good old Hilda. Are we going home now?

GIRL: Yes, we are going home.

UNBALANCED MIND: That man is looking at my wife. Stop looking at my wife that way . . .

MAN: Listen, buddy . . .

GIRL: Hush—he's not well.

NOSYBODY: It's a shame, isn't it?

GIRL: You know about it?

NOSYBODY: I know.

GIRL: Oh . . . (*Beginning to cry*)

NOSYBODY: You have such beautiful laughing eyes. Don't make them sad, Miss laughing eyes.

UNBALANCED MIND: Stop looking at my . . .

SOUND: *Roar of Subway increases*

MUSIC: *Louder*

VOICE: Get your half pound bar of chocolate, only a nickel, get your . . .

MUSIC: *Subsides*

SOUND: *Subway quieter*

MAN: Lady, you're leaning all over me. If you don't mind.

SALESWOMAN: I'm sorry, Mister. Excuse me . . . I'm . . .

NOSYBODY: You may lean on me if you like.

SALESWOMAN: Thank you. Wait a minute. Who are you?

NOSYBODY: Me? Just nobody. Well, call me Nosybody.

SALESWOMAN: You have the gentlest man's face, I've ever seen. Thanks for being a leaning post.

NOSYBODY: I don't mind.

SALESWOMAN: Do you like to stand?

NOSYBODY: I don't mind.

SALESWOMAN: Every morning and every evening, it's like this. I just stand—that's all. Hanging on to a strap like this. Then when I get into the store, it's standing some more. Nine whole, long hours of it. "May I help you," and "thank you," and "yes, sir," and "yes, madam." Some nights you couldn't tell though by looking at me, but I feel like I could lie right down and die. If I could only get a seat. I'd give my two weeks vacation for a seat. Won't somebody give me a seat? I'll die on a strap one of these days.

NOSYBODY: Just lean on me. It's all right.

SALESWOMAN: Thanks, Mr. Nosybody. You're a great help.

NOSYBODY: Don't mention it.

SALESWOMAN: All day long it's—"Will you do this," and "will you do that." It's stand—stand—stand. "Yes, fat lady," "Yes, lady," "Yes, blonde." I can't help you all at once, can I—the customer is always right—I only got two hands. And two feet. Two dying feet. Say, Mister, maybe you can tell me. How would it be if my two feet just caved in under me, just melted away like ice? How would it be?

NOSYBODY: Can you hold out just a little longer?

SALESGIRL: Anybody take my two weeks vacation with pay for a seat? Anybody—say, why am I telling you all this?

NOSYBODY: Does it make you feel any better?

SALESGIRL: You have the gentlest man's face, I've ever seen.

NOSYBODY: Thank you.

SALESGIRL: Maybe I won't have to ride in the subway much longer. Maybe . . . But if I don't ride, I don't eat. Today in the store, just before closing time, the section manager . . . (*Fade*)

SECTION MANAGER: Miss Salesgirl, the buyer would like to see you.

SALESGIRL: See me?

SECTION MANAGER: Yes. I hope it isn't bad news.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

SALESGIRL: You sent for me?

BUYER: Yes. Do you have your sales book handy?

SALESGIRL: Here it is.

BUYER: Hmm. I thought so. This is the third consecutive day that your receipts are under \$100.

SALESGIRL: Last week I had . . .

BUYER: What you had last week doesn't count. It's this week that we're after.

SALESGIRL: I try my best . . . I . . .

BUYER: All the other girls in your department have reached our quota. Perhaps your best isn't good enough.

SALESGIRL: I work as hard as the other girls.

BUYER: You are an employee of a great institution, Miss Salesgirl. In order to reach a maximum efficiency, we must have the complete cooperation of everyone concerned.

SALESGIRL: I cooperate as best.

BUYER: Now is it asking too much of you to tally \$100 daily receipts?

SALESGIRL: No, sir . . . but . . .

BUYER: All right, then.

SALESGIRL: May I go now?

BUYER: One more thing.

SALESGIRL: I'll do my best.

BUYER: Unless there is a decided improvement in your daily receipts by tomorrow, we shall be obliged to discontinue with your services.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

SOUND: *Subway roar*

BOOTBLACK: Shine, mister? Shine, mister?

WELL DRESSED MAN: No.

BOOTBLACK: Come on, Mister. Only a nickel. You're all dressed up and your shoes are dirty.

WELL DRESSED MAN: Not today, Buddy.

BOOTBLACK: Your suit's all pressed. Come on, Mister. Get a shine. Make your shoes look like new. It's only a nickel.

WELL DRESSED MAN: Sorry, Buddy.

BOOTBLACK: For a nickel you get a new pair of shoes.

WELL DRESSED MAN: Would you believe it? I haven't got a nickel.

SMALL BOY: What's that, mamma?

MOTHER: That's a bridge.

SMALL BOY: What's a bridge?

MOTHER: It's something that gets you from one side to another.

SMALL BOY: Across the water?

MOTHER: That's right, dear.

SMALL BOY: What's that up there mamma?

MOTHER: Where?

SMALL BOY: See, up there.

MOTHER: That's the sky.

SMALL BOY: The other thing, mamma.

MOTHER: Which?

SMALL BOY: See the big egg, mamma.

MOTHER: That's the sun.

SMALL BOY: What's the sun?

MOTHER: Don't ask so many questions. We're getting off at the next station.

SMALL BOY: What's the sun?

NOSYBODY: Hasn't he ever seen the sun before?

MOTHER: Look at him. He's pale as a sheet of paper.

NOSYBODY: He certainly is. So thin. And such sad eyes.

MOTHER: I'm grateful he's alive. When he was born, the doctor said he didn't have a chance in a million. Maybe it would have been better.

NOSYBODY: You're discouraged. How old is he?

MOTHER: Four. We live in a room like a coal bin. We're lucky if the sun reaches it once a year. Do you wonder he never saw the sun?

NOSYBODY: He needs the fresh air.

MOTHER: You tell me that? Ever since my husband . . .

NOSYBODY: Your husband had his leg caught in a grinding machine, had to amputate before poisoning set in. Too late, though.

MOTHER: How did you know? How . . .

NOSYBODY: I knew your husband. He spent most of his life in the country.

MOTHER: That's true. Did you know him well?

NOSYBODY: He wanted your son to grow up in the country, too.

MOTHER: Yes, why can't he? Why? He'll die before he's old enough to go to school. Why shouldn't he be able to see the sun, big and yellow in the morning and going down red under a blue soft, clean sky? Why should he not be able to grow up strong and look like a man in the face of other men? Why . . .

NOSYBODY: Steady, Mother. Steady. You'll miss your station.

MOTHER: It doesn't matter.

SOUND: *Of an air-blast*

NOSYBODY: Here it is.

MOTHER: But this isn't our station. We haven't reached it yet. We . . .

NOSYBODY: This is your station.

MOTHER: It can't be. I . . . I . . .

SMALL BOY: Look, Mamma. What's that?

MOTHER: This, this is a mistake. There are trees and sky and . . .

SMALL BOY: Where's our house, Mamma?

MOTHER: There's a house, too, and grass and everything.

SMALL BOY: There's the sun Mamma.

MOTHER: I had a dream like this once. It's not real.

SMALL BOY: Oo, the sun feels good.

MOTHER: It is the sun, darling. The subway has disappeared. The dust and dirt and . . .

SMALL BOY: What's that, Mamma?

MOTHER: We can sit in the sun all day, and —and . . . I can't believe it.

SMALL BOY: What's that over there, Mamma?

MOTHER: The fresh air and, it's so beautiful here.

SMALL BOY: See the sun, Mamma?

MOTHER: Then it's true. It's . . .

SMALL BOY: I like the sun! (*Fade out*)

MUSIC: *Rising*

SOUND: *Resume subway*

NOSYBODY: Give them green grass and blue sky, a song to sing and wings to fly. Give them wings, brother, give them wings.

GRUMPY: I don't like people reading over my shoulder. It annoys me. Here's half the paper.

SALESGIRL: I'll give my two weeks vacation with pay for a seat.

NOSYBODY: Here's your station.

SALESGIRL: Thanks, Mr. Nosybody, for being a leaning post.

NOSYBODY: Don't mention it.

SALESGIRL: My feet ache. If I can only reach the door, I . . . (*Fade*)

MUSIC: *Bridge*

MISS A: Good day, Miss Salesgirl.

MISS B: How are you, Miss Salesgirl?

MR. C: The buyer wants to see you, Miss Salesgirl.

SALESGIRL to herself: This is it. I'm fired, I guess.

SOUND: *Door open, shuts*

BUYER: How are you today, Miss Salesgirl?

SALESGIRL: All right, thank you.

BUYER: Won't you have a seat, please?

SALESGIRL: Thank you.

BUYER: Are you comfortable in that chair? I'll get you a pillow.

SALESGIRL: Please, don't bother. I'm quite comfortable.

BUYER: Now then. How long have you been working with us?

SALESGIRL: Three years.

BUYER: Hmm. That's quite a long time.

SALESGIRL: Yes, sir.

BUYER: That would indicate you have perseverance and integrity.

SALESGIRL: Yes, sir.

BUYER: I was discussing your case with the President and Vice President of our great institution here. It is a great institution isn't it, Miss Salesgirl?

SALESGIRL: A very great institution.

BUYER: Now then. We have decided in view of your faithful and loyal services to our very great institution, and aware of your untiring devotion to our policies, we, the board of directors, have decided to reward you for your splendid cooperation by offering you the position of Assistant Buyer of your old department. Do you accept?

SALESGIRL: Me . . . I . . . I . . .

BUYER: The salary isn't much to speak of. One hundred and twenty-five dollars a week to start. Now think it over carefully, Miss Salesgirl.

SALESGIRL: But that's . . . that is . . .

BUYER: Now careful, Miss Salesgirl. No hasty decisions. In this profession, one must be deliberate and level headed. Are you level headed?

SALESGIRL: I think so . . . I . . .

BUYER: Good. And are you deliberate?

SALESGIRL: Yes—yes—but . . .

BUYER: One more thing.

SALESGIRL: You mean me?

BUYER: This might prove to be an unpleasant duty.

SALESGIRL: Oh—well . . .

BUYER: It will be necessary for you to sail for Paris on Thursday to get a line on what the French women are wearing this year. That gives you only two days to shop and pack. Do you think you can manage it?

SALESGIRL: You sure you mean me? I mean I'm not—I'm . . .

BUYER: Are you dissatisfied with the arrangements? Because if you . . .

SALESGIRL: Oh no—not at all. Oh no.

BUYER: And still another thing. You're not to spend more than six weeks in carrying out your loyal duty to our great institution. Agreed?

SALESGIRL: Oh, that's fine. I can . . .

BUYER: Then you can start immediately.

SALESGIRL: I don't know what to . . . I feel faint, my head, I don't feel well—I . . .

BUYER: Oh, oh. Remember our great institution.

SALESGIRL: I feel better.

BUYER: Good day, Miss Salesgirl.

SALESGIRL: Good day.

MUSIC: *Louder*

SOUND: *Roar of subway becomes quieter*

BOOTBLACK: Shine, five cents. Anybody want a shine? Good shine. Good shine.

LADY: Do I read too fast for you, Mister?

BLIND MAN: I'm sorry, Madam, if I annoyed you. You see, I can't read. I'm blind.

SOUND: *Subway roars along—dies down to steady hum*

MENTALLY UNBALANCED: Stop looking at my wife that way. Stop looking at my wife that way.

GIRL: Hush, Fred. We get off at the next station.

MENTALLY UNBALANCED: Stop looking . . .

GIRL: Remember when we used to play under the old apple tree? What a funny tree it was. Remember how you used to pull my hair and I used to cry?

MENTALLY UNBALANCED: You're not going to cry no more.

GIRL: No, Fred, I'm not going to cry no more. This is our station.

SOUND: *Doors open and shut—sound of train moving—soft music*

GIRL: Isn't it nice here? So green and soft and—and beautiful.

MENTALLY UNBALANCED: So soft and beautiful.

GIRL: Isn't the sky beautiful? Look up, Fred. Isn't it beautiful when it's blue like that?

MENTALLY UNBALANCED: I like blue when it's beautiful like the sky.

GIRL: Are you all right, Fred?

MENTALLY UNBALANCED: I'm all right.

GIRL: Here we are.

MENTALLY UNBALANCED: Where are we?

GIRL: Kneel, Fred. Watch me. That's right. Can you hear me?

MENTALLY UNBALANCED: Yes.

GIRL: Listen. (*Reads*) Sylvia Starlight, beloved wife of Fred Starlight, born this 17th day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen A.D.; died, on the 17th day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven. The day of her marriage. (*Pause*) Age 23.

SOUND: *Loud music—softens—sound of subway train—sounds fade—hum of subway*

NOSYBODY: Come on, purple lips. Last stop, dreamy eyes. Plenty of room now, eh, Fat. Sit down, Fat. Plenty of seats. Get your paper, Mister. What do you read? Two newspapers in every pot. Not so much noise, you dirty old monster. Rumble, rumble, rumble. You'll wake up the old man. Let him sleep. A man should be able to sleep in peace when he's old. Wake up, Fat; wake up Hobo; wake up, Old Man.

SOUND: *Train comes to halt—doors opening*

CONDUCTOR: Everybody out. Last stop. Hey, Old Man. Last stop.

OLD MAN *sleepily to himself*: "Come back next year old man. If you're not dead by then, I'll give you a job." "You're too old—ol' boy, sorry." "I got a sixteen year old kid to do your work." "Experience? What good is it if you're too old?"

OLD MAN: I got hot blood in my fingers. No old man's home. I don't go.

CONDUCTOR: Wake up, Old Man. Last stop.

OLD MAN: I don't go to old man's home.

CONDUCTOR: I don't care where you go.

OLD MAN: I stay here.

CONDUCTOR: We're pulling into the barn. You can't stay here.

NOSYBODY: It's all right, conductor. I'll take care of him.

OLD MAN: I stay here.

NOSYBODY: You'd better come with me.

OLD MAN: No, you take me to old man's home.

NOSYBODY: No, come with me.

OLD MAN: You take me to daughter's house. I . . .

NOSYBODY: Don't worry about that. Do you want to work?

OLD MAN: Who, me?

NOSYBODY: Yes. Do you?

OLD MAN: I not too old?

NOSYBODY: Of course not. Do you want to come with me?

OLD MAN: Sure I work. I got hot blood in my fingers. See, I work good.

NOSYBODY: Fine. Then come along.

OLD MAN: Where you take me?

NOSYBODY: You're going to a place where there's fresh air and you can work and have peace.

OLD MAN: I like fresh air. I work good. Where we go?

NOSYBODY: Look out there. What do you see?

OLD MAN: I see nothing. I see dirty train station. I see tracks.

NOSYBODY: Look now.

OLD MAN: Ha. I see the sky. And the clouds. They curl up white. I like 'em, the clouds. (*Breathes in*) Fresh air. My lungs feel good. Such a sun and trees. It's always like this where we go?

NOSYBODY: Always.

OLD MAN: I go with you. I like that.

NOSYBODY: Fine. Ready?

OLD MAN: I go.

CONDUCTOR: All out.

SOUND: *Rumble of subway as it disappears—loud blast of music—then it softens*

SMALL BOY: What's that, Mamma?

MOTHER: That's the sun.

SMALL BOY: What's the sun?

SALEGIRL: Anybody give me a seat for my two weeks vacation with pay? My feet are melting. (*Fadeout*)

MENTALLY UNBALANCED: Stop looking at my wife that way. Stop looking at my wife . . .

GIRL: Hush, Fred.

NOSYBODY: Give 'em wings brother, give 'em wings, and a blue sky and the sun up high. Give 'em wings brother—

SOUND: *Roar of subway—music*

HIS NAME SHALL BE: REMEMBER

A POETIC DRAMA

By BERNARD REINES

MUSIC: *Theme*

ANNOUNCER: Some day, how many years
ahead no man can say,

After the triumph of peace and abundance and freedom,

When the haggard hulk of hunger and the blood-run face of war

Will be ancient ghosts, mummies embalmed in print

Some day the race of men, living in brotherhood,

Will look back wonder-eyed at these our years,

And as they tell their tales to eager children,

Themselves but half believe that such things happened

Among the race of men.

Perhaps at the century's end, when peace has come to stay,

A scene like the one we now present will grace that shining day.

SOUND: *Clock strikes ten*

GRANDMA: Two more brief hours, and our century enters the past.

We'll welcome the year 2,000. (*Pause*)

The many wonders that my old eyes have seen—and now again

It's New Year's Eve, goodbye and hello for all of us.

SOUND: *Children's voices and running feet up*

CHILDREN *fading in*: Grandma! Grandma!

GRANDMA: You little rascals—up so late—avoiding your waiting beds—back with you!

BOY: But Grandma, Mother . . .

GIRL: Said we could . . .

BOY: It's New Year's Eve and . . .

GIRL: We've been good.

BOY: She said you could tell us . . .

GIRL: One more tale . . .

BOY: So please, Granny, please . . .

GIRL: Come through.

BOY: Make it a strong one . . .

GIRL: Please do . . .

BOY: And a very long one . . .

GIRL: Remember, it's for him and me . . .

BOY: For two.

GRANDMA: All right, all right. What would you like?

GIRL: I—think—

BOY: Granny, there's something that's got me guessing—once you said—when we were older, you'd tell us that story.

Well, now is when. Please tell us . . .

GRANDMA: What?

BOY: Why, tell us why Grandpa had such a strange name . . .

GIRL *excited*: Yes! Yes!

BOY: Why Grandpa was called Remember—why was his name Remember?

GRANDMA *quickly*: No!—Oh, well, your bones are sturdy and your minds are sound—I'll tell you the story. But I'm a-warning you it's not a pleasant one, so buck up your ears and set your teeth. Are you ready?

CHILDREN: Ready, Granny.

GRANDMA: It happened sixty-one years ago, in a country called Nayland. (*Fading*) In a far-spread city, in a little house, one night in November . . .

SOUND: *Wind up and fades*

LAURA: (*In her early twenties*) Ten o'clock already—and Richard still at work out front in the tailor shop. Brenda . . .

BRENDA: (*About sixty*) Yes, Laura?

LAURA: He shouldn't—so late . . .

BRENDA *affectionately*: Laura, it's you shouldn't be up so late. How do you feel?

LAURA: I'm very happy, Brenda, very happy. I feel as though my veins held sunlight, rich and warm. I'm very happy.

BRENDA *sighs*: My son's dear wife, and so my own dear daughter, be happy while you can. You've brought my boy

eight months of gladness, though these years are bitter; and troubles worse than wildest storms assail our luckless people, season after season.

LAURA: These four blue walls are our home, the shop in front, our bread. The tailor's trade, once good, now bad, is still enough to feed three modest mouths.

BRENDA: It will soon be four, next month, and you so young. It's hard to believe, my gray hairs, so many years have flowed between our lives.—It will be a boy; I feel it in my bones.

LAURA *laughing*: In your bones! Well! It's my bones that feel it. The little legs are drumming away inside me as if they can hardly wait to be outside.

SOUND: *Wind up and fades slowly*

BRENDA *sighs*: The winter will be hard—just hear that wind—the winter will be early—will be cruel.

LOUDSPEAKER *off—filter mike*: Keep tuned in, keep tuned in—announcement soon, announcement soon . . .

BRENDA *shudders*: That loudspeaker in the street, I hate it. Too often it has been—a messenger of evil to our people.

LAURA: Next month, next month . . . my first-born. Sometimes I am afraid, but not today. Today I can hardly wait to have him in my arms, upon my breast, against my grateful heart. My husband, and his mother, and my son—A world of happiness within these four blue walls.

BRENDA: He'll be a pride to us—he'll do fine things. His name will live—I feel it in my bones.

SOUND: *Off—door opens and shuts*

BRENDA *rejoicing*: A customer, Laura. (*Man—off—approaching*)

CUSTOMER: Good evening, Tailor Downe. I got your bill. The suits are fine—but I'm not paying yet. I've heard that very soon—new measures will be taken against your people, the Rinns. I'll wait till then. You—are a Rinn, are you. I may not have to pay at all. (*Fading*) Good evening.

SOUND: *Off—door slams*

LAURA *pause—abruptly*: I feel faint. Where's Richard? Where's my man?

BRENDA *going to her*: He's here, he's in the shop out front. There, there, you'll be all right. I'll call him for you. Richard! Richard!

RICHARD (*twenty-five—off*): I'm coming—right away. (*Fading in*) There's nothing wrong? Dear Laura, wife, you're pale. Give me your hand.

LAURA: It's nothing, dear. I felt a sudden gust of fear—but now it's gone. As if when you came in, a door had shut on it. Dear Richard, why must you tend the shop so late tonight? Ah, yes, I remember, that special customer. Has he come?

RICHARD: Not yet. But no more waiting for him—tonight. You should have been in bed now—hours ago.

LAURA: You'd better wait—we need the money, dear. Now more than ever. I'll be all right. I'll lie down—that will rest me.

RICHARD. Yes, dear. I'll help you to the bed. (*Pause*)

LAURA *relaxing*: Ah. That's fine, dear, thank you. (*Pause*) Perhaps some music, Richard, the radio. Find me some quiet music.

RICHARD: Yes, dear. I'll try.

SOUND: *Click of radio being turned on—pause*

RICHARD: In just a minute . . .

SOUND: *Loud brassy military music up and fades*

RICHARD. War music . . .

SOUND. *Static up and fades—thumping beergarden waltz up and fades*

RICHARD: Noise—noise—noise . . .

RADIO *fading in—intense—harsh—filter mike*: This morning in the town of Trunch, the Leader spoke again. He minced no words, he held not back, in fighting phrases, he lashed out at all our foes, the foes of our spirituality, the foes of our great ideals, and first and foremost, at the Rinns, the vilest of the vile. In so many words he declared: Let the liberty-lackeys beware! Let the ballot-believers beware! Let the pestilential Rinns, (*fading*) at home and abroad, beware!

RICHARD: Day after day it goes on, day after day—unending . . .

SOUND: *Fade in string instrument on radio playing a lovely lullaby-like song softly—sustain*

RICHARD. There, dear, a beautiful song, the work of a Rinn. They dare not speak his name.

SOUND: *Music up slightly—then under*

LAURA *low—with conviction*: My son will be strong—and able—a useful citizen a credit to his people.

SOUND: *Music up slightly—music suddenly halts*

RADIO *in great excitement*: Nayans, terrible news! An international plot by the Rinns, aided by certain statesmen abroad, has taken the life of an honorable Nayan functionary. The Fifth Assistant to the Second Aide to the First Counsellor of the Nayan Embassy in Offland has been shot by a Rinn. Our Leader is preparing to act! Stand by for further details of this most atrocious crime. Meantime, Rinns, be sure the punishment will fall!—

BRENDA *groans*: Oh . . .

SOUND: *Click of radio being turned off*

RICHARD: There—it's off. Don't worry, mother. Dear, don't worry.

LOUDSPEAKER *off—filter mike*: Nayans, the victim is dead! Before he passed, the Leader granted him a high award—the Grand Order of Ancient Knights, with the Blue Ribbon, Second Class. A hero and a martyr—he died for us. And now . . . Revenge! Revenge! (Pause)

SOUND: *In the distance faint crowd sounds—gradually louder*

BRENDA *through gathering tears*: Richard—better lock up—remember—last time—and the times before . . .

RICHARD *brokenly—but trying not to show his fears*: Yes, mother. Don't worry, Laura. Don't worry. I'll go lock up.

LAURA *frightened*: Richard—what's that?

SOUND: *Crowd louder—approaching—ominous rhythmic chanting of a mob—punctuated at intervals by crash of glass*

RICHARD: Don't—worry—dear. Mother, take her hand. (*Fading*) I must lock up—right away.

BRENDA: Laura, let us pray. We shall be heard—I hope.

MOB *off—but nearer and louder—slow—chanting*: Revenge! Death to the Rinns!—Revenge! Out with the Rinns!—Revenge! Death to the Rinns!—Revenge! Out with the Rinns!

SOUND: *Off—loud crash of glass*

LAURA *shrieks*: Richard!

RICHARD *fading in*: Here I am, dear. I'm—all right.

LAURA: There's blood on your forehead!

RICHARD: A cut from the glass.—They smashed the windows.—Don't, dear, excite yourself. Remember—the baby.

MOB *off—but loud*: Revenge! Death to the Rinns!—Revenge! Out with the Rinns!

LEADER *off*: Halt

SOUND: *Crowd sounds cease*

LEADER *off*: Inside, boys. (*Approaching*) After me!

SOUND: *Off—door opens—crowd sounds approaching very near—crash of furniture falling—fixtures and glass breaking*

1ST VOICE *off*: Here's a suit will fit me nicely.

2ND VOICE *off*: I'll take this one—charge it, please.

VOICES: *Off—laugh loudly*

LEADER *off*: Stop. Save it for later. First, the Rinns. They must be in there. (*Approaching*) Men, after me!

SOUND: *Footsteps and murmur of voices up*

LEADER *in*: Ah!—Rinn, come here—you, the man!—Lively!

SOUND: *Slap*

LEADER: Don't be so slow about it!

BRENDA: Oh my son!

LAURA: Richard!

RICHARD: Mother, don't let her move. She mustn't.

SOUND: *Slap*

LEADER: Shut up, Rinn. Don't shout.

LAURA: Oh—

BRENDA: She's fainted. Thank God.

SOUND: *Siren approaching from distance*

LEADER: What's that?

1ST VOICE: Sounds like the police, sir. Will they interfere?

LEADER: Who—the police? Don't make me laugh. They have their orders. Let's proceed. Rinn—

SOUND *off*: *Auto brakes and car stopping—crowd murmurs low—three pairs of footsteps up—leather boots crunching on bits of glass*

OFFICER *in—low—to his men*: Halt!

SOUND: *Marching footsteps—halt*

OFFICER *up*: Any trouble, boys?

LEADER: Not a bit, Officer. Things go fine. Rinn, hand over the keys to your shop . . .

SOUND: *Clink of keys*

LEADER: . . . and the key to your safe.

RICHARD: They're in the bunch, sir, all together.—There's not much in it.

LEADER: What, I suppose, your money has rolled into hiding already.

RICHARD: There's been none to hide, sir.
—Times are hard.

LEADER: What, you pig! Making propaganda! Times are hard for who?

SOUND: *Slap*

LEADER: Don't speak unless you're spoken to!

OFFICER: We'd better have him now—there's a busy night ahead. Come on, Rinn.

BRENDA: Spare him—spare him—the last of my sons . . . Where do you take him?

OFFICER: He's under arrest—so that no one will harm him. You see what he suffers when he's—too free.

SOUND: *Off—bus up—brakes screech and bus halts—crowd murmurs*

LEADER: And who is that?

OFFICER: The cream of the crop—the Special Guards, on special duty.

SOUND: *Half a dozen pairs of feet marching up with short rapid steps—crunching glass on their way*

CAPTAIN *in*: Halt!

SOUND: *Footsteps halt*

CAPTAIN *fading in—brusquely*: Good evening. Is your work here done?

LEADER: Yes, Captain.

OFFICER: Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN: Dismissed.—Or wait. A crowd of the curious has assembled outside the shop. They're much too silent. Stand by out there and listen them up. The foreign journalists will soon be about—and what will they say if the crowd doesn't shout? Attention!

RICHARD: Mother, goodbye. Bless me—and kiss my wife

For both of us. Look after her—and say—

I hope to see my mother, wife and son together—somewhere—some day—

CAPTAIN: Guards Olin and Doom, remain with me. The rest of you, with the prisoner, march!

SOUND: *Marching feet receding*

BRENDA: My son—my son—my Richard . . .

CAPTAIN *pause*: Now then, your passports, hand them over.

BRENDA: Yes, Your Excellency. (*Pause*) Here . . .

SOUND: *Rippling of paper*

CAPTAIN: Brenda Downe—Laura Downe—you two—you come with us.

BRENDA: But she is sick, kind sir—you see yourself.

CAPTAIN: I have my orders. Sick or well, you both must come.

BRENDA: Where to?

CAPTAIN: Tonight you take your leave of Nayland.

BRENDA: But—this is our home—our country. We're citizens. We've lived here all our lives.—We've no one past the border—not a soul.

CAPTAIN: I have my orders. You must come. Revive her. (*Slight pause*)

BRENDA: Laura — dear Laura — dear daughter . . .

SOUND: *Soft weeping*

LAURA *waking*: What . . . where . . . Mother . . . Where am I? Oh—(*Sigh of relief*) home.

BRENDA *regaining control*: Yes, dear—home. Now we're going out.

LAURA *slowly*: Where's Richard? (*Quickly*) Where's Richard?

BRENDA: He's safe, dear, gone away for a little while, that's all.

LAURA: Then we must wait for him, of course.

BRENDA: He'll not be back so soon.

He said—not to wait.

LAURA *quickly*: Where is he?

BRENDA: He had to go—off. He said he hoped

To see us all together—somewhere—some day.

LAURA: He's dead! Oh . . .

BRENDA: She's fainted again. You see for yourself, sir, she can't go.

CAPTAIN: My orders are to take you all. Go she must. Guards, lift her—and forward!

BRENDA: But the baby—oh, carry her gently—(*Fading*) gently . . .

SOUND: *Murmur of crowd swells*

MOB *fading in*: Revenge! Death to the Rinns! Revenge! Out with the Rinns!

VOICE *off in crowd*: Is she—dead?

SOUND: *Crowd grows silent*

CAPTAIN: *in* hand her up.

VOICE *off in crowd*: For shame!

LEADER: Who said that? (*Furiously*) Who said that? (*Pause*)

BRENDA: *Subdued weeping*

CAPTAIN: Now the old one. Lift her up.

VOICE *off in crowd*: For shame!

LEADER: Who said that? (*Silence*) You good Nayans in the crowd—speak up! Tell me who said that. You honest Nayan workman over there—you must have heard the scoundrel.

Who was it? (*Silence*) You housewife, you proud Nayan mother, rearing your brood to serve the Leader's will, would you shield a traitor? Say, who was it? (*Silence*) You Nayan burgher, Nayan business man—You Nayan doctor—lawyer—Who—who said it? Tell us who! (*Silence*) Well then, so be it. But let me warn you—he who grumbles when we give a Rinn, or any foe, his just deserts, deserves to get what they get . . . and he will! The Leader, hail!

VOICES weakly: The Leader, hail!

CAPTAIN: Enough of this—we have the rounds to make. And then—the men to Golgoth—the women to the border. Let's go!

SOUND: *Bus starts—siren—loud—fades rapidly—second bus starts and fades—crowd fades slowly*

MOB fading: Revenge! Death to the Rinns!—Revenge! Out with the Rinns!

SOUND: *Off—crash of breaking glass*

VOICE low: The dogs! The dogs!

SOUND: *Clock chimes the half-hour*

GRANDMA fade in: The dogs! Ah, children . . . (*Sighs*)

BOY: What about Grandpa's name, Granny?

GIRL: Why was he called Remember?

GRANDMA: You'll hear, you'll hear, my story isn't over. Just let me catch my breath a minute. There. (*Pause*) Now, at the end of the century, it's hard to believe, such things could ever have happened . . . been shaped by the minds of men. (*Pause*) Well, to get on—They never—neither wife nor mother—saw their man again. A concentration camp swallowed him. (*Fading*) As for the women, driven by the carload . . . (*Fade*)

SOUND: *Truck up quickly—screech of brakes—truck halts*

CAPTAIN: Here we are. Women, pile out.

SOUND: *Crowd getting off truck—ad lib remarks*

WOMEN low—wailing rhythmically: Ohhh—ohhh—ohhh—ohhh—(*Sustain under*)

SOUND: *A baby cries—a second baby cries*

1ST WOMAN: Hush, my baby . . .

2ND WOMAN: Hush, my darling . . .

1ST WOMAN: Don't cry, little one . . .

SOUND: *Crying of babies fades—wailing of women fades*

BRENDA: Where are we? Why, it's an open field. And so many stars overhead . . .

CAPTAIN: Here ends Nayland—there Outland begins. Across this field, between this no man's land, is Outland's border. Make your way over. They'll let you in. If not, well—do you see that river? Ready, driver? Let's go.

SOUND: *Car starts—then fades—silence*

WOMEN low—wailing: Ohhh—ohhh—ohhh—ohhh—(*Sustain under*)

SOUND: *Wind up—then fades—reappears intermittently throughout rest of scene*

BRENDA: Poor Laura. Oh my daughter—can you walk?

LAURA faintly: Yes, mother.

BRENDA: Here—lean on me.—Women, forward!

(*Crowd sounds*)

WOMEN low—in singsong—a line of prayer alternating with a line of wailing—fading slightly: Lord have mercy—Ohhh—ohhh—Lord have mercy—Ohhh—ohhh—(*Fading in again*) Lord have mercy—Ohhh—ohhh—Lord have mercy—Ohhh—ohhh—Lord have mercy.

SENTRY: Halt! (*Silence*) Your documents. (*Pause*) Hm, no visas. Back with you. You cannot pass.

BRENDA: But—what shall we do? They won't let us back.

SENTRY curtly: Sorry, but I have my orders.

BRENDA: The night is cold and many of us are ill. We cannot sleep like cattle, in the fields.

SENTRY: I'm sorry.

SOUND: *A baby's cry up briefly and fades*

SENTRY: But I can't, I have my orders.

BRENDA: But—(*Sighs*) Harder than rock, their hearts. Come, let's find a ditch.

(*Crowd sounds*)

WOMEN fading: Ohhh—ohhh—ohhh—ohhh—Ohhh—ohhh—ohhh—ohhh—(*Fading in again*) Ohhh—ohhh—ohhh—ohhh—Ohhh—ohhh—ohhh—ohhh—

BRENDA up: Here—down here. This must have been a shell-hole.

SOUND: *Wind up and under*

BRENDA: Come, Laura, here, I'll spread my shawl. Sit down.

LAURA: Mother, I'm cold. I'm afraid, there's a knife of pain inside me.

SOUND: *Wind fades*

BRENDA: There, daughter, it will pass.
You young ones, gather some branches.
We must build a fire.

GIRL *fading*: Yes, grandma.

BRENDA: The meanest creature on the earth has a hole to crawl into, a den, a cave—shelter.

SOUND: *Wind up and fades*

BRENDA: It's cold . . . Ah . . . Good daughters, pile the branches there—and set a match to them.

SOUND: *Match strikes against wood—lights with a sputter—crackle of fire swells*

BRENDA: That's better. Thank you. Fire is good. It's kind. (*Sadly*) Oh my son.

SOUND: *A baby starts to cry*

1ST WOMAN: Sh—sh—sh—(*Starts to hum softly—as a lullaby—the same song that was heard over the radio in the tailor's house*)

SOUND: *Crying of baby fades as lullaby continues*

WOMEN *off*—*praying softly*: Lord have mercy—Lord have mercy—Lord have mercy.

2ND WOMAN: *off*—*weeps softly*

BRENDA *gently*: Laura . . . (*With sudden fright*) Laura! Daughter, what is it? Your face is twitching . . .

LAURA: It hurts—here—terribly. Oh . . . (*Muffled shriek*) . . .

BRENDA: It's the baby—already! Quick, you with the young limbs. Run for a doctor!

GIRL *running off*: Yes, Grandma, I'll run.
LAURA: Mother, I feel the sunken eyes of Death grinning at me—they're stabbing me—

BRENDA *brokenly*: No, Laura, death won't dare . . .

GIRL *fading in quickly—panting*: Grandma, the Nayan guard wouldn't . . . his eyes were like bayonet tips.

BRENDA: Try the Outland—make them—make them . . .

GIRL *fading quickly*: Yes, Grandma. (*Pause*)

WOMEN *low*: Ohhh—ohhh—ohhh—ohhh . . .

1ST WOMAN: *Humms lullaby*

LAURA *sudden gasp*: Mother . . . mother . . . Death . . . is . . . descending . . . (*Slow sigh*) Oh . . .

BRENDA: Laura—Laura (*Pause*) you're cold as glass—open your eyes! (*Pause*)

SOUND *cry of a new-born baby* (*Sustain under*)

BRENDA *rejoicing*: Look, Laura—it's a boy! (*Frightened*) Laura—it's a boy—Open your eyes, daughter! (*Dully*) She's dead.

SOUND: *Crying of babe up briefly—then down and sustain under*

GIRL *fading in quickly*: The doctor—will come—in an hour.

BRENDA *quietly*: What? The doctor . . . he can stay home. She's dead.

GIRL *gasps*: Oh!

SOUND: *Babe's crying up—then down again*

BRENDA: He's hungry, the little one. (*Hopelessly—to no one in particular*) Who will feed him? (*Pause*)

1ST WOMAN: Here, Grandma, hold my baby—and let me have the new-born. I have enough for him—and gladly.

2ND WOMAN: I, too.

3RD WOMAN: And I . . .

4TH WOMAN: And I . . .

1ST WOMAN: All women must be his mother. Where else can he turn? (*Pause*)

BRENDA: God bless you all—God bless you. Take him. (*Slight pause*)

1ST WOMAN: See him grab—the little rascal. (*She hums a little of the lullaby to him*) What's his name? What will you name him?

OLD WOMAN *weakly, bitterly*: Better that he were not born. Alone—and into such a world—better—that he were not born—

BRENDA *with strength*: Born he is and live he must. Ah, grandson (*Pause*) Life will go on—life cannot die. The time will come when those who kill will pass, and man will lift his head, and raise his hands cleanly to fruitful labor for all mankind. My grandson must live—to see that shining day.

OLD WOMAN: Better that he were nameless . . .

1ST WOMAN *affectionately*: Look at him. —Grandma, call him—yes, let his name be—Nameless. We shall suckle him together, together rear him—those of us who survive. Let him be our child, our son, child of all our people, symbol of all the oppressed, the outcast, the heavy-laden.

How could you name him better? Call him Nameless.

BRENDA: Give him here. (*Pause*) Thank you. (*Humms a bit of the lullaby—pause*) No—not Nameless. (*Pause*) Yes.

I shall name him for us, and all our people, and all in this world who suffer His name shall be a living challenge to the world's high conscience and the world's great heart so that never shall this be forgotten till brotherhood rules the earth. *(Pause)* I shall call him—Remember. His name shall be Remember.

ALL *slowly*: His name shall be Remember.

BRENDA: For the people, who, innocent, suffered.

ALL: His name shall be Remember.

1ST WOMAN: For my husband, torn away.

ALL: His name shall be Remember.

GIRL: For the gray beard of my grandfather, who was made to scamper like a monkey through the streets—while men and even women laughed and jeered, spattering his passing with brown and filthy taunts.

2ND WOMAN: For those who stand by idly, in our and every land, while this great shame runs on.

ALL: His name shall be Remember.

BRENDA: For those who in our land and every land branding the mobs and their rulers, raise up the cry, "For shame!" For those who by work, regardless of

bans and terror, strike their great blows for human decency.

ALL: His name shall be Remember! *(Pause)*

SOUND: *Crying of baby up and under—sustain—roar of wind up and under—sustain*

BRENDA: *Starts to hum the lullaby*

WOMEN: *Joining in—hum the lullaby*

SOUND: *Lullaby—crying—and roar of wind up—mingling—baby's crying fades and lullaby grows softer and softer till it is lost in the roaring of the wind*

SOUND: *Wind ceases abruptly*

SOUND: *Clock starts to strike—and fades into*

GRANDMA: So now, dear children, now you know how Grandpa got his name. It was only sixty-one years ago. My dears, my dears, it's hard to believe today that such things ever happened—that such beasts once called themselves men.

SOUND: *Clock fades in again and finishes striking—a bell starts to toll in the distance—fade in whistles and other bells—chiming of clocks and blowing of horns—in typical New Year's Eve fashion—cross-fade into*

MUSIC: *Theme*

DVORAK'S SONG OF THE NEW WORLD

A MUSICAL DRAMA

By ROSE SCHNEIDEMAN

(A Production of the Radio Drama Workshop of The National Music Camp, Interlochen, Michigan)

ANNOUNCER: Dvorak's Song of the New World.

THEME: New World Symphony—First Movement.

ANNOUNCER: Today we present THE SONG OF THE NEW WORLD, a story of the discovery of music in America by the Bohemian composer, *Anton Dvorak*. Already famous in Europe, Dvorak in 1891 turned his eyes to America, the New World from which such wondrous stories came across the ocean. Dvorak was 50 years old when he arrived in New York.

SOUND: *Boat whistles—gang plank noise—baggage carts—excitement, greetings, etc.*

STEWARD: Carry your bag, sir?

DVORAK: No, thank you.

STEWARD: Carriage, sir?

DVORAK: No, don't trouble, boy.

REPORTER: Pardon, sir. Aren't you the famous Dr. Anton Dvorak?

DVORAK (*laughing*): Yes, I'm Dvorak. How did you know?

REPORTER: By pictures of you, sir. (*Rapidly*) I'm a reporter from The Herald, sir. Do you expect to stay long? How do you like America?

DVORAK (*laughing*): Well, I've only seen this dock.

REPORTER: Then you've never been to the United States before?

DVORAK: No, this is my first visit. It's—well, it's a new world—a new world.

REPORTER: Dr. Dvorak, are you planning to conduct an orchestra? Did you compose any music on your way over? Where are you staying while you're in New York?

DVORAK: Just a minute, young man. Do you expect me to answer three questions at once?

ROGERS: I'll answer them for you.

DVORAK: Ralph Rogers, my friend!

ROGERS: Welcome to America, Dr. Dvorak.

DVORAK: My dear friend, it's good to see a familiar face.

ROGERS: It is so good to see you. Did you enjoy your trip? Were there any musicians aboard?

DVORAK: You're as bad as this reporter. How is Mrs. Rogers?

ROGERS: She's waiting with dinner for us, Antonin. Let's find a hansom cab.

DVORAK: What a royal welcome to America!

MUSIC: *Bridge based on New World theme—Third Movement.*

MRS. ROGERS: More coffee, Dr. Dvorak? DVORAK: One more, if you please.

MRS. ROGERS: Mr. Rogers and I can't wait until we return to Paris and Vienna and Prague. There is real culture!

DVORAK: Yes, our cities are wonderful. But here in New York I feel something that Europe lacks—a newness, a freshness. Europe is old, tired. America, it is young, lively. We move slowly, here people step quickly.

ROGERS: Yes, we step quickly all right, for business and more business. But not for music, art, literature. The culture that you enjoy in Europe, that's what we lack. Money is our god.

DVORAK: Those are strong words, Mr. Rogers. But you forget one thing. Less than 100 years ago, this land was a

wilderness, wild animals, forests. Now it is a flourishing country. Why, you've only begun to live.

MRS. ROGERS: Perhaps, but when we want art or music, we must go to Europe. We'll never have it.

DVORAK: Impossible, Mrs. Rogers. America has its culture, perhaps an even greater culture than ours in Europe.

ROGERS (*laughing*): Culture? Where is it?

DVORAK: You must search for it, as you did for gold in California. It's there, waiting to be discovered.

MRS. ROGERS: Just for argument, what music have we? Can you name one American composer? One great American symphony?

DVORAK: No, not yet, but before long there will be dozens. In 50 years you'll be leading the world. Europe will be strangled by its wars, its hatreds, its oppressions. Then America will become the center of culture in the world. European artists will flock to this country to breathe your free air and create great music and art.

ROGERS: If what you say is true, then it should be here now.

DVORAK: Of course, but it must first be discovered, nourished, developed.

MRS. ROGERS: I'm afraid you don't know America or you wouldn't speak so.

DVORAK: On the contrary, perhaps. I see what your eyes fail to see, the beauty of a new world.

MRS. ROGERS: Then why don't you discover it for us, Dr. Dvorak?

DVORAK: I discover it? Yes, I will, I am, but you must give me time to see your country.

ROGERS: You'll see nothing outside of New York. There's only wilderness beyond.

DVORAK: Nevertheless, my dear friends, I believe that before long you will say "Dvorak was right. America has music."

MRS. ROGERS: But where shall you look for it?

DVORAK: I'll travel till I find it.

ROGERS: Travel? Where?

DVORAK: First South—then West. Perhaps, the Northwest. I shall see America, all of it.

MRS. ROGERS: Have you a plan?

DVORAK: No, no plan. But this I know. wherever there are people, there is

music. I shall go to the people. They will not disappoint me!

SOUND: *Train whistles—grinding of wheels—puffing of steam engine, etc.*

DVORAK: Where are we, porter?

PORTER: In Go'ga, sir.

DVORAK: Go'ga? Perhaps I'll get off.

PORTER: What town, sir?

DVORAK: I don't know yet.

PORTER: You'se gwine some place and dunno where you'se gwine?

DVORAK: That's right. I'm looking for a place with people, your people, porter.

PORTER *alarmed*: Ma people? Wha' ma people done?

DVORAK: I don't mean your own family, porter. I mean Negroes.

PORTER: Negroes? How many?

DVORAK: Hundreds—thousands. I want to meet them, hear them sing.

PORTER: Oh, dey sing. Can't stop 'em.

DVORAK: Where are those who sing?

PORTER: In Go'ga. Cuthbert, ma li'l town. Das where you'll heah 'em. Dey'll sing to break yo' hea't.

DVORAK: They'll sing to break your heart—that's it. That's what I want to hear! People who will sing to break your heart.

MUSIC: *Fade in Negro choir last phrases of "Roll, Jordan, Roll"*

DVORAK: It is beautiful, very beautiful. Who trained your people to sing like that?

MINISTER: Bless yo' hea't, Mr. Dvorak. Dey's not trained. Dey jes' sing. Ma whole congregation jes' sing out. If dey's happy dey just sing, if dey's sad, dey jes' sing.

DVORAK: Who composed the music?

MINISTER: Compose? What's dat? Ma people hear singin' in de cradle and singin' in de fields. Dey caint lib wid-out singing.

MUSIC: *Fade in Negro choir opening of "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel"*

SOUND: *Segue train wheels—whistles interwoven with the Negro choir melodies—puffing of engine—grinding of brakes—station noises*

PORTER: Ain't yo' gwine fo' a stretch, sir?

DVORAK: Is there time, porter?

PORTER: Yassih. Ten minutes.

DVORAK: Where are we?

PORTER: Texas, sir, Pasidio. dey calls it. Right dis way, sir.

Dvorak's Song of the New World

- SOUND: *Guitar music accompanied by shouting cowboys*
- DVORAK: What's going on out here?
- PORTER: Dey's cowboys, dey always says goo'byes here.
- DVORAK: What song are they singing?
- PORTER: Dat? Dat's "Lone Prairie."
- MUSIC: *"Lone Prairie" continuing as train leaves station*
- GUARD: All aboard.
- SOUND: *Engine begins to puff—wheels grind—whistles shriek—train increases speed*
- MUSIC: *Snatches of "Roll, Jordan, Roll," "Lone Prairie," and "Didn't The Lord Deliver Daniel" are interspersed with train noise which fades into . . .*
- SOUND: *Brakes of train coming to halt*
- PORTER: Fifteen minute stop, sir.
- DVORAK: Where are we now, porter?
- PORTER: Oklahoma, Wewoka, jes' a lil' town.
- DVORAK: Any cowboys at the station?
- PORTER: Mebbe; but ah 'spects 'll be Injuns, Kickapoo Indian.
- SOUND: *Beating of drums in BG—until train leaves station*
- PORTER: Yassir! Dey's here, big as life! Dey gives a good show, sir, dancin' an' all.
- DVORAK: No singing?
- PORTER: Dey sure does, sir. Not lak ma folks, but maghty nice, yassir.
- MUSIC: *Indian tribe songs—Tomtoms—Staccato dance rhythms*
- SOUND: *Applause—jingle of coins—general confusion—drums continue until train leaves station—then wheels and engine noise—whistle of train as momentum increases—music of "Lone Prairie," "Roll, Jordan, Roll," and Indian tribe songs interspersed with other sounds—brakes decreasing noise as train comes to halt*
- GUARD: Spillville—Spillville.
- DVORAK: What place is this, porter?
- PORTER: Spillville, Iowa, sir.
- DVORAK: This is my station, porter. My bag, please. My own people live here.
- PORTER: Your people, sir?
- DVORAK: Bohemians! Those are my people. Get my bag, porter. Hurry, I'm staying here for a real, long visit. (Fade)
- MAYOR: Herr Dvorak, welcome to Spillville. Come boys—sing your welcome to the good Doctor.
- MUSIC: *Czech folk dances*
- SOUND: *Applause—Cheers (fade)*
- ROGERS fade in: You are joking, Anton. Be serious. Tell us what you have discovered.
- DVORAK: The songs of the Negro, the cowboy and the Indian. I've unearthed untold wealth.
- ROGERS: We've heard them. They have no meaning for serious musicians.
- DVORAK: My friend, if you saw a diamond fresh from the earth, you would not admire it either. It is rough, dirty, misshapen. Yet, when the expert has given it his time and the benefit of his experience, it becomes a glittering jewel. And so it is with music, American music, Eastern music, all music.
- ROGERS: Didn't you promise to prove that America had its own music?
- DVORAK: Definitely!
- ROGERS: But you haven't proved it. You've merely told us it was there!
- DVORAK: Ah, my friend, that's where you're wrong. I am composing a symphony.
- ROGERS: An American symphony?
- DVORAK: A symphony from and for the New World. I use the heart song of the Negro in a setting of American freedom and beauty.
- ROGERS: I have been stubborn, Anton. Perhaps you are right. When will it be finished?
- DVORAK: Very soon, in fact, within the month.
- ROGERS: Then it can be performed by the National Symphony Society right here in New York!
- DVORAK: Of course, if they will have it. Who conducts?
- ROGERS: Anton Seidl.
- DVORAK: I can trust him to do it well. What is the date of the next concert?
- ROGERS: December 16.
- DVORAK: I must write it down—Dec. 16, 1893. So!
- ROGERS: Tell me something about it.
- DVORAK: It is a picture of the immigrant who has come to the New World full of hope. Yet there is still a feeling of love, perhaps homesickness, for the

home he left in the Old World. You must be my guest at the concert. Then you will understand (*Fade*)

SOUND: *Tuning of instruments of large orchestra—applause*

MUSIC: *Symphony No. 5 "From The New World"—fade to fit to*

SOUND: *Applause to end in background*

ROGERS: Congratulations, Anton.

DVORAK: Was I successful? Did I find a grain of American culture?

ROGERS: You have found more than that, Dvorak. You've opened our eyes to a treasure we never knew existed.

THEME: *New World Symphony—Fourth Movement*

ASK AUNT MARY

A COMEDY

By HELEN R. WOODWARD

SOUND: *Door opens and closes with a bang*
NED: All right, Miss Elder. I'm ready—let's get at it. Seems to be quite a batch of mail this morning.

ELDER: Yes, Mr. Barclay. I'll begin with this one. Here's a letter from Mrs. B. F. C. who wants to know if she should divorce her husband. She has worn the same dress to church for the last three years and he refuses to buy her another. Also, she says he insists on buying the groceries himself, so that she hasn't got a chance to snatch a nickel.

NED: All right. Take this answer. "Dear Mrs. B. F. C. Do not consider divorcing a man who is willing to buy groceries on any terms! You might find it exceedingly difficult to find another. Wear the old dress and be thankful for three hot meals a day. Sincerely yours, Aunt Mary of the Times." Next!

ELDER: I'll use my own judgment about that reply! (*Reading*) "Dear Aunt Mary: I am so distressed. My mother will not let me go to dances and I will be twenty-eight my next birthday. What shall I do? I do so want an opportunity to meet nice young men. Lonely Elizabeth."

NED: "Dear Lonely Elizabeth." Oh, Gee whiz, Miss Elder. Use your own judgment about that one, too! Next!

ELDER: "Dear Aunt Mary: I have never written a letter like this before and only my extreme anxiety prompts me to take my pen in hand now. I am secretary to a famous novelist—a man who, I am sure, is the only man in the world for me. His name is Milton Sinclair."

NED: Milton Sinclair! Ye Gods!

ELDER: Now, Mr. Barclay, don't get excited!

NED *raging*: Why shouldn't I get excited?

ELDER: I know how you feel about Sinclair, but after all, you've let your personal prejudice sway you . . .

NED: I wrote a perfectly fair and reasonable review of his book! Out of the kindness of my heart, too, since reviewing is definitely not my job! I didn't like the book, and I said so!

ELDER: But the language you used when he came to the office to protest was decidedly uncalled for!

NED: Well, he socked me on the jaw for it, didn't he?

ELDER: And you, if I remember correctly, socked him back! But of course, you can't let your animosity for the man color your reply to this girl!

NED *furiously and sarcastic*: Dear Miss Elder, I shall have to see that the Morning Times raises your salary. A secretary who is also a spiritual advisor is worth much more than you're being paid. Read on, please.

ELDER *not at all perturbed*: Where was I? Oh, yes—"his name is Milton Sinclair. And he is entirely unconscious of my existence. What can I do to make him realize that the girls he writes so thrillingly about, are no more beautiful and attractive than I, who sit beside him every day!"

NED: Humn! Modest little thing, isn't she?

ELDER *reading on*: "I am young and healthy and intelligent. I am interested in his work, and I am a real help to him. I would make him an ideal wife. You must tell me how to win him. I am enclosing my photograph so that you may know my personality better and thus be enabled to advise me correctly. I eagerly await your advice. Anxiously, Janet Carter, Apartment 2,

Riverview Apartments, Riverside Park.”
Here’s the photograph.

NED *long expressive whistle*: Well! She didn’t miss it when she called herself attractive! Nice hair, brown, I guess.

ELDER *sourly*: Blonde, I’m sure, bleached, no doubt!

NED: I’m sure you’re wrong, Miss Elder. Janet Carter isn’t the sort of girl who would bleach her hair!

ELDER: Oh, is that so? How can you tell?

NED: Well, after all, Sinclair is a man of taste and refinement. He’d never employ a girl with bleached hair.

ELDER: Well! I’d never have thought you’d admit it! What’s the answer to Janet Carter?

NED: I don’t believe Sinclair is the man for her, so how can I advise her as to how to win him?

ELDER: Why isn’t he the man for her?

NED: Milton Sinclair is not the man for any girl I have an interest in.

ELDER: So—you have an interest in Janet Carter!

NED: Only as in any of the thousands of seekers after advice that look to *Aunt Mary* for help. Nothing personal at all, since I’ve never even seen the girl. But I can imagine she’s an appealing little thing! Sinclair’s a worse idiot than I thought to have her under his nose day after day and never see her. But it’s just what I’d expect of him!

ELDER *politely*: I didn’t know you always knew what to expect of him!

NED: Now look here! Just because Sinclair and I engaged in a little fistic combat . . .

ELDER: From which you emerged slightly the worse for wear!

NED *snorts*: Oh, you seem to admire Sinclair yourself! An exhibition of brute force would appeal to you. Perhaps *Aunt Mary* could give you some advice!

ELDER *drily*: When I need advice from a boy ten years my junior, I’ll ask for it! Well, as I said before—what shall we tell Janet Carter?

NED: I don’t know. She interests me. Perhaps—I’ll tell you what, Miss Elder. Let’s skip this one. I think I’ll handle it—personally.

MUSIC: *Interlude to denote change of scene—fading out as . . .*

SOUND: *Knock on door—loud—repeated—door opens*

NED. How do you do? Does Miss Janet Carter live here?

JANET *soft lovely voice*: Why, yes. I’m Janet Carter.

NED: I thought so. And I’m Ned Barclay. You see, I’ve come on a—a special mission. *Aunt Mary* of the Times sent me over to—er—help you with your problem!

JANET: Oh!

NED: Please don’t be embarrassed about it. It’s all quite in the run of our business. You see, sometimes problems interest *Aunt Mary* so much that she—she sends me personally to solve them.

JANET: Oh,—I see. Are—are you her son?

NED. Er—no. Nephew. I’m very fond of *Aunt Mary*.

JANET: She must be a dear old lady! Won’t you come in?

NED: Thanks.

SOUND: *Door closes*

(Pause)

NED: Cosy little place you have here, Miss Carter.

JANET: Thank you. Please have the wing chair by the fire. I—I think it’s very kind of you to come. Please—please understand that I’m not in the habit of writing letters to newspapers.

NED: I could tell that by your photograph. That’s why *Aunt Mary* took a special interest in you. You know, it’s funny, she was wondering about your hair. I—that is, she thought it must be brown. She’ll be glad to know she was right about it.

JANET: Will she? She must be a very kind-hearted person. I should like to meet her personally. Do you think I could?

NED: I’m afraid not. Aunt Mary must remain a mystery, otherwise she’d be swamped with visitors.

JANET: I can understand that.

NED: Now about the problem.

JANET: Please, Mr. Barclay. I—I wish I hadn’t sent that letter. It seems so silly now. I must have been crazy to do it. I—I’d rather just forget about it.

NED: But why? I’ve taken a whole evening off to come over here and help you. Besides, I happen to know Milton Sinclair.

JANET *eagerly*: You do? You’ve read his books, haven’t you? Aren’t they marvelous? And oh, I assure you, Mr. Barclay, the man is much more interesting than

the books. But of course you realize all that if you know him.

NED *sourly*: Yes, of course. The trouble is that since I've met you, I'm not so sure you were right when you said he is the only man for you. In fact, I believe there would be a continuous clash of temperaments between you!

JANET: Oh, but I haven't any temperament—truly I haven't! I should be content to be just a reflection of his glory—always!

NED: Humn! Then you still want to go through with it?

JANET: I'm still in love with Milton Sinclair, if that's what you mean. And if you really want to help me . . .

NED: Sure I do. That's what I came here for. Now, my idea is that you've got to do something startling! Literally force yourself upon his consciousness, so that he will suddenly and forcibly become aware of you as a person! A young, charming, lovely girl—not just a secretary!

JANET: Yes, but how? I don't know what I could do that would be startling!

NED: Wait a minute. If Sinclair thought another man was in love with you, he'd sit up and take notice. It's old stuff, of course, but deadly. At first it might only be because he would be afraid of losing his efficient secretary. But at least he'd really see you for the first time.

JANET: Yes, but there doesn't happen to be another man in love with me. What shall I do? Advertise in your newspaper?

NED: Don't be in such a hurry. Let me finish. If he found that his highly capable secretary, you are highly capable, aren't you?

JANET: He says I'm the best secretary he's ever had. I understand his moods.

NED: Well, then he would be sorry to lose you. And if he found that his secretary was in love with a man whom he had a particular reason for disliking . . .

JANET: Oh, dear! It gets deeper and deeper. Won't you just turn my problem back to *Aunt Mary*—or forget it entirely?

NED: No, I won't. Because you see, there is a man who is particularly irritating to Sinclair. A man he'd hate to see you interested in.

JANET: There is? Who?

NED: Me!

JANET: You! You—you mean—you're suggesting that I pretend I'm in love with you!

NED: Exactly. I suppose that would be terribly hard to do?

JANET: It seems utterly preposterous.

NED: Thanks!

JANET: Oh, I didn't mean . . .

NED: Well, I guess that advice wasn't so hot!

JANET: Oh, now I've made you feel badly. When you were trying so hard to help me. I'm sorry. But it all seems so hopeless. When I think of that party tonight . . .

NED *quickly*: What party?

JANET: The party Mr. Sinclair is having up at his penthouse. There will be music and dancing and soft lights . . . and floors shining and beautiful furniture gleaming. The tinkle of glass and silver! And Milton Sinclair in the midst of it all! Lucia Lansing will be there, too! Clever, sophisticated, and beautiful. Everything that I'm not—I hate her!

NED: Were you invited to the party?

JANET *bitterly*: Of course not. He'd as soon think of carrying in his typewriter and placing it in the middle of the dance floor!

NED: Well, we're going! You and I!

JANET: Going—to the party? Without an invitation?

NED: Well, I haven't got one, either. And what's more, all the angels in heaven couldn't get me one. But we're going to crash it!

JANET: Oh, no! That would be terrible! Unforgivable!

NED *triumphantly*: And utterly startling! That's the opening we were looking for. In the midst of all the gayety, the meek little secretary appears, gowned in a beautiful evening dress! Have you a beautiful evening dress?

JANET: Yes, I have. White. I bought it in a moment of insanity several weeks ago—hoping—I might use it sometime. But I've been scolding myself ever since for wasting the money.

NED: The money was not wasted. Hop into that gown as quickly as possible. Sinclair is really going to see you for once in his life! And oh, boy! How he will love seeing you with me!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

NED: Well, here we are—up on top of the world! Someday I'm going to have a penthouse myself and I'll invite you to all the parties. You'd better lead the way, the butler knows you.

JANET: Yes. Come along then. (*Footsteps pause*) Good evening, Parsons. May I go in for a moment? I—I left some papers I must look over this evening.

PARSONS: Of course, Miss Carter. Go right in.

JANET: Thank you, Parsons. My friend, here, will go with me.

PARSONS: Yes, Miss Carter.

SOUND: *Music and laughter in the background*
(*Pause*)

JANET *whispering*: Well, here we are. What shall we do next?

NED: Find the bedroom and lay aside your wrap. I'll wait here.

JANET: All right. I won't be a moment. (*Fading*)

SOUND: *Footsteps*

SINCLAIR *angrily*: Am I to believe what I really see? Have you actually dared to enter my home, Ned Barclay?

NED *nonchalant*: What? Oh, it's Sinclair, isn't it?

SINCLAIR: You know jolly well who I am! What is the meaning of this outrage? Explain yourself before I throw you out!

NED: Just dropped in to pass the time of day. The girl friend wanted to come in a moment . . .

SINCLAIR: Girl friend? Say, what are you driving at? You . . .

NED: Now, take it easy. I said, my girl, Janet Carter, wanted to come to your party.

SINCLAIR: Janet Carter? You mean my secretary!

NED: Why, yes. I do believe she is!

SINCLAIR *frothing*: Janet Carter is not your girl! She's got more sense than that! Why she's one of the most intelligent girls I ever knew!

NED: Exactly! Nice place you have here, Sinclair.

SINCLAIR: Look here, Barclay. Just what is your motive in coming here? You know I think you're the scum of the earth—and you undoubtedly think the same of me. You didn't come here for pleasure . . .

NED: No. I've never yet found pleasure in your society. Say, Sinclair, by the way—I noticed a pretty good course in novel writing advertised the other day. I can get you the address if you'd like to enroll!

SINCLAIR *bursting with fury*: Why . . . you . . . !!! I'll have you thrown out of here! Parsons, where are you?

JANET *entering*: Oh, Mr. Sinclair, what is it?

SINCLAIR *greatly perturbed*: Miss Carter—Miss Carter, perhaps you can explain all this. This—this person says he's a friend of yours.

JANET: Yes, he is.

SINCLAIR: Well, I'm sorry to hear it. Very sorry to hear it. Strange that you've been so near me every day—and I never once thought who your friends might be.

JANET: No, you didn't, did you?

SINCLAIR: Suppose you give her a lecture about it now, Sinclair. I'll stroll about a bit. See you later, Janet. (*Fading*)

JANET *nervously*: Mr. Sinclair—perhaps I'd better explain our being here. I . . . you see . . .

SINCLAIR *suddenly very much interested*: Never mind that, Miss Carter. I'm very glad you came. If I'd thought for a moment that you'd like this sort of thing, I'd have insisted on your coming.

JANET: All girls like parties, Mr. Sinclair.

SINCLAIR: Then you'll stay, won't you?

JANET: I'd love it. And so would . . . er . . . Ned, I'm sure.

SINCLAIR: Oh, Ned I wanted to talk to you about him. Let's sit here on the divan in the alcove. Shall we?

JANET: Why yes—of course!

SINCLAIR *after slight pause*: You're looking very lovely tonight, Miss Carter. Why haven't I seen you wearing something like this before?

JANET *laughing*: Well, it's hardly the regulation outfit for a secretary, you know.

SINCLAIR: No, I suppose not. But it's charming. Strange that I've never come in contact with you at all, except in a business way. And we've known each other for nearly two years.

JANET: Yes, it is strange, isn't it?

SINCLAIR: Had you ever thought of it?

JANET: Well,—yes, I had!

SINCLAIR: You should have spoken of it to me. We might have had a number

of enjoyable engagements. We could have talked of my work! As it is, I've been hobnobbing with a lot of stupid people, and allowing you to associate with really undesirable ones. Like—Ned Barclay!

JANET: Oh, but Ned isn't undesirable! I'm sure he isn't.

SINCLAIR: Oh, but you don't know him—really! My dear girl, you must take my advice about it. I'm a bit older, you know. Stop seeing this fellow! He isn't at all the man for you!

JANET: How can you be so sure?

SINCLAIR: Oh, it's easy. He's miles beneath you, socially and intellectually. He would never appreciate your fine spirit, your beauty, your intelligence. That gracious quality that somehow sets you apart from other women! Why, Miss Carter, what's the matter?

JANET *stricken*: Nothing—only—Mr. Sinclair, that's exactly what you had Horace say to Lora in Chapter Thirty-five of "Love Eternal" this very afternoon!

SINCLAIR *a bit taken back*: Well—what of it? The language of love is the same in any situation, isn't it?

JANET: The language of love? Why, Mr. Sinclair, you don't mean that! You've forgotten that you're just talking to your secretary, haven't you?

SINCLAIR: Yes, that's just what I have done. I can't believe that you're the same girl who comes to my office every day and takes my dictation. You seem younger, freer, more beautiful in every way. And yet, you must have been like this all the time. Why did you hide yourself from me?

JANET *slowly*: Mr. Sinclair, what a great difference a white frock makes to you!

SINCLAIR: It isn't just the frock . . .

JANET: But suppose I had come in my little office dress. Would you have discovered that I was a—a lovely person?

SINCLAIR: Of course I should! I should have discovered the truth eventually. But when I saw you with that Ned Barclay—your personality seemed to strike me very forcibly. I realized that I must speak to you about him, warn you against him!

JANET: You're very kind to be interested, but I'm sure you're mistaken about Ned.

SINCLAIR: Promise me you won't see him again after tonight!

JANET. Oh, I couldn't do that!

NED *entering and interrupting*: No, of course she couldn't! Fact is, Sinclair, old scout, Miss Carter and I are going to be married! I'm afraid you're going to have to worry along without her as a secretary!

SINCLAIR *aghast*: What? Why—you—you . . . ! If you think I'll allow her to marry you . . .

NED: Tut, tut! You don't think anybody really takes your threats seriously, do you?

SINCLAIR: Look here! I punched your nose in once, and I'll do it again!

JANET *horrified*: Mr. Sinclair!

NED: Not here! You'd muss up the pottery. How about the elevator shaft?

JANET: Ned! Put that coat back on! You're both acting like idiots!

SINCLAIR: I'm sorry, Miss Carter, but if you think I'm going to let this low, ignorant reporter crash in here and dictate to me—insult me . . .

NED: Careful! Remember your blood pressure—you mug!

SINCLAIR *biting the words*: Miss Carter, please go into the living room. I'm going to beat this chump into a pulp!

NED: No, Janet, stay! And watch me smear the furniture with the life blood of a famous novelist!!

JANET *almost crying*: Oh, this is terrible!

You're both childish, churlish, disagreeable boors! I won't stay and listen to you another minute! I'm going home!

SINCLAIR: Miss Carter, wait! You're not leaving me for good, are you? I can't get another secretary like you . . .

NED: Wait, Janet, I'm going with you!

SINCLAIR. Miss Carter! Janet! Janet, I implore you!

NED: So long, Sinclair. We'll continue this episode at our next meeting. And thanks for a lovely evening!

SOUND: *Door slams—pause—sound of hurrying footsteps*

NED: Hey, don't walk so fast. What's your hurry?

JANET: I've never been so humiliated in all my life. To think, two men almost coming to blows, over me!

NED: Well, we accomplished our purpose, didn't we? Sinclair knows you're alive, doesn't he? Here, there—boy! Down, please!

SOUND: *Elevator clanging*

JANET *angrily*: Yes, we accomplished our purpose! I've probably lost my job, thanks to you!

NED: Well, of all the ungrateful people! Say are you in love with this guy, or aren't you?

JANET: None of your business!

ELEVATOR MAN: Ground floor! Watch your step, please.

SOUND: *Door clangs—rapid footsteps*

NED: All right, lady. If that's the way you feel about it! Wait, I'll call a taxi!

JANET: No thank you! I'm going home alone! I was a fool to listen to you in the first place. How do I know *Aunt Mary* of the Times sent you?

NED: I don't know. How?

JANET: You may be an escaped lunatic!

NED *exasperatingly*: Oh, my secret is discovered! Please, lady, don't turn me over to my keepers!

JANET *choking*: Oh! Oh! I—I hope I never s-see you again!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

JANET: I—I beg your pardon. But could—could I see you for just a moment, Aunt Mary?

ELDER *startled*: What?

JANET: I know you're not supposed to talk to you—your clients personally. Ned told me. But—couldn't you make an exception just this once? (*Sobs*) I—I'm in such terrible trouble!

ELDER: Goodness! What's the matter?

JANET: Please—I'll take just a moment of your time. I—I'm so unhappy. I've quit my job. And I've just got to find Ned.

ELDER: Say—who are you, anyway?

JANET: Janet Carter. You remember I wrote you a letter the other day about —about a problem I thought I had!

ELDER: Janet Carter! Oh, now I'm beginning to understand. My dear young lady, you . . .

JANET *interrupting*: Please, Aunt Mary, don't be angry with me! You see, I thought perhaps you could tell me where I could find your nephew!

ELDER: My nephew? The only nephew I have lives in Seattle, Washington!

JANET: But he said he was your nephew!

ELDER: Who said it?

JANET: The young man you sent to help me.

ELDER: The young man I sent . . . (*thoughtfully*) Oh, now I believe I really am beginning to see the light!

JANET: You see, I was very rude to him when we parted, and I must find him again. He only did what he thought was right, and I must have seemed horribly ungrateful.

ELDER: Then he did solve your problem?

JANET: Yes, but not in the way I expected it to be solved. You remember I wrote you that I was in love with Milton Sinclair, the novelist?

ELDER: Yes, I remember.

JANET: He proposed to me this morning!

ELDER: He did?

JANET: Yes—that's why I quit my job! You see, I couldn't stay after refusing to marry him!

ELDER: Refusing? But I thought that was what you wanted!

JANET *sadly*: So did I. But oh, Aunt Mary, when he began to make love to me in the exact words he uses in his novels! When he even proposed to me in the exact manner used in one of his latest stories—I—I just couldn't stand it.

ELDER: No, I should think not!

JANET: Besides, I suspected he really wanted to marry me just to keep me from marrying Ned!

ELDER *aghast*: Marrying Ned! Good heavens, that boy works fast!

JANET: We were only pretending, of course. But somehow I knew that it would always be like that. I'd always know what Mr. Sinclair was going to say, and how he was going to say it—and somehow, it would never seem sincere.

ELDER: And then?

JANET: And then I thought of—of Ned, who would always be unexpected and —and delightful!

ELDER *wryly*: Unexpected, anyway!

JANET: And I thought how angry he must be with me . . .

ELDER: So you came to *Aunt Mary* for advice, eh? Well, let me tell you—Ned is not angry with you. I can tell that even from the mere glimpse I have of him peeping through the door. Ned! You might as well come in and straighten this thing out!

JANET: Oh, Ned! You were listening?

NED: I'm afraid so. Will you forgive me?

JANET: I'm glad. Now I won't have to explain all over again. Please forgive me for being so rude last night.

NED: Janet, dear child, all is forgiven forever between us. How about having lunch with me (*very softly*) darling?

JANET: I'd love it! But first I must thank Aunt Mary. You don't know how grateful I am for your help—and especi-

ally for sending Ned. I think you're the kindest person I've ever known!

ELDER *firmly and wrathfully*: Tell her, Ned! Tell her all about *Aunt Mary*!

NED: Yes, I suppose I shall have to! But I think a table for two, softly shaded with rose-colored lights, is a much better place for a love scene. Come, Janet, darling!

FACING WESTWARD

A DOCUMENTARY

By ARTHUR GUAEDINGER AND HENRY NASH SMITH

(Broadcast by the Harvard University Radio Workshop over WRUL, Boston, Mass.)

1ST NARRATOR: Greater than the surge of the Teutonic tribes across the empire of Rome, greater than the sweep of the Asiatic Huns across Europe was the westward migration of the American people in the nineteenth century.

2ND NARRATOR: A hundred years, pushing ever westward. They populated a continent and covered with cities and farms a land where wilderness had reigned.

1ST NARRATOR: In 1787, the year the Constitution of our country was written, the frontier of American civilization had scarcely crossed the mountains of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. *(Fade in)*

1ST HILL-BILLY reading: "An Ord-nance for the gov-ment of the Terr-i-tory of the Eunit-ed States, North-west of the River O-hio . . ."

2ND HILL-BILLY: Fust I've heard from the Eunit-ed States sence ole Gen'l Wash-ington druv out them redcoats! Read us some more o' that Ord-nance. . .

1ST HILL-BILLY: "Be it or-dained by the Eunit-ed States, in Con-gress ass-ass-assembled, that the said Terr-i-tory, for the pur-poses of temprary gov-ment, be one district, subject however to be divided . . ." *(Fade)*

1ST NARRATOR: This was the famous Ordinance of 1787. It said that out of the great region between the mountains and the Mississippi, north of the Ohio River, would some day be carved "not less than three, nor more than five states." But the march of settlers across the mountains did not wait for acts of Congress.

2ND NARRATOR: From the plain, from the Piedmont, from the hillside farms of

New England, from Europe they came. Self-reliant, determined men, with a flair for independence. Clearing—plowing—planting. They went across Ohio, across Indiana, across Illinois. Many of them were rough backwoodsmen, unable to read or write, but they were mostly wholesome, generous people—to one another.

1ST NARRATOR. Not to Indians. The red men often outfought the whites man for man. But in the early years of the nineteenth century they were forced steadily westward by the sheer weight of advancing numbers. Piously worded treaties deprived them of their lands.

2ND NARRATOR: In 1811, William Henry Harrison, with a force of militia, burned an Indian village on Tippecanoe Creek, near the Wabash River. This was the great victory of Tippecanoe which later helped General Harrison become President of the United States. The "battle" over, Harrison marched his weary troops down the river to Vincennes. He was received with joy—and with the flowery oratory of the time.

(Pause)

Following on mike:
BILL: Unsheathe the sword, my foot! Why there weren't even an ax in the hull dern regiment.

JAMES: We most froze in the mud without firewood!

BILL: And listen to 'em talk about success. Why if it hadn't been for Colonel Boyd and the fourth regiment the hull thing would have been a massacre!

DELEGATE (Off mike):
To his excellency, William Henry Harrison, Governor and Commander - in - Chief in and over Indiana Territory
When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a nation to unsheathe the sword in defence of any portion of its citizens, and any individual of society becomes intrusted with the

charge of leading the army of his country into the field to scourge the assailants of its right, and it is proved by the success of their arms that the individual possesses superior capacity, accompanied by integrity

and other qualities of the mind which adorn the human character in a superlative degree, it has a tendency to draw out the affections of the people in a way that must be grateful to the soldier and the man. (Fade)

2ND NARRATOR: Though militiamen James MacPherson and William Swift did not think Harrison deserved his honors, they too received their reward for the campaign. They received their pay in the form of land warrants and were mustered out of service. (Fade)

JAMES: What you going to do with your warrants, Bill?

BILL: Well, Jim, reckon I'll sell mine to that Eastern feller that's buyin' 'em up. How about yourself?

JAMES: Some of that prairie country we just been over up-river is the prettiest farmin' land I ever hope to see.

BILL: You ain't fixin' to settle here in Illinois, James MacPherson?

JAMES: That I am. I'm turnin' in my warrants for a parcel of that land. Think of it, Bill! No trees to clear off before you can plow! It's the wonder of creation!

2ND NARRATOR: But James MacPherson had to wait to patent his claim.

1ST NARRATOR: 1812 America was at war with England. And while it lasted, Indians armed with British muskets held up the advance of American settlement in the West.

2ND NARRATOR: But when peace was signed, MacPherson located his farm near Vandalia, Illinois.

1ST NARRATOR: The decades that followed brought an almost fantastic prosperity. The Ohio valley became a great farming region, feeding the cotton-planting South and the commercial East. By the 1830's adventurous spirits looked to new fields of pioneer conquest beyond the Mississippi.

2ND NARRATOR: But James MacPherson, conservative and prosperous, thought only of increasing his acreage. He borrowed money from a bank in Vandalia which was glutted with Federal funds. (Fade)

BANKER: It will be a pleasure, Mr. MacPherson. Our bank is delighted to ex-

tend credit to responsible men who are building up our state. Of course, you have ample security . . .

JAMES: I'm putting up my farm. I don't think you could ask for better security, Mr. Blair. (Fade)

2ND NARRATOR: MacPherson had caught the fever of speculation that was epidemic in the West. So did thousands more, but unlike MacPherson, few of them ever intended to farm the lands with which they gambled.

1ST NARRATOR: In 1837 the whole flimsy structure of bank credits and paper money collapsed like a house of cards. The Panic had begun! (Fade)

JAMES: It's all the fault of that confounded Nicholas Biddle and his money monopoly! Why if I could just get my hands on old Nick's fat Philadelphia neck, I'd shake out every shilling he ever stole from an honest, hard-working man.

MARY: You men never look behind the right tree!

JAMES: What are you talking of, Mary?

MARY: It's plain enough the Vandalia bank called your loans, not any Nicholas Biddle way out to Philadelphia somewhere.

JAMES: Now, Mary, you can't tell me Old Nick Biddle didn't start the panic to get even with President Jackson for bustin' up his Monster Monopoly.

MARY: Oh, Jim, it ain't no time for us to be arguin' such a way. We got to be thinkin' what to do, now the farm's gone.

JAMES: It's gone, all right. Just when everything was looking so good. Why, they just finished the National Road into Vandalia last year.

MARY: But what are we going to do, Jim?

JAMES: Well, I started a farm once. I'm not too old to start one again. Dick'll be old enough to help soon. We'll go to Iowa. Funny, and I said I'd never move west again. (Fade)

2ND NARRATOR: In those days it wasn't too hard for a determined man to build his fortunes all over again. By the time Dick MacPherson was twenty-one, his father James was a settled Iowa farmer, who enjoyed telling about the misfortune that had brought him to the lands beyond the Mississippi.

MUSIC: *Up full—fade behind . . .*

1ST NARRATOR: But the call of the sunset regions burned like fire in the blood of a new and restless generation. In the 1850's thousands were drawn across the plains by California gold. Others turned north to the rich Oregon country.

MUSIC: *Up full and out*

2ND NARRATOR. With wagon-trains passing constantly in sight of his father's farm, it was no wonder that Dick, too, began to dream of a new land of promise to the West. (*Fade*)

ABNER: So long!

WOMAN: Goodbye, everybody!

ABNER: Be scein' you in Oregon, Dan!

DAN: Not if I got anything to say about it, Abner Stemmons.

ED: Say, Abner, don't you and the kids catch cold going over them Rocky Mountains.

ABNER: You better be mindin' your own health. That mule's got a nasty kick! Let's get rollin', boys!

SOUND: *Moving wagons and Abner fades slowly through*

ABNER: We're off for the Oregon country! Get down fix that yoke, Bud. Them consarned oxen won't never pull together.

DAN: Doubt if he'll make Oregon by nightfall at this rate.

ABNER: Don't pay no attention to Dan, boys. You can see he ain't never going to get any place. (*Fade*) Hang that tarbucket on the axle, Bud!

ED: There they go. How come you're lookin' so down around the mouth, Dick?

DICK: Guess I been layin' too much store by what Pa says.

ED: Why, what's he say?

DICK: Pa's kind of old-fashioned and funny-like. Why he's been here in Iowa near fifteen years, and he still thinks it's the jumping-off place of creation.

DAN: He'd like you to settle down right here in Benton county, wouldn't he, Dick?

DICK: Reckon he would, Dan. But I'm getting a few ideas of my own now. There's big things happening in this country, and I aim to be in on 'em. You saw that Stemmons train pull out for Oregon. And Jim Billings, soon's he heard 'bout that Kansas and Neb-

raska bill, he headed right for Kansas.

ED: Yeah! And he'll get shot by them Southern slavery men, too. They'd like to drive every free-soiler out of Kansas. Look here, Dick, Oregon's the place. Me and Charlie Paine's leavin' tomorrow to catch up with the Stemmons train. Why don't you come with us?

DAN: If you ask me, Dick, the place to head for is Nebraska. There's no fightin' about slavery there, and they tell me the land's so rich they have to plant bantam corn so the stalks won't get so high they can't reach the ears!

ED: That's a fine yarn! My granddad told that story about Kentucky. But see here, Dick, I ain't dependin' on no hearsay evidence: I got mine in writing. This here book gives complete, entire, and compree-hensive information on the Oregon country. Let me see now—mm—mm—hem: "The scenery in Oregon is varied, romantic, picturesque, and grand. If there be any spot on the Earth's whole surface the equal of Oregon, tis vast, tis grand, tis beautiful indeed . . ."

DAN: Seems to me like they kind of must stretch things about Oregon, too.

ED: It's gospel truth, Dan Freeman. It's written right here in the book!

DAN: Well, mebbe so. But those Platte River lands is goin' fast at a dollar and a quarter an acre.

ED: Now, Dick, just listen to this: "Where now the Indian is winding along the narrow and solitary trail the powerful locomotive will fly along the rattling railway . . ."

DAN: Haw! Haw! Haw! Rattling railway is right! If you'll take my advice, Dick, you'll be a big man by the time Nebraska gets to be a state. Why, they might even run you for Senator!

DICK: To tell the truth boys, Dan's right. Nebraska's the place for me. There's no need to drag two thousand miles through a howling desert to get the kind of land I'm looking for. (*Fade*)

2ND NARRATOR: We can cast but a rapid glance at the next twenty years of Dick MacPherson's life.

1ST NARRATOR: These decades saw dramatic changes in the nation's life. A Civil War was fought; machines took

over the work of men in the factories and in the fields. Most important for the West, the Homestead Act offered free land to settlers. A mighty wave of migration surged beyond the Missouri. Farmers of the plains began to ship their grain to Eastern markets over the new Pacific Railroad.

2ND NARRATOR: In 1880, Dick MacPherson headed a delegation of farmers from Florence, Nebraska, sent to persuade Jay Gould, a director of the Union Pacific, to build a branch line to Florence. Emory, a competing town fifty miles away, had its delegation too.

SOUND: *Fade in crowd noises—hold in BG*

2ND NARRATOR: At the Grand Island Station, Gould was sitting on his observation platform, while farmers, merchants, and railroad men gathered about his private car.

1ST FARMER: Will you look at him smokin' on that seegar just like there was no one a-watchin' him a-tall!

2ND FARMER: You'd think he was king of the whole state of Nebraska, wouldn't you, Jeff? Jest look at them diamond cuff-links.

3RD FARMER: They shore do sparkle. Just like Satan's eyes.

2ND FARMER: Take a look at the checks on his vest! Don't see how a man can stand to wear such frills.

1ST FARMER: He's getting ready to talk now.

GOULD: Gentlemen!

SOUND: *Crowd noises fade out abruptly*

GOULD: Gentlemen. The Union Pacific Railway is the builder of the great state of Nebraska! A little more than ten years ago the golden spike was driven that connected the Atlantic States with the Pacific. Gentlemen, in those ten years the bustling community I see about me here, these fine buildings, this elegant station—all these evidences of progress have sprung up like magic in the midst of bare plains. What force has brought about this magician's trick? The Union Pacific Railway!

SOUND: *Cheers from crowd*

GOULD: And now, friends, the Union Pacific plans to continue its great work of building up the State of Nebraska. The Union Pacific will put up half the money to build branch lines that

will save you the cost of hauling your crops forty or fifty miles.

SOUND: *Cheers*

GOULD: All we ask is that you vote a bond issue equal to one half the cost of this branch line. The railroad will furnish its half—dollar for dollar.

VOICES: Good enough! Sounds pretty fair to me, Mr. Gould ain't so bad.

GOULD: I know that I can speak to you as one business man to another, and that we don't need to mince words. Our engineers have surveyed two lines: one to Emory and one to Florence. We can't build both. Which shall it be?

VOICES: We can't let Emory get the line. It'll ruin us!

VOICES: If Florence gets the road we'll start a war!

DICK: He can't play us off like that!

GOULD: I see before me representatives of these two communities who have come here to show how much effort they are willing to make to insure an outlet for their crops.

DICK *rather sullen*: Mr. Gould!

GOULD: I recognize Mr. MacPherson, the delegate from Florence.

DICK *to the crowd*: I don't like this occasion at all, and I can see some of you others feel the same way about it.

SOUND: *Cheers and boos*

DICK: I don't like to come here as if we were asking favors of this fine gentleman from Wall Street.

SOUND: *Cheers and boos—mostly cheers*

GOULD: Why you impertinent bumpkin!

DICK: Don't interrupt me yet. You can talk when I've had my say.

GOULD: I won't stand for this . . .

DICK *(talking fast)*: I have something to tell you, Mr. Gould. You wanted Florence to bid against Emory for your branch line. But you never had the least idea of building a line to Florence.

SOUND: *Consternation—some threatening*

VOICES: Say, what's going on?

Gould better not try any magical tricks on us!

DICK: I was fooled by your agents and your fake contest, and we raised pledges that we couldn't afford to make. But now I know better.

GOULD. What are you talking about?

DICK: I have here some certified copies of deeds which prove that one of your board members is carrying on a little private land speculation just beyond Emory. You meant to build the line to Emory all the time, but you wanted to use the bid from Florence to make the citizens of Emory pay you as much as you could get out of them!

SOUND: *Angry yells*

VOICES: Sounds like it's true!

Gould's a no-good robber!

We'll have Gould's hide!

GOULD: I won't have anything to do with this fanatic! And let me tell you, Sir, if you think you can threaten me you're badly mistaken. I'll make the grass grow in the streets of Florence! I'll be glad to talk privately to the gentlemen from Emory, inside my car. I have nothing more to say to this agitator. Good day!

SOUND: *Door slam*

SOUND: *In full—hold briefly—then down and out*

DICK: Of course there wasn't any use settin' off a riot, boys. Gould had the law on his side.

VOICE: You mean he's got the lawyers on his side.

DICK: Well, us farmers got to take a page from the railroads' notebook. They always do things "legally," and if we're going to get an honest man's deal out of 'em we got to do things the same way.

SOUND: *Discouraged comments*

VOICES: Don't sound like much to me.

How're we to go hiring lawyers.

We ain't big enough to get anyone to listen to us.

DICK: That's just it, boys. We've got to get someone who will listen to our side of the story. We've got to get men like ourselves, farmers, into the state legislature—into Congress. *(Fade)*
Pause

1ST NARRATOR: The railroad was built to Emory and the grass did grow on the streets of Florence. It became another of the strange ghost towns of the West.

2ND NARRATOR: Discouraged, Dick moved again: To the High Plains in the western part of the state. He built his new house with chunks of sod cut from the prairie. He did not stop planning for the day when the farmers would

show their strength to the nation, but he had more immediate problems to face.

1ST NARRATOR: Sun-tanned riders from Texas were driving their herds of half-wild longhorns up the trails to winter on the northern ranges. At first farmers and cattlemen got along well enough, but in time the country became populous and settlers began to fence off their holdings and plow up the cattle trails.

2ND NARRATOR: Then trouble started.

SOUND: *Fade in moos of herd in BG*

DICK: Say, you cowpunchers, get your dinged cattle off my land and keep 'em off. They've trampled down my wheat and stole my own stock's feed once too often. Next time I catch . . .

COWBOY: Better take it easy, podner. See this little gun? She's got a way of answerin' back to farmers tryin' to bust up the drive. *(Fade)*

1ST NARRATOR: The farmers in their turn intimidated the ranchers, killing stock, finally stealing. Cattlemen then claimed as much land as they could, often by fraud. They illegally enclosed vast areas with expensive barbed wire fences.

2ND NARRATOR: In Custer County, Nebraska, 1884, MacPherson and several of his neighbors were thus hemmed in by the Brighton Ranch Company. *(Fade)*

1ST VOICE: You're right, MacPherson. We're legally settled here and we can't have filthy cattle tearing down our crops and goring our children.

2ND VOICE: What can we do to get 'em off?

DICK: We'll give them a month to take down the fence.

2ND VOICE. And what if it ain't down by then?

DICK: We'll go out and cut it down.

(Pause)

2ND NARRATOR: The ranchers ignored the warning. A month later masked men cut down the barbed wire, and the Company's cattle wandered off. The fenceposts, brought to the treeless plains at great expense, became rafters in the farmers' sod houses.

1ST NARRATOR: Indignant ranchers often had settlers haled into court, sometimes administered justice with their own six-shooters. But after a tremendous boom in the early 1880's the picturesque cattlemen gave way before the relent-

less advance of the cultivated fields. The days of the open range were over, and the West became the granary of the world. But a cycle of dry years in the late 80's showed that some farmers had pushed too far west.

(Pause)

1ST FARMER: Why don't it rain? That's all we need, just a little rain. To lay the dust. To make the earth lie down. To keep the wheat from shriveling. (Fade)

1ST NARRATOR: The farmer also found that his prosperity depended on a fluctuating eastern grain market, and on a sensitive system of foreign exchange.

2ND FARMER: Say, who makes the price of wheat go up and down? I'd like to meet the gentleman. He ain't no farmer, I'm dinged sure of that. (Fade)

1ST NARRATOR: The settler on the plains was more than ever at the mercy of the railroads.

SOUND: *Voice quoting a list of freight rates—fast and droning*

Wheat, car lots or over, Omaha to Chicago, 25¢ per bushel. Oats, car lots or over, Omaha to Chicago, 18¢ per bushel. Corn, car lots or over, Omaha to Chicago, 23¢ per bushel.

3RD FARMER: Say, what's the railroad think we are? That's the second time in a year they've jumped the rates. Why, if they didn't have us hog-tied and ham-strung, I wouldn't let 'em ship a half a peck. (Fade)

1ST NARRATOR: At last rumblings of discontent began to be heard across the plains of Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas.

2ND NARRATOR: Farmers—you are the strength of the nation!

SOUND: *Some cheers*

2ND NARRATOR: Down with monopoly!

SOUND: *More cheers*

2ND NARRATOR: Dick MacPherson for Senator!

SOUND: *Loud cheers—hold—then fade for . . .*

DICK: I can describe the situation in Nebraska very simply, my friends. There are three great crops raised in this state. One is a crop of corn, one a crop of freight rates . . .

SOUND: *Boos and catcalls*

DICK. . . and one a crop of interest!

SOUND: *More boos*

DICK: The corn is less than half a crop this year. But the freight rates are up to average, and when the corn crop is down the crop of interest goes higher than ever! It's a bumper year for monopolists! They get rich on the sweat from the farmer's brows. (Fade)

1ST NARRATOR: The farmers girded themselves for battle with the industrial interests of the East. All over the West they flocked to great open-air meetings. When they could get it they brought a brass band. More often they sang.

(Pause)

Music: "*The Ninety and Nine*":

There are ninety and nine who live and die

In want, and hunger, and cold

That one may live in luxury,

And be wrapped in a silken fold.

The ninety and nine in hovels bare,

The one in a palace with riches rare . . .

And the ninety and nine have empty hands.

(As music ends Dick begins his speech)

DICK: Fellow members of the Farmers' Alliance, we should not be here now except that our duly elected representative in the national Congress of this land has proved completely deaf to the cry of the poor man and the oppressed. He sits up there in Washington at a salary of one hundred bushels of corn per day, and votes the way the kid-gloved railroad and tariff monopolists tell him to vote . . . (Fade Dick to lower level through narration)

1ST NARRATOR: The Populist Party was the expression of the farmers' desire to exert their political strength to the utmost. They centered their attack on the railroads.

DICK (Fade up): . . . We propose to take the power of life and death over the white-slave farmers of the West away from the heartless railroad monopoly. High and mighty professors and editors in the East say that if we make laws controlling railroad rates, we will overturn American institutions. Brethren, you will find in the Constitution of the United States, Article 1, Section 8, the following words: "Congress shall have power to regulate commerce among the several states." Does that clause mean

anything? We intend to make it mean something!

1ST NARRATOR: MacPherson's speech stated the real grievances of Western farmers. But a few weeks later at the Democratic Convention in Chicago a young western orator, named William Jennings Bryan, proclaimed a panacea for all the ills of the nation. It was the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. The idea was to raise prices of farm products. (*Fade*)

BRYAN: If they dare to come out in the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

SOUND: *General cheers at medium level resolve into chant of "Bryan! Bryan! William Jennings Bryan!" Build to climax and out*

1ST NARRATOR: Free silver! Surely this was the farmers' way of salvation! Two weeks later the Populists threw in their lot with the Democrats and nominated Bryan for President. But free silver only drew attention from real grievances, and in the election which followed . . . (*fade*)

SOUND: *Telegraph sounder*

VOICE *decoding*: New York State—Republican landslide—McKinley 23 electoral votes—Bryan 2.

Nebraska — Congressional elections — Grinnell, Republican defeats MacPherson, Populist—overwhelming majority . . . (*Fade*)

1ST NARRATOR: Swallowed in the defeated Democratic Party and denounced by Eastern journalists as an attempted revolution, the Populist movement collapsed. (*Fade*)

MAN: Why, they tell me that the students of Yale College favored McKinley ten to one, but a poll of the convicts in the county jail gave Bryan three hundred votes to six for McKinley. Imagine that! (*Fade*)

2ND NARRATOR: Ruined politically by the time of McKinley's inauguration, Dick

MacPherson had retired to his farm, disillusioned and aging. (*Fade*)

DICK: Well, son, what's on your mind?

JIMMY: Honest, Pa, it makes me fiery mad every time I think of that rascal McKinley being inaugurated President, right while we're settin' here.

Mrs. M. Now hush up, son. Your Pa's made his mark, too. Didn't all those New York papers print his name just as big as life?

JIMMY: Aw, Ma, ain't you ever going to stop talkin' about that?

Mrs. M: Said he was an important man, too. And don't say "ain't."

DICK *amused*: Seems to me they called me "the unscrupulous Populist agitator."

JIMMY: They're a bunch of liars, Pa!

DICK *more to himself*: Well, they licked me. That doesn't mean anything. They licked the Populist Party, but that's not so much, either. They didn't lick the West, and they never will, Jim!

JIMMY: Yes, Pa.

DICK: They say there's no frontier left in this country.

JIMMY: That's what they say.

DICK: Well, it's true in a way, son. It's true if you mean we've scattered the country with towns and people clean to the Pacific Ocean. No Indians to fight. Fields all plowed. We've got the railroad and the telegraph to keep us all together. But the people of the West are just beginning. In that last election we thought we were going to solve all our problems. Well, maybe we would have, and maybe we wouldn't. My father thought he was all settled when he got to Illinois. And I thought I had everything straightened out when I got to Nebraska. But things are more complicated than ever, now. (*Fade*)

1ST NARRATOR: The new problems of the Western farmer were those of integration—with the nation and with the world; problems of production, transportation, marketing, prices, and the vital question of regulating these processes . . . (*Fade*)

DICK: Sometimes it's hard to tell just where you're going. There will always be problems—for you, and your children, and your children's children. Your grandfather and I did what we could. Now it's up to you.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

DELAYED GLORY

A DRAMA

By DONALD VINING

(Produced by the Listener's Theatre over the Yankee Network)

MUSIC: *Up and fade*

SOUND: *Steady rumble of a train*

HUGH: It's too bad, Stella, that we couldn't have gotten into New York in the daytime. There's nothing quite like the thrill of coming upon the sight of those skyscrapers.

STELLA: I'm sure New York couldn't look any more alive by day than it does by night.

HUGH: We've certainly nothing quite like it in the west. Chicago has skyscrapers of a sort and it's a big city, but somehow no other city is quite like New York.

STELLA: It's queer but already I can feel the difference. There's something in the air. I'm so glad the Medical Society decided to have their convention here instead of St. Louis.

HUGH: I'm rather glad myself, though it meant a more expensive trip. It'll give me a chance to renew old friendships. Bert Campbell, for instance . . .

STELLA: You need the trip, Hugh, and the vacation after working on your experiments at night and practicing by day. And I'm going to have just the most wonderful shopping excursions—in a modest way, of course.

HUGH *laughing*: For a moment you had me worried.

STELLA: Oh, I'll try not to be too extravagant.

HUGH: You better not be. For all we know, I might go home and find that Dr. Hansen has taken over my patients permanently.

STELLA *laughs*: Ridiculous, darling. You know your personality is far superior to his. And besides, when you go back, you'll be a famous man. People will

come from miles around to consult you. When you read your paper on the new cure for asthma and hay fever, you'll be famous in medical circles all over the country—all over the world.

HUGH: Perhaps the movies will even make a picture about me.

STELLA: All joking aside, I'm awfully proud of you. This is your year. You've worked so hard on your experiments and you were so patient, holding back your discovery until it was perfected. You were so right not to listen to me last year when I tried to urge you to publish your findings. Now that you've tied up all the loose ends . . .

HUGH: Yes, I'm glad I waited. It was hard but it was worth it. The new dosage for the injections is much more effective than what I had worked out last year and the method of injection gives surer results.

STELLA: I know one thing. The afternoon that the papers are read I'll be right there to hear you acclaimed. I'll get all my shopping done before that happens.

HUGH: We don't read the papers till the third day of the convention.

STELLA: It isn't the actual shopping that takes the time. It's the window shopping. You may have seen New York before but I haven't. I'm just an ignorant little westerner.

HUGH: We must be getting near the station now. I see some of the more knowing passengers are getting their luggage down from the racks.

STELLA: Just think! In a minute we'll be in Grand Central Station. We'll step off the train just a small-town doctor and his wife. When we take the train to go home again, you'll be known as one of

the country's outstanding medical men and I'll be the loving wife of a famous man.

HUGH *laughs*: My best friend and severest critic, eh? I hope we don't have any trouble finding Bertie Campbell. He said he'd meet us but it's been five years since we've seen one another and we might not recognize each other. He says he's getting prematurely bald.

STELLA: Now there's the thing for you to experiment on next. A cure for baldness. That would make you not only famous but wealthy, too.

SOUND: *Tram pulling in at the station*

HUGH: I'll see what I can do about it. We better get our things. We seem to be here.

MUSIC: *Up and fade*

SOUND: *Babble and noise of the station*

STELLA: Look, darling, there's a young man who's bald. Is that . . .

HUGH: No, Bert has red hair, if there's any left. Besides, he can't be that bald. After all, he's just about my age.

STELLA: Well, look, there's another bald man. O, but he hasn't red hair either.

HUGH: There! There's Bert coming toward us now.

BERT: Hugh!

HUGH: Campbell! It's grand to see you. This is Stella. Stella, Bert Campbell.

STELLA: I've heard so much about the practical jokes of Campbell and Cromwell. The hospital must have been a shambles when you two were interning.

BERT: O, we didn't cut up too much. We left that to the surgeons.

HUGH *groans*: Don't tell me you still go in for puns.

BERT: Haven't let one slip for years. It must have been the sight of you that brought the old habit back.

STELLA: Bad effect you have on him, darling.

BERT: Well, Hugh, I must say you've done well in picking a wife. Perhaps I'd better go out west and see what I can do. I'm getting a little tired of batching.

STELLA: You better come out and visit us. I'll see if I can't pick out a nice local girl for you.

BERT: If I can ever get two days away from my practice, I may take you up on that.

HUGH: Pretty good practice?

BERT: At the moment wonderful. We're just coming out of a measles epidemic. Didn't know whether I was going to be able to get to the convention or not.

HUGH: I'm glad you did.

BERT: Well, when you wrote me that you were presenting a paper, I decided I'd come if I had the measles myself. What's this paper of yours on? Some findings you've made on asthma?

HUGH: I'll tell you about it in the taxi.

BERT: Taxi indeed. I've got my car here. Of course, we may need a taxi to get us to where it's parked. But once we get there, I'll take you to the hotel.

STELLA: Yes, I'd like to get settled. I must look as though I'd been riding with the engineer.

BERT: If riding with the engineer makes one look like that, I think I'll try it.

STELLA *laughs*: Your bedside manner is wonderful.

BERT: Let me help with the bags, Hugh. Say, what is this? Is this one empty?

STELLA: That's one I brought to take home the things I'm going to buy in.

SOUND: *Footsteps*

SOUND: *Babble up and out*

MUSIC: *Up and fade*

SOUND: *Door opening and closing*

STELLA: Hello, dear. I was beginning to think you'd gotten lost in the big city.

HUGH: I'm beginning to think I'm lost right now. I thought I was coming into my hotel room but I seem to have gotten into a department store by mistake.

STELLA: No remarks now. I didn't really buy as much as all that.

HUGH: It seems to occupy the room pretty well.

STELLA: Well, I've got paper strewed all over. I unwrapped the things to make sure they were right. It would be a little expensive to come back from South Dakota to exchange them. How was the convention today?

SOUND: *Rustling tissue paper and piling of boxes and packages*

HUGH: Well, the opening day doesn't amount to so much. Formal greetings, people standing around in the lobby talking over old times and comparing cases. Things really get under way tomorrow. O, there were a couple of good talks late this afternoon.

STELLA: I can hardly wait till day after tomorrow.

HUGH: I'm getting a little nervous. I think I'll check over my paper once or twice to make sure I've said everything and haven't made any mistakes. There are so many bigwigs here.

STELLA: And this year, you're the biggest of them all. O, why can't they read the papers the first day? I want everybody to know right away that I'm married to a great man.

HUGH: The recognition I'll get when I do read it will compensate for the waiting. The medical profession has been waiting for and working to find just such a cure . . .

SOUND: *Knock on door*

HUGH: That must be Bert. I asked him to come up and read over my paper to see if it was clear.

STELLA: I thought you weren't going to show it to anybody until it was read.

HUGH: Just to Bert.

SOUND: *Opening of door*

BERT: Well, it looks as though someone's been doing a little shopping. Good evening.

SOUND: *Door closed*

STELLA: Good evening. It's not all for Hugh and me. I got several things for the folks back home. Some of Hugh's patients wanted souvenirs of New York.

SOUND: *Packages being picked up and taken away*

STELLA: There. I'll try to clear a chair for you, too, dear.

HUGH *jovially*: Thanks.

BERT: Yes, do. You've got me terribly curious.

HUGH: I'm afraid my paper is not much of a literary masterpiece but the results of five years work are there.

BERT: Well, I'll say this for it. It's the first paper I ever saw that didn't look more like a two-volume novel.

HUGH: I thought it better to make it short so the convention wouldn't fall asleep as I read it.

BERT: I remember you always threatened to go into research, Hugh. But so many internes say that and never do it.

HUGH: I had plenty of time for it while I was waiting for my first patients to show up.

BERT: I wish I'd had a bent for research. I could have accomplished a lot then. Well, I'm too busy now. I guess I'll have to bask in reflected glory. I'll spend the rest of my life going around

saying "Dr. Cromwell? Oh, yes, I knew him when he used to tickle all the nurses. We interned together."

HUGH: I hardly expect real fame. That seldom comes to doctors.

MUSIC: *Up and fade*

SOUND: *Street sounds—taxi-meter—auto engine*

STELLA: Wouldn't you know that when we were in a hurry there'd be a traffic jam?

HUGH: We shouldn't have been so careless about watching the time. Of all afternoons to get spellbound by the view from the Empire State Building and be late for the convention.

STELLA: Well, even if we walked we could get there in time for you to read your paper. But it *is* provoking.

HUGH: I hate to come walking in just in time to read my paper after having missed the other papers. It's not very courteous to the others.

STELLA: Well, it can't be helped now. There's no use in our getting worked up over the delay. I'm upset and excited enough as it is at present.

HUGH: It's good that it's an informal session and that I wasn't scheduled for any special time.

STELLA: Isn't it? Look, Hugh, at all those people on the sidewalks. They're practically the same ones who looked so small from the Empire State Building. They all bustle along without giving a thought to this cab. Yet here beside me rides one of the great benefactors of humanity.

HUGH: You know, you've got a bad case of glory-worshipping, I'm afraid.

STELLA: No such thing. I'm just terribly in love with my husband.

HUGH: And I'm terribly in love with my wife.

SOUND: *Engine noise increases as car goes forward*

STELLA: For another ten feet, I suppose.

HUGH: No, this time we're really covering ground.

STELLA: That's something to be thankful for. Look, isn't that the hotel right around that corner? I thought we had a long way to go.

HUGH: That's it all right. It's a good thing we are there. We're almost an hour late.

SOUND: *Brakes screeching—taxi stops—door opens off—door opens and closes—sidewalk noise*

DRIVER: Sorry I couldn't make better time, sir.

HUGH: You did what you could. Keep the change.

DRIVER: Thanks.

STELLA: Come, dear, let's hurry.

SOUND: *Footsteps—a revolving door—street sounds subside and lobby drone is heard*

HUGH: I hope I've got the paper. Though I guess I could almost recite the case histories from memory. Yes, here it is.

STELLA: Here comes Bert off the elevator.

HUGH: I thought he was going to be there for the reading of the papers.

STELLA: I guess he's worried about where you are. He looks it.

BERT off: Hugh!

HUGH: What's the matter?

STELLA: You look as though something dreadful had happened.

BERT: I'm afraid it has.

HUGH: Well, what?

BERT: Doctor Eustis has just begun to read a paper on a cure he's found for asthma and hay fever. By injection. He's come to practically the same conclusions you did and his injections are the same, except for a little difference in the dosage and method of administration. He's beaten you to it by just an hour or so.

STELLA: Hugh, Hugh, how—how could he have stolen your idea?

HUGH: Don't be ridiculous, darling. Dr. Eustis is a famous research man. He doesn't have to go stealing other people's ideas.

BERT: With so many experiments to be made, why did he have to work on the same thing you did?

HUGH with quiet resignation: Let's go up. I want to hear his paper if he's not through.

STELLA: O, no, Hugh. I couldn't bear it. The whole bubble has burst.

HUGH straining for composure: Yes. It has. He's announced his discovery first. He's already a famous man and this will increase his fame. I'm an unknown South Dakota doctor and I'll go on being just that as things are now. But upstairs a great moment in the history of medicine is being enacted and I want to be there for at least part of it.

MUSIC: *Up and fade*

BERT: Here we are. We'll have to sneak in and stand just inside the door. All the seats are taken.

SOUND: *Door slowly and quietly opened*
EUSTIS oratorically—off: The serum will be made generally available to all physicians as soon as we have made arrangements for production on a larger scale. The fairly extensive tests we have made on it seem to indicate that in all but a few cases it is completely effective, and that in almost all cases, definite improvement of the patient is evident. I will be glad to hear from any physician as to the results obtained with the serum. I thank you.

SOUND: *Eager applause—excited talking*

STELLA: That applause should have been for you. Oh, Hugh—

HUGH: He's conservative, at any rate. He said that in most cases, it's effective. It's been completely effective in every case I've had.

STELLA: Let's go, Hugh.

HUGH as though he doesn't hear: Look at that crowd around Eustis, congratulating him. All the most important men in the society. And how excited they are. If only . . .

STELLA: Don't think about the ifs, Hugh. Let's get out of here.

HUGH: I must congratulate Eustis before I go.

STELLA: Oh.

BERT: Tell him you disagree with him about the dosage. He might be interested.

HUGH: I did find that I got better results with the method I have now but Eustis must have made many tests. I hardly think a man of his standing would care to have a young physician quibble over details in a great discovery. Besides, it would look as though I were trying to ride to glory on his coattails.

STELLA: No, it wouldn't. After all, you did make the discovery yourself, without even knowing he was working on it.

HUGH: I'm not going to say anything about it. It's too late.

STELLA: O, that stubborn pride of yours again.

BERT: Eustis is coming this way. I guess they're going to have a short recess.

EUSTIS fading in: Yes, I've been working on it for the last six months. Once the idea hit me, things went pretty fast, though I did strike several snags, of course. I feel it's the most important thing I've done so far. It . . .

HUGH: May I add my congratulations to the many others, Dr. Eustis?

EUSTIS *pause—then not unkindly*: Thank you. Thank you very much. Well, as I was saying . . . It seems to me . . .
(*Fade*)

STELLA: I'll say this for you, Hugh. You're a good loser. Now let's go. Let's go home.

HUGH: Home? Not until the convention is over. We've another day yet. There may be other papers of interest. I'm going out and tell the chairman I won't be presenting my paper, that it's lost, or something. (*Fading*) I'll be right back . . .

STELLA: I still think he should read the paper. It's a ghastly coincidence but there's no reason . . .

BERT: I'm afraid he's right. People would think him a cheap upstart trying to share undeserved credit. It's a rotten shame.

STELLA: He's trying to take it well, but he's stunned. This has almost broken him.

BERT: Yes, I can see that.

STELLA: If you knew how hard he's worked. You heard Eustis say he's been working for six months. Hugh has been working for five years, working hard. Research, experiments, test cases, records. We had files of case histories all over the house.

BERT: Hugh always did do things thoroughly. He has a great future. After all, there's at least the consolation that he's young.

STELLA: He may have a future if this doesn't discourage him too much. And to think that he had the discovery ready to publish last year at the Kansas City convention and held it off until this year so he could test it more thoroughly and make improvements. If only he had brought it out then. I'm so afraid he'll be hopelessly discouraged.

BERT: That will be your task. To see to it that he isn't.

STELLA: My . . . Yes, it will, won't it? He needs me now more than ever before.

HUGH *fading in*: Well, that's that. They aren't reconvening for fifteen minutes.
(*With a sudden tremendous weariness*)
I think I'll go up to the room. Coming, Stella?

STELLA: Yes, dear.

MUSIC: *Up and fade*

SOUND: *Train rumble*

HUGH *low*: I'll be glad when we get back to South Dakota. This trip has worn me out. I . . . I don't know when I felt so weary. Weary of body, of mind, of spirit.

STELLA: It's the letdown after we'd hoped and dreamed so much and you did overwork yourself on those experiments the past few months. All that kept you going was the thought . . . but you mustn't let it beat you.

HUGH: That's what I thought at first. I won't let this beat me. But now I feel as though it's already beaten me. As though life has already beaten me.

STELLA: No, don't say that.

HUGH: I've been working hard for five years on my experiments, only to find that another man had taken the prize away from me. Simultaneous discovery . . . Funny, isn't it?

STELLA: Please don't brood over it, Hugh.

HUGH: Now, I begin to understand why Morton went mad.

STELLA *alarmed*: What are you saying?

HUGH *laughs mirthlessly*: Don't worry, Stella. I won't do anything quite so melodramatic. But you remember Morton was the one who claimed the discovery of anesthesia, generally credited to Crawford. They discovered it independently. Morton finally went insane after trying to prove priority.

STELLA *trying to laugh it off*: Don't talk about such things.

HUGH: I suppose the man who claimed he invented the telephone before Bell felt this way too.

STELLA: Hugh, please.

HUGH: And who ever heard of either of them. We all know . . .

STELLA: You're young, still brilliant, and your future looms before you. If you could make one such discovery, the chances are you can make others.

HUGH: I'm afraid such things don't work that way, my dear.

STELLA: You need rest. Tend to your practice, yes, but don't think about research work for a few months and then come back to it. It's been hard, I know, but don't let down now. Have faith in yourself and your ability. I have.

HUGH: Yes, I know. That's one reason it's so hard. You were so proud, so happy, and so expectant of my fame . . .

STELLA: I'm still proud, for the discovery is still actually as much yours as it is of Dr. Eustis. I'm still happy, because I'm married to a great man. And I still expect you to become known to everybody, just as you're known to me, as one of America's greatest physicians and medical scientists.

HUGH: You remember the remark you made when we were going, that when we got back on the train I'd be famous in medical circles . . .

STELLA: That doesn't matter. That was just some of my foolishness. What matters is that you did make the discovery. As long as you yourself believe in yourself, nothing else matters.

HUGH *pleasantly*: Except you.

STELLA: You know I believe in you.

HUGH: I guess you must, all right.

STELLA: You can do it.

HUGH: I'll try.

SOUND: *Fade out train*

MUSIC: *Up and fade*

SOUND: *Faint music from a radio*

HUGH *still not buoyant but less depressed*:

This is a fine way to spend my one free afternoon making out bills.

STELLA: I wish you'd let me do it, Hugh.

You go take a good walk. It'll do you so much good.

HUGH: I'm almost on the last of these now.

SOUND: *Doorbell rings twice—click of a letter slot*

STELLA: There's the postman. (*Fading off*)

I hope I've a letter from Margaret. That sister of mine's been neglecting me lately.

HUGH *calling off*: Well, she's got a husband to think of now. You should know how much time they take.

STELLA *off*: I suppose so.

SOUND: *Hugh begins to hum with the music*

STELLA *fading on*: Not a thing for me. Here's your Medical Journal.

HUGH: Looks like a fat issue.

STELLA: Here are a couple of letters for you, too. I think one's from Bert.

HUGH: Oh. Well, I'll have to see what he has to say. I'll finish these up later.

STELLA: This is a fat issue of the Journal. Must have a lot of advertising.

SOUND: *Flipping of the pages*

HUGH: Where's that let . . . Oh.

SOUND: *Tearing of envelope*

STELLA: Darling, here's an article on Dr. Eustis.

HUGH: Hmmm? What?

STELLA: Hugh—listen to this. The article is entitled "The failure of Eustis injections."

HUGH: Failure! How could it have failed?

STELLA: I don't know. That's just the title.

HUGH: Let's see that. It couldn't have failed. I made so many tests. Something must be wrong. Perhaps . . .

STELLA: Here you are.

HUGH: They certainly give it a lot of space.

STELLA: If it's failed, that's only natural. It was the discovery of the year so it's the failure of the year.

HUGH *reading*: "Reports from various parts of the country have been widely divergent, ranging from actual illness on the part of the patients, to absolute lack of relief. The conclusion to be drawn from all this is that the injection method of curing hay fever and asthma is a failure in most cases with the Eustis method, though there are cases of relief and recovery on record. By and large, however, the Eustis injections are not a cure for these afflictions."

STELLA: The injections worked all right for you, with all those patients you tried them on and the school children who volunteered.

HUGH: It worked perfectly the second year, but do you remember the failures we had the first year on the original dosage and injection method?

STELLA: That's so. And you almost gave up the experiments because the results were so erratic.

HUGH: The dosage. That's it. You remember I questioned it at the time Eustis made this announcement. That and his system of injection were the only places where we were at variance.

STELLA: What else does it say in the article?

HUGH: O, it's a long article. (*Pause*) Here it says "Most physicians have abandoned the serum as of no particular value except in a few isolated cases which seem to respond fairly well."

STELLA: You mean to say they're giving up that treatment entirely?

HUGH: It would seem so. I know it's on the right track. I've been using my own

serum since then just as I did before and it still works in nine out of ten cases.

STELLA: Hugh, why don't you go to Dr.

Eustis and tell him where he's wrong?

HUGH: Go to Eustis?

STELLA: Of course. His method has failed after all. And yours is right. He made a mistake and you didn't. This is your chance. It has come after all.

HUGH: It's certain that I've got to make the truth known somehow and I suppose it could best come through Eustis.

STELLA: Turn your practice over to Hansen again and go to New York to see Eustis. I'll pack your things right now.

HUGH: Don't rush me so.

STELLA: You must hurry. This is the moment when you come into your destiny. You pack the records and information you'll need and I'll get your clothes ready.

HUGH: You're right, Stella. These injections will cure what they're supposed to cure if used right. The medical world has got to know that.

STELLA: You'd better call the station and see when you can get a train.

HUGH: Right away.

MUSIC: *Up and fade*

SOUND: *Rumble of a train*

MUSIC: *Up and fade*

EUSTIS: Your records are most persuasive, Dr. Cromwell.

HUGH: I think you'll find that just the change in dosage and method of administering the injections will mean the difference between success and defeat.

EUSTIS: And you say you were about to announce your discovery to the Medical Society the same day I did?

HUGH: I had first intended announcing it the year before but so many cases had failed to respond that I felt there must be some flaw in the treatment and that I'd do better to hold back the discovery until further experimentation.

EUSTIS: You were very wise. Wiser than I. Despite my years of experience, I was so carried away by what seemed like the answer that I brought out my announcement before the method was really perfected—by me, I mean. Evidently you had really been at work on the problem a year or two before I had.

HUGH: Yes. Your final conclusions were almost mine, so that I said nothing at the time, thinking you must have done more testing than I had had a chance to and therefore probably . . .

EUSTIS: You should never let yourself be awed in that way by an older and more famous physician. You should have had enough faith in your findings to dispute me at the time. It must have been a trying time for you after all your work, for me to make the announcement first.

HUGH: I was terribly discouraged for a while but my wife's faith made me return and continue my experiments. I made more improvements in the method of injection and started some experiments on the use of x-rays in combating sinus.

EUSTIS: I think you have a brilliant future as a medical scientist. I want to try your method with these injections and if the results are as good as those you've had in South Dakota, I shall announce the changes in the Journal, with due credit to you, of course.

HUGH: I don't care so much about the credit any more.

EUSTIS: It belongs to you. I myself was about to abandon the whole method and seek the solution elsewhere. It is you who first made the discovery anyway, regardless of my having announced it a few hours before you intended to.

HUGH: Dr. Eustis, I certainly admire your ethics. I'm ashamed of myself.

EUSTIS: Ashamed of yourself? What for?

HUGH: For ever having been jealous of you.

EUSTIS *laughs*: Under the circumstances, I would have felt just the same way. Could you manage to stay in the east and work with me on further tests? I should be proud to work with you and to offer you the facilities of my laboratory.

HUGH *trying to tone down his excitement*: The honor is mine. I'll get in touch with the doctor who's taking care of my practice for me and tell him to continue. And if you'll excuse me, I must send a telegram to my wife. If it hadn't been for her encouragement, none of this would have come about.

EUSTIS: I understand perfectly. You can call Western Union on the phone in

the hall, if you'd like. Of course, you'll be my house guest while we're working together on this.

HUGH: O, thank you, doctor. Now, if you'll pardon me . . .

EUSTIS: Of course. Of course. (*Laughs heartily*)

MUSIC: *Up and fade*

EUSTIS: There you are, Cromwell. A feature article in the Journal about your discovery and my mistake.

HUGH: Stella will be excited about this.

EUSTIS *laughing*: As though you aren't! (*They both laugh*)

BERT: Good old Cromwell. Half of the Campbell-Cromwell team has come to something at any rate. Look at this article. I'll never forget that convention when Eustis announced his findings. Poor Cromwell. I must send him a telegram and congratulate him.

STELLA: Yes, Mr. Wingate. He's been mentioned in all the medical publications. He's coming home and resuming practice this week. I can hardly wait.

MUSIC: *Up and fade*

SOUND: *Rumble of a train*

MUSIC: *Up and fade*

SOUND: *Opening and closing of a door—setting down of baggage*

HUGH: Stella! Stella! I'm home.

STELLA *off*: Hugh! O, my darling. I didn't expect you until tomorrow.

HUGH: I always did like to surprise people.

STELLA: What a wonderful surprise. Oh.

SOUND: *Decorous grunts as they embrace*

STELLA: But you should have let me know. There should have been a feast prepared for the conquering hero.

HUGH: I'm so hungry after that trip, soup would seem like a feast.

STELLA: That's fine because it's just about all we've got. But Hugh, I'm so proud of you. You must get some more copies of the Journal. I want to send one to Margaret and one to . . .

HUGH: Showing off your husband, eh? Well, there's one nice thing you don't know.

STELLA: What's that?

HUGH: That I've been mentioned for the Smith Research Award.

STELLA *excitedly*: Really? (*Pause—then blankly*) What's that?

HUGH: I'll tell you about it over the soup. Come on. I'll get the canopener. You light the stove.

GOING HOME

A DRAMA

By AARON LEVENSTEIN

ANNOUNCER: We find ourselves in Stacy's Gas Station and Diner, somewhere on Route 22, between Hollywood and New York at about ten o'clock in the evening. It is raining.

SOUND: *Patter of rain on the roof*

STACY: Another cup o' coffee, Miss?

LAURA *sighs*: No, thank you. One's enough. That's five cents, isn't it?

STACY: Yes, thank you.

SOUND: *Ring of cash register*

LAURA: You don't mind if I stay here till it lets up a little?

STACY: Sure 'nuff. Might as well keep dry till ya kin git a lift.

LAURA: Thanks. It is sort of lonely, isn't it, running a place like this?

STACY: I don't mind it much. Any minute somebody kin pull in for coffee or gas. Ya never kin tell.

SOUND: *Rain falling more heavily*

LAURA: It's getting worse. I'd hate to be caught here for the night. It feels like a thousand miles from nowhere.

STACY: Ya'll be keeping dry, anyhow.

SOUND: *Automobile fading in—stopping outside*

STACY: There's someone now. Wonder if he wants gas 'r coffee?

SOUND: *Door opens—closes*

EDWARD *fading in*: Hello there. Can't you turn off that weather outside?

STACY: Howdy, Mister. Whut kin I do fr ya?

EDWARD: I'll have a cup of coffee and doughnuts.

SOUND: *Rattle of cups and saucers*

EDWARD: Do you mind filling up the tank while I eat? I've got a long way to go tonight.

STACY: Where're you going?

EDWARD: New York. Want to make it by tomorrow morning.

SOUND: *Door opens—closes*

SOUND: (*Off mike*) *Rain louder*

EDWARD: Check the oil, too, will you!

SOUND: *Door closes—footsteps—thud as of suitcase falling over*

EDWARD: Oh, I'm sorry. I tripped over it. Is that grip yours?

LAURA: Yes, it's a rather old thing, anyway; it doesn't matter.

EDWARD: I'm pretty clumsy, I guess. (*Pause*) You're not hitch-hiking, are you?

LAURA: Yes. (*Hopefully*) I'm going to New York, too . . . Have you—could you? (*Voice trailing off in embarrassment*)

EDWARD: Certainly. I've got plenty of room. In fact, I'll be glad to have you come along. I hate driving at night; there's always a chance you might fall asleep at the wheel unless you've got someone to talk to. You like to talk, I hope.

LAURA: Of course. (*Laughs*) That's part of a woman's job, isn't it? I'll be glad to talk from here to New York if you don't object.

EDWARD *laughs*: Fine. Have your tickets ready! We'll be off soon.

SOUND: *Door opens—closes*

EDWARD: Wait'll I finish my coffee. (*Fading*) We can start now. How much do I owe you for the . . .

SOUND: *Throb of motor fades in—rain on roof of car—fades out*

LAURA: Do you think we'll be in New York by tomorrow morning?

EDWARD: If I can keep this pace. Darn the rain, though. Look at it hit the windshield.

LAURA: I don't mind the rain anymore. Two hours ago I could have screamed at it, but now I like it. It's what the farmers around here want. I came through the Dust Bowl a few days back,

and I'll never forget it. The faces of the people were sad—like the soil—black like the winds.

EDWARD: Yes, I saw it. Pretty bad. And there doesn't seem to be anything anybody can do about it.

LAURA: It's terrible. It's like the death of the earth itself. When human beings fail, they can start all over again, go somewhere else and try all over again, or do something else. But not the land. When it's ruined, it's done; that's all there is to it.

EDWARD: I wonder why the people stay on. It isn't home any more.

LAURA *screaming*: Look out!

SOUND: *Shriek of brakes—motor resumes*

EDWARD: He nearly hit us, the crazy fool! He must be drunk. It's lucky I had my eyes on the road.

LAURA: Whew . . . That was close. I thought we were done for.

EDWARD: I wish I could go slower in this nasty weather. You can't trust your tires. But I've got to be in New York tomorrow before the Aritania sails.

LAURA: I envy you. I'd love a trip like that. I've never seen Europe and I'd like to before it's bombed off the map.

EDWARD: Oh, I'm not going. I want to keep someone else from going; that's all. *(Pause)* I guess there's no harm talking about it. We won't be seeing each other after we get into New York, and talking to a stranger is like talking to no one . . . I was going to be married, but I got a wire from my fiancée. She's called it off and she's going to Europe.

LAURA: I'm sorry.

EDWARD: Maybe I can change her mind. I convinced her once. It's worth the effort, I suppose. *(Pause)* Oh, well . . .

What's taking you to New York?

LAURA: Just going home. I couldn't make a go of things on the coast, so I'm going back.

EDWARD: I see. You tried Hollywood, eh?

LAURA: I tried, but couldn't do much.

EDWARD: It's an old story. Won a beauty contest and you were off to the movies, and stardom.

LAURA *laughs*: Not at all. I didn't go to Hollywood to be an actress. My job is scenic designing, backdrops—that sort of thing. I thought there'd be work for an artist in the studios. There wasn't for me.

EDWARD: And now you're hitch-hiking home. It takes courage to travel this way, particularly for a girl. Aren't you afraid?

LAURA: Hardly. I carry my protection in my purse. See.

SOUND: *Click of lock on woman's purse*

EDWARD: A gun? Say, you haven't ever used one of those things, have you?

LAURA: Of course not . . . It's only an imitation, just a toy.

EDWARD: You gave me a start for a second. It does look like the real thing.

LAURA: It makes me feel better carrying it.

EDWARD: I hope you haven't had to use it.

LAURA: I haven't. The most exciting event on this trip has been getting caught in the rain and wondering when my next ride would come.

SOUND: *Click of lock again*

EDWARD: You needn't worry now about any more lifts.

LAURA: Thanks to you. If you had wings and longer hair, I'd call you the goddess of good fortune.

EDWARD: I feel more like the victim of the goddess of misfortune . . . The rain's letting up now; we're riding out of the storm. We'll be able to make better time soon.

LAURA: Good.

EDWARD: I've got to make that boat tomorrow. It's my last chance with Evelyn.

LAURA: You must love her a lot to break your neck like this. Racing all the way across a continent.

EDWARD: She's lovely. You ought to see her, tall like a statue, and blonde, and her laugh—it tinkles when she's gay; it's like the clink of ice-cubes in a glass.

LAURA: That's pretty, but rather cold, isn't it? I suppose blondes are like that.

EDWARD *laughs*: I hadn't noticed; you're a brunette. Why, there's an idea for a song "I hadn't noticed you're brunette; I only saw your eyes." Wish I had time to stop and write it. I could do something with that.

LAURA: You're a song-writer, then. I was wondering.

EDWARD: "I hadn't noticed you're brunette; I only saw your eyes." There's an idea, all right . . . You know, some fellows can work their songs out in their heads, but I've got to have pencil

and paper to do anything. I wish I had the time. I've got to catch that boat!

SOUND: *Fade in motor—fade out*

EDWARD: *Ad lib—humming tune*

SOUND: *Fade in motor—fade out*

EDWARD: "So much to notice, I saw only eyes." (*Hums*) "I hadn't noticed you're brunette; I only saw your smile."

SOUND: *Fade in motor at some length—fade out*

EDWARD: She's asleep. She looks pretty comfortable on my shoulder. (*Pause*)

LAURA *laughing*: Oh, excuse me. I must have dozed off. It was the rhythm of the motor that put me to sleep.

EDWARD: Are you sure it wasn't my singing that put you to sleep?

LAURA: Call that singing. (*Laughs*) Maybe you can write them, but you certainly can't sing them.

EDWARD *with mock bitterness*: I pour my soul into music for you, and what do I get? You buzz off.

LAURA: Well, be grateful that I don't snore. That's something.

EDWARD: Don't snore! Why, I thought something was wrong with my motor until I found it was you. We passed a graveyard a little ways back and you raised the dead. They stood by the highway and tried to thumb a ride.

LAURA: And you didn't stop for them! I'm ashamed of you. I won't believe that I snore until you bring one of the ghosts as a witness. I don't snore!

EDWARD: Of course you don't. It must have been a loose piston in the motor. Joking aside, though, you did look pretty on my shoulder. It was a pity you woke.

LAURA: How long was I asleep?

EDWARD: About two hours, I guess.

LAURA: It stopped raining. I can see the stars. Look at the Milky Way up there. Let's take another road and ride on the Milky Way. (*Laughs*) There are more stars up there than people in the world.

EDWARD: You're a funny kid. Here you are, going home broke, and you think about the stars.

LAURA: Why not? They'll still be there when all my troubles are over, when you and I won't be here anymore.

EDWARD: I hate to think about that. Sometimes I'm afraid to think. Aren't you ever afraid?

LAURA: Too often.

EDWARD: I don't believe you. You weren't afraid to get in here with me, a man you never saw before, and go down the dark roads.

LAURA: No, I wasn't. But I did have a chance to see you before I got in. That was reassuring enough. I wasn't afraid to ride with you, but I am a little afraid about getting out. I wish the road never ends. With the stars up there and the trees rushing past alongside of us, I wish that New York had its foundations in the horizon itself so that we could never reach it.

EDWARD: The night does queer things.

LAURA: It changes everything, doesn't it? It makes a twisted tree look like a human being. Look at that one, over there.

EDWARD: Yes.

LAURA: Night is kinder than day. It's softer.

EDWARD: It's because we don't see the world so clearly at night. It softens things up for us.

LAURA: Maybe we see things clearer then.

EDWARD *in a tired tone*: I don't know.

LAURA: You sound tired. You've been driving a long time, haven't you?

EDWARD: It's about ten hours in a stretch now, except for that rest at the gas station. I'd like to stop, but I won't. I'll make New York by morning or wreck this car.

LAURA: How many miles are we from New York now?

EDWARD: I don't know. But we'll make it. Whew! I'd better stop at the next gas station. I'm running low.

SOUND: *Fade in motor—out*

ATTENDANT: Yes, sir.

EDWARD: Fill her up. Let's get out and stretch our legs.

SOUND: *Door opens—closes—footsteps on gravel—bell rings on gas pump*

EDWARD: You're not very tall, are you?

LAURA: My, it's cold here.

EDWARD: Yes, but we're going through the mountains of Pennsylvania now; we'll be out in Jersey soon. You slept through the worst part of it.

LAURA: You make me feel ashamed of myself. That's when you needed my conversation most of all—on the steep, winding roads. I'm not a paying passenger, I'm afraid.

EDWARD: You needed the rest. And you'll be wide-awake for the last stretch when I'll really need an alarm clock. (*Yawns*)

LAURA: Count on me, skipper, to sound the alarm if necessary.

EDWARD: Let's get back to the car. He looks as if he's finished.

SOUND: *Auto door opens—closes*

ATTENDANT: Your change, sir. Thank you.

EDWARD: Have a cigarette before we start?

LAURA: Thanks.

SOUND: *Striking of match—gears and motor*

EDWARD: Well, here we go on the last lap. Just a few more hours, and you'll be home.

LAURA *regretfully*: Yes, just a few more hours.

SOUND: *Motor fades in louder—fades out*

EDWARD: You know, this has been a rather nice trip, after all—at least the last part of it. When I started out, I felt pretty hopeless; just as if I were going to a funeral. (*Pause*) Do you know what I mean . . . as if I were going to bury someone. I feel a lot better now. (*Pause*) To tell the truth, I didn't feel at first as if it were going to make much difference even if I did get to the Aritania in time . . . I thought it was just a last chance. (*Pause*) It's different now. I think I can fix things up with Evelyn. (*Pause*) Say, who's supposed to be doing the talking anyhow—you or I? You haven't said a word.

LAURA: Sometimes I haven't anything to say. But I feel different, too, after this long trip. When I got in your car, I felt pretty much as if nothing mattered. Now, somehow, things do seem more important. And I want . . . (*Suddenly*) Look, the road's blocked.

SOUND: *Fade in motor briefly*

EDWARD: That's a tree in the roadway. The storm must have knocked it down.

Funny—I thought it hadn't rained as far as this.

LAURA: There are two men there.

SOUND: *Motor stops*

LAURA: That tree doesn't look heavy. They can drag it out of the way easily.

EDWARD: I better stop and see what's the matter.

SOUND: *Door opens*

EDWARD *raising his voice but not shouting*: What's wrong?

1ST MAN: Our car's blocked. Need some help to move the tree.

EDWARD: O.K., I'll take this end.

1ST MAN: A' right, Mister. Come on, Joe! Lift!

SOUND: *Straining of men—grating of tree*
EDWARD *catching his breath*: She's out of the way, now.

1ST MAN *sharply*: O.K.! Stand back, buddy, or ya'll get this club over yer head! Joe, get the dame outta the car.

2ND MAN: Come on out, lady. Go nice and easy.

EDWARD: Hey! What do you call this?

1ST MAN: A stick-up! We need yer car. Frisk 'im, Joe. With a boat like this he ought ter have a fat wallet.

2ND MAN: I got it, Fred.

1ST MAN: We should make swell time in it. In about four hours, we ought ter be in Noo Yawk, 'n we'll be outta stir fer good.

EDWARD: You won't get away with this.

1ST MAN *laughing*: Says you!

2ND MAN: Hurry up, will ya? The screws must be searchin' fer us a'ready. Don't stand there beefin' all night.

1ST MAN: Wait a minute, Joe. You two start walkin' down the road. There's a town about seven miles ahead.

LAURA *suddenly*: Put up your hands, both of you!

2ND MAN: Look out. She's got a gun.

LAURA: And drop that club, boys. Quick!

1ST MAN: Hey! Is this a stick up?

SOUND: *Club falls*

2ND MAN: She's a gun moll, Joe.

EDWARD: Give me the gun.

LAURA: Sure, pal.

EDWARD: Now you fellows, turn around and start walking—fast. If you even look back, I'll fill your pants with lead.

SOUND: *Running feet*

EDWARD: Let's hurry! Get in! Quick!

SOUND: *Door of car closes—gears—motor*

EDWARD: Good work! That was the smartest thing I've seen in a long time.

LAURA: We were lucky they didn't know it was just a toy pistol.

EDWARD: You fooled them all right. We'll let the police know as soon as we reach the next town. They'll be back in jail soon enough . . . You're trembling.

LAURA: Of course. (*Crying*) I was frightened.

EDWARD: I'm silly. Naturally, you're scared. But it's all over now, thanks to you. Where did you get the nerve to do it?

LAURA: If they took your car, you wouldn't be able to make the Aritania.

EDWARD. Make the Aritania! Who wants to catch the Aritania! Let it sail this minute, for all I care! *(Pause)*

LAURA: Oh, watch the road! You nearly went off it!

EDWARD: Don't worry. *(Haltmgly)*
There's something I've wanted to ask you for hours.

LAURA: What?

EDWARD: What's your name?

SOUND: *Fade in motor amidst their laughter*

THIS OBSCENE POMP

A FANTASY

By ALBERT E. MORGAN

SOUND: *Music up—something with a minor strain in the mood of Brahms Third Symphony—established and faded to B.G. through narrator's speech*

NARRATOR *weird voice effect through use of echo chamber or special filter*: It's raining now. The dark clouds overhead seem to tell better than I can of the occasion. The ground underfoot is muddy and wet and little pools of water gather here and there around the flagstones. It's funny, somehow, how beautiful a rainstorm can be in a cemetery. The stones rising in silent mockery, with slanting stripes of wetness over their faces.

We're standing on a hill, you and I, overlooking the entire town. Below us we can see the hospitals, the homes, the churches, the factories. Directly below us is a procession. I should say "stately procession" that's what the papers will call it tomorrow. Four men lead the way with a box on their shoulders, following at a decent distance come the mourners. Yes, it's a funeral. The rain and the weather make no difference now. The view from the hill is forgotten. These people are here to bury their dead, to return a man to the earth from which he sprung. You hear their boots slugging in the mud and their grunts as they bear their burden on their shoulders and the smothered sobs of the mourners.

Somehow, despite the monuments and the gravestones it seems strangely alien. Here is a place you would say was made for beauty and happiness and these people come into it with a burden of sorrow on their shoulders. And yet they've a right. We mustn't grudge the living their vicarious touch with death. They know so little about it. They're like little boys who have been

told that the closet contains a ghost and get a thrill out of just grasping the knob. Yes, we mustn't be impatient with them.

You know, it's a funny sort of feeling, this standing here watching them carry me over those wet flagstones in that casket. I can see their faces, the pall bearers cursing me for my weight and the mourners with their decent veils covering their faces from the curious who follow a few steps behind. I can see them now coming up just over that little ridge in the ground. Their voices reach me softly as though I were hearing them from a distance.

SOUND: *Fades . . . B.G. music up and crossfaded with shuffling feet music carries in B.G.*

ED: How much further is it, Joe?

JOE: I don't know. Just over this hill, I think.

ED: Good. I'll be glad when we can put this down. I didn't realize he was so heavy, did you?

JOE: Naw.

ED: You know, Joe, it's kinda' depressin', this carrying him up here in the rain.

JOE: Yeah, I know. Somehow, it doesn't seem decent like to put him down there and put the dirt over him when the weather's like this.

ED: Well, you know what they say, happy is the corpse it rains on.

JOE: Yeah. Gee, it gives me the willies.

ED: Yeah, me too. Well, it has to be. It'll be us goin' over this hill one of these days.

JOE: Hold it a minute, will ya Ed? I wanta shift this on my shoulder.

ED: O.K. but take it easy. Don't let the missus notice it. It ain't too easy for her as it is.

JOE: How's she takin' it?

ED: Brave. Bravest little woman you ever saw.

JOE: Good. You gotta be brave about these things.

SOUND: *Music up a minute—establish and fade to B.G.—bring up sobs*

MARY (GIRL): Are you all right, mother?

CAROL: Yes dear, I'm all right.

MARY: Just don't think about it.

CAROL: But the rain, Mary. He always loved the rain so.

MARY: Mother, please. That's what he wanted. Remember he said in his will that he wanted to be buried on the hill.

CAROL: Yes, on the hill. He loved it so. He used to come up here at night sometimes with his pipe and just sit looking down across the valley into the town. I remember he once said that it was almost worth dying to have a view like that as your front porch. Daniel . . . (sobs).

MARY: Mother, don't.

CAROL: I know. I mustn't cry. We're almost there, Mary. Before it . . . before we get there, Mary, I want to tell you something. It won't make sense to you now, but remember it. Never forget it, Mary.

MARY: I won't, mother. What is it?

CAROL: Mary, don't weep over things when they're gone when you might have held them and never lost them, really.

SOUND: *Music up—voice effect for*

NARRATOR: Good, Carol. Good! I was hoping you'd remember today. Tell her about those last few years, Carol. Tell her of the years that left before we had them. Tell her about life and how to live it, so that she won't let it slip through her hands and then weep for it when it's gone. It doesn't matter to me now, Carol. Those things are done with. They have no place here. But tell her about them, Carol. She's alive and filled with the hopes and dreams of youth. Her business is with life and the living. Tell her, Carol. Tell her about sunsets and the wind blowing over the fields and about the birth of Spring and the summer nights and the smell of hyacinth in the air. And the summer dances. Tell her of love, Carol. Yes, Carol, tell her of love.

SOUND: *B.G. Music sneaked out two or three lines back—fade narrator out and*

fade in "Kiss Me Again" or music of similar style.

DANIEL (YOUNG): Carol!

CAROL (YOUNG): Yes, Daniel?

DANIEL: You haven't danced with me.

CAROL: You haven't asked me, Daniel.

DANIEL: Well, now, I guess I haven't, but I've been standin' over there just hopin' you'd sorta see how lonesome I was and come over and talk and then maybe the music'd start . . . and I'd just sweep you into my arms and . . .

CAROL: How was I to know that?

DANIEL: I don't know. I was sorta hopin' you would. Waddya say, let's walk out on the dance and take a walk?

CAROL: Walk out on the dance? But, Daniel, we can't.

DANIEL: Aw, sure we can. Come on. They won't even know we're gone.

CAROL: Well, I don't know, Daniel.

DANIEL: Aw, come on.

CAROL: All right.

SOUND: *B.G. Music fades out here*

DANIEL: You know, Carol, I was standin' over there by the wall watchin' you all evenin' and thinkin' to myself how you was the prettiest girl here.

CAROL: Daniel.

DANIEL: Well, you are. (Silence—they start to talk together—stop and giggle)

CAROL: Go ahead.

DANIEL: No, you.

CAROL: Well I was just going to say what a lovely night it is.

DANIEL: Yeah.

CAROL: Is that all you can say, Daniel, yeah?

DANIEL: Well, it's a lovely night, so I said yeah.

CAROL: A night like this, with moon . . . and stars . . . and things and all you can say is yeah.

DANIEL: Aw, gee, Carol, what do you want me to do: recite a poem?

CAROL: Well, you might. "On such a night me thinks . . ."

DANIEL: Aw, I know that one. You know this one? "A book of verses underneath the bough, a jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou—beside me singing in the wilderness."

CAROL: That's beautiful, Daniel.

DANIEL: Yeah. We had it in English yesterday. It was written a long time ago by some Arab . . . You know, Carol, it might be almost as though it was written for me and you. I usually for-

get all that junk we get in English, but that. Well that's good. "A book of verses underneath the bough, a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou." I guess that just about says what I mean.

CAROL: Why, Daniel, what would your mother say?

DANIEL: Huh?

CAROL: A jug of wine!

DANIEL: Oh . . . well . . . gee. I guess, I could do without that. Yeah, and I guess, I could do without the book of verses, and, gee, I never liked bread anyway . . . You know what I mean, Carol?

CAROL: Yes, Daniel, I know what you mean.

DANIEL: Gee. (*Short silence, pregnant with sighs*)

CAROL: Daniel.

DANIEL: Yes, Carol?

CAROL: Say it again.

DANIEL *almost shouting*: The whole thing?

CAROL: No, silly, just the poetry.

DANIEL: Oh. Yeah sure. "A book of verses underneath the bough. A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou, beside me singing in the wilderness."

SOUND: *Fade—B.G. Music in again and voice effect for*

NARRATOR: Yes. "A book of verses underneath the bough, a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou—beside me singing in the wilderness." But there was something else in Omar Khayyam for you, Daniel. Something I didn't find until today. "There was the door to which I found no key. There was the veil through which I might not see." There's a life between the two quotations, Carol. But Daniel wasn't thinking of doors or veils. And you, Carol? You were thinking of your white evening gown. Your first, wasn't it? And walking with a boy. Those are the things I want you to tell Mary, Carol. Tell her about kisses stolen on a bench and the wonderful realization that they weren't stolen but shared. Yes, Carol, you must tell her about that. But there's so much to tell her and I have so little time. See, they're starting to lower the casket into the grave now. Only a moment now. A moment to you . . . an eternity to me in which I have to tell you about those things we never understood. Carol, remember those first few years

after our marriage? We were so young and so happy and . . .

SOUND: *Fade narrator and B.G. Music out CAROL fading on mike.* That you, Daniel?

DANIEL *off mike*: Yes, dear.

CAROL: What are you doing out there?

DANIEL: Just taking off my rubbers. (*On mike*) There. Better?

CAROL: Well, Daniel, you could have taken them off in here.

DANIEL: The rubbers you mean?

CAROL: Yes, of course.

DANIEL: Carol, don't tell me you've forgotten.

CAROL: Forgotten? Now Daniel, it's a joke.

DANIEL: A joke? Don't you remember the night we came back from our honeymoon?

CAROL: No. Should I have?

DANIEL: Well no. I guess you can't expect a bride to remember anything until a week after her honeymoon.

CAROL: Daniel.

DANIEL: Well, that night your father called me into the kitchen and said he wanted to talk to me.

CAROL: Probably wanted to tell you not to use anything heavier than a razor strap to beat me with.

DANIEL: He looked at me and I was feeling pretty uncomfortable. And then he cleared his throat and said: "Daniel boy, I hope you're going to be very happy." I thanked him and said I was sure we would be.

CAROL: Thank you, darling.

DANIEL: Quiet wife. And then he said: "Daniel, I'm in a very uncomfortable position. As the bride's father, I should be able to give you some quick piece of advice that will make your marriage a happy one. I only got one piece of advice, boy, he said, and that is, if you want to keep your marriage as romantic as it is, never let your wife see you taking your socks or your rubbers off."

CAROL: Silly.

DANIEL: What's for supper?

CAROL: I got some pot roast.

DANIEL: Great.

CAROL: And there are your slippers and that smelly old pipe.

DANIEL: Wonderful.

CAROL: Have a hard day? Here put your feet up.

DANIEL: No, not particularly.

CAROL: No clients again today?

DANIEL: Well yes, I had one.

CAROL: Oh, Daniel, you didn't?

DANIEL: Yep.

CAROL: Well, what was it Daniel? Tell me about it.

DANIEL: Well, I was sitting around as usual reading and this feller came in. Jack Carr his name was. You know him?

CAROL: No. But go on, Daniel. What did he want? Did he want you to settle his estate for two million dollars or did he want you to sign a contract as his personal attorney?

DANIEL: Whoa, not so fast. Well, this feller Carr had an accident down at the mill. He's a machine operator down there. And he got his foot caught in the machine. Mashed up pretty badly too. Well they fired him and so he wants to sue them for compensation.

CAROL: Oh, the poor man. Did he give you much as a retainer? Ten dollars? . . . Five dollars?

DANIEL: Well, no Carol, he didn't give me anything. As a matter of fact I gave him ten dollars to get his foot fixed up.

CAROL: Oh, Daniel.

DANIEL: Well, Carol, he was pretty bad off, poor devil. No job, this bum foot and a wife and three kids at home to take care of. I slapped a summons on Perkins up at the mill right away. He'll collect plenty from them.

CAROL: Three children, Daniel? What are they going to eat tonight?

DANIEL: Gee, I never thought of that.

CAROL: Well, Daniel. I'm afraid you'll have to get up out of that chair and go out and watch the supper.

DANIEL: Where are you going?

CAROL: To those children. They have to have something to eat. Where did you say he lived?

DANIEL: I didn't. But it's over on Elm Street, 142.

CAROL: I'll find it.

DANIEL *softly*: Carol.

CAROL: Yes, Daniel?

DANIEL: You're pretty wonderful.

CAROL: Am I?

DANIEL: The most wonderful thing that's ever happened to me.

CAROL: Never mind about that now. You go out and watch that pot roast.

DANIEL: Oh, hang the pot roast. I'm going with you. Maybe he needs some help or some money or something.

CAROL: You're pretty wonderful yourself, darling.

DANIEL: Never mind about that now. Here, help me put these rubbers on, will you?

CAROL: What about father?

DANIEL: He said never let your wife see you taking your rubbers off. He didn't say anything about her helping you on with them. (*Both laugh*)

SOUND: *Fade laughter and bring music in—establish and fade to B.G. for voice effect*

NARRATOR: Those are the things I want you to tell Mary about, Carol. A struggling lawyer and his wife and the wonderful beauty of it. Yes, Carol, she should hear about that. It would be pleasant to linger and think about those days. It would be pleasant—but the time is short and there's so much more I have to remind you of. See, they're starting to throw the dirt in now. Just a minute now. Just a minute to remind you of success and malice and envy and resentment. This is the part I'd like to forget, to go off there with the words unsaid. But I can't. I'm looking down now over the hill into the town. The homes, the churches and the factories and I know I must talk of them. Remember that home, with the white pillars and the broad sweeping lawns? I can see it now, over the hill there. The governor's mansion. Yes, Carol. We never thought that struggling lawyer would be governor, did we? We never dreamed it, Carol. But then there's so much we never dreamed. So much that came without our ever thinking it could. I remember one night, very much like this, with the rain beating against the window and the wind howling. Only then I wasn't lying in a six foot grave with dirt in my mouth. I was on my way to a meeting.

SOUND: *Fade narrator and B.G. Music—sound—descending of stairs*

CAROL (OLDER): Daniel? Is that you?

DANIEL (OLDER) *off mike*: Yes, dear.

CAROL: On your way out? Here, let me fix that tie for you. Honest, for a governor you just look a mess half the time. People are beginning to notice, Daniel.

DANIEL *on mike*: Yes, dear. I'm sorry.

CAROL: Well I wish you would take better care of yourself and your appearance.

After all, I do have a position to uphold. I wish you would think of me.

DANIEL: I'm sorry. Carol, can I see you a minute?

CAROL: Well, Daniel, I am on my way to a dinner.

DANIEL: This will only take a minute.

CAROL: Well, all right. What is it?

DANIEL: Well I don't really know how to say it, Carol.

CAROL: I don't know what it is, but I wish you would hurry and say it. This is no time for shyness.

DANIEL: Well all right. It's about us Carol.

CAROL: About us?

DANIEL: Yes. What's happening to us?

CAROL: I don't know what you mean Daniel.

DANIEL: I mean . . . well look, Carol. I can remember when you weren't worried whether my tie was on straight or whether I didn't have one at all. We've changed, Carol.

CAROL: Of course we have. You're not complaining about that, are you? You are the strangest man. I suppose you'd still be sitting in that cubbyhole office of yours, reading, with no clients, if it wasn't for me. I suppose you prefer that to this.

DANIEL: Yes Carol. I think I do.

CAROL: This is no time for joking, Daniel.

If that's all you wanted to say I'll be getting along to that dinner.

DANIEL: No, Carol. I'm not joking. What's happened to us, Carol?

CAROL: I don't know what's happened to us. But whatever it is, I'm afraid I can't share your outlook on it. I certainly don't want to go back and retrace it all. If those people we were are dead, I'm glad. And don't look so shocked, Daniel. People leave little dead parts of themselves behind whenever they move up.

DANIEL: I don't want generalities and words like people. I want to know what about us?

CAROL: I suppose by that you mean our love.

DANIEL: I mean that and more. I mean our love, I mean our life together, I mean our marriage. That's gone. We have nothing in common anymore. Your life and mine aren't one anymore.

They're separate and I feel like an intruder everytime I try to alter the patterns.

CAROL: Daniel, I'm afraid you're being a romanticist. Let's face facts.

DANIEL: That's all I ask.

CAROL: You talk of our life together. You're looking for trouble, Daniel.

DANIEL: I don't think so. I think I've just been sidestepping trouble all these years. It's time I stopped dodging and faced the issue.

CAROL: All right. What is the issue?

DANIEL: Us. You don't love me anymore.

CAROL: Don't be silly, Daniel. I'm very fond of you.

DANIEL: Fond of me, yes; but, you don't love me.

CAROL: If you mean, do I feel a heart beat everytime you're in the room? no. There comes a time when that idea of love dies.

DANIEL: But nothing has taken its place. There should be something. We don't even understand each other any longer. You avoid me.

CAROL: Yes, Daniel, I do. You asked me to be frank. You're quite right. I don't love you any longer. But still we can be happy. I have my position, you have the governorship. I think it works out very nicely. Let sleeping dogs lie, Daniel.

DANIEL: No, Carol, I can't. This has to be settled.

CAROL: It is settled, Daniel. And I'm going to the dinner.

DANIEL: No Carol, don't.

CAROL: I'm sorry, Daniel. Good night.

SOUND: *BG Music in-establish and fade for voice effect and*

NARRATOR: That was three years ago, Carol. Remember? Don't forget to tell Mary about that and about the three years that followed. We grew further apart. Yes, just about as far apart as two people who once loved each other can grow. Then that night. About two weeks ago, wasn't it? That about finishes it for Mary, doesn't it, Carol? I wish I could tell you more but they're starting to pat the mound into place down there on my grave now and my time is getting short. You must remember that night.

SOUND: *Fade both, narrator and B.G. Music bring soft B.G. Music different for following scene*

CAROL: How is he, doctor?

DOCTOR: Very bad, I'm afraid, Mrs. Linton.

CAROL: Is there . . .

DOCTOR: I'm afraid not. He won't last the night out.

CAROL: May I see him?

DOCTOR: He's been asking for you. Don't let him see you've been crying.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes softly*

CAROL: Daniel.

DANIEL: Carol?

CAROL: Lie still, dear.

DANIEL: Did you see the doctor?

CAROL: Yes, I saw him, dear.

DANIEL: Then you know?

CAROL: He said you're going to get well very soon.

DANIEL: Let's not lie to each other now, Carol.

CAROL *in tears*: Oh, Daniel.

DANIEL: There now. No tears. It's not so sad, really. I've been sort of lying here thinking of it.

CAROL: We mustn't, Daniel.

DANIEL: It's not so terrible, Carol. I've been sort of thinking of the wind and the rain and the smell of flowers and the clean smell of earth.

CAROL: Don't, Daniel, I can't stand it.

DANIEL: I know, dear. It's like the time I had my first tooth pulled. Everybody was afraid but me. Carol, I want you to promise me something. They'll want to bury me in the military cemetery here in the capital. Don't let them.

CAROL: I won't, dear.

DANIEL: I want to go back to that little cemetery on the hill overlooking the town. Somehow, I've been thinking of that grave lying here and it makes it seem so much pleasanter and bearable if I knew I was going to be there. There's nothing frightening about a grave you sat on with a pipe in your mouth. That's where I want to be buried. It will be like going home again.

CAROL: I'll see to it, Daniel.

DANIEL: I put it in my will. And, Carol, take care of Mary.

CAROL: Oh, I've been such a fool. When I think of how we wasted the last three years. You were right, Daniel. If we could only go back.

DANIEL: I am going back, Carol. And so will you soon. I'll be there waiting.

CAROL: Oh, Daniel (*sobs*).

SOUND: *Sustain sobs and then cross faded with background music—hold then down to B.G.—for voice effect*

NARRATOR: Yes, Carol. And here I am . . . waiting. (*Bitterly*) Aren't they finished with their obscene pomp? They've escorted me to the borders of eternity and seen that my celestial passport is in order. Why must they weep and feel sorry for me? Sorry for me! Miserable fools, what do they know of death? (*Pause*) Ah, but I'm being intolerant and patronizing. That's a failing we dead have; we're patronizing. They're leaving now. They've had their ceremony; their show. They put me into the ground and locked me out of their mind. I must be leaving too, Carol. Oh, there's so much I could tell you, so many things, but you couldn't understand them. But just one thing more before I leave. (*Kindly*) Don't feel too badly about the past. There's something beyond all this, Carol. There's something beyond it.

SOUND: *Fade narrator and B.G. Music bring in sobs*

CAROL: Stop it, dear.

MARY: But, mother, he's gone. I couldn't realize it before. But now suddenly I know he's gone and I can't bear it.

CAROL: You can bear it, Mary. I don't know how or why but somehow right now, Mary, I feel that there's something beyond all this.

SOUND: *Music up—hold and then to B.G.—for voice effect*

NARRATOR: Yes, there's something beyond all this, Carol. There's something beyond it.

SOUND: *Music up to a paramount finish*

THE RIGHTS OF MAN

NO. 1: THE EXILE

By GREER JOHNSON

(As presented and broadcast by the University of Kentucky over
WLAP, Mutual Broadcasting System)

ANNOUNCER: Today, we present the first of four broadcasts in a new series: THE RIGHTS OF MAN. These programs are designed for you, and for you will portray certain conditions existing in the world today which are denying to some men and women their rights; rights which must always belong to men if they are to live safely, justly and nobly. Those rights we wish to affirm and to safeguard. Our common desire is to see them thrive in this land of the free, to take deep root and to see all men cherish them as their very own . . . We are going to visit a home today in a land where free men can no longer live. It is the home of an average man with an average wife. Their one son is being brought up in an average way. Mr. Average is no hero, he is the common man you . . . and I . . . meet on the street. Somewhere, he sits after dinner, with a newspaper, a pipe . . . and a sense of peace. Somewhere this happens:

SOUND: *Door opens*

MR. AVERAGE: Hello, dear. Part of the paper?

MRS. AVERAGE: No, I'll just finish John's sweater. It's getting cooler, and he'll need it.

MR. AVERAGE: Paper seems to think there's something in that scare down at the government offices.

MRS. AVERAGE: Don't worry, dear. It'll straighten itself out somehow.

MR. AVERAGE: The editor reports another paper closed down. What's wrong

with all the newspapers, anyway? Can't they compromise?

MRS. AVERAGE: With what, dear?

MR. AVERAGE: With whatever keeps stopping and muzzling them. If they can't say what they want to, they'll find some new outlets . . .

MRS. AVERAGE: But if they won't let them . . .

MR. AVERAGE: They can't stop it, Mary. After all, there's a certain amount we can take, but after that.

MRS. AVERAGE: Mrs. Norris said her husband protested. Imagine! He went right down to the government offices yesterday, and . . .

SOUND: *Knock*

MRS. AVERAGE: Are you expecting someone, dear?

MR. AVERAGE: Not a soul. I'll see who it is.

SOUND: *Door opens—steps*

MR. AVERAGE: I beg your pardon?

SOLDIER: You're in the way.

MR. AVERAGE: Just a minute!

MRS. AVERAGE: Sam, what's . . .

2ND SOLDIER: All right. Don't scream, lady.

MR. AVERAGE: Do you have some kind of warning?

SOLDIER: Sure. Here.

MRS. AVERAGE: Sam . . . !

MR. AVERAGE: But this says . . .

SOLDIER: You can read, huh?

MR. AVERAGE: But we haven't plotted!

We're sitting here calmly, and we . . .

2ND SOLDIER: I'll take the upstairs.

MRS. AVERAGE: Don't go up those stairs!

My child's asleep up there!

SOLDIER *sarcastic*. What a shame! Don't wake the baby, Bill.

MRS. AVERAGE: Sam!

MR. AVERAGE: You can't just walk in here like this. We're innocent. You . . . you must have the wrong house.

SOLDIER: We'll take that chance.

MR. AVERAGE: What're you doing with that radio?

SOLDIER: Just tearing it out. We don't like it.

SOUND: *Radio being demolished*

MRS. AVERAGE: Sam.

MR. AVERAGE: I'll . . . I'll go to her quarters. This is a private home done nothing. We live qu happily. This isn't right.

JOHN'S VOICE: Mother!

MRS. AVERAGE: That's my child.

SOLDIER: Stay where you are. He'll be brought down.

JOHN: Mother! This man . . . he came in, and he didn't knock.

MRS. AVERAGE: It's all right, dear. They forgot . . . to knock.

2ND SOLDIER: Yeah, we forgot to knock! Nothing up there, Bill.

MR. AVERAGE: What did you expect to find?

SOLDIER: You're a friend of a man named Norris, aren't you? Live down the street a couple of doors?

MR. AVERAGE: Yes, but . . .

SOLDIER: Well, he's on his way out of the country.

MRS. AVERAGE: Out of the country?

SOLDIER: Sure. Left . . . sorta sudden, you know.

MR. AVERAGE: But the University! He teaches at the University!

SECOND SOLDIER: Sure, we know. They've been changing the staff a little; your friend wasn't too popular.

MRS. AVERAGE: Poor Frank.

2ND SOLDIER: Look at these books, Bill.

SOLDIER: Been reading bad stuff, eh?

MR. AVERAGE: These books cannot possibly concern you. Please don't move them.

2ND SOLDIER: Seems to me most of 'em are on the list. D'you keep up with the news, mister?

MR. AVERAGE: Those books are known the world over! They're known wherever people read . . . You can't just walk in and throw them around like that!

SOLDIER: Open the window.

MR. AVERAGE: Those books belong to me.

SOLDIER: Keep away, brave boy!

MRS. AVERAGE: Don't Sam! (*Together*) Watch out, Daddy!

SOUND: *Of blackjack*

MRS. AVERAGE: Sam! Sam!

2ND SOLDIER: Come on, Bill. That's enough.

MRS. AVERAGE: Sam!

SOUND: *Groaning—door slams*

MRS. AVERAGE: Help me, John. Help me with your father. Try to get up, Sam.

SOUND: *Clock ticks—loudly—gavel knocks*

JUDGE'S VOICE: Is that all you have to say?

MR. AVERAGE: What do you mean, "all"?

JUDGE: Is there no defence? No proof?

MR. AVERAGE: I don't understand, I . . .

MRS. AVERAGE: Don't talk, Sam. Talk to them!

SOUND: *Gavel knock eight times—then clock*

MR. AVERAGE: I

MRS. AVERAGE: I

MR. AVERAGE: self, Mary.

MRS. AVERAGE: I

MR. AVERAGE: I

MRS. AVERAGE: I

MR. AVERAGE: I

MRS. AVERAGE: I

Sam? Where can we start?

MR. AVERAGE: Start? We're . . . leaving, Mary.

MRS. AVERAGE: Leaving!

MR. AVERAGE: In the morning. You, John and I.

MRS. AVERAGE: No, Sam.

MR. AVERAGE: What else? It's all we can do. I drew out all they'd let me have from the bank today.

MRS. AVERAGE: Wouldn't they . . . ?

MR. AVERAGE: A third. They let me have a third. The rest goes back to the state.

MRS. AVERAGE: Oh, Sam . . . we can't live on that.

MR. AVERAGE: We'll have to find something, Mary . . . somewhere.

MRS. AVERAGE: Sam.

MR. AVERAGE: Please don't Mary. It isn't easy.

SOUND: *Clock ticks up—wash of water against boat*

JOHN: Why are we going away, Mother?

MRS. AVERAGE: It . . . well, it just seemed like fun, darling.

JOHN: Where are we going?

MRS. AVERAGE: I don't know just yet, John.

JOHN: Are we almost there?

MRS. AVERAGE: Almost, dear.

JOHN: Where's Daddy?

MRS. AVERAGE: He's seeing about passports, dear! Please don't ask mother any more questions. I'm tired.

JOHN: I wish we'd get there.

SOUND: *Whistle*

MRS. AVERAGE: Sam. Here I am.

MR. AVERAGE: John and I waited for you at dinner, Mary. I thought you must have gone to lie down.

MRS. AVERAGE: I've been standing he-

Sam. I've been watching. There's something strange out there. There's some-

thing out there waiting for us we don't

know. You'll only make yourself

more nervous. You want to know, Sam,

what people like

are happy enough

we? I didn't need

, and now . . . Sam,

they all want us!

What can they do to them? What can

you do to them? I, you'd better come in.

MRS. AVERAGE: I'm afraid, Sam! They

might . . . be waiting for us, staring up

out of the night. I don't want to stop,

Sam. I want to go where they can't find

us.

MR. AVERAGE: Shhh!

SOUND: *Footsteps marching, evenly*

MRS. AVERAGE: Listen.

MR. AVERAGE: I don't hear anything. It's

your nerves, Mary. You've been on

such a strain.

MRS. AVERAGE: No, listen, Sam! They've

found us! They're coming after us!

Don't let them find me . . . Keep them

away, Sam! I'm afraid, I'm afraid.

SOUND: *Footsteps, loud*

MRS. AVERAGE: Sam! Sam!

SOUND: *Ticking of clock*

JOHN: What's wrong with Mother,

Daddy?

MR. AVERAGE: She's not feeling very well,

son. Don't talk. You might wake her.

JOHN: When do we get there, Daddy?

MR. AVERAGE: In about an hour. Now run

play, John, and be careful.

JOHN: All right.

MR. AVERAGE: John. Wait a minute. Come

here, son. I . . . I want to talk to you.

JOHN: What about, Daddy?

MR. AVERAGE: About us. Your mother and I have made a terrible mistake. We didn't know, we didn't realize when we were . . . making it. Now we know. I want to tell you, John. Never let people start tampering with the rights you were born with. Never let them tell you how to use your mind. Don't let them chain it, don't let them work on you.

JOHN: Yes, Daddy.

MR. AVERAGE: Oh, I know you don't understand what I'm talking about. But

going to make you see what I mean,

Never hate any man.

don't hate anybody, Daddy.

MR. AVERAGE: Hate no man, John. Keep

them from hating you. Guard against

these things.

JOHN: All right, Daddy.

MR. AVERAGE: Don't make the mistake

your mother and I made. We're pay-

ing for it now. Exiles, John. Do you

know what an exile is?

JOHN: No, Daddy.

MR. AVERAGE: I hope you never will. I

hope you never go looking for satis-

faction somewhere else: never leave

something behind that is you. I hope

you never know what it means, John

. . . (Fade)

ANNOUNCER: And so an exile is sent on

from one country to another, forced to

become the transplanted man because

he fought to hold the most precious of

all freedoms: intellectual, cultural, per-

sonal liberty. The indecency that is

forced on the exile is not only unjust

and a sin against humanity, it is hor-

rribly, mortally unprofitable . . . Wrote

one exile to another:

MAN reading: I am alone on the mountain

and alone in the cottage. I have walked

a good deal, and worked a good deal.

The snow is six feet deep but the sun

is stronger than it is in summer down in

the valley. I have turned on the wire-

less. It seems odd to be sitting here on

the mountain listening to the world.

We feel uneasy so quickly these days.

I feel uneasy . . . just sitting here. The

radio blabbers on . . . something I do

not understand. The voice is not in our

tongues. What is the man saying . . .

what does he want with his stammer-

ing! I can't make head or tail of it. If

only it weren't midnight, it would be

all right. How I wish you were here, or

I weren't! It is terrible to be alone when the world may be going under. I've turned it off and tried to read. I can't. A man can't read on the rack . . . Now there is another speaker. His voice is trembling. It is not right. I shouldn't wonder if men with revolvers were forcing that voice to speak. Do you remember the one-act play we saw years ago? A woman is alone in a lonely house, telephoning to her husband who is six hundred miles off in the capital. While she is speaking, someone begins tampering with the door. She goes on speaking while the murderer creeps up. There's no help, far or wide. The woman stands in the middle of the room, her voice is thick with horror, but she goes on speaking. Slowly and softly the murderer approaches. "He's got a knife in his hand," she tells her husband. "I have no money," she says. "You know I have no money," as if she were imploring her husband to tell the murderer so. The murderer grins—slowly he raises his knife. It seems to me that I am that woman, the woman being murdered at the telephone. I go on writing. It's nearly two. The music tears one to pieces, waltzes, waltzes . . . songs, songs . . . there, a short pause. And now a new song. their song! Their silly, nationalistic, kid-nursery song! (The murderer raises the knife.) I can't go on listening to it. The harmless, shoddy tune turned into a symbol of horror. I can't listen. This is the end. It is the end. Our quiet room is filled with the howling of murderers, many murderers. They praise it . . . I can't understand. What will happen to our friends?

ANNOUNCER: From exile to exile, letters of torture. Letters of bewilderment. Where will it end?

WOMAN (*Fade in*): It is painful for a man to leave his country at dead of night, with a suitcase packed in haste, trembling lest the hirelings of a hated hostile government should catch him at the very frontier, stop him and drag him back again. Those who, in the fateful month or week in which the terror starts, happen to be out of the country, either by chance or moved by forebodings of evil, are in far better circumstances. They were spared hasty

flight, they did not have to learn what imprisonment is. All they had to do was to make up their minds not to go back, even though such a decision costs much thought and pain.

So speaks Erika Mann, daughter of Thomas Mann, internationally famous writer, lecturer, and thinker. She and her brother Klaus, both of whom are justly famed in their own right, have spoken eloquently for all exiles in their recent book "Escape to Life." It does not concern us here as to what country or countries these two vital young people were concerning themselves with. We are interested in the exile everywhere. His problem deals with no national hatred . . . with no nationalistic feeling can we concern ourselves. This is man, universal man, who is in danger.

Boy (*Fade in*): Hello. I was afraid you wouldn't get here.

GIRL: I ran. All the way.

Boy: I've decided, finally. I'm leaving.

GIRL: Now?

Boy: Tonight. I . . . I can't stay any longer.

GIRL: I want to go with you.

Boy: If you would . . . I'm leaving with Fred. We're taking the ten o'clock train. If you get packed and meet us . . .

GIRL: Darling, I can't. I can't go.

Boy: But you said . . .

GIRL: I know. I was wishing . . . but I couldn't go and leave Dad and . . . I can't.

Boy: Why should you stay? There's nothing here for us anymore. Less than nothing.

GIRL: I know.

Boy: Then come.

GIRL: I'm afraid. Oh, I know you're doing the right thing. I should do it, too. What you're facing: a strange country and a strange people . . . that's hard, but not like this. But I'll stay, and let them go on . . . I'll let them get madder and madder.

Boy: It is madness.

GIRL: Yes. A strange kind of insanity. We can't stop it.

Boy: We can go.

GIRL: If we dare. I don't. Darling, there are things here I love, things I couldn't live without. And there's my family.

Boy: Maybe not much longer. They can take that, too!

GIRL: Not yet. Not while I'm here to fight them, and . . .

Boy: And?

GIRL: Please. I'm sorry. You leave . . . and think of me. Only don't write. I'd be afraid . . . Oh, not for myself, but for you . . . and for my poor, stupid family. Darling, don't look at me like that . . . (*Fade*)

ANNOUNCER: And so they leave . . . leave the untrue and the unjust. There is nothing left to face. The exile . . . a lost wanderer, a broken man . . . forced out of the basic rights of life; facing

death or life in the hands of an alien, unknown people. The exiles' problem is our problem. We must face it—and we must stop it. Our trust must be placed in the youth of younger countries: America above all. It is for us to save the freedom of the mind, the humanity of the heart, by being human.

At this same time next week, we will present another program in the series, *THE RIGHTS OF MAN*. Today's script has been prepared by Greer Johnson. Quotations from "Escape to Life" by Erika and Klaus Mann, published by Houghton-Mifflin Co., were used with special permission of the authors.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN

NO. 2: RACIAL FREEDOM *

By GREER JOHNSON

ANNOUNCER: Today, we present the second in a series of programs called THE RIGHTS OF MAN. These programs are designed for you, and for you will examine certain trends and conditions existing in the world which might constitute a threat to those you know and those you love. Last week, we visited a land where free men cannot live. We considered the plight of the exile from such a land, his present place in the world and his future freedom. This week we consider the plight of racial minorities, those who are hounded and persecuted by the strong because they do not happen to be born of a privileged race. After a man has become, without his own wish or will, a member of an unfavored race, are we to deny him those privileges of life without which existence becomes a burden of toil and misery? Many power-seeking governments, concerned solely with the advancement of a privileged class, have chosen this or that racial minority as a scapegoat. The scapegoat is convenient for the government or class that uses it, for all of its own sins are heaped upon the helpless victim. And what becomes of that inalienable right of man to life and liberty? There are thinkers and demagogues, yea, men in power who have done everything they could do to deny the essential dignity and greatness of man, they have attempted to build a wall and to put on the other side those men that dare to think and question. But intelligent and feeling people everywhere must not and cannot be silent when groups of human beings

are hated and suspected because they do not belong to the privileged race or majority. In a suburb of an American city, a scientist gathers together a group of three people, each of whom is a highly talented and successful member of his racial group. As they leave the dinner table in thoughtful mood . . . (Fade)

SCIENTIST: Did you pass the cigars, Helen?
DAUGHTER: Yes, father.

SCIENTIST: Well, now that we're comfortable. What were you saying, Avery?

NEGRO: I was just wondering what race was. We've been discussing around it all evening, but we certainly haven't reached a conclusion as to what race might be.

JEW: You're quite right. Race is a slippery term to define.

SCIENTIST: Of course, we know the most obvious definition: biological. Is race biological?

IMMIGRANT: Not exclusively. A race, if it exists, exists as much more than a biological fact.

DAUGHTER: And race does exist. You say biological. Yes, I'll agree with you there. But what about the other factors . . . ? The economic, the political, and the cultural?

NEGRO: That's the point! All these different factors make it almost impossible to arrive at a conclusion.

SCIENTIST: I know that. Each of you is right . . . as far as you go. But I believe you've ignored an important factor.

JEW: What's that?

NOTES ON PRODUCTION: Although speaking characters in this script include a Negro and a Jew, there is never any mention of this explicitly. For purposes of possible objection, their names are never mentioned. Neither should any actor attempt to burlesque dialects to show nationality or race. The individuals represented are highly educated and polished men. Whatever differences separate them from the other characters are simply inferred.

SCIENTIST: Just this, a race doesn't simply exist, you know. Not even all the factors we've mentioned causes a race to exist. A race is called a racial group when it believes itself so and when it is treated as a racial group.

IMMIGRANT: Absolutely. Opinion is there, too. Also, the race must behave as a race . . . otherwise it is assimilated or has been a false assumption all along.

JEW: Well, taking that as you may, haven't you considered that race might well be due largely to historical accident and geographical limitations?

NEGRO: Undoubtedly. That's why racial hatreds are so childish and so unjust.

JEW: But ingrained. Horribly ingrained, you must admit.

DAUGHTER: I'm afraid you're right.

SCIENTIST: Then the problem is education, I take it? To show those who are blindly prejudiced that they have been simply conditions to their hatred?

IMMIGRANT: Yes, education would help, but it couldn't be all. I was reading a little book on nationalism the other night. You know, this problem of nationalism interests me greatly . . . but that's beside the point. In this book, Julian Huxley said that violent racialism is a symbol of exaggerated nationalism.

SCIENTIST: And that is probably true.

NEGRO: Then, if it is true, the problem has become political. And, being political, and consequently of advantage to a certain group in power, the danger is less likely to be eliminated.

JEW: Yes. It's enough to make one almost lose hope. For so many centuries now, my people have been hoping against hope for final understanding among the races. We haven't seen that yet.

NEGRO: And my people. Sometimes I think our problem is greater than yours. With us, there's a basic suspicion of the larger race which prevents our getting close to know who could help us. A few of us realize that this suspicion must cease to be, but it is next to impossible to impress that fact on our race as a whole.

SCIENTIST: Your problem is most interesting.

IMMIGRANT: As for me, my problem is simpler than either of yours. Our racial groups, coming as they do to America

for a new security, find it easier to be assimilated. We are so similar to the Americans . . . if they are a race . . . that they are less suspicious of us.

DAUGHTER: What I've hoped to see is less hatred and suspicion as we progressed. I'm beginning to think we haven't gone far.

NEGRO: And will we?

SCIENTIST: That is just why I wanted to have this discussion. Each of you, you know, is an outstanding member of his own particular race. That your races could have produced men like you is a triumph in itself.

JEW: Yes, but not enough. We are accepted more readily than our fellow kinsmen because we have contributed something to the whole. As soon as the predominant race sees us getting ahead, jealousy results, and we're pushed back. Then what are we to do?

NEGRO: At the present, of course, you can only retire.

DAUGHTER: And what about the future?

SCIENTIST: Ah! That is just it—the future. You know, I have not been entirely honest with you. I have performed an experiment on you tonight.

IMMIGRANT: An experiment?

NEGRO: But we've been conscious of it!

SCIENTIST: No. No, you've been completely oblivious to this experiment. You see, I've been working for years now on a certain drug. The scientific world knows nothing about it as yet. But that drug, and it's tasteless, is very powerful. You all drank it in your coffee.

JEW: Just . . . what is this drug?

DAUGHTER: Father! Why didn't you tell them?

SCIENTIST: Tell them, my dear? You drank it, too. But don't be alarmed. The drug is harmless. It will simply enable you to go forward in time a thousand years, a thousand years into the future. In a moment, you will begin to feel sleepy. Then your eyes will close. You will find yourself projected painlessly into the future. What is it, Bergson said about time: "an endless stream, forward and backwards?"

DAUGHTER: Father, this is ridiculous!

SCIENTIST: Oh, no, my dear. See, you are already nodding your head.

JEW: I don't feel . . .

SCIENTIST: Sleepy? Oh, yes, you do. Your head is beginning to rock . . . Your eyes are closing . . .

NEGRO *with difficulty*: Into . . . the . . . future?

SCIENTIST: In a moment . . . into time . . . now that space is nothing, you shall visit your children a thousand years from now . . . into endless, endless time . . .

SOUND: *Clock ticks up—loud—slow drum beats*

DAUGHTER: Here. Wake up! Wake up!

JEW: Hmmm? Oh, it's you.

DAUGHTER: It did work. Father was right. We're not at home!

JEW: Oh, no. I've been here for hours. I was talking with some friends . . . we were able to trace kinship back to . . . back to 1941.

DAUGHTER: 1941! It seems a million miles away.

JEW: At least. You know, that father of yours is a brilliant man. I wish he were here to find out what's happened.

DAUGHTER: And are things different?

JEW: Oh, quite. I saw our other two dinner companions at their university. A wonderful place, that university. You know, the people here are friendly and most understanding.

DAUGHTER: Then, there has been progress?

JEW: Great progress.

DAUGHTER: Father will be so glad. I'm afraid he'd almost lost hope.

JEW: I asked them to meet me here. Their adjustment has been great, but there are still racial minorities.

DAUGHTER: Oh.

JEW: But they have equal rights and privileges everywhere. The people seem very happy.

DAUGHTER: We must get back and tell Father.

JEW: It gives me new faith. We needed a new rationale desperately. We have learned how to find it.

DAUGHTER: Things must be ideal here.

JEW: All over the world, I understand. Man is much happier, much more satisfied.

NEGRO: There you are. We've been looking for you.

DAUGHTER: And have you found improvements, too?

NEGRO: Everywhere, everything has been solved beautifully.

IMMIGRANT: And for us, too. We have a definite status, and definite privileges. My people work well and live well.

DAUGHTER: I wonder if Father knew?

NEGRO: You remember I said tonight . . . or was it tonight that we must not be suspicious of those who wished to help us? I was right. They tell me that was the first step.

DAUGHTER: And the second?

NEGRO: From there, the problem was much easier. As soon as we were able to assume our rightful position as a racial and national minority, the problem was simplified.

IMMIGRANT: We had that advantage over you from the first.

NEGRO: Yes, that's true. I memorized once a pledge James Weldon Johnson wrote. It seems far away now . . . back there . . . but they are living by it here, now. He said, "I will not allow one prejudiced person or one million or one hundred million to blight my life. I will not let prejudice or any of its attendant humiliations and injustices bear me down to spiritual defeat. My inner life is mine and I shall defend and maintain its integrity against all the powers of evil and injustice." They live by that, here.

DAUGHTER: You know, the fact that we've come together here in the future must mean something.

IMMIGRANT: But we were together . . . back there.

DAUGHTER: I know. But separated as we were, here, we came together again. Was there some draw between us?

JEW: Perhaps because we were concerned with the same search.

NEGRO: We were concerned with the same search back there, but we were never together until her father brought us together.

IMMIGRANT: Perhaps it is more than we think.

NEGRO: My people are happy now. We have produced outstanding individuals. And we will produce many more.

IMMIGRANT: Can you hasten that development?

NEGRO: I don't know.

DAUGHTER: But if this is the future . . . if we're in a certain time . . . we couldn't change that, could we?

JEW: We shall have to ask your father. After all, this has been going on for many hundreds of years. At least, the progress has been definitely upward. We could hasten it . . .

NEGRO: By teaching?

IMMIGRANT: You have been teaching it, haven't you?

DAUGHTER: Yes, but he's only one man. There must be many men.

JEW: We must make more like us.

DAUGHTER: Are there signs of stress among the races?

JEW: I couldn't see any . . . did you?

NEGRO: No. I tried to, perhaps because I couldn't help being skeptical of my own experience. But no. The racial outlines are blurred and indistinct, anyway. The solving of the racial problem has led to a general understanding that has promoted peace and the general welfare of all nations in the world. It is almost Utopian.

IMMIGRANT: I talked with one man who showed some characteristics of my mother country. When I told him of the efforts to brand the achievements of certain races as unsound and decadent, he laughed. It seemed utterly ridiculous to him.

JEW: And yet, back there, they have branded the scientific discoveries made by my own race as worthless and false.

NEGRO: And my people: some of the greatest artists we have produced have been barred at certain times from honest expression. Such a thing is unknown here.

JEW: They have certain histories here, it is true. But they have felt that this racial distinction running even into culture was dramatized and untrue. They discredited the historians who were stating fact.

DAUGHTER: It isn't easy to blame them.

NEGRO: No. It's easy enough now to see how inhuman some of us have been. It's good to see we shall not always be.

IMMIGRANT: They tell me that when a member of one race goes to an alien country for any one of a hundred reasons, he is accepted with courtesy and understanding. Should he wish eventually to identify himself with that country, he may do so. After that, he is a member of that . . . shall we call it

group? They all work together so that race and country and nationality have almost disappeared from their vocabularies.

JEW: The amazing thing is, should that visitor choose to retain his own identity, slight though it is, he may do so without any loss of privilege. There is no hatred of a fellow man.

DAUGHTER: Then man has truly learned to be man.

NEGRO: It is impossible to convince my people they were ever so completely ignored. After I told them of a few instances in my own life, back there, they found it funny. I let them laugh. I was glad they had never known such humiliation.

DAUGHTER: I want to ask you all something, the same thing.

NEGRO: What is it?

DAUGHTER: Here you are. You've been projected forward into time. You've found a civilization that appeals to your advanced minds. Why go back? If father has the power to bring you back, why not find a way to stay . . . and enjoy what is here?

IMMIGRANT: Well.

NEGRO: This is more than life . . . more than life as I knew it.

JEW: Yes, but . . . but if we shouldn't go back.

NEGRO: He's right. We're only three. Just three men, and our people might not miss us individually. But suppose we interest thirty men, or three hundred, or three thousand?

IMMIGRANT: Or three million?

NEGRO: Yes! Three million! Oh, no, I would never stay, simply to live easily. After all, I enjoy a certain position my people don't enjoy. There are still sections of the country where my people are lost. I couldn't stay.

JEW: Nor could I. Just realizing that such a thing is possible. Just the thought gives new courage.

DAUGHTER: I'm glad you said that. If you'd wanted to stay, then it would have all been useless. I hoped you'd say you wanted to go back.

IMMIGRANT: Do you hear anything?

DAUGHTER: No . . . what?

JEW: Yes, I do! That low beat, like a drum.

SOUND. *Drum beats, slow*

DAUGHTER: And look! It's getting lighter.
Almost as if it had been dark, and now
the sun's coming up.

NEGRO: We're going back . . . !

SOUND: *Clock ticks up*

DAUGHTER: Father! You brought us back.

SCIENTIST: No, my dear. You brought
yourselves back.

JEW: My dear sir, when you've heard
what we . . .

SCIENTIST: I have heard.

NEGRO: You?

IMMIGRANT: But you couldn't . . . you?

SCIENTIST: Oh, yes. You see, all I put into
your coffee was a mild sleeping po-
tion. The rest was mental suggestion.
You've been sitting there the whole
time. There was no invention.

DAUGHTER: But, father! Why?

JEW: A controlled experiment, eh?

SCIENTIST: Yes. You see, I've been grow-
ing pretty doubtful of men's sincerity,
even men like you.

NEGRO: But what could your experiment
prove?

SCIENTIST: It proved I was wrong. You
were all impregnated with the same
thought. It ran along the channels we'd
already been discussing. What I wanted
to see was whether you could reach
any conclusions under that suggestion.
You did, and some rather magnificent
ones.

JEW: But we can dream without being ex-
perimented on.

SCIENTIST: The important thing was that
you "dreamed," if you want to call it
that, together. Each of you talked to
the other while you slept. You solved

your problems together. Each of you
was patient and helpful . . . Even my
daughter, here, showed honesty and in-
tegrity.

NEGRO: Yes.

SCIENTIST: It seemed to me that if you
could work together like that in an
experiment, then you could do it under
ordinary circumstances. I've reaffirmed
an ideal. Intelligent persons can work
together for the common good.

JEW: It was a daring experiment.

SCIENTIST: Oh, yes. But it's time we dared
to do what we think right. The world
is ill . . . Today, the world is uncer-
tain of what to do. I wanted to see if
three men like you, and with my daugh-
ter, could actually see a society with
one another. You did. There's hope,
you know.

DAUGHTER: Yes, father. It could be real,
after all.

IMMIGRANT: Because we dreamed it?

SCIENTIST: Yes, because you dreamed it.
When enough of you want it . . .
when enough of you work for it, then
it'll be.

NEGRO: I believe you.

SCIENTIST: You are men of superior in-
tellect. And in that superior intellect,
you are still able to work together for
the common good. With more men like
yourselves, we shall see racial prejudice
disappear from the earth just as the
early animals did who were too primi-
tive to continue in life. And now, let's
have some more coffee . . . I assure
you, this is nothing but coffee!

THE RIGHTS OF MAN

NO. 3: CULTURAL FREEDOM

By GREER JOHNSON

ANNOUNCER: Today we present the third in the new series: THE RIGHTS OF MAN. In the two previous programs, we have seen how the basic rights of man may be threatened and removed by irresponsible power groups. The exile is set homeless into an alien world. The member of a racial minority may be persecuted and killed because he is what he was born to be. Today we consider the problem of man's mind; his right to think and his right to think freely. It is no longer true that this right is taken for granted. It is simple to see that conditions in the world today often attempt to stifle the intellectual freedom of abstract and individual man. But such freedom is a basic right, and an inalienable right, of every human being. The responsible and the just must again affirm the right of man to guide his mind according to his own principles, not having it shaped, guided and dictated to by those above him who pursue their own ends. Our playlet today is concerned with just such a problem. In an American city which does not need to fear such danger at present, Mr. and Mrs. Kenton sit waiting.
(*Fade*)

MRS. KENTON: But Paul should have been here, Dan! The train's been in two hours at least.

KENTON: I know.

MRS. KENTON: He'd be identified, wouldn't he? I mean, if something happened.

KENTON: I believe so, Frances. He was carrying my letters, and he had our address. Of course . . .

MRS. KENTON: Of course what?

KENTON: Well . . . Frances, I don't know. I'm just as worried as you are. Paul doesn't know anybody else, he doesn't speak English very well, he's rather absent-minded at best . . .

MRS. KENTON: I could see you were worried. There isn't any place we could call, is there?

KENTON: No one. He was to take the train the minute the boat docked. Here's his telegram; be here at eight o'clock.

MRS. KENTON: Do you suppose you should have gone to the station?

KENTON: I should have, I suppose. But he insisted not. He wrote he'd get a taxi from the station.

MRS. KENTON: The wrong train, then?

KENTON: That must be it, Frances. It couldn't be much more.

MRS. KENTON: But, Dan, he had your letter about the subway station to take.

KENTON: I know. That's why I can't understand. He had the letter . . . I even drew a little map . . .

SOUND: *Door-bell rings*

MRS. KENTON: Dan! That's Paul!

KENTON: Let's hope so.

SOUND: *Door opening*

KENTON: Well, Paul! We thought you'd lost yourself!

PAUL (*with a slight accent*): Oh, no. I'm sorry . . . if I am not on time. You see . . .

MRS. KENTON: Oh, Paul! It's so good to see you again.

PAUL: Frances, as pretty as ever.

KENTON: Let me take your things. I believe you're thinner, Paul.

PAUL: Oh, no doubt. Much thinner, I'm afraid.

MRS. KENTON: Here, sit by me. There's so much to talk about.

PAUL: That is true. A great deal.

KENTON: Nice trip over?

PAUL: It was very peaceful.

MRS. KENTON: And your sister! How's she?

PAUL: My sister? I . . . I'm afraid I don't know. You see, she wouldn't come with me, and . . . well, it's better she should not write to me.

MRS. KENTON: My poor Paul.

KENTON: Oh, let's not talk about that.

PAUL: I'm afraid I won't be very good for you two, Dan. I am not . . . as you say, gay.

MRS. KENTON: Darling.

PAUL: Do you want to know why I am so late? It is on purpose. I hope you forgive me when you hear.

KENTON: Of course.

PAUL: You see, it is all very strange and new to me. You must remember, all I had to know about this country was what you two would tell me . . . just when you came over there, you know.

KENTON: Then my directions weren't clear?

PAUL: Oh, yes. I had no trouble. You see, I left the boat and I hurried to the subway train before I saw anything. All those people, all going somewhere.

MRS. KENTON: It must have been horribly confusing.

PAUL: Yes, but nice. You see, I, from a small university town. It . . . it amazed me.

KENTON: Did you get lost?

PAUL: No. When the train reached my station, I just didn't get off. I didn't want to. Those people, I wanted to stay on the train forever and watch them. Not because they were all happy, you understand. They weren't; one woman kept weeping to herself. But they were reading all kinds of newspapers, and the newspapers were full of cartoons of your leaders. And they were arguing among themselves about politics. I haven't heard a political argument in three years.

KENTON: I see.

PAUL: They seem free, Dan. Freer than I can remember people being. My people . . . well, you know about that. I rode three trips back to the city, and then I got off here. I wanted to drink all that in. Free.

MRS. KENTON: Paul.

PAUL: I want to talk now. I . . . can talk now. I want to tell you . . . you must listen. My wife died, you know . . .

MRS. KENTON: Yes, Paul. You got our letter?

PAUL: Parts of it. Most of it was censored except that they left the part where you said you were sorry. I thought of you and Dan often, Frances. You see, it all started when they came

to the university one morning and walked right into my class. The pupils were astonished. I was, too. Then they took me to the town prison, without any explanation, and shut me into a cell. Maria was ill, then. She'd been unhappy all year, and kept urging me to leave. She came to see me that night. They gave her five minutes . . .

MARIA: Paul! Paul, my poor darling.

PAUL: Don't cry, Maria. It's . . . some kind of mistake.

MARIA: Mistake? Oh, Paul . . . they say you've been seditious. They say you're connected with some underground movement. Is that so?

PAUL: No, Maria. I'm not connected with any party. I've just tried to go on teaching . . . ignoring them.

MARIA: They say . . . Oh, Paul!

PAUL: Listen, Maria. You must not listen to what they tell you about me. It will make you very sick. Do you hear what I say?

MARIA: Yes, Paul.

PAUL: We must leave, as soon as possible.

MARIA: Leave? Leave . . . here?

PAUL: Yes. I must get out. We will go to America.

MARIA: Oh, Paul . . . no! It . . . it's here we belong. America. Oh, no, Paul!

PAUL: Yes, Maria. It is the only way. You see what they have done to me, and I've done nothing. I have said nothing against them. I have taught the same lessons I have always taught. I have not spoken against them to my students.

MARIA: America is too far! We're strangers!

PAUL: We're strangers here, Maria, because we are decent people. They want to make us . . . less than decent. You see, they came to me and they said to go on teaching . . . only I must cut out this and put in that. I was to hang their filthy pictures on my walls. I was to sing hymns to them, every morning. And instead of Shakespeare, we'd have . . . oh, you know, Maria. No Heine, no Rilke, no Beethoven.

MARIA: You're right, Paul.

PAUL: We're right. They say I may go back if I promise to teach the children their way.

MARIA: No, you mustn't, my dear.

PAUL: I can't, Maria. I teach my children Socrates. Socrates said that all values rest in free discussion. They read Mil-

ton, Milton said intellectual freedom was necessary for the advancement of knowledge.

MARIA: I know. It's true.

PAUL: Listen, you must go to Leah. She will help us.

MARIA: But, Paul, she couldn't. She works for them . . . she . . .

PAUL: Leah is my sister. She will help.

MARIA: Paul, what can I say to her?

PAUL: Tell her we are leaving. Tell her we are going to America. Tomorrow, I'll promise to go back to the university. She must arrange passports for us. Tomorrow night . . . we'll get across the border. She must see that I get some of our money from the bank.

MARIA: Leah can't help, Paul!

PAUL: She must. She will.

MARIA: Paul. Stay. Try what they say . . . try teaching their way.

PAUL: Do you think that's the only way out?

MARIA: Isn't it?

PAUL: No. I . . . couldn't do that, Maria.

MARIA: Very well. I'll see her.

PAUL: You must hurry.

MARIA: Yes, Paul.

PAUL: Are you sure you're able?

MARIA: Yes, dear. I'll see Leah tomorrow morning . . . *(Fade)*

PAUL: You know what happened. It was too much for her, and I suppose it was my fault.

MRS. KENTON: Oh, no, Paul.

PAUL: But you see, it seemed the only way out. It was the only way we could go. I didn't know Maria couldn't stand it.

KENTON: I'm sure she did what she had to, Paul.

PAUL: It's very difficult to understand, you know. You're here . . . that's so far away. It is not so easily forgotten, what is it your Jefferson said? I once memorized it.

KENTON: Oh . . . something about the pursuit of happiness. I don't know.

PAUL: I do. You should have it written everywhere; it is a great doctrine: "We hold these truths to be self evident: All men are created free and equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among them the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." We lost that.

MRS. KENTON: Paul. Maybe you shouldn't . . .

PAUL: Speak of it? Oh, yes, I want to, Frances. I want you two to know, my only friends here in an alien land. You see, I've lived that way for three years now, no tolerance, no freedom of speech, and none of the liberties that depend on freedom of speech.

KENTON: I'm glad you're out of it.

PAUL: Oh, yes. You see, I've found out that nothing can be lost so easily as this freedom. It's the hardest of all freedoms to gain, and the easiest to lose.

MRS. KENTON: You will find it again with us, Paul.

PAUL: Yes, but what of Maria? Leah couldn't help us at once. there was too much to do. Besides, she was working with them, and she had to be so careful . . . Maria went to her, and Leah said she couldn't do anything for a week or so. It was a month. I went back to the University . . . and I had to do some of that, what they call, teaching. I had to, to save Maria!

KENTON: No one would blame you for that.

PAUL: And then Leah got the passports for us, and some money. Just a little money, but enough. She was risking herself, but it was for me, and for Maria. Leah's shrewd. She wasn't caught. But Maria . . . well, on the night before we left . . . *(Fade)*

MARIA: Paul. I haven't told you. I wanted you to go on with the plans. I . . . won't be able to go with you.

PAUL: Maria, you promised . . .

MARIA: It's something I can't stop. You see, the doctor told me last week . . . I . . .

PAUL: Maria!

MARIA: Oh, yes. Just about a week, he said. Maybe six days, maybe five. It's been six, Paul.

PAUL: Oh, my dear!

MARIA: It's too late. But you have your passport. You have your young friends in America. Perhaps you will teach there. There's so much you can tell them.

PAUL: Maria.

MARIA: I'm not sorry, darling. I tried to help . . .

PAUL: Tried!

MARIA: I was afraid I . . . wouldn't be able to go. But I wanted you to. I know now what you said is true. None of this is worth staying for . . . you must go and tell everyone to keep it away from their homes. Paul, darling . . .

PAUL: Maria, I won't go! I'll . . .

MARIA: Yes, darling. You will. You must promise me. I'd never rest if I thought you didn't do what we know you should do. Both of us, Paul. Both of us know.

PAUL: Maria, please . . .

MARIA: Paul, I can't change this. It's too late. But it's not too late for you. You'll go?

PAUL: No. No, I won't go.

MARIA: You'll go, Paul . . . (*she gasps*) Paul, you will go?

PAUL: Please.

MARIA: Promise me.

PAUL: Yes. Yes, Maria, I'll go.

MARIA: Oh, my darling, (*fade*) I'm so glad.

PAUL: And she died in my arms, early that morning. Then there was the funeral, and the burial, and Leah always with me, carrying her secret and mine. We'd look at each other, and I'd be ashamed. Then she'd squeeze my hand. It was almost another month before I really left. (*Fade*) She came to me . . .

LEAH: My dear Paul, don't forget why I'm sending you away. I know you're right, and I'm proud you have the courage to be right. I don't, but . . .

PAUL: Leah, if you'd only come with me.

LEAH: No, Paul. I can't.

PAUL: Tomorrow we'd be across the border. Then to the boat, and to America! A new start, Leah.

LEAH: I'm afraid of it.

PAUL: You don't have to be afraid.

LEAH: I'm afraid for me, Leah; not for you. You're all right; you have the courage I haven't.

PAUL: With me you'd be safe.

LEAH: Safe? From what? From myself? No, Paul. I'm safe here. They let me work for them. It's easy work. I eat, I sleep. I have my friends. I love our country; I can't leave it.

PAUL: But when everything's wrong.

LEAH: Yes . . . That's true. Everything is wrong. I can't change that. I'm not you, Paul. I wouldn't dare . . . You mustn't write to me, dear. They might suspect . . .

PAUL: Leah.

LEAH: No! No letters, no word! We'll say goodbye here.

PAUL: Maria, and then you.

LEAH: No. Maria would have gone with you. I can't. I'm not so good. Maybe . . . maybe if I'm not too much of a coward . . .

PAUL: You'll come?

LEAH: No. But maybe, some day . . . my friends and I will try to do something. When we're not afraid of death. We're afraid, now.

PAUL: Leah, as your brother . . .

LEAH: Yes, as my brother, you must go now. Don't let the thought of me make you unhappy. Remember I stay here and do their work because I am a coward. When you work, out *there*, for all men, remember that.

PAUL: I remember how brave you were in helping us.

LEAH: It was not hard. I'm safe.

PAUL: You're sure?

LEAH: Oh, yes. And while you work out there, Paul . . . somewhere in the world, America, anywhere, remember I'm trying to be like you. My friends and I . . . if we are brave . . . perhaps we shall do something. And if they find us out, and even if they should kill us . . . remember I worked from the inside . . . and with you.

PAUL: Leah!

LEAH: Goodbye, Paul. (*Fade out*)

PAUL: . . . And that was all. She stayed, and there's no word from her. I don't dare write.

MRS. KENTON: No wonder you're so thin, dear Paul. At least, you've come to us.

PAUL: Yes, and I am working, Frances. I have a lecture tour now, all through the West to California. I shall tell them. And articles; I'm writing a series of articles for a New York paper. And my book, I shall publish my book. You see, I must do what Maria and Leah wished.

KENTON: Of course you will.

PAUL: If man's come upward, that development has been parallel with thinking and free thinking. People must realize that. Man must continue to be free.

KENTON: We'll help as much as we can, Paul.

PAUL: I know that. You are my only friends, so I have come to you. Several universities are considering me for staff

positions, I understand. You see, I am getting chances.

MRS. KENTON: I'm so glad!

PAUL: We must work. All of us must work. Hour by hour, and day by day, we must take people and we must say: "Look here, remember you are a man. Remember you must not let any other man shackle your mind. There is a torture chamber far worse than a dungeon in a medieval castle. There is a rack far worse than the one used in the

Middle Ages. There is a desire for a return to the Dark Ages of the mind . . . in places on this earth. Kill that! Stop it! Don't let it happen to you." And they must listen. They must listen to us. Are you with me?

MRS. KENTON: You know that, Paul.

KENTON: Together.

PAUL: Together, then. Together we shall do it. My dear friends, I don't want to remember what I saw back there . . .

SOUND: *Piano in, loud*

THE RIGHTS OF MAN

NO. 4: THE RIGHT TO ORGANIZE

By GREER JOHNSON

ANNOUNCER: We present the fourth and last of the series: THE RIGHTS OF MAN. We have already examined three of man's basic rights, the right to live in safety and security where one pleases; the right to freedom of race; and the right to think freely and as the individual mind wishes to think. Today, we examine the problem of protection by organization. In any consideration of the rights of man, it seems obvious that a freedom to organize for mutual protection must be granted to every human being. Until man becomes joined with more men, working together for the benefit of all, he is weak and unprotected from those who would deny him his security. Man must always be allowed to form some kind of protective organization; not to wield power for himself, but to protect himself from external and overbearing power. If he is denied this right, this might happen. *(Fade)*

WOMAN: But, Doctor, you haven't told me what . . .

DOCTOR: It's not so simple as that, I'm afraid. I know your son is a sick boy. You didn't have to be told that . . .

WOMAN: I want to know what I can do for him!

DOCTOR: Well, now, just about all you can do now is rely on me.

WOMAN: When . . . can you let me know?

DOCTOR: I can't be certain about that.

WOMAN: But . . . !

DOCTOR: My dear lady, I have thirteen more calls to make this morning. I don't think you realize how often you families call on me. I'm only a company doctor, I . . .

WOMAN: But, Doctor, we pay you from the weekly salaries.

DOCTOR: I know that. Don't think I'm trying to say I can't help you. I'll do all I can. Just now, I'll have to make these calls. Then I'll come back and go over your son more carefully.

WOMAN: If I could only know he'd be all right.

DOCTOR: There's no way of telling that yet, I'm afraid.

WOMAN: He's so thin, doctor. And he doesn't say anything all day. Just looks up like that . . . ! Doctor, please stay and find out what . . .

DOCTOR: I tell you, I haven't time to stay any longer. Frankly, I don't know what's wrong with your son. It may be necessary to call in another doctor. As company man . . .

WOMAN: Another doctor?

DOCTOR: Why, yes. That is, if the case should present difficulties.

WOMAN: If . . . Oh, Doctor . . . !

DOCTOR: Now, now. Hold yourself together.

WOMAN: We . . . we'd never have the money to pay another doctor. My husband doesn't make enough now to keep us alive . . .

DOCTOR: Well, now, I can't decide about that.

WOMAN: But that's what the agreement is: they're supposed to furnish us the doctor, and all. We can't be having another one in . . .

DOCTOR: Sickness is always an unforeseen event, you know.

WOMAN *softly*: Yes.

DOCTOR: Well, I'll try to get back just as soon as possible. Perhaps I'll be able to put off a few of the calls, you know. I'll do my best.

WOMAN: Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I hope your son feels better. Well, good-day and I'll . . . *(Door*

opens) Oh! Watch out there, young fellow! I almost knocked you down!

WOMAN: Be careful, son.

BOY: Mom! I can't get the books.

WOMAN: You . . . Goodbye, Doctor.

BOY: Mom! I . . .

WOMAN: Just a minute, dear.

DOCTOR: I'll get back very shortly.

SOUND: *Door closes*

BOY: Mom, you'd better listen!

WOMAN *wearily*: All right, dear. I'm listening.

BOY: They won't let me have the books at school.

WOMAN: But they said; didn't you put your name on the free list?

BOY: Sure. But they said my father was working and the free list's for the kids whose fathers aren't working.

WOMAN: But your father isn't making enough to buy books; did you tell them that?

BOY: I told 'em everything you said to tell 'em.

WOMAN: Well, then, why can't you get the books?

BOY: The principal said my father was working at the factory. I said sure, only he isn't making very much. Then he said the factory paid very good wages, and there wasn't any reason why I should be on the free list.

WOMAN: We can't buy the books.

BOY: You gotta, Mom. I can't go to school if I don't have the books; all the rest of the kids had 'em today.

WOMAN: Poor baby. I don't see how we can do it.

BOY: Gee, Mom.

WOMAN: Maybe I can talk to your father. If he could just get a raise but he's tried that . . . we can't do it.

BOY: I don't have to go to school, Mom. I can get a job, just a little one, maybe, and that'll help, won't it?

WOMAN: I don't want you working. You're too young.

BOY: But if I . . .

WOMAN: Please, darling! We'll do something about it. I'll talk to the principal in the morning.

BOY: That won't do any good, Mom. He said to tell you there wasn't any use trying.

WOMAN: I want you to go to school. I want you to find out everything.

BOY: I'll just study at home.

WOMAN: No! We'll get your books for you, some way.

BOY: Is Brother better?

WOMAN: I don't know.

BOY: Didn't the doctor . . .

WOMAN: No. He . . .

BOY: I'm hungry. Got anything, Mom?

WOMAN: There's some fruit in the kitchen. And take a glass of water up to your brother. Will you sit with him for a while?

BOY: Aw, Mom . . .

WOMAN: I want to make a telephone call, dear. I'll call your father.

BOY *fading*: O.K. I'll sit with him.

WOMAN: Central? I want 2866 please.

Yes . . . (*Door opens*) Hello, I want to speak . . . (*Click of receiver*) Why . . . I was just calling you! What are you . . .

MAN: Didn't expect me, eh?

WOMAN: What are you doing home? Three o'clock?

MAN: I've got some bad news for you.

WOMAN: You're not hurt!

MAN: No. I lost my job.

WOMAN: You . . .

MAN: I lost my job. There's two weeks pay . . . and that's all.

WOMAN: Darling . . .

MAN: Go ahead. Ask me why. Ask me what I did.

WOMAN: You don't have to tell me now, dear. Sit down . . .

MAN: I guess, I want to tell you. They kicked me out because they said I was making trouble.

WOMAN: You?

MAN: Yes. I haven't told you about it; but six of us have been trying to get some kind of workers' organization started, and . . .

WOMAN: You mean . . .

MAN: Yes. It was just an idea. Nothing 'definite, we were just thinking about it. We've been underpaid and treated like dogs, and the minute we kick, they give us two weeks' pay and show us the way out! You know that.

WOMAN: I know, darling.

MAN: We didn't want to start anything. They're decent people. The boss is all right, if he'd just stop and see our side of it. Fifteen hundred men work under him; and not a one of 'em has the right to make a suggestion, or . . .

WOMAN: Why did you do it?

and paper to do anything. I wish I had the time. I've got to catch that boat!

SOUND: *Fade in motor—fade out*

EDWARD: *Ad lib—humming tune*

SOUND: *Fade in motor—fade out*

EDWARD: "So much to notice, I saw only eyes." (*Hums*) "I hadn't noticed you're brunette; I only saw your smile."

SOUND: *Fade in motor at some length—fade out*

EDWARD: She's asleep. She looks pretty comfortable on my shoulder. (*Pause*)

LAURA *laughing*. Oh, excuse me. I must have dozed off. It was the rhythm of the motor that put me to sleep.

EDWARD: Are you sure it wasn't my singing that put you to sleep?

LAURA: Call that singing (*Laughs*) Maybe you can write them, but you certainly can't sing them.

EDWARD *with mock bitterness*: I pour my soul into music for you, and what do I get? You buzz off.

LAURA: Well, be grateful that I don't snore. That's something.

EDWARD: Don't snore! Why, I thought something was wrong with my motor until I found it was you. We passed a graveyard a little ways back and you raised the dead. They stood by the highway and tried to thumb a ride.

LAURA: And you didn't stop for them! I'm ashamed of you. I won't believe that I snore until you bring one of the ghosts as a witness. I don't snore!

EDWARD: Of course you don't. It must have been a loose piston in the motor. Joking aside, though, you did look pretty on my shoulder. It was a pity you woke.

LAURA: How long was I asleep?

EDWARD: About two hours, I guess.

LAURA: It stopped raining. I can see the stars. Look at the Milky Way up there. Let's take another road and ride on the Milky Way. (*Laughs*) There are more stars up there than people in the world.

EDWARD: You're a funny kid. Here you are, going home broke, and you think about the stars.

LAURA: Why not? They'll still be there when all my troubles are over, when you and I won't be here anymore.

EDWARD: I hate to think about that. Sometimes I'm afraid to think. Aren't you ever afraid?

LAURA: Too often.

EDWARD: I don't believe you. You weren't afraid to get in here with me, a man you never saw before, and go down the dark roads.

LAURA: No, I wasn't. But I did have a chance to see you before I got in. That was reassuring enough. I wasn't afraid to ride with you, but I am a little afraid about getting out. I wish the road never ends. With the stars up there and the trees rushing past alongside of us, I wish that New York had its foundations in the horizon itself so that we could never reach it.

EDWARD: The night does queer things.

LAURA: It changes everything, doesn't it? It makes a twisted tree look like a human being. Look at that one, over there.

EDWARD: Yes.

LAURA: Night is kinder than day. It's softer.

EDWARD: It's because we don't see the world so clearly at night. It softens things up for us.

LAURA: Maybe we see things clearer then.

EDWARD *in a tired tone*: I don't know.

LAURA: You sound tired. You've been driving a long time, haven't you?

EDWARD: It's about ten hours in a stretch now, except for that rest at the gas station. I'd like to stop, but I won't. I'll make New York by morning or wreck this car.

LAURA: How many miles are we from New York now?

EDWARD: I don't know. But we'll make it. Whew! I'd better stop at the next gas station. I'm running low.

SOUND: *Fade in motor—out*

ATTENDANT: Yes, sir.

EDWARD: Fill her up. Let's get out and stretch our legs.

SOUND: *Door opens—closes—footsteps on gravel—bell rings on gas pump*

EDWARD: You're not very tall, are you?

LAURA: My, it's cold here.

EDWARD: Yes, but we're going through the mountains of Pennsylvania now; we'll be out in Jersey soon. You slept through the worst part of it.

LAURA: You make me feel ashamed of myself. That's when you needed my conversation most of all—on the steep, winding roads. I'm not a paying passenger, I'm afraid.

don't ever set your foot in this plant again. Is that clear?

MAN: But . . .

BOSS: And don't stand there looking like a fool. You've broken the rules; you're not good for the rest of the men.

MAN: You won't stop us that way.

BOSS: I'll stop you! The door's behind you.

MAN: I'm going . . . (*Fade*)

WOMAN: Two weeks' pay . . .

MAN: I didn't want to lose the job. I just . . .

WOMAN: Two weeks' pay! And the doctor said . . .

MAN: I'll find something.

WOMAN: You know you can't. And the books—your own son—not able to buy school books!

MAN: Don't.

WOMAN: I'm not blaming you, darling. It's something I don't understand. I can't see what you've done; I can't see why we've lived this long the way we have . . .

MAN: It'll be worse, now.

WOMAN: There must be something we can do.

SOUND: *Knock on door*

WOMAN: Oh, Doctor . . . It was kind of you to come back so soon.

DOCTOR: Well, my conscience got to bothering me. You've got a pretty sick boy. I'm . . . afraid we'll have to call in another doctor.

MAN: We can't do that.

WOMAN: My husband's lost his job today. Doctor, it isn't possible to call in another man!

DOCTOR: My dear lady, if it's a matter of life and death . . .

WOMAN: Life and death?

MAN: You mean my son's in danger, and you haven't taken him to the general hospital?

DOCTOR: Just a minute. We're overcrowded, already. Why, the conditions you people live in! Makes you all sick, two or three times a year! We have so many now, all the hospital beds are filled. We even have a few pallets; and that's against the rules.

WOMAN: Doctor, you didn't tell me he . . .

DOCTOR: Well, now, I'm not sure. Don't stop worrying yet. I'll go up and have a look at him. If he's not improving, I'll just call one of the town specialists.

MAN: We'll have to, I guess. Then they can take away the furniture. That's about all we have.

DOCTOR: You people should save.

MAN: Save! Out of what we make?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid that's not my problem.

WOMAN: Whose is it? Will you tell me that?

DOCTOR: That's up to you.

MAN: I lost my job today because I tried to do something about it. They have a way of tying your hands, and . . .

DOCTOR: You knew that before, didn't you?

MAN: Yes, but I . . .

DOCTOR: It's a condition you let alone until you couldn't stand it. You helped make the system. Systems are hard to break. Well, I wish I could help you people. Better go up now and see the boy.

WOMAN to herself: I am still young. I have three children, but I am under thirty-five. There are millions of things I've always wanted—but I have none of them. Now, they will take my house away from me. They will deny my son an education. They will make my daughter ashamed of her parents. They will crush my husband and make him a weak, bitter, houseridden old man. They will . . . kill my son!

MAN to himself: I have never asked for much. What I have, I reached out and took, a wife, a home, and children. I took their money for work I did; I never meant to sell my life. In their hands they hold what can no longer be called a soul! I can turn nowhere for help. I never wanted help, but now I must have it. We are human beings; we are animals; we sleep, and we must eat. There is no money, and there is no food. I have let them take every right from me . . . and they have left me with nothing.

MUSIC: *Piano m-loud*

ANNOUNCER: The rights of man—rights of liberty: political, mental, personal. Rights of speech and laughter . . . and tears. Rights of life: without which we are no longer men, but beasts! (*Fade*)

VOICE (*Filter*): You have seen me standing on city corners, holding my frayed overcoat about me. The wind blows, but it is an alien wind; I am an exile, transplanted by necessity from the land

which called me citizen. You speak to me, and my speech is broken: your language is not mine, but something learned in a classroom far away. I laugh sometime; but behind my laughter you may see something else, something you don't understand, but sense. Exile: what has brought me here and shut me in within myself? Shadowless, on the burning desert that is a strange city's street. They looked at the mind and they said it was not good. They shut the ocean into measured space; they fenced in the

peaks of mountain ranges. They put up garish signs which said: "Beyond this, you may not go." On my head they placed not a crown of thorns . . . not any crown . . . but bands of steel. Bands of steel, holding in what overflows like the sea or rises up like the Himalayas. They have told me I may not think. They have given me rules, Regulations for thought! To break out was death, or . . . Why have we let them take from us what is our right?

Music: Piano in

INDEPENDENCE HALL

A HISTORICAL DRAMA

By BERNARD C. SCHOENFELD

MUSIC: *Under throughout—a pot-pourri of American folk-songs*

VOICE: Welcome to Oakville, U. S. A.!

2ND VOICE: What? You've never heard of it? Why, you've even lived in it!

VOICE: Population? 4,000. The small library. The two grade schools and the red-brick high-school. The Bijou movie palace and the town-hall. The courthouse and the firehouse. The Lions Club and the Chamber of Commerce, The Elks Hall. The two factories. The two drug stores. The four restaurants. The five pool-rooms and the six bar-rooms.

2ND VOICE: Now do you recognize it? Oakville is everywhere.

VOICE: Oakville is America! In Iowa, in Kansas, Nebraska and Wyoming; in Texas and in Georgia, Ohio and New Jersey; in Minnesota, Maine, Missouri, Mississippi; from east to west, from north to south, you will find Oakville. Oakville is America!

MUSIC: *Up and out*

VOICE: It is afternoon in the basement of the Town-Hall. Meet some leading Americans of Oakville.

2ND VOICE: Meet the owner of the barber-shop, Tony Petrella. Here is the tailor, Isaac Berg. And beside him the fire-chief, Mat O'Brien, and the factory superintendent, Ole Jensen. There is the restaurant owner, Fritz Schultz and the Mayor's wife, Mrs. Cadwallader.

VOICE: This is the Fourth of July. Tonight a pageant is to be given in the park, directed and produced by the Mayor's wife, Mrs. Cadwallader.

2ND VOICE: This is a rehearsal.

SOUND: *Under—the murmuring of many voices*

MRS. CADWALLADER: (*A kindly, patient, intelligent, woman—low, middle-aged*

voice): Well now, is the cast all here? Where's Mr. Berg?

BERG (*Soft-spoken—serious—forty-five—with an accent. But it is not a burlesque accent. None of the accents must have vaudeville delivery*). Right behind you, Johnny-on-the-spot, Mrs. Cadwallader.

MRS. CADWALLADER: Good, Mr. Berg . . . Mr. Petrella? Mr. O'Brien? . . . Oh, dear, now where's Mr. Jensen?

JENSEN (*Off—a stolid man of thirty-five—his accent is charming*): Over here, Mrs. Cadwallader.

MRS. CADWALLADER: Please, Mr. Jensen, join the others; we haven't much time to rehearse. (*Calling*) You boys and girls from Oakville High—be ready for the crowd scenes—quiet, all, please!

SOUND: *Murmuring dies down*

MRS. CADWALLADER: Is the property man here?

PROPERTY MAN: Will everyone please stand by?

SCHULTZ: *a strong German accent*: Mrs. Cadwallader?

MRS. CADWALLADER: Yes, Mr. Schultz?

SCHULTZ: Are you sure you ain't making a mistake letting me play John Adams?

BERG: Ha, such talk! If me, Isaac Berg, can play Patrick Henry, why should you kick?

O'BRIEN *gay—rollicking*: Sure, and when a hook-and-ladder Irishman like Mat O'Brien plays John Hancock, it's no compliment to . . .

MRS. CADWALLADER: Really, gentlemen, you mustn't be childish about this. I want no self-consciousness of any kind. You're all Americans. You're all proud of your adopted land. Suppose most of you have accents? Pronunciation has nothing to do with principles of freedom.

PETRELLA *voluble—emotional*: That's right. Look at me. I like my part very

much. This Beniamino Franklin—he one fine man. I am proud to be what you call him—poor Ricardo.

MRS. CADWALLADER *never losing her patience*: Now please, time is short. Let's rehearse those scenes leading up to the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

JENSEN: Mrs. Cadwallader?

MRS. CADWALLADER *patiently*: Oh, dear. What now, Mr. Jensen?

JENSEN: My boy Haakon . . . last night I was reading him this play and I found out he never has even read the Declaration of Independence . . . and him born right here in Oakville!

PETRELLA: That's right. My Giuseppe, he call himself one real American and when I ask him to tell me . . .

BERG: Football—that's more American for keeds. Football and the big hepple.

MRS. CADWALLADER *with a patient sigh*: That's very interesting, but can't we discuss it later?

BERG *intensely*: It makes me sick like anything. People on the Fourth of July going around with brass bands and flags waving and pride in their hearts and saying, "Look me over, keed, I'm a hundred-per-cent American. My people have been here for generations."

SCHULTZ *proudly*: Generations?

BERG *a shrug*: Yes, some even centuries!

PETRELLA *musings*: Justa think . . . disa country . . . de first time in de world dat people make a place where you can read whata you like, think whata you like, say whata you like . . .

BERG *quietly*: To worship your God and be let alone in peace.

JENSEN: Yeah. (*A little dryly*) But how has it worked out today?

BERG: Such talk from you, Jensen!

JENSEN: I see a lot of hate today. Sometime I think maybe this is not the United States. Sometimes I think maybe this is somewhere else where people hate other people. So many bad Americans trying to take away what we love.

SCHULTZ: We got to fight for what Jefferson fought for.

BERG: You said it, Schultzie. We Jews know that. Liberty ain't been given to Jews much—but we keep fighting for it.

MRS. CADWALLADER: Gentlemen, please . . . quiet! Will the crowd voices please be ready? The first scene! Come, the three young men in the first scene in

the tavern! Ah, there you are! Good! Now remember. Your scene is merely to introduce the later scene where Mr. Berg plays Patrick Henry . . . Ready? I'll blow my whistle when I want you to stop—now begin.

SOUND: *Clinking of glasses—murmuring of voices*

LEM: No, Daniel, I can't pay the stamp tax. I'll have no shop left if I pay it.

DANIEL: Don't pay it.

TORY *fading in*: I beg your pardon, did I hear someone say—don't pay the stamp tax?

LEM *sarcastically*: Aha, look who speaks to us! It's Peter Wrye!

DANIEL: Quick, Peter Wrye, leave this tavern before the stench of the common people sickens you!

SOUND: *Laughter*

LEM: Perhaps if Peter doesn't mind our dusty clothes, he will join us?

TORY: No, I thank you. I merely asked—which of you said—don't pay the tax.

DANIEL: I said it. Meant it, too.

TORY: Radical sentiments.

LEM: Listen to the Tory!

DANIEL: Radical, am I? Yes, because I can't afford to be a Tory. I haven't your hounds and your fine clothes, Peter Wrye, your furniture and your horses, your pockets jingling with money and snuff boxes for your turned-up nose!

LEM: Little wonder you don't mind paying the tax! You have no debts nor conscience for the common people, either! You squeeze every penny from your tenants and then do you buy from Boston or New York? No send your gold to England and buy from her!

TORY: England is our motherland.

DANIEL: What kind of mother is she proving?

TORY: The King knows what is best.

LEM: The King! You talk of the King! He is a man like I am!

TORY: Your wits are lost. The King is ordained by God and we must do his bidding!

DANIEL: God and George the Third! Read John Locke! There's an Englishman with a soul, John Locke! He says all men are born equal in the sight of God and need not submit to tyranny unless they wish!

TORY: John Locke is a radical who should be hanged! I, for one, will continue to

obey our King and Parliament in all matters and as for you oxen . . .

LEM *coldly*: Ox, am I?

DANIEL *quietly*: Hold him, Lem.

TORY *frightened*: Let me go!

DANIEL: On the floor, Peter Wrye, down—down—on your knees!

LEM: We will play George the Third to you!

TORY: I'll—I'll have you in the courts for this!

DANIEL *laughing*: Courts! Judges sent from England to try us! No, by heaven, England we love with our hearts, but not the men who rule England! England shall give us courts of our own, let us tax ourselves, have armies of our own or else we shall no longer call her Mother!

LEM: Get up, Peter Wrye, you sickening, pompous weasel of a well-fed Tory—get out before . . .

SOUND: *Whistle blown*

CADWALLADER *interrupting*: Thank you, That's enough. We haven't the time for the rest. Do as well tonight. Now I want to rehearse the second scene. Mr. Berg?

BERG: Uhuh?

CADWALLADER: Your scene, please. Now don't be afraid to get fire into your voice. Remember who you are.

BERG: Can I forget?

CADWALLADER: Remember this is in 1765, only a few months after the first scene. You, too, are for the poor shopkeeper and the farmer of the colonies who is being given no chance to govern himself. Taxes are piling higher and higher.

BERG: I don't mind the taxes; I just mind not being allowed to have a say in the matter?

CADWALLADER: That's right. You still love England—now begin—members of the House of Burgesses—join in please—watch my hand for the cue—all right . . .

SOUND: *Murmuring—rapping of gavel*

SPEAKER: Let the members of the Virginia House of Burgesses be respectful of each speaker . . . silence! Mr. Patrick Henry has the floor.

MAN: And what does Mr. Patrick Henry propose?

BERG *as Patrick Henry—with dignity and strength*: I propose a plan of action that will . . .

SOUND: *A young man guffaws loudly*

CADWALLADER *interrupting angrily*: It seems someone thinks this scene is funny. You—there, young man, you laughed. What's so funny?

YOUNG MAN: It was just—just Mr. Berg's accent—reading Patrick Henry.

CADWALLADER *quietly and decisively*: I'm sure that in spite of his pronunciation, Mr. Berg appreciates the meaning of Americanism better than you do—please go on, Mr. Berg.

BERG *as Patrick Henry*: I propose a plan of action that will force England to recognize our demands.

MEMBER OF THE HOUSE: How? Now, Mr. Henry?

BERG *as Patrick Henry*: By replying to England through a set of resolutions prepared by me.

2ND MEMBER: Read your resolutions, Mr. Henry.

3RD MEMBER: I imagine they are as fiery as your hair, Mr. Henry.

BERG *as Patrick Henry*: Here they are. First, be it resolved that we retain all the rights of freemen; second, that as freemen, we have the right, and we only, to tax ourselves . . .

MEMBERS: No! No! No! Radical! Sit down!

SOUND: *Rap of gavel*

BERG *as Patrick Henry*: Third, only the general assembly of each colony has the sole right and power to levy taxes and impositions on the inhabitants of these colonies.

4TH MEMBER: Henry is right!

MEMBERS: No! . . . Boo! . . . Boo . . . Sit down . . . (Etc., etc.)

BERG *(As Patrick Henry—above noise)*: Let me have my say! I insist on having my say! *(Fades out)*

CADWALLADER: Now, Mr. Berg, fire and intensity—don't forget.

BERG *as Patrick Henry*: History has shown us that we must unite in support of our rights or we shall be doomed to the chains of slavery. Tyrants can be overcome! They have been in the past. They will be again! Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third . . .

TORIES: Treason! Treason! That's treason!

BERG *as Patrick Henry—loudly*: And George the Third may profit by their example!

TORIES: Treason! Treason!

BERG as *Patrick Henry*: If this be treason, make the most of it!

(Pause)

BERG as *himself—to Mrs. Cadwallader*: O.K. Mrs. Cadwallader?

CADWALLADER: Very good, Mr. Berg.

PETRELLA: Mrs. Cadwallader isaa my turn, she come next?

CADWALLADER: Soon, Mr. Petrella. Benjamin Franklin doesn't appear until the fourth scene.

PETRELLA *disappointed*: All time I wait . . . wait . . . wait.

CADWALLADER: Now let's go over the next scene without rehearsing it. You soldiers, be sure to speak loud tonight at the park. Remember you have been forced by your motherland to war against her. Remember ten years have passed since Patrick Henry asked England to allow the colonies to share in governing themselves. Ten years of hoping.

BERG: A lot of good that did.

JENSEN: Why did we wait ten years before we fight the British?

CADWALLADER: Really, Mr. Jensen, don't ask questions now.

BERG: Dots a cinch to answer, Jensen. Because we are British citizens. We love England. We don't want to be her enemy. We just ask for decent rights, ain't that so, Mrs. Cadwallader?

CADWALLADER *patiently sighing*: Yes, Mr. Berg. Now remember tonight, you soldiers in the Lexington scene, remember you are farmers, shopkeepers and cobblers. You aren't trained soldiers. You are minute-men. And when you hear the King's soldiers are marching to Lexington you stand guard and the British fire at you.

O'BRIEN: Faith, and it's called the shot heard around the world.

CADWALLADER: Thank you, Mr. O'Brien, so it is.

SCHULTZ: Himmel, I never think of that. So we Americans didn't start the Revolution, did we?

BERG: Don't be dumb. Sure we didn't. The British fired at us first. Why, that momser George the Third even sent foreign troops to lick us.

SCHULTZ: And still we were willing to be British colonies? Ach, what patience man has . . .

BERG: Patience like a dog. It takes a lot for a man to fight his brother men, Schultzie. Hunger he'll stand and injustice and all like that he'll stand until he can't take it no more and then he'll fight, but not until then.

JENSEN: So after the Battle of Lexington and Bunker Hill, we're still colonies of England. Why?

O'BRIEN: We were scared of growing up. Like a kid tied to its mother's apron strings.

BERG: Not for long we ain't.

CADWALLADER *her patience fraying at the edges*: Gentlemen, please, please . . .

BERG: We're sorry. We'll be quiet as little mice.

CADWALLADER: Good . . . now . . . where are we?

PETRELLA: Beniamino Franklin . . .

CADWALLADER *almost losing her temper*: No, Mr. Petrella, not yet. Let's see . . . first, the tavern scene . . . then the Patrick Henry scene . . . then will come the battle scenes . . . Lexington, Bunker Hill . . . Washington as General . . . that brings us to . . .

JENSEN: To my scene, Mrs. Cadwallader.

CADWALLADER: Ah, yes. The Thomas Paine scene. Of course, now Mr. Jensen, I needn't impress on you the importance of this scene.

JENSEN: I know. I am a great patriot.

CADWALLADER: But you are different from the other great patriots. They are colonists. You are born and bred in England. Yet England's injustice stirs you . . .

JENSEN: So I go to Philadelphia and write my pamphlet. I know.

PETRELLA *warmly*: Mc, I've been to Philadelphia.

CADWALLADER *charmingly sarcastic*: I know we're all happy that you've been to Philadelphia, Mr. Petrella, but please—quiet!

JENSEN: I'm sitting at my desk in the hotel.

CADWALLADER: Yes . . . Are the Chambermaid and Proprietor ready? . . . Good . . . all right begin—come in, Chambermaid.

CHAMBERMAID *tearfully*: Here's—here's the writing tablet, Mr. Paine.

JENSEN as *Thomas Paine*: Thank you, why the tears, Annie?

CHAMBERMAID: I'm—I'm all right, sir.

JENSEN: I know better. Come, out with it.

CHAMBERMAID: I've been given the sack, sir.

JENSEN: Discharged?

CHAMBERMAID: Yes.

JENSEN: But why?

CHAMBERMAID: My brother—he's with the rebel troops in Boston—fighting the British . . . and the proprietor of the hotel and he wouldn't have any rad-rad . . .

JENSEN as *Thomas Paine*: Radicals?

CHAMBERMAID: Yes, sir. He wouldn't have any radicals working in his service, so he—so he discharged me.

JENSEN as *Thomas Paine*: The devil he did! We'll see about that!

CHAMBERMAID: Oh, don't bother, Mr. Paine. I'll find other work. I'll . . .

SOUND: *Whistle blown*

CADWALLADER: We haven't time to finish that scene, Mr. Jensen. Start your scene with the Proprietor, it begins on page fourteen.

JENSEN: I got it . . . all right.

CADWALLADER: Begin.

(Pause)

JENSEN as *Thomas Paine*: Couldn't you have been more lenient with the girl? She needs employment.

PROPRIETOR: It would seem that everyone without money or employment has joined the rebel riff-raff, Mr. Paine.

JENSEN as *Thomas Paine*: Correct, sir. Injustice and hunger make a rebel of anyone.

PROPRIETOR: Not in my hotel.

JENSEN as *Thomas Paine*: In that case, I had better pack my bags.

PROPRIETOR *laughing*: You're a born joker, sir. And a born Britisher, I know.

JENSEN as *Thomas Paine*: But a rebel. Ah, yes, far worse than any rebel in Philadelphia. (*Impishly*) You know what I've been doing in my room upstairs this cold afternoon? It will chill your blood, sir, just to hear me tell it. I have been writing a pamphlet stirring the colonies to declare themselves free and independent of England!

PROPRIETOR *taken aback*: No . . . not you, sir. You're too intelligent . . . too fine a gentleman, too . . .

JENSEN as *Thomas Paine*: Listen, my Tory gamecock! You never troubled to find out who I was. So long as I paid the bill all went well! You didn't know my

friend was Benjamin Franklin, did you? And Mr. Jefferson? No. Let me tell you, I am one of the worst trouble makers in the world!

PROPRIETOR *weakly*: Ha—ha—ha . . .

JENSEN as *Thomas Paine*: Laugh if you like. England won't have me. Even our patriots like Mr. Hancock and Adams think I'm too fiery! And I've been lodging in your hotel! My words have been uttered aloud in your hotel! Words of independence! Yes, independence! Because, sir, sooner or later, you Tories will find yourselves living in the free and independent states of America!

PROPRIETOR *angrily*: Never, sir. Never. We may be injudicious enough to fight the King and Parliament, but we are still British subjects. We will be beaten like chastised children, and I, for one, and thousands like me, will rejoice when we are beaten and continue to belong to England, God bless 'er!

JENSEN as *Thomas Paine*: Very well. But when Common Sense is published, men will see the logic behind my words.

PROPRIETOR: What may Common Sense be?

JENSEN as *Thomas Paine*: You would not know the quality . . . nor my pamphlet. My pamphlet called Common Sense pleads for independence.

PROPRIETOR: You'll sell few copies, by my life!

JENSEN as *Thomas Paine*: I'll sell the entire pack of them or give them away, and they'll be read and understood.

PROPRIETOR: But why, sir, why plead for independence? If Parliament gives us self-government . . .

JENSEN as *Thomas Paine*: The time has come in the history of the world, when there should be one nation dedicated to the rights of man.

PROPRIETOR: Rights of man! Ha—what are they?

JENSEN as *Thomas Paine*: An opportunity for every man to work out his own salvation. A land where men may have differences of opinion and yet speak those differences . . . where all races and all creeds are respected . . . and one may be a Jew or Mohammedan, a Buddhist or a Quaker and live contentedly all the days of his life . . . where one may print what he likes, how he likes, where he likes . . . where one's laws are made for everyone . . . where

the common man rules and not the dictator, nor the tyrant. The time has come, sir, I say, for such a land . . . and we have been given by God Almighty the opportunity now—this minute—to declare ourselves such a country! It will happen, sir, it will happen as sure . . .

SOUND: *Whistle blown*

CADWALLADER: Beautiful, Mr. Jensen, beautiful.

PETRELLA: And now you do my scene?

CADWALLADER: Yes, Mr. Petrella, now your scene.

PETRELLA: Bono! You see now— I am mucha better than Clark Gable! ha ha ha!

O'BRIEN: But the Mayor isn't here, and he plays Thomas Jefferson . . .

CADWALLADER: My husband isn't here? Oh, dear, I told him to be here in time!

BERG: Don't get worked up, Mrs. Cadwallader.

JENSEN: Here he comes—here's the Mayor!

PETRELLA: Hello, Mr. Mayor!

CADWALLADER *jovial-bearty*: Good-afternoon. Now don't be cross, Katherine. I know I'm late. But after all, I'm first the mayor of Oakville and then a Thespian.

CADWALLADER: Just because you're the Mayor, Waldo, is no reason for holding up an entire cast of . . .

CADWALLADER: Please, dear. Wait till we get home . . .

CADWALLADER: Well, let's get the scene going.

CADWALLADER: I can't stand these interruptions! What now, Mr. Schultz?

SCHULTZ: A friend uff mine from de old country iss coming from New York on de four ten. He chuss come from Berlin and iss going to stay mit me in Oakville.

CADWALLADER: Oh. Fine.

SCHULTZ: I have left word he should come right from de station to here. Iss dot all right mit you?

CADWALLADER: Yes, your friend won't be in the way.

SCHULTZ: Danke.

CADWALLADER: Now, Waldo, begin your scene. And show more spirit. You're Thomas Jefferson.

BERG: Ha—anybody can be a mayor, but it takes genius to be an actor.

CADWALLADER *laughing*: Quite right, Isaac. Katherine, I think I know what you want. You'll see . . . I'll be excellent.

CADWALLADER: I hope so . . . all right now. Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, John Adams, get in your places. Now remember Thomas Paine's pamphlet has been read by all of you. It's a year since the battles of Bunker Hill and Lexington; a year since Paul Revere's ride and the Boston Tea Party; a year since Washington took command of the armies and still independence has not been declared . . . but now you four gentlemen, Jefferson, Franklin, Hancock and Adams are leading members of the Continental Congress. You are in Philadelphia, 1776.

JENSEN: I look up the date. June 7.

CADWALLADER *wearily*: Thank you. The Continental Congress is considering a resolution in favor of independence. It's a big step . . . and now, this night, in Mr. Jefferson's lodging, you first meet . . . Everyone ready? Mr. Petrella, speak your first words more distinctly.

PETRELLA: O.K. Here I go . . . (*Petrella as Franklin*) Mr. Jefferson?

CADWALLADER *as Jefferson*: Yes, Mr. Franklin?

PETRELLA *as Franklin*: When Richard Henry Lee laid before us today, the resolution that the colonies be free and independent, I wonder if he knew the dangers of such a resolution. You are still a very young man, Jefferson, and see things with a broader vision. What do you think?

CADWALLADER *as Jefferson*: Only this. We are already independent, whether we have resolved so or not. Isn't that so, Mr. Hancock?

O'BRIEN *as Hancock*: If we wish to continue the war, we must trade with other nations. As it now lies, we could not even make a treaty of commerce with a foreign nation. We must declare ourselves independent, even though in our hearts we know ourselves to be so.

PETRELLA *as Franklin*: Tell the world . . . declare it from the housetops . . . yes . . . a document perhaps . . . do you agree, Adams?

SCHULTZ *as Adams*: Yes. But a paper which will not declare us independent, but will merely explain the reasons for our being so.

PETRELLA as *Franklin*: Excellent. You will write it, Hancock.

O'BRIEN as *Hancock*: What? With all the other duties? No, I beg you—no. Let it be you.

PETRELLA as *Franklin*: I refuse the honor. I have gout and am becoming a sack of creaky bones. While you and I and Adams talk on, we have in the very room the man for the duty. Youth and rebellion go hand in hand. Let it be young Jefferson here.

SCHULTZ as *Adams*: Inspirational, Franklin. Let this young fighting rebel show his mettle in words.

CADWALLADER as *Jefferson*: I write the declaration? I am the least capable. Let Mr. Adams.

O'BRIEN as *Hancock*: Your modesty will not save you this time, Jefferson. No one has your pungent, fluid style. You handle words like Mr. Franklin handles human beings—with diplomacy and assurance. Besides, your mind is full of the spirit of this emergency.

SCHULTZ as *Adams*: A declaration of independence!

PETRELLA as *Franklin*: To the world so that it knows the grievances we have suffered.

CADWALLADER as *Jefferson*: Yes, I will do it—I will!

O'BRIEN as *Hancock*: Come, delight should be in your face, not worry.

CADWALLADER as *Jefferson*: The declaration is the least of my thoughts. I shall write it in no time at all. No, what troubles me is this: what kind of nation shall we have once we are free?

PETRELLA as *Franklin*: That takes care of itself.

CADWALLADER as *Jefferson*: No, Mr. Franklin. I have spent a lot of thought on the subject of government. You say I am young? Well, at 33, one believes, one has faith—and so I see a government with the greatest degree of happiness possible to the general mass of those associated with it . . . a true democracy.

PETRELLA as *Franklin*: Utopian, Thomas, impractical and Utopian. And yet I am for you.

CADWALLADER as *Jefferson*: I know the difficulties. We must be careful that the masses of people in this new nation, the shopkeeper and the farmer, the tailor and the blacksmith, as well as the mer-

chant prince, keep sufficient control over those holding the reins of office. Otherwise, there will be inequality, and the wealth and power of our nation will leave the hands of those who have made it and fall to those who least deserve it.

SCHULTZ as *Adams*: The source of authority will be the people?

CADWALLADER as *Jefferson*: Yes, Mr. Adams. Our government, as I see it, will embody the will of the people.

O'BRIEN as *Hancock*: A great conception—the rights of man . . .

CADWALLADER as *Jefferson*: All equal . . . free press . . . free speech . . . religious tolerance for all . . . work for all . . . yes, from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned must never be taken.

O'BRIEN as *Hancock*: A nation without tyranny . . . can it be done!

CADWALLADER as *Jefferson*: Yes. When I look at other nations today and see despots causing the death of millions of human beings, the conquest of other countries, the exhaustion of their resources and the destruction of their liberties, I feel blessed that I may have a chance to make this country different.

SOUND: *Whistle blown*

CADWALLADER: That's very good, Waldo. (Dryly) You'll be an actor yet. Now we'll skip the rest of your scene. Remember tonight when you're alone on the stage, sigh . . . sigh deeply . . . like you do before election . . . you realize that a task lies before you . . . now let's skip to the last scene in Independence Hall. The Fourth of July . . . remember, you extras, make a lot of noise—mop your brows—it's hot weather—flies keep buzzing around you, Benjamin Franklin, swat them . . . ready? Begin!

SOUND: *Murmuring—gavel*

O'BRIEN as *Hancock*: The members of Congress will be quiet! Mr. Franklin still has the floor.

PETRELLA as *Franklin*: Gentlemen, there are many of us here like Mr. Livingston who believe that King George will still answer our petitions favorably. I say he will continue to answer our petitions by spilling the blood of our brothers. Mr. Jefferson has drawn a declaration of independence which shows the . . .

O'BRIEN *as Hancock*: Pardon me, Mr. Franklin, but a message just arrived which I must read to the members of Congress. The news is from New York. The British are advancing on the city. The fleet from Halifax has appeared off Sandy Hook. And the King is hiring more Hessians to kill his own subjects!

SOUND: *murmuring*

PETRELLA *as Franklin*: Now will Mr. Livingston believe that England has no intention of listening to our pleas?

LIVINGSTON: Yes, Mr. Franklin! You may add my name to the list of rebels in the house!

SOUND: *Cheers and applause*

O'BRIEN *as Hancock*: Who else has changed to Mr. Jefferson's side? Ah, you, Mr. Rodney? Good. And you Mr. Reed! Excellent! Let there be a motion made.

PETRELLA *as Franklin*: I move that Congress resolve itself into a committee of the whole to consider the declaration drawn up by Mr. Jefferson.

VOICE: Second the motion!

O'BRIEN *as Hancock*: You have heard the motion? Any remarks? All in favor?

VOICES: Aye! Aye! Aye!

O'BRIEN *as Hancock*: Those opposed?

A FEW VOICES: Nay!

O'BRIEN *as Hancock*: The motion is carried, Mr. Jefferson, we are ready to hear your Declaration of Independence.

(Pause)

CADWALLADER *as Jefferson*: Mr. President, honorable members of Congress. I shall read you this declaration which proclaims to the world the reason for wishing independence. We are, already, as a matter of fact, independent. This declaration merely justifies an accomplished act.

O'BRIEN *as Hancock*: Read on, Mr. Jefferson.

CADWALLADER *as Jefferson*: When in the course of human events it becomes necessary . . .

SOUND: *Whistle blown*

CADWALLADER: Very well, Waldo. You don't have to read the Declaration until

tonight. Do just as well tonight and the pageant will be a great success.

SCHULTZ *with a happy cry*: Der he is—der he is!

CADWALLADER: What's the matter, Mr. Schultz?

SCHULTZ: My friend—my friend, Heinrich! (*He calls*) Heir bin ich, Heinrich.

CADWALLADER: Oh, dear, dear, more interruptions.

SCHULTZ: Heinrich, Heinrich, wie froh bin ich dich zu sehen!

HEINRICH (*a quiet, timid man—fifty—a charming low voice*): Gleichfals, Fritz, gleichfals.

SCHULTZ: Ich will dich meinen frueden frostellen . . . Mayor Cadwallader . . . Mrs. Cadwallader . . . dis iss my friend chuss come from de old country . . . Heinrich Buehler.

CADWALLADER: Glad to meet you. You are staying a while with us?

SCHULTZ: Ach, he will stay here the rest of his life with me in Oakville. He is a political emigre, he can't go back.

BUEHLER *his accent is very slight*: I become an American . . . I hope.

CADWALLADER: Fine, Herr Buehler.

SCHULTZ: Sit down, Fritz. We are play-acting. We are doing the Declaration of Independence.

BUEHLER *with familiar delight*: So? Ach, I know dot . . . ja . . . ja . . . I know dot beautiful ding.

CADWALLADER: Do you—really? And you have never been to America until now?

BUEHLER: No . . . aber, ich kenne . . . I know your Jefferson . . . Ja . . . how does it go? (*Pause—then in a quiet, proud voice*) Ve hold dese truths to be self-evident. That all men are created equal, that dey are endowed by der Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among dese are—life—liberty . . . (*His voice breaks*) Ja—ja—life—liberty—and the pursuit of happiness—life—liberty . . . (*Softly*) Ja, it is good to be here with friends.

MUSIC: *Swells to great crescendo*

AND THE GODS PLAY

A FANTASY DRAMA

By ROBERT ALLAN MONROE

SOUND: *Music—voices—laughter—general confusion of a wedding party—bring up shouting of: "Here's to you, Dale"—"Here's to you, Ruth"—fade slightly for following speeches*

DALE: Ruth!

RUTH: Yes, Dale!

DALE: Let's slip away for a few minutes . . .

RUTH: But it's our wedding party, dear. We're the honor . . .

DALE: They'll never miss us. We can sneak out through the garden. We haven't been alone since we were married!

RUTH: Married—just three hours ago—and it seems like . . .

DALE: Here—anyone looking?

RUTH: No.

DALE: Come on, then.

SOUND: *Door opening—walking down stone steps—two walking slowly on gravel path—fade music and crowd noises to dim B.G. slowly during following scene—bring up sound of crickets slowly*

DALE: Know where we're going?

RUTH: Knowing you, my husband, quoth she, I'd say a certain little secluded spot, where you and I . . .

DALE: Where—you and—I. Come, wife! Your master speaks!

RUTH: Yes, my lord.

MUSIC: *Up for four seconds—then fade to dim B.G.—bring up sound of crickets—lapping of water*

DALE *softly*: Happy, darling?

RUTH: Ever so much! This little spot—where the stream winds all around us, the grass so tall, crickets chirping in the night, and millions of tiny stars in the sky above. What are stars, Dale?

DALE: Stars? They're stepping stones of love—or perhaps the windows of heaven. We have a star up there, Ruth. The

star of our love, I think it will always shine, as long as I love you and you love me.

RUTH: That means eternity, Dale. I think our star is a lucky one. Somehow, I feel there's a great power watching over us—protecting us.

DALE: Watching over us—protecting. I wonder . . .

MUSIC: *Harp arpeggio—slowly—with ethereal quality—fade in following speeches*

ROOL: No, Menor, I think you're absolutely wrong on that score. There is a limit to an earth-being's blind faith.

MENOR: You youngsters, always so sure that your promise is the valid one!!! Through thousands of earth-years I have watched the man-creature grow from a tiny spark of life—a spark of life buried deep in the watery wastes that once covered the entire globe. I watched him fight beasts, against overwhelming odds, to protect his mate and offspring, to protect a glimmer of faith in his mind. I saw him die gladly when Great Cana sent the Son among them. Down through the span of earth-life, he has been the same. Why did he not lose faith when confronted with so many seemingly insurmountable obstacles? Blind faith, my dear Rool, a faith that is too strong to be shaken by any physical or mental impediment.

ROOL: But the earth-being has changed, Menor! They have given themselves what they call civilization. This civilization has weakened their faith. Now you place the average earthling of this era under severe stress—and he will forget any such faith that you presume he still retains.

MENOR: Of course that may be true in the lower types but . . .

ROOL: No, I'm speaking of the average earthling.

MENOR: Well, my young friend, certainly there is no objective to be reached in simply discussing the matter. Let us give your promise a practical test. I shall select one average earthman, you put him through any normal stress that you wish, and I'll wager that he will come through with flying colors, as the earth-jargon so aptly puts it.

ROOL: Now let's get this straight. You say I may put him through any sort of tests in an attempt to destroy his blind faith?

MENOR: That is right, friend Rool.

ROOL: By the shades of sirius, I'll take that bet!!

MENOR: But there are two restrictions.

ROOL: Backing down, my dear Menor?

MENOR: Oh no. I simply want to put a reasonable limit to the thing.

ROOL: All right—make your restrictions! I'll win out anyway.

MENOR: They're simple, just this: You may put this earthling through any test that you wish except one—death. That power is reserved for Glorious Cana alone, as you well know. Second, the element of time enters in. You may have the equivalent of only one earth-year in which to experiment. All other things are permissible. Do you understand the terms?

ROOL: Quite clear, Menor. I may give this earthling all the natural disasters I can, except death, to him or any other earthling. In time, I am given only one earth-year in which to prove my point. Have I the terms correctly?

MENOR: Precisely, Rool. But if you are so sure of your contention—why not make some sort of a wager as to its outcome?

ROOL: Quite sporting—but what shall we wager?

MENOR: Let me see, ha, I have it! The loser shall spend the duration of the earth-being's life watching over him, to see that he receives every pleasure and happiness from his life on earth. Surely you will agree that such an infinite bit of your time is simple payment to prove one's point.

ROOL: Fair enough, my dear Menor, but shall we get on with our little experiment?

MENOR: Immediately, friend Rool!! I have already selected the very earth-being to prove my point. Here, come over to the visor and I shall show you the creature.

SOUND: *Walking—stop*

MENOR: Now, look down there by the tiny rivulet of water . . .

ROOL: Where? Oh yes, I see now, but there are two of them!

MENOR: We shall take only the male of the species. I've been following him a bit, and it is only fair that you know what has gone before. This male earth being, who is identified by the words, Dale Huntington, has just culminated one of his greatest desires. He has, in a quaint earth-custom, taken as his mate the smaller earthling you see beside him. He comes from a long lineage of sturdy fighters. He has complete security and a strong soul. Necessarily he is not a strong believer in the rules and rites of earth-religion, but he has faith . . .

ROOL: And that is the one which I am to put through the tests?

MENOR: Yes, Rool, that is the one.

ROOL: Ha, this will be easy! When shall I start?

MENOR: Now, if you wish. See, they are leaving the spot by the stream. They are entering one of those crude conveyances. So from here, Rool, do your worst—and I believe I shall win!

ROOL: We shall see, Menor, we shall see!!

MUSIC: *Harp down scales slowly—with ethereal quality*

SOUND: *Fade in car running*

DALE: Well, darling, we're on our honeymoon at last.

RUTH: I thought sure one of the gang would see us leave.

DALE *laughing*: Well, there'll sure be some grand howling when they find we're gone!

RUTH: Love me?

DALE: Do I! Sit over this way a little bit! I'll show you whether I do or . . .

RUTH: Dale! Look out! That car ahead!

SOUND: *Tire squeal—roaring lingering crash—splinter of glass—cut*

MUSIC: *Bridge—up and out*

SOUND: *Door opening—quick walking*

DALE: Doctor, how is she? Oh my God, can I help, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Easy son, easy. She's going to live. In fact, she's conscious now.

DALE: Thank heavens! Can I see her?

DOCTOR: Well, you see she received a terrific blow on the head when your car struck the other one. I—I'm not so sure it didn't affect her mind. We'll know in a few days.

DALE: Her mind, Doctor! What—what do you mean?

DOCTOR: I believe it's amnesia—from the shock. But it's strange, very strange. In all the history of my practice I have never seen a case like it. The blow wasn't a severe one. It wasn't half so severe as the one you received. Yet her reactions are certainly not those of an ordinary case.

DALE: Ruth, I've got to see her, Doctor!

DOCTOR: Perhaps your presence may help. We shall see. Come with me, son.

SOUND: *Walking—stop—door opening—pause*

DALE: Ruth, darling, are you all right?

RUTH: I'm feeling quite well—except for an ache in my head. But you called me Ruth. Is that my name?

DALE: Yes, dear, your name is Ruth. Don't you remember?

RUTH: And who are you? You're not a doctor.

DALE: Me? Ruth, I'm your husband.

RUTH: My husband! So I'm married—they didn't tell me that.

DALE: You're ill, Ruth. You'll remember everything in a few days, you just rest now and take things easy. I'll be back in a little while. If you want me darling, I'll be near.

RUTH: Thank you, what is your—I mean—our name?

DALE: Dale—Dale. You don't remember your new last name?

RUTH: Sorry, but you'll have to tell me.

DALE: Huntington . . .

RUTH: Huntington. Oh I see. Thank you very much, Mr. Huntington.

DALE: Ruth . . .

DOCTOR: I think she needs to rest for a while, my boy.

DALE *dazedly*: Yes, Doctor, she needs rest.

DOCTOR: Come with me down to the office, Mr. Huntington. I wish to tell you a few things about her condition.

SOUND: *Walking—door opening*

DOCTOR: Have a chair. You look like you could do with a little rest, too.

DALE: I don't care about myself, Doctor. It's Ruth. How soon will she regain her—her memory.

DOCTOR: That I don't know. It may be a matter of days—then again it can be weeks—perhaps months before . . .

DALE: But isn't there something we can do? Some treatment they may . . .

DOCTOR: Of course we shall do everything that we possibly can, my son. But in cases like this, it takes time. The memory is stored up in the mind behind some locked door. It is up to us to find the key.

DALE: But Ruth . . .

DOCTOR: I know how you feel. It's madness to just sit and do nothing. But perhaps I had best warn you. At the moment, I myself don't know exactly what will cure her. As soon as she is physically strong, we shall remove her to your home. The atmosphere of quietude and your presence—may help restore her memory. That is how you can help. Be patient. In a way—it will be like learning to know a new person; for she remembers nothing at all of what has happened.

DALE: I'll try my best, Doctor, you know that. I'd do anything . . .

DOCTOR: Yes, I know you will. But the best thing you can do now is to go home and get some rest yourself. I'll call you if anything new develops.

DALE: Yes, I'll go. I guess—unlucky star . . .

DOCTOR: What was that, son?

DALE: Nothing—nothing—just mumbling to myself. You'll call me the moment anything new turns up?

DOCTOR: Of course, and I advise you to forget everything and rest . . .

DALE: Thank you, Doctor.

MUSIC: *Up full in solemn phrasing*
(*Fade out under following speeches on cue*)

SOUND: *Street noises—of a large city—fade to B.G.*

PAUL: I beg your pardon, Dale!! I haven't seen you since Lord knows when! How are you?

DALE: Paul! It's good to see you!

PAUL: I was so sorry I couldn't make your wedding—but the boss sent me to the coast on one of those crazy ideas he has.

DALE: We missed you too, Paul.

PAUL: Let's see—it's been eight months now.

DALE: That's right.

PAUL: And how's married life? The gang always thought you and Ruth were just the ideal couple. Remember how we used to fight to take her out . . .
(*Laughing*) Well, the best man got the prize. How is Ruth, incidentally. Gay and vivacious as ever?

DALE: I—uh . . .

PAUL: What's the matter, Dale?

DALE: Ruth and I had an automobile accident on our wedding night. She hasn't been well since.

PAUL: I'm awfully sorry, Dale, I didn't know.

DALE: Maybe you can help, Paul.

PAUL: I'd do anything for you and Ruth, you know that.

DALE: Thanks, same old Paul.

PAUL: If it's money . . .

DALE: No, you see, Ruth was struck on the head when we crashed—and she—she lost her memory.

PAUL: Her memory!

DALE: She can't remember anything that happened before the accident. I thought if she saw you—and talked with you—it might help . . .

PAUL: I'll do anything, Dale . . .

DALE: We must make it casual—so she won't suspect anything. Can you make it for dinner tonight?

PAUL: I had an engagement—but it can wait. What time shall I get there?

DALE: Make it about seven. And perhaps I'd better warn you. Ruth isn't the same as she used to be. She's—she's different.

PAUL: You look like you've had a tough time, too. Those lines weren't in your face eight months ago.

DALE: I can count on your being there, Paul?

PAUL: Yes, certainly, about seven?

DALE: Seven—chanks, Paul, you're a real friend!

PAUL: Keep it good, Dale, and I'll see you later.

SOUND: *Traffic noises up—then fade out*
MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Car approaching to stop—cut motor—door opens—walking—stop—knocker—three knocks—door opening*

DALE: Come in, Paul, you're right on time.

SOUND: *Door closing—walking*

DALE: Ruth will be down in a minute. Here, I'll take your hat.

PAUL: Thanks . . .

DALE: Just make yourself at home. I'll get some—oh here's Ruth now . . .
(*Calling*) Oh, Ruth . . .

RUTH *away*: Yes?

DALE: Ruth, you remember Paul Kent.

RUTH *up*: How do you do, Mr. Kent. Won't you sit down?

PAUL: Thank you. You look just the same as you always have.

DALE: You two can talk over old times and I'll rustle up some drinks.

PAUL: I'll do my best.

RUTH: Yes, you'll find some frosted glasses in the refrigerator.

SOUND: *Walking away—door closing*

PAUL: You haven't change a bit, Ruth.

RUTH: Mr. Kent, take me away from here.

PAUL: What!!

RUTH: I'm so desperate. I've been here eight months with this man who says he's my husband. But I don't love him—I don't know him any better than I do you.

PAUL: But . . .

RUTH: Somehow, when Dale first introduced us, I knew you would help me.

PAUL: But I don't understand, Ruth. I thought you and Dale . . .

RUTH: I know you won't think what everyone else thinks—you'll help me?

PAUL: But what can I do. Dale is my friend—and I . . .

RUTH: I must get away—and you can take me!

PAUL: But you and Dale—I—Ruth!

(*Pause*)

RUTH: Now, will you help me?

PAUL: I'd do anything to help you, Ruth. You know that. I always did feel that way about you.

RUTH: Before Dale comes back . . .

PAUL: Where's my hat?

RUTH: There's no time for that. You have a car?

PAUL: It's out in front.

RUTH: Come on, Dale will never let us go. He might kill you.

PAUL: Ruth . . .

RUTH: Quick . . .

SOUND: *Rapid walking—door opens and closes—other door opens*

DALE: Here you are just cool enough and—hmmmm—Ruth!—Paul!

SOUND: *Walking—faster walking*

DALE: Ruth!—Paul!

MUSIC: *Up full—fade out on cue*

SOUND: *Car running—fade to B.G.*

RUTH: Let's stop over there—by those trees.

PAUL: Right you are—but it's rather dark, and this stretch is rather notorious. I mean there's been a number of robberies here.

RUTH: I'm not afraid, are you?

PAUL: Here . . .

SOUND: *Car to stop—engine off*

PAUL: How's this.

RUTH: We couldn't ask for anything better, could we.

PAUL: No, I guess not.

RUTH: The moon—and the stars—they all seem so far away. Stars, I like stars, Paul.

PAUL: We'd better be going. A car just stopped a little ways behind us.

RUTH: Oh that's nothing. They're probably just stopping for a while—like we are.

PAUL: Still I . . .

RUTH: Oh forget about other things—let's talk about what we'll do tomorrow.

PAUL: All right—what do you think of a drive up to the mountains? You remember how beautiful they are at this time of year.

RUTH: Beautiful . . . Paul! There's someone behind you!

PAUL: What's that?

MAN: Take it easy, you two. This is a gun in my hand, see it?

PAUL: A holdup, eh? Why you . . .

MAN: Easy—stay back in that car . . .

SOUND: *Gun explosion—three shots in quick succession—scream—car starting—driving away quickly—another car stopping almost immediately*

DALE off mike: Ruth! Paul! (*Up*) Ruth! Oh my darling are you . . . Ruth, open your eyes, it's Dale, dear . . .

RUTH *moaning slightly*: Oh what, what . . .

DALE: Ruth, darling, you must have fainted! Paul! He's dead!!

RUTH: You! You killed him!

DALE: What!

RUTH: You!

DALE: I don't understand!

RUTH: It'll be the last time you ever try to stop me from doing something! You—murderer!

DALE: Ruth!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Courtroom noises up—fade to B.G.—on cue*

SAM: Two bucks will get you five if he gets less than the chair.

JANE: Save your money, Sam. If ever a boy had less than a dog's chance, this one's it. You saw the jury faces when it went out.

SAM: Yeh, and it seems kinda tough, too. This guy was doing only what any other strong tempered chump would do in the same spot. So now he's payin' for it.

JANE: You know, I have a feeling that Huntington didn't really do the shooting.

SAM: Aw, don't hand me that stuff. Any guy that yells his innocence the way he's been doin'—he's gotta be guilty!

JANE: I think he's just had a bad break. Did you see the way he looked at his wife? He's not loaded up with hate—just compassion.

SAM: Well, if he's got a lucky star, it'd better start shining right soon.

JANE: Quiet, mug! Here comes the jury.

SOUND: *Noises up—gavel striking three times—fade noises to dim B.G.*

JUDGE: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?

FOREMAN off mike: We have, your honor. We, the jury, find the defendant, Dale Huntington, guilty of murder in the first degree!

SOUND: *Noises up—gavel strikes three times—judge ad lib—begins to pronounce sentence—fade all to B.G. for following*

SAM: Well, what did I tell you!

JANE: Did you see the way he took it? Didn't move a muscle . . . there's a man with nerve.

SAM: Yeh, I wonder what he's thinking about now?

JANE: I'll tell you what he's thinking! He's wondering how a world that once was so nice can now be so cruel—so unjust. (*Begin fade*) So cruel, so unjust, why he should be singled out for all these unlucky incidents.

(*Blend following speech in over preceding speech—fade—keep courtroom noises in dim B.G.*)

DALE *dead monotone*: Why to me! What have I done? First Ruth—the accident—there! That was where it all began—with the accident! Then dear Ruth, sweet Ruth, she isn't the same! I tried,

God is witness that I tried! But something was gone, something! Then that awful night when Paul came to dinner. Good, kind, generous Paul! He must have—I know he had some reason for taking Ruth away that night. Then, I wonder what it was that led me to stop there by the road. I had never been there before—why was I so sure I'd find them there. And Ruth—poor Ruth! I'll have to try and find another specialist who may help her. She is still ill—but—no! I am going to die. Die in the electric chair. For killing my best friend. By what grim humor can a man or God do this to me? One year! To think one year ago tonight Ruth and I—and all this within one year. The judge, sitting up there, he isn't doing me a personal wrong. It is his duty to pronounce sentence upon me. And the jury. Why should I feel hate toward them? No, there is not one being here on earth upon whom I can cast malice! But strange—I feel no hate. I am civilized—I need no hate. But there is a question—yes—a question. Why! But soon I will know—why! Yes, the judge has said I shall die in the electric chair within two weeks. Two weeks and I die!—And then I shall know—why! Then I shall know—why!

SOUND: Harp arpeggio over courtroom noises—fade courtroom noises out—fade in following speeches

MENOR: Well, friend Rool, he has you there! Your year is up and what was the result? Just as I told you it would be.

ROOL: So you've been watching, too! It's remarkable, Menor!

MENOR: Not remarkable, dear Rool! Just normal! The earth-man has stamina—and faith!

ROOL: I should have accepted your belief, Menor.

MENOR: The dissenting voice in the multitude—that is the voice of progress, Rool. Your experiment gave me material for contemplation.

ROOL: How is that?

MENOR: I learned that modern earth-man still holds friendship and love as an integral part of his faith—just as he has in eternity past. You are ingenious, Rool. But you failed to reckon the strength of Dale Huntington's affection.

ROOL: But I did! You noticed how I helped his mate lose all her love for him—just by causing her to forget!

MENOR *laughing*: But it didn't work!

ROOL: No, it didn't. He still retained his love—and faith. Then Paul came on the scene . . .

MENOR: And you made Dale turn to him for help. Very good.

ROOL: Having prepared Ruth for Paul's arrival, it was quite natural for Paul to take her away.

MENOR: Yes, that was excellent! Mate and friend. If his faith had been as you thought, your tests could have ended there. But Paul's death!

ROOL: Wait! I know what is in your mind. I was as surprised at his death as you were! It was Great Cana who decreed the incident—for he said it was to come.

MENOR: I see! Well, you used it to good advantage.

ROOL *sighs*: I lose, Menor. Youthful wisdom again bows before mature reflections.

MENOR: So you must pay the price. I do not think you shall find it tedious.

ROOL: No, I won't. I have grown rather fond of this earthling. He is so truly filled with courage and faith. It will be a pleasant task to care for him.

MENOR: Well, let me suggest that you first erase all traces of your experiment. Bring them back where you first found them in the time stream—and start your guardian-ship there.

ROOL: A great thought, Menor! I shall wipe out all memory both physical and mental of the past earth-year. But the earth-man Paul—what of him?

MENOR: Glorious Cana laid his decree in your experiment—so he will do again. But here—do not permit your ward to stand alone and friendless in the courtroom. Take care of him!

ROOL: Right you are, dear Menor!

MUSIC: Harp down scales—bridge—hold under

SOUND: Fade in car running

DALE: Well, darling, we're on our honeymoon at last.

RUTH: I thought sure one of the gang would see us leave.

DALE *laughing*: Well, there'll sure be some grand howling when they find we're gone!

RUTH: Love me?

DALE: Do I! Sit over this way a little bit!

I'll show you whether I do or . . .

RUTH: Dale! Look out! That car ahead!

SOUND: *Tires skidding—car running*

DALE: That was so close it even had me worried.

RUTH *sighs*: A car with no lights—on a winding road. Dale, dearest, what's wrong.

DALE: I—I—oh, it's nothing, darling, just a silly idea.

RUTH: Tell me.

DALE: It was nothing, dear.

RUTH: I'm your wife now, remember—you have to tell me everything.

DALE: Well—just as I saw that car ahead, I felt sure we were going to crash. And

then—something told me not to worry—that we would be safe—and the next thing I knew we were driving along as if nothing had happened.

RUTH: Now—now—you're going mystic on me. How about the radio. A little music will fix you up. And on our wedding night, too!

DALE: You asked me to tell you, darling.

RUTH: I was only kidding, sweet. How about some music.

DALE: Yes . . .

MUSIC: *Fade in under*

DALE: How's that?

RUTH: Swell, dearest.

MUSIC: *Up full—and out*

WILLIAM IRELAND'S CONFESSION

A HISTORICAL PLAY

By ARTHUR MILLER

(*A Columbia Workshop Play, presented over Columbia
Broadcasting System*)

DEAD IRELAND: My name is William Ireland. I lived my life in London, the city on the River Thames. And I come to you now, in 1790, a voice, as is fitting, for my bones are buried these hundred years. A hundred years—and still there is not one man in all the world to render homage to my immortal name. Chaucer is revered, Aeschylus, Spencer, Shakespeare—but William Ireland, the greatest genius of them all, is rotting, rotting in his grave, disgraced and unremembered. Listen, you must listen and hear for yourselves how unjustly I was condemned. Condemned! aye—and for what—for writing at the age of nineteen a tragedy judged by the greatest critics of my time as fine a play as Shakespeare himself had ever written—but wait. We'll start at the beginning, and let you judge for yourselves. It was in the year 1793. With my father, Samuel, a famous collector of antique books, I was returning home from the annual Shakespeare Jubilee at Stratford-On-Avon. But we had not gone to Shakespeare's birthplace to see plays, no, my father was in search of a paper, any paper, so long as Shakespeare's signature was written on it. I was eighteen then, young. And as the carriage neared our house on Norfolk Street . . . (*Fade*)

SOUND: *Horses hoofs—carriage springs*

SAMUEL: I still maintain it. Somewhere in England, perhaps in some peasant's shack, perhaps in a castle closet, there is a bundle of Shakespeare's correspondence gathering dust, and by the Crown, I'll find that bundle if I have to spend my life in the search.

WILLIAM: I could help you, Father . . .

SAMUEL *short laugh*: You? Why, William you haven't the intelligence. At least not enough to make a book-collector of you.

WILLIAM: Yes, Father. (*Pause—filter*) He thinks I'm so dull and he's so smart . . . but wait . . . wait, Father, you'll see . . . I'll be a great man some day . . . a great poet . . . and people will come from miles around to throw flowers on my grave and you'll be . . .

SAMUEL: Well can't you think of anything to say? Why are you always so . . . so blank-looking?

WILLIAM: Ah . . . wasn't Garrick wonderful in Hamlet?

SAMUEL: You know, William, I am beginning to believe what Mr. Wyatt said.

WILLIAM: What did Mr. Wyatt say?

SAMUEL: He thinks you're an idiot, William.

WILLIAM *softly*: Yes, father.

SAMUEL: In fact, William, perhaps another trip to France would do you good . . .

WILLIAM: I don't want to go away again, Father . . .

SAMUEL: Well, we'll think about it anyway.

WILLIAM: Yes, Father.

(*Pause*)

SOUND: *Horses and carriage*

WILLIAM: Father.

SAMUEL *absently*: Him?

WILLIAM: I have a surprise for you.

SAMUEL *uninterestedly*: Well?

WILLIAM: While you were searching that house in Stratford for the Shakespeare papers this morning, I . . . I wrote a little poem.

SAMUEL: Well that's lovely.

WILLIAM: Here, I'll read it to you . . .

SAMUEL. Oh, William! For the last time I tell you; the Lord only knows what you're good for, but it's certainly not to write verses. Now put it away and don't bother me again with your drivel.

WILLIAM: It's not drivel.

SAMUEL. And now you question my taste? WILLIAM: I'm a poet, and . . .

SAMUEL: Keep quiet! Your voice annoys me . . .

WILLIAM *calls up*: Joseph!

SAMUEL: Sit down, you fool!

WILLIAM: Joseph, stop the carriage!

JOSEPH (*from above—as horse slows to stop*): Yes sir!

SAMUEL: What new way have you come upon now to make an ass of yourself?

SOUND: *Carriage door opens*

WILLIAM: Father, I can't bear any more of this today . . . I'm a very sensitive young man . . . I'll walk the rest of the way home . . . And mark you, sir, what I've said. You'll come to know my value, and very soon. Good afternoon . . .

SOUND: *Footsteps away*

SAMUEL: His value . . . Ha! Home, Joseph!

SOUND: *Horse starts—fading*

SAMUEL: How any son of mine could be such an ignorant, pompous puppy is beyond. (*Fade*)

SOUND: *Hoofs and carriage fade as William's footsteps are taken up*

WILLIAM: (*As he walks through street—filter*): Imbecile . . . idiot . . . imbecile . . . idiot . . . I can't bear it any longer . . . I'm smarter than he . . . I'm smarter than any boy my age. I know human nature like Shakespeare did . . . I'm a poet, a poet . . . a prodigy . . . idiot . . . imbecile . . . he must learn to respect me . . . there must be a way to show my value . . . he must learn to admire me . . . he must . . . he must . . . he . . . (*Fade*)

DEAD IRELAND: One hour, two hours, three hours, I walked the London streets until, at five o'clock, I found myself in Harrett's book shop, idly fingering through some old volumes. I came upon a book covered with dust—many, many years of dust.

SOUND: *Scraping of book off shelf—he blows the dust off—sneezes*

WILLIAM (*Filter*): Mr. Harrett, Mr. Harrett!

HARRETT (*From front of store*): What is it, William?

WILLIAM: About this book . . .

HARRETT (*Close by*): Now where in the world did you find that?

WILLIAM: Behind the shelf back there . . . it's a prayer book.

HARRETT. So I see. I never knew I had it.

WILLIAM: Mr. Harrett, tell me . . . Could it possibly have belonged to . . . to Queen Elizabeth herself?

HARRETT: Wouldn't surprise me at all . . . why, look here at this printed page: "A Dedication from the Author to Her Majesty, Elizabeth." William, you've found Elizabeth's prayer book—over two hundred years old!

WILLIAM: I'll take it. I'll take it. Whatever it comes to add it to my bill.

HARRETT: Thank you, Master William.

WILLIAM: Thank you, Mister Harrett.

SOUND: *Door closing*

HARRETT: Well . . . the old man ought to give him a smile for that.

WILLIAM (*Above his hurried footsteps on street—filter*): Elizabeth's own prayer book . . . and I found it . . . But if he doesn't believe it really was Elizabeth's . . . I'll run away . . . "Pah! Old Harrett's pulling your leg, William . . ." he might say that . . . and laugh, laugh again . . . let's see, the Queen's Arms are on it all right . . . and the dedication . . . the dedication! Who would ever know the difference if I should rip out the dedication page, copy it on some old paper. (*Fade*)

DEAD IRELAND. Hear it. Listen. Listen how it began and then judge whether or not I did it for money or a father's love. The following day I went as usual to Mr. Bingley's law office where I was clerk. In the files there were many contracts dating back hundreds of years. I took one, snipped off the bottom which was blank, and on it, on this old paper, I copied out in marble fluid the author's dedication in the prayer book and dated it . . . 1591. That night, striving desperately to keep calm, I walked into my father's library (*Door opening*) and found him examining one of his rare volumes . . .

WILLIAM: Father?

SAMUEL *surprised*: Eh? . . . Oh, William.

I've told you a hundred times to knock.

WILLIAM: I . . . I have something . . .

WILLIAM IRELAND'S CONFESSION

A HISTORICAL PLAY

By ARTHUR MILLER

(A Columbia Workshop Play, presented over Columbia
Broadcasting System)

DEAD IRELAND: My name is William Ireland. I lived my life in London, the city on the River Thames. And I come to you now, in 1790, a voice, as is fitting, for my bones are buried these hundred years. A hundred years—and still there is not one man in all the world to render homage to my immortal name. Chaucer is revered, Aeschylus, Spencer, Shakespeare—but William Ireland, the greatest genius of them all, is rotting, rotting in his grave, disgraced and unremembered. Listen, you must listen and hear for yourselves how unjustly I was condemned. Condemned! aye—and for what—for writing at the age of nineteen a tragedy judged by the greatest critics of my time as fine a play as Shakespeare himself had ever written—but wait. We'll start at the beginning, and let you judge for yourselves. It was in the year 1793. With my father, Samuel, a famous collector of antique books, I was returning home from the annual Shakespeare Jubilee at Stratford-On-Avon. But we had not gone to Shakespeare's birthplace to see plays, no, my father was in search of a paper, any paper, so long as Shakespeare's signature was written on it. I was eighteen then, young. And as the carriage neared our house on Norfolk Street . . . (Fade)

SOUND: *Horses hoofs—carriage springs*

SAMUEL: I still maintain it. Somewhere in England, perhaps in some peasant's shack, perhaps in a castle closet, there is a bundle of Shakespeare's correspondence gathering dust, and by the Crown, I'll find that bundle if I have to spend my life in the search.

WILLIAM: I could help you, Father . . .

SAMUEL *short laugh*: You? Why, William you haven't the intelligence. At least not enough to make a book-collector of you.

WILLIAM: Yes, Father. (Pause—filter) He thinks I'm so dull and he's so smart . . . but wait . . . wait, Father, you'll see . . . I'll be a great man some day . . . a great poet . . . and people will come from miles around to throw flowers on my grave and you'll be . . .

SAMUEL: Well can't you think of anything to say? Why are you always so . . . so blank-looking?

WILLIAM: Ah . . . wasn't Garrick wonderful in Hamlet?

SAMUEL: You know, William, I am beginning to believe what Mr. Wyatt said.

WILLIAM: What did Mr. Wyatt say?

SAMUEL: He thinks you're an idiot, William.

WILLIAM *softly*: Yes, father.

SAMUEL: In fact, William, perhaps another trip to France would do you good . . .

WILLIAM: I don't want to go away again, Father . . .

SAMUEL: Well, we'll think about it anyway.

WILLIAM: Yes, Father.

(Pause)

SOUND: *Horses and carriage*

WILLIAM: Father.

SAMUELS *absently*: Hm?

WILLIAM: I have a surprise for you.

SAMUEL *uninterestedly*: Well?

WILLIAM: While you were searching that house in Stratford for the Shakespeare papers this morning, I . . . I wrote a little poem.

SAMUEL: Well that's lovely.

WILLIAM: Here, I'll read it to you . . .

SAMUEL: Oh, William! For the last time I tell you; the Lord only knows what you're good for, but it's certainly not to write verses. Now put it away and don't bother me again with your drivel.

WILLIAM: It's not drivel.

SAMUEL: And now you question my taste? WILLIAM: I'm a poet, and . . .

SAMUEL: Keep quiet! Your voice annoys me . . .

WILLIAM *calls up*: Joseph!

SAMUEL: Sit down, you fool!

WILLIAM: Joseph, stop the carriage!

JOSEPH (*from above—as horse slows to stop*): Yes sir!

SAMUEL: What new way have you come upon now to make an ass of yourself?

SOUND: *Carriage door opens*

WILLIAM: Father, I can't bear any more of this today . . . I'm a very sensitive young man . . . I'll walk the rest of the way home . . . And mark you, sir, what I've said. You'll come to know my value, and very soon. Good afternoon . . .

SOUND: *Footsteps away*

SAMUEL: His value . . . Ha! Home, Joseph!

SOUND: *Horse starts—fading*

SAMUEL: How any son of mine could be such an ignorant, pompous puppy is beyond. (*Fade*)

SOUND: *Hoofs and carriage fade as William's footsteps are taken up*

WILLIAM: (*As he walks through street—filter*): Imbecile . . . idiot . . . imbecile . . . idiot . . . I can't bear it any longer . . . I'm smarter than he . . . I'm smarter than any boy my age. I know human nature like Shakespeare did . . . I'm a poet, a poet . . . a prodigy . . . idiot . . . imbecile . . . he must learn to respect me . . . there must be a way to show my value . . . he must learn to admire me . . . he must . . . he must . . . he . . . (*Fade*)

DEAD IRELAND: One hour, two hours, three hours, I walked the London streets until, at five o'clock, I found myself in Harrett's book shop, idly fingering through some old volumes. I came upon a book covered with dust—many, many years of dust.

SOUND: *Scraping of book off shelf—he blows the dust off—sneezes*

WILLIAM (*Filter*): Mr. Harrett, Mr. Harrett!

HARRETT (*From front of store*): What is it, William?

WILLIAM: About this book . . .

HARRETT (*Close by*): Now where in the world did you find that?

WILLIAM: Behind the shelf back there . . . it's a prayer book.

HARRETT: So I see. I never knew I had it.

WILLIAM: Mr. Harrett, tell me . . . Could it possibly have belonged to . . . to Queen Elizabeth herself?

HARRETT: Wouldn't surprise me at all . . . why, look here at this printed page: "A Dedication from the Author to Her Majesty, Elizabeth." William, you've found Elizabeth's prayer book—over two hundred years old!

WILLIAM: I'll take it. I'll take it. Whatever it comes to add it to my bill.

HARRETT: Thank you, Master William.

WILLIAM: Thank you, Mister Harrett.

SOUND: *Door closing*

HARRETT: Well . . . the old man ought to give him a smile for that.

WILLIAM (*Above his hurried footsteps on street—filter*): Elizabeth's own prayer book . . . and I found it . . . But if he doesn't believe it really was Elizabeth's . . . I'll run away . . . "Pah! Old Harrett's pulling your leg, William . . ." he might say that . . . and laugh, laugh again . . . let's see, the Queen's Arms are on it all right . . . and the dedication . . . the dedication! Who would ever know the difference if I should rip out the dedication page, copy it on some old paper. (*Fade*)

DEAD IRELAND: Hear it. Listen. Listen how it began and then judge whether or not I did it for money or a father's love. The following day I went as usual to Mr. Bingley's law office where I was clerk. In the files there were many contracts dating back hundreds of years. I took one, snipped off the bottom which was blank, and on it, on this old paper, I copied out in marble fluid the author's dedication in the prayer book and dated it . . . 1591. That night, striving desperately to keep calm, I walked into my father's library (*Door opening*) and found him examining one of his rare volumes . . .

WILLIAM: Father?

SAMUEL *surprised*: Eh? . . . Oh, William.

I've told you a hundred times to knock.

WILLIAM: I . . . I have something . . .

SAMUEL: What is it? *(Pause)* Well? What are you staring at?

WILLIAM: Father. I've made a marvellous find.

SAMUEL: What, one of your old poems?

WILLIAM *(filter)*: Oh! . . . I dare not show it . . . he'll know . . . he'll know!

SAMUEL: William, if you don't say something soon I'll lose my temper!

WILLIAM: I . . . I've found Queen Elizabeth's prayer book.

SAMUEL: Ah? Let me see it. Thank you. Well . . . *(Flips pages)* . . . not quite, I fear, William.

WILLIAM: But look, the Queen's Arms on the cover . . .

SAMUEL: Yes, that's true. It might have been Elizabeth's but . . . hold on . . . what's this?

WILLIAM: Yes, you see that? It's a letter to the Queen in the author's very handwriting.

SAMUEL: Let's see it in the light. I do believe you've found something, William . . . look at that 1591 . . . two hundred years old and still clear as though it were written yesterday. There's that old paper for you. Nothing like it today. Well, thank you son, it's a very nice item. You've pleased me no end.

WILLIAM *hopefully*. Have I, Father?

SAMUEL: Indeed you have. I should like to make up for the way I . . .

WILLIAM: Oh, that's all right, Father. I'll look about more in the shops . . . I'll find a lot of things you'll like.

SAMUEL: That's very good of you.

WILLIAM: Oh, you'll be proud of me, Father. I'll find the rarest things . . . I'll . . .

SAMUEL: William . . .

WILLIAM: Yes?

SAMUEL: You've made a good find, and I do think you might be able to help me. I'm not a poor man anymore, and I have one of the best collections in London. But I shall not be at rest until I have in my hands what to me is the greatest find of all, the signature of William Shakespeare. Son, for that I would give half my life. Shakespeare's autograph on a piece of paper and I could die happily tomorrow . . . *(Fade)*

DEAD IRELAND: I could scarcely believe it. Here the ink was hardly dry and he was certain it was two hundred years old. Day after day he kept taunting me about my verses, taunting, taunting,

until one day, November, 1794, I happened on Dr. Johnson's edition of Shakespeare. In it was printed the facsimile of a lost deed drawn up between Shakespeare and his friend, John Hemming for a property in Black-friars. On old paper I copied out that facsimile and when I'd finished it seemed so perfect a copy that I felt indeed like that greatest of poets whose name I was about to sign . . . and sign I did . . . William Shakespeare.

SOUND: *Clinking of glasses*

SAMUEL: Pass the butter, William. *(Pause)* William?

WILLIAM *awakened*: What?

SAMUEL: You have the most annoying habit of sleeping with your eyes open. Pass the butter please.

WILLIAM: Oh, I'm sorry, sir. *(Filter)* I'd be mad to show it to him. He's sure to find some mistake and then . . . I'd have to run away . . . I'll run! . . . I'll run! . . . No, he'll believe . . . he must . . . he must believe!

SAMUEL: Aren't you eating tonight?

(Pause)

SOUND. *Sudden bang on table*

SAMUEL: William!!

WILLIAM *frightened*: Yes, Father!

SAMUEL: If you can't look more intelligent at least during dinner you'll eat in the kitchen. You positively annoy me!

WILLIAM: Father, I have . . .

SAMUEL: You needn't speak. Just don't look so . . . so stupid.

WILLIAM *(Filter)*: Stupid, eh? Stupid! You'll change your tune! Father . . .

SAMUEL: What is it now?

WILLIAM: I've found Shakespeare's signature.

SAMUEL *after a pause*: William . . . you don't dare trifle with me.

WILLIAM: Here . . . *(Rustle of paper)* . . . here it is . . .

SAMUEL: What is this? . . . why . . . hold it for me . . . my hand is shaking . . .

WILLIAM: Yes, Father, it's the famous lost deed to Blackfriars! You see? Shakespeare's signature! Now! What do you think of that! *(Filter)* Will he see through it! oh, Lord, no!

SAMUEL: William . . . William . . . the ambition of my life . . . I'm touching the signature of William Shakespeare . . . I'm touching it! William, my boy!

WILLIAM: And I found it! I found it myself!

SAMUEL: But where! Where, God bless you, did you buy it!

WILLIAM: I . . . I . . . didn't buy it . . .
(*Filter*) Quickly, quickly, you fool!

SAMUEL: Then how did you come to get it?

WILLIAM (*Filter*): Where? . . . where? . . . a gentleman . . . a gentleman . . .

SAMUEL: Come, you can tell your father.

WILLIAM. A gentleman.

SAMUEL: A gentleman?

WILLIAM: Yes, you see . . . three weeks ago when I was at dinner at Mr. Mitchel's house, there was a gentleman present who took a liking to me immediately, for we both shared each other's interest in old books. In fact, by the end of the evening he had invited me out to his country house where he promised to show me some very rare manuscripts. Well, yesterday I was out to his place . . .

SAMUEL: But what in the world has all this to do with . . .

WILLIAM: You ask me what it has to do with it! (*Almost hysterically*) Haha-haha!

SAMUEL *alarmed*: William!

WILLIAM *still laughing*: Why, Father, here you are looking all over Christendom for Shakespeare's manuscripts and this very gentleman has a trunk full of them!

SAMUEL: Good Lord, who is the man!

WILLIAM: Mr. . . . Mr. H.

SAMUEL: Mr. H! But what's his name!

WILLIAM: I can't tell you!

SAMUEL: But you must! I'll buy every scrap he has . . .

WILLIAM: He won't sell, Father!

SAMUEL: Then how did you get this?

WILLIAM *as though it is obvious*: Don't you see, Father? He will give to the world through my hands whatever I desire . . . any one his wonderful papers, but I must never, never, never tell his name to a living soul.

SAMUEL: William, you must certainly have made a grand impression on the gentleman!

WILLIAM: And he thinks I'm quite talented, too . . . says my verses are just beautiful!

SAMUEL: Well! I'll have to look them over again . . . And have you seen any of the other manuscripts besides this?

WILLIAM: Seen them! I've read them!

SAMUEL: Which ones has he got!

WILLIAM: Well, there are perhaps fifty notes lying around from Shakespeare to Southampton, Shakespeare to Heming, Heming to Shakespeare . . .

SAMUEL: Marvellous! And the plays . . . the plays, too?

WILLIAM: Plays! Why, no sooner did I open the trunk, but I found a love letter from Shakespeare to Ann Hathaway . . .

SAMUEL: A love letter!

WILLIAM: Yes, and under it was—guess what?

SAMUEL: What!

WILLIAM: The manuscript of King Lear in Shakespeare's handwriting!'

SAMUEL: William! . . . Oh, I can't listen to anymore now . . . Ring for Joseph, please.

SOUND: *Rings*

WILLIAM: Are you ill, Father?

SAMUEL: Ill? I never felt better!

JOSEPH: You rang, sir?

SAMUEL: Bring the carriage around, Joseph, and hurry.

JOSEPH: Very good, sir.

SAMUEL: William, you can have whatever pleases you in my collection. I'm going now to see Francis Webb of the College of Heralds to make absolutely certain that this deed is authentic.

WILLIAM (*Horried—filter*: College of Heralds!) But isn't your own judgment enough, Father?

SAMUEL: In such a case, no. And, William, when will you have the manuscript of Lear for me?

WILLIAM: I'll have it . . . ah . . . (*Filter*: Oh you fool, you fool!) about two weeks.

SAMUEL: That's fine. Then I'll invite Dr. Parr, Dr. Wharton, Mr. Wyatt and James Boswell to examine it.

WILLIAM (*Horried—filter*: All those scholars!) Very good, Father. I'm not a bad collector, am I?

SAMUEL: Bad? Why, son, your name will ring around the world for this. Wait up for me, eh?

WILLIAM: Wait up? Oh, Father, I've prayed for that!

SAMUEL: Yes, everything is changed now, William. Good night.

WILLIAM: I'll be waiting!

SOUND: *Doorslam—steps on concrete—creak of carriage as Samuel gets in*

SAMUEL: The College of Heralds, Joseph!

JOSEPH: Yes, sir.

SOUND: *Gallop of horse*

SAMUEL: And don't spare the horse,

Joseph, I've got Shakespeare in here!

JOSEPH: Yes, sir!

SOUND: *Faster gallop which fades*

DEAD IRELAND: Until four-thirty in the morning, Francis Webb, scholar and renowned antiquary examined every penstroke, every inch of paper, every blot of ink on my handiwork, and when he was done, he turned to my father who was waiting in exhausted suspense . . .

WEBB: Samuel, I've examined it thoroughly.

SAMUEL *apprehensively*: Yes, Francis?

WEBB: Speaking for the College of Heralds, I say that if the rest of the papers your son has found are as authentic and well-preserved as this document, he has made the greatest literary discovery of all time.

DEAD IRELAND. Within twenty-four hours every paper in London was praising my name. I set to work on the original manuscript of King Lear, and I worked hard, for until then I had only copied well, this was my King Lear. A new play stripped of all the coarse crudities which the critics of my day so loved to condemn in Shakespeare. The day after I had presented the manuscripts to my father, the scholars sat listening to Boswell reading Lear, and as he came to the final speech, my heart stopped, for that speech I had written myself from start to finish.

BOSWELL: "Thanks, sir, but I go to that unknown land,

That chains each Pilgrim fast within its soil

By living men most shunned most dreaded

Till my good master this same journey took

He calls me I am content and straight obey,

Then farewell World the busy scene is done

Kent lived most true, Kent dies most like a Man. The End."

(Pause)

SAMUEL: Well, Gentlemen? What is your verdict?

BOSWELL: In my opinion a great crime has been committed.

SAMUEL *shocked*: Mr. Boswell!

VOICES: A Crime . . . what? Etc . . .

WILLIAM (*Filter*): I'm done, I'm done!

BOSWELL: Yes, gentlemen, a crime. For two hundred years the public has come to know a Shakespeare whose plays were spotted by the coarseness and near-Atheism of a minor poet. Today a cleaner, simpler, God-loving Shakespeare is revealed and my humble thanks go to Master William for his service to English letters and mankind.

WILLIAM: Oh, Mr. Boswell!

WHARTON: Congratulations, William!

WILLIAM: Thank you, Dr. Wharton!

WHARTON: Why, I could hardly believe it was the same Lear! Isn't it so, Dr. Parr?

PARR: But most definitely! A new, grander Shakespeare!

WYATT: Samuel, let me say that this King Lear, I would not hesitate to let my children read.

BOSWELL: Exactly, Mr. Wyatt. Wonderful.

WILLIAM (*Filter*): I can't believe it!

SAMUEL: And now, gentlemen, the most wonderful document of all. My son will read Shakespeare's letter of love to Ann Hathaway written in 1582.

VOICES: Wonderful . . . what a bright young man . . . come, William, etc.

SAMUEL: William, will you oblige us?

WILLIAM (*Filter*): I don't dare! This is too much!

SAMUEL: Is anything troubling you, William?

WILLIAM: Me? No, Father. I'll read it . . . yes, I ah . . . it begins, "dearest Anna" . . . (*Filter*) I can't . . . I can't . . . it's mine every word of it . . . they'll know . . .

SAMUEL: What is the matter, son?

WILLIAM: Nothing. I . . . it's just such a beautiful thing . . . I . . . I'll read it.

"Dearest Anna:

As thou hast always found me to my word most true, so shalt thou see I have strictly kept my promise . . . (*Fade*) . . . for thou art as a tall Cedar stretching forth its branches and succoring smaller plants from nipping winter or the boisterous winds. Farewell, tomorrow by this time I will see thee. Till then adieu, sweet love . . .

Thine ever

signed, William Shakespeare"

(Pause)

WILLIAM (*Filter*): Good Lord, what's Boswell doing? Why . . . he's kneeling . . . kneeling before the letter!

BOSWELL: I now kiss the glorious relics of our Bard; and thanks to God that I have lived to see them . . . (*Effort of rising*) Forgive me, gentlemen, I kneel, for that writing is divine.

WHARTON: My sentiments precisely.

WYATT: Why, the sheer beauty . . . the sheer . . . the . . .

SAMUEL *chuckling*: You must restrain yourself, Wyatt . . .

WYATT: Samuel, you have a son there after my own heart . . .

WILLIAM (*During the above three speeches—filter*): And I wrote it myself! I . . . I'm a genius! If I can write that why not . . . why not a whole play? A tragedy . . . in blank verse . . . and I'll say it was Shakespeare's . . . why not . . . I can do it! I can do anything . . . I'm a genius! Gentlemen! I have a wonderful announcement! By the winter I shall have for my father a heretofore unknown play by William Shakespeare!

SAMUEL: William!

VOICES: A new play . . . what is it . . . what's the subject?

WILLIAM: I am honor-bound not to divulge anymore, but Mr. H. has promised it to me, and according his estimate, it is so beautiful, so perfectly written in character and in language . . . (*Fade*)

DEAD IRELAND: And immediately next morning I began work on the new play. From Holinshead's Chronicles I took the story of King Vortigern, a story I had heard tell was one of Shakespeare's favorites. But a week later, as I sat writing in my office . . .

SOUND: *Knock on door*

DEAD IRELAND: There in the parlor stood Edmund Malone the foremost Shakespeare scholar in Britain, and the country's sharpest pamphleteer . . .

SOUND: *Door opening*

MALONE: Where's your son, Mr. Ireland! Edmund Malone is no man to be kept waiting!

WILLIAM: Father?

SAMUEL: William! Come here.

WILLIAM: What's happened?

MALONE: Not a wit more than you've cause to happen, me larky!

WYATT: William, you've taken advantage of your father . . .

WILLIAM: But why, Mr. Wyatt!

MALONE: Why! The spleen of 'im to ask why!

SAMUEL: Just a moment, Malone. I'll speak to him. William, some time ago you brought me the lease to Blackfriars signed by Shakespeare and John Heming.

WILLIAM: Yes, sir . . .

SAMUEL: Keep quiet. Now today, these gentlemen show me a document just recently discovered with the signature of John Heming on it—a signature which is absolutely different from the one of John Heming on your Blackfriars' lease. Account for this, William.

WILLIAM: Ah . . . you are intimating that my John Heming signature is fake?

MALONE: Well! Bushy is a bright one, isn't he! Yes, Willy, me lad, the goose is hung. We have the authentic John Heming signature and yours is as false as the rest of your documents. Now, my poetmaster, where's your tongue?

WILLIAM: Why . . . why . . . (*Filter*) What can I say? . . . What . . . Quick! Quick! . . .

SAMUEL: Well, William? What is the reason for these two signatures being different?

WILLIAM: The reason? Very simple.

MALONE: Aha.

WILLIAM: Surely, Mr. Malone knows that there were two John Hemings.

MALONE: Oho! Ohohoho! Two John Hemings!

WILLIAM: Yes, two! A tall one and a short one!

MALONE: A tall one and a . . . ! Do you realize it's Edmund Malone you're lying to?

WILLIAM: I'm not lying! The John Heming who signed my Blackfriars' lease was the short man, and the John Heming who signed your document, Mr. Malone was the tall one, and that's why the two signatures are different! And you know how I'll prove it?

MALONE: I haven't the faintest notion, me blarney-bird.

WILLIAM: I'll go right now to Mr. H. and bring you back letters written and signed by the tall John Heming, *your* John Heming!

SAMUEL: That's fair enough, Malone.

MALONE: He should have been throttled at birth.

WILLIAM: Mr. Wyatt, may I see your document? M . . . Him . . . (*Fil-ter: John Heming . . . no twirls on n or g . . . narrow e . . .*) Yes, I'm sure of it. This is tall John Heming's signature and if you'll be good enough to wait half an hour, I'll bring you back letters with this very signature on them. You just wait . . . and I'll be back . . . just wait . . .

SOUND: *Footsteps away*

MALONE *calling after him*: Goodbye, my love, and be sure now you don't hop a schooner for the coast of Sweden while we're waiting! Two Hemings! Hahaha! (*Fade*)

DEAD IRELAND: I raced to my office, sat at my desk, composed four short letters, and signed them all John Heming, the real John Heming whose signature I had memorized from that short glance at Mr. Wyatt's document. In half an hour I was back home, the notes, hardly dry, stuffed into my pocket . . .

SOUND: *Door opening*

WILLIAM: Here you are, gentlemen, four letters written and signed by the tall John Heming. Compare these with the signature on your document, Mr. Wyatt, and you'll see the same man wrote them all.

SAMUEL *anxiously*: Is it true, Wyatt?

WYATT: I'm afraid the boy is right, Malone. There must have been two John Hemings.

SAMUEL: Well, Malone! What have you to say?

MALONE: What is there to say, Mr. Ireland? The signatures appear to be identical, that's true, but I must still suspect them along with the rest of your son's discoveries.

SAMUEL: But why?

MALONE *losing patience*: My dear sir, that so-called original King Lear is an unmitigated piece of trash!

SAMUEL: Trash! But the greatest scholars!

MALONE: What, those boobies? Why if you brought them diddly, diddly dumkin over Shakespeare's name they'd call it a masterpiece! But not Edmund Malone, for I'm a Shakespeare scholar not a Shakespeare worshipper, and if your son should bring me a thousand documents written like that love letter, I'd

still call him a dupe or a forger. And until William Ireland owns up to this outrageous hoax, you'll find Edmund Malone burning up penpoints to expose him! Long live William Shakespeare!—gentlemen, but only figuratively, and I propose to see to that! Good night, my gullibles, and may the best man win!

SOUND: *Door slam*

DEAD IRELAND: Oh, Malone, Malone, Edmund Malone, there was an Irishman! That night he began to write his exposure, and I really set to work in earnest on King Vortigern, the lost tragedy of Shakespeare. It was a race, for I wanted my play to be seen and judged on the stage before Malone could prejudice the public against it. But Malone was the first to finish, and the night his exposure came off the press, my father rushed into the house waving the cursed pamphlet in his hand . . .

SAMUEL: I'm disgraced . . . finished . . . I'm . . . William!

WILLIAM: Is it very bad?

SAMUEL: Look at it! He'll convince the world I'm a mountebank with this!

WILLIAM: They won't believe it!

SAMUEL: They're believing his slander right now! I was laughed at on the street!

WILLIAM: Let them laugh! Wait till they see my King Vortigern on the stage!

SAMUEL: I can't wait! I've got to show absolute proof or I'm finished! Bring me Mr. H.!

WILLIAM: I can't do that!

SAMUEL: William, bring me Mr. H., I say!

WILLIAM: But I promised him! Doesn't my word of honor mean anything to you? . . .

SAMUEL: A plague on your word: I'll shut Malone's mouth or my business is ruined! What fool will buy my antiques as genuine if I am not above palming off forged manuscripts!

WILLIAM: I have an idea, Father . . . a splendid idea! All the great men of letters . . . men like Dr. Parr and Boswell and the Prince of Wales believe in my discoveries, don't they?

SAMUEL: What of it?

WILLIAM: Why not draw up a certificate for them to sign, saying they are convinced the documents are Shakespeare's?

(*Fade*)

DEAD IRELAND: And they did sign! The greatest names in England affirmed that they believed my works were Shakespeare's! Is that a smile I sense on your faces? You doubt me! I call on the spirit of James Boswell! Did you believe! (*Silence*) James Boswell, you on that Northern Star! Did you believe!

BOSWELL (*Echoing down from heaven*): Aye, I believed!

DEAD IRELAND: And you, Henry Pye, Poet Laureate of England!

PYE (*From heaven*): Aye!

DEAD IRELAND: The Duke of Somerset!

DUKE OF SOMERSET: Aye!

DEAD IRELAND: William Pitt!

PITT: Aye!

DEAD IRELAND: Edmund Burke!

BURKE: Aye!

DEAD IRELAND: The Prince of Wales!

PRINCE OF WALES: Aye!

DEAD IRELAND: Yes, they believed—they and tens of others just as great. And they silenced Malone sufficiently to get the lost tragedy produced. And on the night of the first performance the Drury Lane Theatre was sold out from floor to roof. The audience sat enthralled by my work of genius, until, as the last act was drawing to a close and my hero was disclaiming on the stage, I leaned over to my father . . . (*Fade*)

"KING VORTIGERN" (*From stage in haranguing manner*):

"Full fifty breathless bodies struck my sight

And some with gaping mouths did seem to mock me,

Whilst others smiling in cold death itself . . ." (*Fade to nearly blank*)

WILLIAM *excited whisper*: Father . . . Father!

SAMUEL: What's the matter?

WILLIAM: Something's wrong in the gallery . . .

SAMUEL: Yes, I've been hearing it. Wyatt, what shall we do?

WYATT: I hope there's not to be any disturbance . . .

SAMUEL: I wouldn't put it past Malone to have organized a riot . . .

BOSWELL: Riot! . . . oh, dear . . .

SAMUEL: Keep calm, Mr. Boswell, and let's hope only King Vortigern ends in tragedy tonight . . .

"KING VORTIGERN" (*From stage*): ". . . thou clap'st the rattling fingers to thy sides;

And when this solemn mockery is ended,

With icy hand . . ."

VOICE FROM GALLERY: Solemn mockery indeed!! Shakespeare's turning in his grave! (*Howls—whistles—laughter*)

WILLIAM: It's Malone's henchmen!

WYATT: Duck your heads, they're throwing fruit! (*Continuous catcalls*)

SAMUEL: To the dressing room! Hurry! Out of the way there! Let us through!

Out of the way, you bully! Come, William, right through here!

SOUND: *Door opens and shuts*

SAMUEL *quiet*: There we are . . . phew . . . well, what do you think of that, Wyatt?

WYATT: Edmund Malone will never call off his vandals until Mr. H. comes forward, and until then you can't put another performance on a London stage. SAMUEL: You're right, Wyatt. William? You are going to bring Mr. H. home tomorrow night before the next performance.

WILLIAM *flatly*: I can't do it.

SAMUEL *aroused*: You will do it! By George, I'll whip you!

WILLIAM: I tell you, it can't be done! I won't forfeit the manuscripts he's promised me!

SAMUEL: He can keep his manuscripts! He'll appear and tell the world where he got them or I'll be hounded to my grave!

WILLIAM *pleading*: But he's got . . . why he's promised me . . . Henry the Fourth . . . Hamlet . . . Richard the Second . . . all in Shakespeare's own handwriting . . .

SOUND: *Door opens—admitting excited burble of voices*

WHARTON: There he is!

SAMUEL: Dr. Wharton! Gentlemen!

WHARTON: We won't stand for this any longer!

SAMUEL: But, gentlemen . . .

PARR: We're becoming the laughing stock of London!

WHARTON: Where is Mr. H.?

VOICES: Mr. H.! . . . Who is he? . . . We demand to see him! . . .

SAMUEL: Gentlemen! Gentlemen! (*Silence*) I have just been discussing Mr. H. with my son, and he agrees that the

gentlemen can no longer have any honest reason for concealing his identity. Isn't that so, William? William?

WILLIAM *defeated*: Yes, Father.

SAMUEL: So at five tomorrow afternoon you're invited at my house on Norfolk Street, Mr. H. will arrive and make himself known.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SAMUEL: I suppose so . . . all right. Then it's five o'clock tomorrow, gentlemen.

VOICES: Good night . . . until tomorrow . . . good night, Samuel, etc.

(*The "Goodnights" become the calmer babble of the same voices*)

PARR: What time have you, Dr. Wharton?

WHARTON: It's just on five, Dr. Parr. He should be here now.

BOSWELL: Look at Mr. Ireland at the window there across the street. Poor man, he must be on edge.

WHARTON: Can't blame him. I'm not the cold fish today, myself.

PARR: Who do you suppose Mr. H. could be? I wouldn't be surprised if he turned out to be the Prince of Wales.

SOUND: *Horse and carriage outside*

BOSWELL: A carriage! There's a carriage slowing down!

WHARTON: It's stopping in front of the house!

BOSWELL: It's he! It's Mr. H.!

PARR: Look how he covers his face with his coat! I'll wager it's the Prince himself!

SOUND: *Knock on door*

SAMUEL: Joseph will let him in.

PARR: I'm shaking like a leaf!

WHARTON: Ssh! . . . Here he comes!

SOUND: *Door closing—silence—steps coming closer—steps halt*

SAMUEL: Good afternoon, sir. Won't you let the servant have your coat? (*Pause*) I say, sir, won't you remove . . .

ALL: *A collective gasp*

SAMUEL: Why, it's William!!

WILLIAM: Yes, Father, it's William.

WHARTON: But where is Mr. H.?

WILLIAM: He's right here.

BOSWELL: No one but you came out of that carriage.

WILLIAM: Precisely, Gentlemen, I am Mr. H.

VOICES: You! He's crazy! He's Mr. H.!

WILLIAM: I am Mr. H.

BOSWELL: But who gave you the Shakespeare manuscripts!

WILLIAM: No one. I wrote them myself.

SOUND: *Laughter*

WILLIAM: I tell you I wrote them all . . .

Stop laughing!

PARR: And the tragedy of Vortigern, too, I suppose!

WILLIAM: Vortigern, too, from cover to cover!

SOUND: *All roar laughing*

WILLIAM: Stop laughing . . . Stop it . . . Stop it, I say!

SAMUEL: Keep quiet, you idiot!

WILLIAM: Father!

SAMUEL: Do you expect men like these to believe that you could write such masterful things? You, a stupid, ignorant featherbrain?

WILLIAM *boiling*: Very well then, we shall see what the idiot can do. I have some paper in my pocket. Look at it.

WHARTON: It's very old. What of it?

WILLIAM: It's more than very old. It's the same paper the tragedy of Vortigern was written on. And here . . . here is the pen it was written with . . . and this, this is the very ink I used . . . the ink you all swore was two hundred years old . . .

WHARTON: I don't believe it!

WILLIAM: You don't, Dr. Wharton. Then what will you have? . . . a letter from Shakespeare to Heming? . . . from Shakespeare to Ann Hathaway?

SAMUEL: William, you can't do it.

WILLIAM: We'll see what the idiot can do! Here, watch closely and in the twinkling of an eye . . . (*Pen scratching*) . . . the signature of William Shakespeare!

PARR: Good Lord, it's perfect!

WILLIAM: Or here! The signature of John Heming! (*Scratch of pen*) Well? . . .

WHARTON: Incredible . . . it's utterly incredible!

WILLIAM: Is that enough, my dear experts . . . or shall I pen you a little love note, or perhaps a scene of my new play or . . . ?

WHARTON (*From deep under*): You . . . you blackguard!

PARR: Forger!

BOSWELL: Hanging's too good for you!

WILLIAM: Hanging? Why gentlemen . . . gentlemen! Aren't my writings as beautiful now as they were an hour ago when they were Shakespeare's? (*Silence*) Come, Mr. Boswell, you called

my Lear divine! And you, Dr. Whar-
ton, you judged my works glorious!

SAMUEL: William, shut your mouth!

WILLIAM: I'm sorry for you, Father, for
you I am sorry, but it's all your own
fault.

SAMUEL: But I would have read your
verses if that is what . . .

WILLIAM: And you would have called
them drivels, and so would you gentle-
men. But as soon as that drivels became
two hundred years old and was signed
by a great name, you sank to your
knees before it! So, if an idiot can give
the scholars some advice, sit you down
again and study your Shakespeare, for
if you knew your business, Shakespeare
would be Shakespeare, and William Ire-
land, great! Good night, and forgive
me, Father.

DEAD IRELAND: But they never forgave
me. No, after that, whatever I wrote
they ridiculed into oblivion, and why?
(*Excitedly*) Because I had kicked pom-
posity square in the belly and never
was that to be forgiven! I ask no favor,
but justice! Justice for William Ire-
land! My great works are forgotten! I
am dust in a pauper's grave. I call to

you from the starry heavens! Do justice
to William Ireland!

VOICE (*From out the heavens*): Methinks
thou dost protest too much.

DEAD IRELAND *frightened*: Who's that! . . .
Who said that!

VOICE (*Closer*): Surely you know *me*,
Mr. Ireland.

DEAD IRELAND: Shakespeare!

SHAKESPEARE: Indeed, your very own.

DEAD IRELAND: Oh, forgive me, forgive
me!

SHAKESPEARE: If For what?

DEAD IRELAND: I . . . I copied your King
Lear . . .

SHAKESPEARE: Oh, that? It can stand edit-
ing. Come, let's take a stroll for a bit.
Ben Johnson's up there on yonder cloud
. . . he's still laughing. Let's visit him.
Come.

DEAD IRELAND: Thank you!

SHAKESPEARE: There's something that's
been troubling me. Do you recall that
speech in Hamlet . . . "To be, or not
to be?" . . . Something like that?

DEAD IRELAND: Why . . . of course!!

SHAKESPEARE: I've been wondering . . .
(*Fade*) Do you think it's too long? Or
perhaps if I rearranged the scene so that
Hamlet comes on . . .

MOUNT VERNON INTERLUDE

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA

By LEWIS MEYER

NARRATOR: The time is September, 1784.

The War for Independence is over. A new-born nation, weary of months of desperate battle and inhuman suffering is facing the realization of its dream. George Washington has returned to Mount Vernon where he is trying to resume the normal life of a Southern planter. But sinister forces are at work. Plots and counter-plots are being discussed by men desirous of seizing the rule of the freed colonies. John Conway, resident of Massachusetts is addressing such a group in a secret meeting.

SOUND: *Din of voices, fade for*

CONWAY: Gentlemen! A toast to North America! Long live its King! (*Din of voices*) Quiet, men, quiet! You are no longer on the battlefield. Stop shouting like bloodthirsty heathens—or women at a tea party..

VOICE: Hear! Hear!

JENNINGS: Conway is right. We are assembled here at no little risk, and our purpose is a serious one.

CONWAY: True, Jennings. And if we are to mould America's destiny we must waste no time. Our plans for a monarchy on this soil are complete. Only one question is still unanswered: Who shall be our King?

SOUND: *Voices rise again*

JENNINGS: America's first monarch must be a man backed by the people, or . . .

VOICE: Or the revolution will have to be fought all over again.

CONWAY: There is only one logical choice—George Washington.

JENNINGS: Ah, a perfect monarch—but who would dare propose a plan so bold to one who openly dedicates his life to the establishment of a republic?

CONWAY: My dear Jennings: some day you will learn that what a statesman

says in public—and what he thinks in private are often two distinctly different things.

VOICE: He seemed sincere, sir.

CONWAY: I seemed sincere, too. I fought shoulder to shoulder with Washington against the British. It is possible that our opinions coincide now that the battle is over.

JENNINGS: You are right when you say Washington is the only candidate who can succeed. But I'm not taking the risk of proposing that he lead our Monarchist cause. I might find myself in chains.

VOICE: Conway—he was your choice.

CONWAY: I am not afraid. I shall ride to Mount Vernon immediately. Remember, gentlemen, this must remain a secret with all of us.

VOICE: You can trust us, sir.

JENNINGS: Plead well our cause, Conway. Talk carefully, though—above all else.

CONWAY: If I fail, the monarchy fails. I know that. One last toast, then, gentlemen: to his uncrowned majesty: King of a New World!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

CONWAY *with great force*: General Washington, I warn you that this offer cannot be extended to you indefinitely!

WASHINGTON *angrily*: You warn me! Mr. Conway, what you propose would be treason in any corner of the earth.

CONWAY: And who would prosecute me here? The independent colony of Massachusetts because I have fought to free her from the yoke of England's despotic taxation? The independent colony of Virginia because I have helped her find new markets for her tobacco?

WASHINGTON: You make your proposition appear very convincing, sir. There is only one betrayal of your cause . . .

CONWAY: And that is?

WASHINGTON: Yourself. It is true that you have fought hard for America's independence. I needed you badly at Trenton—and you did not fail me then. The colonies need you now, Conway, not each individually, but each as a part of a united nation—but it is plain that your ideals of government are different from theirs.

CONWAY: And what, may I ask, is this so-called ideal of theirs?

WASHINGTON: Freedom!

CONWAY: An empty word, a theoretic goal, a pretty picture, but no more. Are not Englishmen free? Yet England has a King.

WASHINGTON: And you propose that freedom over here can be achieved through loyalty to a monarch native to his soil?

CONWAY: Exactly. And in behalf of those best qualified to know what the colonies need now I come to you to ask that you accept this trust, and be proclaimed our king.

WASHINGTON: You have made yourself explicit beyond any doubt. My answer now is the same as it was always . . . No.

CONWAY: You doubt my backing?

WASHINGTON: On the contrary, my dear Conway. I feel that you have purposely understated the strength of your proponents through prudent cautiousness. I believe that Vergennes, blinded to the aims of those who have fought for independence, has proposed a subsidy from France for the establishment of a throne on this side of the Atlantic. I believe that your advocates of despotism are sincere in your belief that we are incapable of governing ourselves on bases of liberty and equality. But, despite your honest presentation—I know that you are wrong.

CONWAY: Yours is but the opinion of a single person, sir.

WASHINGTON: That remains to be seen.

CONWAY: You mean that you will punish us who propose the monarchy?

WASHINGTON: No, Conway. This interview, so far as I am concerned, will be forgotten the moment you leave. After all, some might even consider it an honor to be asked to be a king.

CONWAY: You were the unanimous choice of all who were present.

WASHINGTON: I appreciate the compliment—but resent the fact that those people felt even for a moment that I would be sympathetic.

CONWAY *suggestively*: Because a certain King George I is chary of his backers?

WASHINGTON: Because George Washington, the citizen, would destroy any man who sought to destroy the world's first true democracy!

CONWAY: Strong language, General.

WASHINGTON: Not half so strong as I would use at any other time. The unexpectedness of this plan of yours has shocked me beyond the bounds of ordinary expression.

CONWAY: You have offered me no reason for your flat refusal.

WASHINGTON: To me, no further explanation is necessary. But you have ridden far to speak with me, and you are in my home. There are some things, Conway, that you do not understand. One of those is the right to walk about this country owing allegiance to no one—save to God, and to the brotherhood of man.

CONWAY: Frankly, General, such a thought is not particularly inspiring to me.

WASHINGTON: This is because you have never known what it is to pray for freedom of conscience. You came direct from Ireland to fight on the side of the underdog. You took the part of the Massachusetts soldiers because you resented England's unfair treatment of the colonists. But those soldiers who were fighting with you were not opposing one enemy, but every enemy, country, or individual who stood in the way of a true democratic way of life. You said a moment ago that you were here on behalf of those best qualified to know what the colonies need. You have been misguided, sir. The colonists themselves are the only ones who are the judges of that.

CONWAY: It is futile, then, to count you in on any plan as I proposed?

WASHINGTON: More than just "futile"—preposterous! In fact, I shall gladly offer my life to prevent a monarchy establishing itself upon the colonies; just as I have risked my life to free ourselves from the yoke of that very form

of government. You came today to ask me to be your king. It is only fair to warn you as you leave that I shall be your bitterest enemy if you persist in this undertaking.

CONWAY: Goodbye, sir. (*Gently*) Will you shake my hand before I go? After all, we have fought side by side—even if we urge a different cause now that the battle is over.

WASHINGTON: Here is my hand. I have two greater friends than you—friendship for my country and my love for the common man.

MUSIC: *Piano softly plays few bars of "America"*

MARTHA: George, dear, you seem troubled.

WASHINGTON: Just problems, Martha, big and small.

MARTHA: But problems are made to be solved and my husband is the man to solve them.

WASHINGTON: Thank you. What would I do without you and your faith to encourage me?

MARTHA: Ah, you would probably make your wise decisions even quicker!

WASHINGTON: A modest answer indeed coming from the real chief of staff of the American Army! What a pity they don't properly decorate generals' wives who invariably suggest the manoeuvre to their husbands which wins the war.

MARTHA: Honestly, George, if you tell me once more that my presence at Yorktown had anything to do with winning the War for Independence, I'll . . . I'll . . .

WASHINGTON: You'll declare this verandah a no man's land and refuse to serve so much as a single cookie!

MARTHA: Hungry again! You soldiers never get enough to eat.

WASHINGTON: We still can't believe that there is such a thing as all the food we want—thanks to Valley Forge and those terrible winters.

MARTHA: As a matter of fact, I'm preparing chocolate now and will serve it here on the verandah near the lawn. I have not forgotten that the Marquis de Lafayette will be here this afternoon. And when my two favorite eaters go into action I can but call out the reserves.

WASHINGTON: And here is Lafayette, himself. On time as usual, my dear Marquis!

LAFAYETTE: How do you do, Madame Washington. It is good to see you once again, Monsieur. What a beautiful meeting place here where the curved green lawn comes up to the front of the house!

MARTHA: Thank you, Marquis. I hope that you will remember the happy hours that we have shared with you here at Mount Vernon when you return to your native country.

LAFAYETTE: There will be no trouble remembering. It will be hard to forget this warm hospitality, this love of real friends, when I am so far away and filled with sadness for the sight of you again.

WASHINGTON: Then you must go after all?

LAFAYETTE: Yes. Our battle is won. I must return to France where I may help in promoting continued good will between my country and yours.

MARTHA: I'll have something for you to eat, in a moment, gentlemen. Excuse me, please.

LAFAYETTE: Certainly, Madame. You look troubled George, has something happened?

WASHINGTON: I have just had another proposition from the monarchist group I told you about.

LAFAYETTE: And?

WASHINGTON: And I am more in love with freedom than ever!

LAFAYETTE: Good! The monarchist know that they can never succeed without you.

WASHINGTON: And I have made it plain that I will do everything in my power to oppose them.

LAFAYETTE: And you will, too. Still the same man with the same ideal.

WASHINGTON: And still the same stumbling blocks to overcome. Tell me, Marquis, are the conquests of peace more difficult than the conquests of war?

LAFAYETTE: Perhaps what you call "peace" is merely another battlefield against a new kind of enemy?

WASHINGTON: Well said. The fight with gunpowder and starving troops is over now. But the greater fight of spirit and

determination and starving commerce has just begun. (*Gently*) I hate to see you go, my friend. You have always been a good and true confidant.

LAFAYETTE: And I would like to stay and see those colonies build themselves into a Union. They will, George. They will if men like you will help show them the way. You have given of your energy and your fortune—now you must give from your experience and your ideals. The reward is meagre when one considers the personal sacrifices. But rewards mean nothing to you. Only a general of freedom would refuse what you have refused in the way of compensation.

WASHINGTON: You have heard of Congress' offer?

LAFAYETTE: Yes . . . Ten thousand acres of rich land and fifty thousand dollars as part payment for your successful leadership in the War. They were very surprised at your blunt refusal—but I wasn't. Money or land are physical mediums—your price is spiritual independence.

WASHINGTON: It is the soldiers who fought and died and are still in such dire want who deserve the money—not I. I have enough to last Martha and me comfortably. I need nothing more.

LAFAYETTE: You speak as a man who has retired forever.

WASHINGTON: I have begun to think it is better that way. Perhaps all of the colonists feel that I have dreams of kingly power.

LAFAYETTE: Do not say that. It is not so.

WASHINGTON: This man today doubted my motives. Others may not be so bold as to speak, but may think the same way. It is better to retire than to be distrusted by the countrymen you seek to aid.

MARTHA: Here's a bite to eat and a bit of chocolate to drink. May I join you?

LAFAYETTE: By all means, Madame. In order to appreciate fully the beauty of this scene a woman must be present to add the final touch.

MARTHA *laughing*: Oh, Marquis, what will I ever do when you have left our shores? Your compliments are so satisfying to a woman's vanity! The ladies of Paris will be glad to hear of your return, I'll wager.

WASHINGTON: Well put, my dear . . . This chocolate is really delicious.

MARTHA: I must confess now that I like it better than I do tea—but it took a colonial boycott and a great deal of boiled milk to prove it to me.

LAFAYETTE: The women of France could learn much from you Americans. You have given up your tea and woollens and many other things to which you were accustomed in order to help your cause.

WASHINGTON: And the King is still roaring at our wives' audacity!

LAFAYETTE *seriously*: Let me look at you both well. It will be a long time before we chat again.

MARTHA: I can't keep a secret, George dear. I simply must tell Lafayette of your present.

LAFAYETTE: Present?

MARTHA: Yes. George is sitting for a portrait just for you. He will send it to Paris as soon as it's finished.

LAFAYETTE: Believe me—I am honored.

WASHINGTON: Small enough tribute to a friendship that has always inspired me.

MARTHA: Gilbert Stuart is painting it—and oh, if you could see the patient squirm you'd wonder how the artists ever capture that Washington likeness!

WASHINGTON: To tell you the truth, I'm not much of a "sitter."

LAFAYETTE: It is a compliment, indeed, that you undergo such torture for a picture you intend giving to me.

WASHINGTON: You ask nothing more for a remembrance than our friendship itself. I hope that when you look at Mr. Stuart's work you will think of it in terms of friendship. I'd like to have a smiling portrait painted for you because I've laughed more in your presence than any other person's—but these teeth of mine leave me no alternative.

MARTHA: George rebels against that grim looking expression that comes from his set jaw.

LAFAYETTE: To me, the eyes will speak and they alone will remind me of Valley Forge and Yorktown and moments that were dark as well as moments of victory.

WASHINGTON *suddenly*: I wonder if we shall ever see each other again?

LAFAYETTE: Of course we shall. You and your wife will tire of empire building

one of these days and leave the leadership to less competent hands while you come to France to visit me.

MARTHA: France! It seems as though France is in a different world. Why, Ohio is on this side of the water, and it is a journey of weeks' duration!

LAFAYETTE: Ohio is but a wilderness while France (*sighs*) ah, I guess I am a bit homesick at that.

WASHINGTON: I often asked myself as our carriages separated whether that was the last sight I should ever have of Lafayette. And though I wished to say no, my fears answered yes. And now—this present separation seems so—final.

LAFAYETTE: Nonsense. You speak like a man of eighty when in reality you are still young and strong enough to fight all over again!

MARTHA: And possessed of a good appetite, too. Don't forget that! If I hadn't served you two so often I'd feel quite flattered at the way you eat my cookies.

WASHINGTON: I protest.

LAFAYETTE: I second the motion.

WASHINGTON: We'll compromise with Martha's modesty by allowing her to pour us a second cup of chocolate!

LAFAYETTE: Encore!

MARTHA *good naturedly*: You men!

WASHINGTON: You said a moment ago that I was young. I'm fifty-two, you know, and I am of a short-lived family, as I have told you. No, Marquis, I feel as though I'm looking towards the sunset now—and after that, the dark.

LAFAYETTE: Old in years, perhaps. Old in experience, yes. But George Washington is still young in the service of his country. Your work has not ended on the battlefield, my friend. You must lead the way in framing a set of laws for your countrymen to govern themselves by. You who dream of establishing contacts with the states to the Northwest, must devote your energy to showing how it can be done.

MARTHA: You paint a picture filled with much work and worry.

LAFAYETTE: Work and worry. Such is the price of vision and hope. Some men can stand but little responsibility and their power to shoulder cares and burdens is limited. Others seem to have been born for work, Martha, and born for

worry, too. I'm afraid you belong to this latter group, George. Now that you have shown your people this capacity they will never cease depending upon you when the skies are dark.

WASHINGTON: Be careful you two, or you'll be turning my head.

LAFAYETTE: Congress has already tried that with its well-meaning gesture of compensation and Congress has learned that your head is turned in one direction . . . straight ahead . . . towards the future of America!

MUSIC: *Piano Plays "America" softly from now to end of scene*

WASHINGTON *excitedly—as one inspired*: Then tell me truthfully before you leave, Monsieur Lafayette—is there a future worth fighting for? Is there hope for a single America—and not a lot of independent states?

LAFAYETTE: There is hope if you are willing to fight for a United State—as you were for a free State.

WASHINGTON: With all my heart and soul. With my life itself! The Constitutional Convention meets soon. I had thought it best to let others do the work—that the people were tired of me and thought I wanted too much power for myself.

LAFAYETTE: What those few might think is unimportant. Your greatest friends will be the common men and women, people who don't even know you personally.

MARTHA: They write to him every day. Hundreds of them.

LAFAYETTE: They will suffer if you leave the battle now.

WASHINGTON: There is so much to be done: tariffs, foreign representation, waterways, banks—unity. Half-dreams—half-ideals, but each and every one capable of being reality. America is rich and crying for development. It needs loyal friends like you, Marquis, to keep our foreign neighbors on good terms with us while we are growing up.

MARTHA: And it needs strong men like you, George, to help it find itself.

LAFAYETTE: Your work has just begun, my friend. It will be a long task. You, your children, your children's children may never see the goal you seek. But some day some future generation will

be grateful for your work. They will remember you and what you've done long after we are forgotten.

WASHINGTON: The hope that what you speak is true is enough for me to carry on the struggle just begun. Pray God, dear Martha, that we may write our

friend when he is gone and say: "Beloved Lafayette, the colonies are one at last. Your words have served as prophecy as well as inspiration. Our country is free and young and hard at work. America is on its way!"

Music: *Up and out*

THE DEVIL'S FLOWER

A MYSTERY PLAY

By FRANK CUNNINGHAM

ANNOUNCER: Nestled in the Virginia hills, Dominion College is cut off from the swiftness and speed of the outside world. A slow, easy life is enjoyed by the students of Dominion who after classes stroll leisurely along the brick walks in the shade of white columned homes or aged trees. Yet into that sequestered existence came . . .

SOUND: *Woman's screams above musical background*

ANNOUNCER: Came The Devil's Flower!
MUSIC: *Continue music for a few seconds—then fade it*

SOUND: *Knocking on a door*

BLAKEMORE: Come in. Come in the office.
SOUND: *Door opening—closing*

BLAKEMORE: Oh, hello, Martin, hello, Watson.

MARTIN: Good afternoon, Professor Blakemore.

WATSON: Hello, Professor.

BLAKEMORE: You, gentlemen, know Professor Hergmeyer, of course.

MARTIN: Yes, indeed, how do you do, Professor Hergmeyer.

HERGMEYER *gruffly*: Afternoon, Martin McCready. Rather flushed aren't you? Run up the steps to Professor Blakemore's office?

MARTIN: Well, matter of fact, I did.

HERGMEYER: Not at all dignified for a college editor.

WATSON: That's right, I'm supposed to be the speed merchant.

HERGMEYER: And you, Bill Watson. You should confine your running to the gridiron—and save your thinking for the classrooms!

BLAKEMORE *lightly*: Now, now, gentlemen. I dare say, Doctor Hergmeyer, that Bill Watson combines running and thinking when he hits the line for Dominion. He's not such a bad English student either.

WATSON: Thanks, Professor.

HERGMEYER: I have no time to indulge in idle conversation. If you men want something of Professor Blakemore please, then, have the courtesy to speak up.

MARTIN: I'm sorry, sir. Bill and I just came up to see how we made out on that Chaucer exam Professor Blakemore gave us last week.

HERGMEYER: Running to get examination marks. Such childishness. Professor Blakemore will find your company satisfying without my presence.

BLAKEMORE: You don't need to . . .

HERGMEYER: And, Professor Blakemore, you will have your lecture on the Poesque school of the short story ready immediately. Good day.

BLAKEMORE: Yes, Doctor, good day.

SOUND: *Door opening—closing*

MARTIN: What a charming fellow. He'd probably like to feed Snow White to Frankenstein.

BLAKEMORE: Oh, well, he's brilliant . . .

MARTIN: Sure, on paper.

BLAKEMORE: And speaking of paper, Martin, you got an A minus on the exam.

WATSON *a bit weakly*: And I got . . .

BLAKEMORE: You? You got a C plus.

WATSON: Whew—not bad for a football player.

BLAKEMORE: Now that the good doctor has departed, tell me what rushed you men into my office. I know it wasn't about grades.

MARTIN: Thanks for the grades, anyway. No, Professor, it was something more important than marks.

WATSON: That's if you think murder is more important!

BLAKEMORE: Oh—so it's the Tom King murder.

MARTIN: Professor Blakemore, we think you can help us solve this murder. Last night, as you know, Tom King was found at the south end of the stadium wall—shot.

BLAKEMORE: A bit of irony in that, Martin, don't you think so?

MARTIN: Yes, when our star back gets shot three days before the state championship game, there's something fishy about it.

BLAKEMORE: Mr. Martin McCready, you astound me. You don't think that such a thing as killing the star football player would ever be carried out by our opponents. That's absurd.

MARTIN: I suppose it is, if I were right they'd kill Bill here, too.

WATSON: Just a minute, Martin, one murder's enough at a time. I'll keep myself out of this mess. After all, your hunch is as wild as a girl sophomore.

BLAKEMORE: Yes, Martin, there wouldn't be any reason for such a killing, therefore we will eliminate the angle that Tom King was murdered so that we'd lose the game Saturday.

MARTIN: O.K., Professor, you're the doctor.

BLAKEMORE: After all, gentlemen, things like that only happen in stories and movies. What we do have to find out is, who are King's enemies?

WATSON: That eliminates me, Doctor.

BLAKEMORE: All right, Watson. Now what about you, McCready?

MARTIN: Of course, I had my tilts with King, especially about some of the things that I wrote criticizing him in the paper, but that was nothing.

BLAKEMORE: No, no, of course not.

MARTIN: Your turn now, Professor Blakemore.

BLAKEMORE: Well, gentlemen, I say not guilty, so that eliminates three suspects for the murder. Now as the French would say, where's the woman?

MARTIN: Listen, Professor, we brought this problem up to you because you are a friend of ours and because you are alleged to have about as liberal a supply of brains as anyone on the faculty.

WATSON: And what happens?

MARTIN: You ask us to name the answers.

BLAKEMORE: Gentlemen, you must not be impatient. I thank you for the compliment about being above the average intelligence of the Dominion faculty,

but I assure you my detective powers would not make me a character for a mystery novel.

MARTIN: Well, let's get on with the yarn. What next?

BLAKEMORE: Remember, I asked you where was the woman in this case. Consider first the fact that on the body of the slain grid star was a bit of paper with *The Devil's Flower* written on it. Would a man write such a note? Probably not.

WATSON: And it makes about as much sense as the ordinary note a woman writes.

BLAKEMORE: That is considerably off the subject, Watson, although the point was quite something to ponder about. Now the . . .

WATSON: The woman?

MARTIN: That's what you were going to say?

BLAKEMORE: Yes, we might look at that angle for some leads.

MARTIN: All right, professor, what's up?

BLAKEMORE: With whom did Tom King go?

WATSON: Donna Richards?

BLAKEMORE: Donna Richards? Oh, yes, the right pretty girl who's from Maryland. Blue eyes, rather blonde hair?

MARTIN: No, no, she's got brown eyes and is a gorgeous brunette.

BLAKEMORE: Sure, sure enough, Martin, I got my dates mixed. I was thinking about Peg Edwards, she's the blonde.

MARTIN: Donna lives in a private home on Elm Street; Dr. Moore's house. As the doctor has been away most of the time, she's there alone.

BLAKEMORE: You know plenty about this Donna Richards, Martin.

MARTIN: Well, Professor, I do. You see I'm pretty keen on her myself and . . .

BLAKEMORE: And you killed Tom King because he was cutting you out! *(Laughs)* Don't look so funny, Martin, I was just having my fun.

MARTIN: Well, Professor, I never thought of it that way. After all, somebody might think I did it.

WATSON: You're right.

MARTIN: Listen, Professor, I wanted the girl and so did he, but it was a fair proposition.

WATSON: And all's fair in love and . . .

BLAKEMORE: Football!

WATSON: Now that involves me. With King out of the picture, I'd be Dominion's best player. The sports writers would give me the publicity then.

BLAKEMORE: Say, you fellows are too jumpy. Naturally, I realize that when murder thrusts itself upon this peaceful college campus, that it is hard on everybody's nerves.

WATSON: Yeah, that murderer might strike again.

BLAKEMORE: Both of you men have some reason for killing King that a publicity seeking policeman might dig up.

WATSON: But Pro . . .

BLAKEMORE: You would not kill a man over a football game or a girl, I know you that well.

MARTIN: Then what do you think about the murder?

BLAKEMORE: I think I have a very good idea of who killed Tom King . . .
(Pause) and don't mention it to anyone but his name is . . .

SOUND: *Knocking on door*

BLAKEMORE: Drat it, there's someone to see me. (Calls) Just a moment and you may come in.

WATSON: Professor who do you think killed . . .

BLAKEMORE *loudly*: I am grateful for your discussion of the relative merits of the lyrical poets as compared to the writers of the present day. I'm sorry that the discussion must be broken off, but there is someone to see me.

MARTIN *softly*: What's the idea, Professor?

BLAKEMORE: You asked me about your mark on that last paper, Mr. McCready, the one on the dramatic monologues of Browning. It was a most excellent paper, and you got a B plus.

MARTIN: Thanks, Dr. Blakemore, I'll shoot for an A next time.

BLAKEMORE: Here are a few notes I made on your theme. Look them over and if you follow the suggestions made perhaps you'll make . . .

WATSON: Make a C on his next paper.

BLAKEMORE *laughs*: No, he might make an A minus. That's something you've never done Mr. Watson.

WATSON: Well, Professor, while there's life there's hope—for a passing average.

MARTIN: Thanks for the grade, Professor, I'll shoot at an A next time.

BLAKEMORE: Good afternoon, gentlemen. Drop around to my office again. I enjoy talking to the students.

SOUND: *Door opening*

BLAKEMORE: Come in, I can see you now.

PEG: Hello, Professor.

SOUND: *Door closing*

BLAKEMORE: Well, hello, Miss Edwards, what's troubling you this afternoon? Want some help on that theme, I suppose. All right, I'll do my best. Always like to help the students out.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

DONNA: This is all so terrible, Martin. You don't think the police will let the murderer escape, do you?

MARTIN: Well, that's putting it most optimistically, dear. I don't think the police will catch the murderer if my frank opinion is what you want, Donna. Maybe Bill Watson will have some news when he gets here.

DONNA: And Professor Blakemore should be here any minute, too.

MARTIN: It was a clever idea Blakemore had to have us meet at your house. With all of us together we might be able to thrash out some clues that will lead somewhere.

DONNA: The Professor's a darling to help us out on this.

MARTIN: I don't know about that darling stuff, but Blakemore's a good egg. He has an idea who killed Tom and he would have told us this afternoon if Peg Edwards hadn't come up to his office.

DONNA: Peg Edwards at his office this afternoon?

MARTIN: Yes, that blonde seems to have a crush on him. Such is the life of a young professor, I suppose.

DONNA: Does he like her?

MARTIN: Who could help but get a bit jittery when she throws those big blue lamps of hers on you.

DONNA: Well, I don't like her.

MARTIN: This little co-ed feud has nothing to do with the case. (*Sings huskily*) "The flowers that bloom in the spring—tra la, have nothing to do with the case, tra la."

DONNA: Don't you ever criticize the glee club after the way you sing, Martin. (*Pause*) Isn't it about time Bill was getting here?

MARTIN: Yes, it is. I didn't come with him as his fraternity house is too far away.

- I just told him I'd meet him here at nine thirty. I guess the Professor will be along at any minute.
- DONNA: Well, I can't tell anything about the murder. After all, there are so many things about it to . . .
- SOUND: *Knocking on the door*
- DONNA: Must be one of them now.
- MARTIN: Keep your seat, I'll open the door.
- SOUND: *Walking across room—door opening*
- MARTIN: Good evening, Professor, come right in.
- BLAKEMORE: Thanks, Martin, thanks, see you beat me here.
- MARTIN: Well, I always was a hound for speed.
- BLAKEMORE: I'll just put my topcoat over the chair here.
- DONNA: Hello, Professor.
- MARTIN: Professor Blakemore, you know Miss Donna Richards, don't you?
- BLAKEMORE: Yes, indeed, good evening Miss Richards.
- DONNA: How do you do, Professor! Glad to see you.
- BLAKEMORE: I hope you didn't think me intruding, but I thought your house the best place to get together about this tragedy that has so stunned the campus.
- DONNA: That's all right. Dr. Moore isn't home but he wouldn't mind, I know. I have a lot of visitors, Professor.
- BLAKEMORE: How nice. (*Pause*) Comfortable chair here.
- MARTIN: Well, Professor, what were you going to say when Miss Edwards broke up our afternoon meeting?
- DONNA: Nice little breaker-upper, that blonde girl. Still somewhat attractive, isn't she, Professor?
- BLAKEMORE: Yes, right pretty girl, Peg—that is, Miss Edwards.
- MARTIN: Professor, let's not get Donna started on the subject of Miss Edwards. The discussion might take turns that we can't use in our present problem.
- BLAKEMORE: I'm sure we can leave her out. Now as to the discussion of the afternoon—where's Watson, in the kitchen?
- MARTIN: He hasn't come yet, Professor. You know he's slow everywhere but on the football field.
- BLAKEMORE: That's true, but I'd like him here before I explain what I think is the solution to the case.
- MARTIN: Well, we can wait a little longer if you want to, Professor.
- DONNA: Let's go ahead. Bill's probably worn out from practice this afternoon, anyway.
- MARTIN: He'll have to carry the burden of our attack Saturday.
- BLAKEMORE: If you wish, I'll proceed. Now what I am going to say will doubtless shock you. I am somewhat convinced that the murderer of Tom King is—is . . .
- MARTIN: Go ahead and say it, Professor as long as it isn't yours truly . . .
- DONNA: Or me, Professor.
- BLAKEMORE: I think the murderer is Professor . . .
- MARTIN: Professor Hergmeyer.
- BLAKEMORE: So that's your idea!
- DONNA: I think you are way off the track. Both of you.
- BLAKEMORE: I wondered what effect my statement would have. Because Hergmeyer is head of the English department here, no one has openly suspected him.
- MARTIN: There is a reason Hergmeyer would kill Tom King.
- BLAKEMORE: What reason?
- MARTIN: I remember at the midterm examinations that it was announced that Tom King had flunked two English courses and because of that he would not be eligible to continue playing football.
- BLAKEMORE: That's right. One course I taught and one course Hergmeyer taught.
- MARTIN: There wasn't any love lost between King and Hergmeyer.
- BLAKEMORE: Well, King continued playing football, didn't he?
- DONNA: He certainly did. Football players should get some consideration from the faculty.
- BLAKEMORE: I raised his mark to a passing D, but Hergmeyer refused to raise his grade. With our allegedly strict athletic requirements, King couldn't have continued playing football for Dominion without passing all subjects.
- MARTIN: Then the rumor around the campus was true?
- BLAKEMORE: Yes. Pressure was brought to bear on Hergmeyer, but he refused to

raise King's grade. He claimed King had flunked by five or six points, and that it would be impossible to raise the grade. I knew, however, that King had failed by a mere half point.

DONNA: But Hergmeyer finally raised the grade.

BLAKEMORE: That's true, but only after a hot fight. The athletic director and the alumni secretary jumped on him. Even some of the faculty, as you may not know.

DONNA: After all, the difference in winning the Conference championship and being just another team rested mainly with King.

MARTIN: And if we won the championship it would mean a financially good season and then the chance to knock off some big money in a post season inter-sectional game. And Dominion could use the money.

BLAKEMORE: Right, Martin.

DONNA: I still don't see the connection.

BLAKEMORE: Here it is. Hergmeyer, who is too old-fashioned about his work brooded about being forced, under threats of being replaced, to raise King's grade.

MARTIN: He took it as a personal insult, I suppose.

DONNA: Yes, I guess Otto Hergmeyer is really of the old school.

BLAKEMORE: That's correct. King, although a right likable chap, wasn't a diplomat and on several occasions rubbed it into his professor. The old fellow who's a bit—shall I say balmy—was driven to distraction by his taunting.

MARTIN: As far as I know it was the first time a professor here has been forced to raise a grade. In fact this season is the first time since 1899 that we've had a great football team.

BLAKEMORE: I realize that this may seem an unusual reason for murder, Martin, but the doctor was so engrossed in his work that he knew nothing else.

MARTIN: But what proof have you, Professor?

BLAKEMORE: I have some, I think. In Hergmeyer's desk drawer I saw a pistol today and one shot had been fired. It was a .38—the same as the police say King was slain with.

DONNA: And what else have you, Professor?

BLAKEMORE: I have a note that Hergmeyer sent, or prepared to send King asking him to meet him at the stadium, but not to mention it to anyone. He apparently thought better of it, and left the note on his desk.

MARTIN: Well, that is rather tying the doctor in on it. I never liked the old duck; he was too hard and too unfriendly.

DONNA: Martin, if Hergmeyer killed Tom, he ought to hang for it.

BLAKEMORE: I think you're right, Miss Richards.

MARTIN: If he did it he must have picked the time when the football rally broke up. It would be easy to slip off to the stadium and in the noise made by the cheerers, a shot wouldn't be noticed.

BLAKEMORE: That's good logic, Martin.

MARTIN: Well, Professor, if you have the goods on Dr. Otto Hergmeyer, I guess we'd better tell the police about it.

BLAKEMORE: I think you're right, Martin. It would be the only thing and save the trouble of having to avert suspicion; especially since—well, since you and Tom loved the same girl.

MARTIN: As a matter of fact, Professor, I can't positively prove where I was right after the rally.

BLAKEMORE: That might make it bad for you. I didn't want to turn this in about Dr. Hergmeyer, but when you fellows came to me this afternoon I realized that in fairness to you, I had to let you know all about what had happened between King and the doctor. It appears that . . .

SOUND: *Knocking on door*

DONNA: There's Bill now. Later than usual and he'll want us to repeat the whole story to him.

BLAKEMORE: Well, it won't be too much trouble.

SOUND: *Door opening*

DONNA: Come on in. (Pause) Why, what's the matter?

MARTIN: Who's that at the door? Isn't it Bill?

DONNA: No, it's a policeman.

BLAKEMORE: Tell him to come on in.

SOUND: *Door closes*

POLICEMAN: I'm sorry to bother you, Miss, but I have something I want to tell Mr. McCready.

MARTIN: Tell me, go right ahead.

POLICEMAN: Well, Mr. McCready, I was down by your fraternity house to see if I couldn't find you and they told me there that you were at Dr. Moore's.

MARTIN: That's right, here I am. Why did you want to see me?

POLICEMAN: Well, sir, you see it's this way. It's that fellow who signs himself The Devil's Flower.

MARTIN: The Devil's Flower!

BLAKEMORE: Then you've caught him?

POLICEMAN: No, Professor, we haven't exactly caught him. You see, he's gone and murdered Bill Watson!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

BLAKEMORE: And that, Chief, is my story as I have told it to Mr. McCready and Miss Richards. We were waiting for Bill—that is, I mean Mr. Watson, when an officer brought us the news of the fiendish murder.

MARTIN: It looks as if Dr. Hergmeyer committed the first murder. There is a motive for that.

DONNA: Yes, just an old man driven mad with an overpowering desire to kill someone he imagined had done him great wrong.

CHIEF: Well, folks, as chief of police, I sent for Dr. Hergmeyer just after you started your story, Mr. Blakemore.

BLAKEMORE: Then he should be here soon, chief.

CHIEF: Any minute. If he confesses to the killings then the rest will be easy.

MARTIN: But I don't see why he killed Bill, too?

DONNA: There isn't any connection between the murders.

BLAKEMORE: That's right, Miss Richards, there isn't any connection except that . . .

MARTIN: Except what, Professor?

BLAKEMORE: Except that . . . Well, it's the same idea that I brought up in jest this afternoon when we met.

MARTIN: The idea about the woman?

DONNA: The woman?

BLAKEMORE: Oh no, not that one in this murder. The one about the football game. Tom King was Dominion's best back and somebody killed him.

MARTIN: And Bill Watson was the next best player and now he's dead.

CHIEF: Looks like the boys will have a tough time winning the game Saturday.

MARTIN: It'll be a sure loss for us.

BLAKEMORE: That's just it. Dominion can't possibly win with her two stars out. That's the tieup.

MARTIN: You mean somebody killed Tom and Bill so Dominion would lose?

BLAKEMORE: That's why someone killed Bill after Tom's death.

MARTIN: But you said this afternoon that such things only happen in movies and fiction.

BLAKEMORE: But mind you, truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. It's an old saying but a good one.

CHIEF: We've tried to get some line on the killing of both people but we haven't yet. It's after midnight now and I don't want to hold you people here at Dr. Moore's any longer.

MARTIN: Thanks, Chief.

CHIEF: As a matter of fact, one of you might have committed the murders. It looks mighty suspicious for you, McCready. A man'll do most anything over a girl.

BLAKEMORE: I think we'll be able to clear McCready, all right, still . . .

CHIEF: And what about Miss Richards? Did she know about . . .

SOUND: *Knocking on door*

DONNA: Know about what, Chief?

CHIEF: Open the door, and forget about it, Miss Richards.

DONNA: Well, I . . .

SOUND: *Knocking continues*

CHIEF: Open the door!

SOUND: *Door opens—howling of wind outside*

DONNA: Good evening, Professor Hergmeyer.

SOUND: *Door closes—shutting out howl of wind*

HERGMAYER: Well, it's not a good evening to anyone. What's all this rumpus about anyway? Getting a man out of his bed at this hour. It's damnable nonsense.

CHIEF: It was necessary, Professor.

HERGMAYER: What're you doing here, Professor Blakemore, playing parlor games?

BLAKEMORE: I'm sorry, Dr. Hergmeyer, but we have been trying to work out the murder of Tom King.

HERGMAYER: Humph! Wasting your time!

CHIEF: I would like to ask you some questions, Professor Hergmeyer, and I must warn you that anything you say will be used against you.

HERGMAYER: What do I care?

CHIEF: Professor Hergmeyer, did you have any unfriendly feeling toward Tom King?

HERGMEYER: I despised him. He practically ruined my career.

CHIEF: Then you admit you had a reason for killing Tom King?

HERGMEYER: I think Tom King caused me great anguish.

CHIEF: Dr. Hergmeyer, did you kill King?

HERGMEYER: I refuse to answer such a question.

BLAKEMORE: Dr. Hergmeyer, this is rather embarrassing, but it seems that I found a note written by you to King . . .

HERGMEYER: Note? (Pause) I remember. I asked him to meet me at the stadium the night he was murdered.

MARTIN: And you deny killing King?

HERGMEYER: I never sent any such note to King although it is true I wrote the note, as I wanted to warn him privately about missing classes.

CHIEF: Also, Dr. Hergmeyer, a .38 with one bullet fired was found in your desk.

DONNA: And that was the same type gun as Tom was killed with.

HERGMEYER: This is indeed most . . .

CHIEF: Hergmeyer, are you *The Devil's Flower*?

HERGMEYER: *The Devil's Flower*? You mean did I sign those death notes?

CHIEF: That's what I mean.

HERGMEYER: I did not.

CHIEF: Well, folks, this complicates matters. I understand that neither Dr. Hergmeyer nor Mr. McCready can prove exactly where he was at the time of the murder. I'll have to take them down to the station and hold them.

BLAKEMORE: Well, Chief, maybe my hunch about Dr. Hergmeyer was wrong. Yet I can't believe that Martin or Miss Richards is *The Devil's Flower*.

CHIEF: While we're at it, Professor, just what is *The Devil's Flower*?

BLAKEMORE: Oh . . . it's just an expression, I suppose.

CHIEF: Well, folks, come on down to the station. All of you might as well go along and keep the others company.

DONNA: I don't see why I should have to go.

MARTIN: Just a minute, Chief, I know what *The Devil's Flower* is.

CHIEF: O.K., tell us.

MARTIN: It isn't just an expression. It is an insect that looks like a flower. Its

appearance fools other insects and when they approach *The Devil's Flower*, little realizing the deception, they are killed by it.

BLAKEMORE: Then I was wrong about the meaning of it. Nothing to do with what I thought.

CHIEF: McCready, that's a damaging admission you just made. Why should you know the meaning?

MARTIN: I happened to look it up this afternoon when I ran across the phrase in a biology book.

CHIEF: That's not a likely story. You knew that before King was killed!

DONNA: Martin, you didn't kill Tom King, I . . .

MARTIN: Looks like I'm getting into deep water.

CHIEF: It's going to be over your head soon. All of you get your coats on. I'll furnish the ride downtown.

SOUND: *Knocking on door—hard—vigorous*

CHIEF: I wonder who that is?

DONNA calls: Come on in. Things can't get any worse.

SOUND: *Door opening—then slammed*

DONNA: Well, my old friend!

MARTIN: What do you want, Peg?

PEG: I want to . . .

CHIEF: Who's this girl?

MARTIN: This is Miss Peg Edwards, a student at Dominion.

CHIEF: Miss Edwards, did you kill the . . .

PEG: Stop that questioning, Chief. I wouldn't tell you if I had killed Tom King. (Pause) Oh, this is a gathering, hello, Professor Hergmeyer, and Professor Blakemore.

BLAKEMORE: Good evening, Miss Edwards. Anything the trouble?

PEG: Plenty and . . .

CHIEF: I'm sorry, Miss Edwards, but we're very busy and I'd prefer you taking your troubles elsewhere for the moment. You see, I'm carrying this little group downtown and I don't think you'd like to go along.

PEG: Maybe I would and maybe I wouldn't. Which one of these good people put the bullets into Tom King and Bill Watson?

CHIEF: That I can't say.

PEG: Was it Dr. Hergmeyer?

HERGMEYER: Since when did you become a police questioner, Miss Edwards?

PEG: You're a pleasant sort of man, aren't you?

CHIEF: It might have been Professor Hergmeyer. It might have been Martin McCready. It might have been Miss Richards. (*Pause*) It might have been Blakemore. It might have been you, Miss Edwards. It might also have . . .

PEG: That's enough, Chief. Don't go any further, you've named the killer.

CHIEF: What!

MARTIN: You're joking.

PEG: I know who killed the men!

DONNA: Then you must have killed them yourself.

PEG: I did not kill them. The killer is . . .

SOUND: *Crash of glass*

DONNA *screams*: Somebody jumped through the window.

SOUND: *Two shots ring out*

CHIEF: The fool didn't realize that I had a man watching outside. Not always are the small town police dummies.

PEG: Then you've killed him! Killed him!

MARTIN: Yes, I see his body's lying on the lawn. (*Pause*) Of all people, why did Blakemore kill two students.

DONNA: Maybe Peg Richards can tell you.

PEG: Possibly, the beginning should be made by Miss Richards, herself.

MARTIN: You, Donna?

DONNA: Yes, I guess so. You see Professor Blakemore had been coming to see me secretly.

PEG: He gave me the air for this girl.

MARTIN: Why didn't you tell us sooner, Donna?

DONNA: I didn't want you to know about my affairs with Blakemore.

CHIEF: But what about Hergmeyer?

HERGMEYER: Please don't bother about me, Chief.

PEG: Blakemore wanted to be head of the department and with Hergmeyer out of the way he would get the place. He thought he could cast enough suspicion on Hergmeyer to force him to resign if nothing else.

MARTIN: Perhaps I can tell something too. The note was real, I don't doubt that, but the gun was planted, I'm sure as there were no fingerprints on it.

CHIEF: I wasn't as suspicious of Martin McCready as I appeared. I knew he hadn't killed anyone, but I wanted to make sure who had. That was what

was worrying me, after I found the gun, which Martin slipped out of Hergmeyer's office, had no fingerprints on it.

MARTIN: But I can't see why Blakemore would kill two football players just to cast suspicion on Hergmeyer. Of course, he may have killed Tom because he was going with Donna here. Then suspicion would be cast on me. With my reputation endangered, he would win over Donna.

DONNA: I never thought Blakemore would take things so far.

PEG: Neither did I. You see he promised me \$5,000 if I would keep quiet about what had taken place between us. He said the money would fix me up all right. I didn't dream he would commit murder to get it.

MARTIN: That's the tie in. He killed Tom and after that decided to really cripple the Dominion team so that we wouldn't have a chance at winning Saturday.

CHIEF: I learned just before I got here tonight that Blakemore had placed, through a subterfuge, another bet of \$2,000 against Dominion.

PEG: That was how he was going to get the money to pay me.

CHIEF: How were you, Miss Edwards, positive he killed the men?

PEG: I wasn't positive, but the more I thought about the murders, the more convinced I was that Blakemore did it. I realized what a scandal I might break about myself, but when I got here and saw you were apparently suspicious of the wrong people, I was going to tell all.

CHIEF: But why did he sign himself *The Devil's Flower*?

MARTIN: I think it's easy to see now why he signed himself by that term. He posed, just as the insect does, as a harmless friend, when after all, he was plotting our destruction.

DONNA: I guess everything is solved now.

MARTIN: But, Peg, you never could have proved that he was the murderer, could you?

PEG: No, I couldn't. I didn't actually know Blakemore was the killer but my assurance caused him to flee—he never realized that he alone would ever know that Professor Blakemore was *The Devil's Flower*!

MUSIC: *Theme*

THE LAST WORD

A DRAMA

By ANTHONY PATRICELLI

(Broadcast by the Guy Hedland Players over WTIC,
Hartford, Conn.)

JOHN *flat-toned, suppressed madness:*

Mad! That's what they call me . . .
Mad! I am in a small room. They've
taken everything out of the room and
left just the floor and walls . . . and
me. The fools—they think I'm mad, but
I know I am not mad. I am helpless
here. There is nobody who will help me
. . . nobody I can talk with . . . Mad
. . . yes . . . I will go mad if they keep
me in here any longer. Six months I
have been here . . . six months . . . 180
days . . . alone . . . with my thoughts
. . . and my past. That's why they've
put me in here . . . because of my past.
But if they only knew . . . if they
knew the truth . . . How long ago it
seems . . . when I was John Mercer,
and Irene was my wife . . . (Fade)

MUSIC: *Dance orchestra low in back-
ground—voices, etc.*

IRENE: John, dear, that pain is coming
back again. Let's go home. I can hardly
breathe.

JOHN: Yes, darling, of course . . . (Up)
. . . Waiter . . . (Fade)

SOUND: *Up car motor*

IRENE: John, dear, I wish you would find
a more competent doctor for me. Dr.
Blair seems nice enough, but he doesn't
seem to be helping me. Those pains
keep coming back. Are you sure that
he is the most expert man for my case?

JOHN: Yes, darling, he is. I've tried every-
one else. You know how much time I
have spent in trying to obtain the best
medical aid for you. Perhaps Dr. Blair
can find a remedy—a different tonic,
or . . .

IRENE: That's the way it has always been
. . . different medicine . . . different
tonic . . . different everything . . . but
nothing seems to be helping me . . .
John . . . I'm afraid—it's been two years
now—and I'm worse . . .

JOHN: Please, dear, have patience.

IRENE: Patience! You want me to have
patience when I'm slowly dying!
(Desperately) John . . . something
must be done to help me . . .

JOHN: Something will be done—must be
done . . . (Fade)

DR. BLAIR *coming in*: I have done every-
thing in my power to help your wife,
Mr. Mercer. There is nothing more I
can do.

JOHN *pleadingly*: But isn't there some-
thing you haven't tried . . . some new
medicine perhaps . . . or . . .

DR. BLAIR: Nothing—I may as well tell
you now, Mr. Mercer. Some foreign
agent in your wife's body is slowly kill-
ing her . . . wearing down her resist-
ance . . . There is nothing I, nor any-
one else, can do for her. She is dying,
and frankly, there is nothing the medi-
cal profession can do to save her. I am
sorry, Mr. Mercer . . . We can only
hope that the medicine we are giving her
will help her in her fight for life . . .
(Fade)

MUSIC: *Up and cut*

IRENE *weakly*: John . . . a glass of water
. . . my throat is burning.

JOHN *hastily*: Yes, darling.

IRENE: And the medicine . . . John . . .

JOHN: But you've taken it already . . . too
much may not be good for you.

IRENE: Please, John . . . the medicine.

JOHN: As you wish, darling.

IRENE: And please tell Henry to bring me a pen and some paper. There is something I must write before . . . I . . .

MUSIC: *Up full and cut*

JOHN *as before—flat-toned*: Irene died two days later. Nothing could save her. Dr. Blair did everything in his power, but it was futile. I couldn't stay in that big house of ours, alone. Everything I touched, everything I saw, reminded me of Irene. Her being permeated the entire house, and if I had stayed on after her death, I would have gone mad. I terminated my business affairs and went abroad for several months, but no matter where I went . . . Irene was there . . . following me . . . constantly hovering about me . . . I returned home. I knew then that I had to sell the house and everything in it . . . to forget our past and its memories . . . I put everything in the hands of an auctioneer. (*Fade*)

AUCTIONEER *in background*: And now, ladies and gentlemen—this beautiful table—of solid mahogany . . . (*Fade*)

1ST WOMAN: Oh . . . look . . . Doris . . . there's Mr. Mercer . . . standing beside the piano . . .

2ND WOMAN: He looks worn and old. He must have suffered much.

1ST WOMAN: Yes, poor man . . . he was very devoted to his wife. He was constantly at her side, and at parties and affairs, he never for a moment left her. You know how ill she was. Well . . . I remember once—at a dinner at a friend's home—John and Irene were there. Dinner was just about to be served and I saw John take a small bottle out of his pocket . . . (*Fade*)

JOHN *anxiously*: Here, dear, your medicine before you begin your dinner.

IRENE: Oh, John, must I take that awful stuff here . . . Can't I wait till we get home?

JOHN: You know what the doctor said . . . Here . . . I'll put some in a glass. No one will know . . . they'll think it's wine . . . it looks so much like it . . .

IRENE: But what will the people here think if they see you pouring out the medicine?

JOHN: I don't care what they'll think. I am only thinking of you. (*Fade*)

1ST WOMAN: Of course, we saw John pouring out the medicine . . . We

knew what it was all about. And all of us were so sorry for the two of them. They were such a devoted couple. John was like that. He didn't care a bit about what others thought just as long as Irene was comfortable.

2ND WOMAN: Look . . . the way his hands caress the piano—as if it were alive.

1ST WOMAN: That's just the way he would touch Irene's hair, too.

2ND WOMAN: Come, darling, there's our chance to bid for that lovely silver set. The auctioneer has it on the stand . . .

SOUND: *Auctioneer's voice up for few seconds—fade*

JOHN. Like fishwives they hunt bargains—the things Irene and I used—things that were part of our life together—even this piano—that, too, must go . . . The way they watched me. I saw them—pity in their eyes . . . (*Lower*) It's not pity I want—peace—quiet—that's what I want . . . (*Slower*) . . . How many times Irene sat at this piano and her fingers moved over these keys? Her long white fingers . . . I wonder what her thoughts were when she played her favorite song for me . . .

MUSIC: *Sneak in "Moonlight Sonata"—keep in background till end of scene*

JOHN: How beautiful her hair was with the light falling over it. And the way she would turn her head and look at me as she played—that queer smile creeping about her lips and up into her eyes . . . Here, on these very keys, she spoke to me. There was always something she kept hidden from me—something deep within her—hidden far down beneath her beauty—and sometimes the thought that she was hiding something from me—would almost drive me . . .

SOUND: *Crash piano keys in violent discord*

JOHN *shouting*: Get out!—All of you!—Get out!

AUCTIONEER: But, Mr. Mercer, there are still more items on this floor to be sold . . . and there's your wife's bedroom . . .

JOHN: Get out!—I said.—Get out! You vultures! Jackals! All of you . . . Get out!

SOUND: *Confused babbling*

AUCTIONEER: Yes, sir . . . perhaps at a later date.

JOHN: There'll be no later date. You're finished here. And you . . . who have

bought things . . . take them and get out!

MUSIC: *Up and out*

1ST WOMAN: Can you imagine? Getting 'thrown out'—almost literally . . . Why, I've never heard of it before.

2ND WOMAN: To think it should happen to me—just when I made a bid for that silver set.

1ST WOMAN: He must be going mad!

CHARLES: Oh fiddlesticks . . . John's still upset about Irene's death . . . He probably couldn't stand watching precious pieces of furniture that they used go out of the house . . .

1ST WOMAN: Charles, I tell you you should have seen the crazy look in his eyes . . . It was positively mad . . .

2ND WOMAN: Yes . . . that's just what it was . . . I really think he's going mad . . .

CHARLES: Rubbish . . . John's as sane as I . . .

2ND WOMAN: And you know . . . what else I've heard . . . that John Mercer goes to his wife's grave every night . . . He's been seen there . . . You can see her grave from the road . . . and one night . . . the Wylies were driving by and saw him . . . up there . . . alone . . . standing over his wife's grave . . .
(*Fade*)

SOUND: *Low whine of wind*

JOHN *low*: Deep in your grave, Irene . . . dead . . . cold . . . cold with death . . . no longer will your fingers make music . . . they're dead, too . . . all of you is dead . . . your lips . . . nose . . . your hair . . . and those eyes . . . dead . . .
(*Fade*)

MUSIC: *Up and fade into* . . .

1ST WOMAN: Charles . . . I tell you . . . John Mercer's going mad. I saw him on the street today . . . just as I was going into Perry's. His face . . . why—it was enough to scare one to death . . . Of course, I had the good grace to say "Hello." But he didn't even see me, although I'm quite sure he stared straight at me. The least he can do is to dress neatly . . .

CHARLES *heavily*: Yes . . . too bad . . . poor John . . . even his business is going to pot . . . I understand he is to close out everything . . . Clients are getting tired of the way he handles their affairs—too bad . . . John Mercer was a capable man . . . I wonder what

there can be about his wife's death . . . I mean . . . other than her death . . . that's been bothering him . . . Seems queer that a man like him should go to pieces . . .
(*Fade*)

JOHN *as before—slight restrained madness*: I knew what everybody was talking about—me . . . talking about me. I could see it in their faces . . . The way they looked at me—when they passed by . . . Mad . . . That's what they were saying . . . John Mercer's mad—his beautiful wife dead—his business going to ruin—living in that big house alone—except for butler . . . Oh—yes—I know what they're saying . . . John Mercer is going mad because his wife died. I've seen the cars going by the cemetery . . . I know the cars . . . Oh yes—I know—them . . . You would know them, too, Irene, if you weren't dead—if your eyes could see . . . The cars belong to our friends—yours and mine, Irene . . . The same friends who visited at our house . . . But now they don't visit any more, because you're dead and they think . . . I am mad.

MUSIC: *Up and face into* . . .

CHARLES: I think I'll go over and visit John Mercer. The poor chap looks as if he needs help from somebody, and we used to be quite friendly . . . I'll be back shortly . . .

1ST WOMAN *shrilly*: Charles . . . don't you dare set foot in that man's house! Why, you never know what he'll do . . . He's mad—everybody knows that. He might hurt you . . . or . . .

CHARLES: Fiddlesticks . . . the man only needs someone who understands him, that's all . . . Might help him snap out of it . . .
(*Fade*)

SOUND: *Doorbell—door opening*

HENRY: Yes, sir? . . . Oh . . . how do you do, Mr. Charles . . .

CHARLES: Hello, Henry . . . Is Mr. Mercer in?

HENRY: Why . . . uh . . . yes, sir . . . but he's not seeing anyone these days . . . of course, you understand . . . sir . . .

CHARLES: It won't do any harm . . . I just want to say a few words . . .

HENRY: I'm sorry, sir, but I have the strictest orders—not to let anyone in. He's quite insistent about that, sir . . .

CHARLES: I won't be a minute, Henry . . . just say hello . . .

JOHN *yelling in background*: Tell them to get out! Throw them out! I don't want any visitors!

HENRY *apologetically*: Yes sir. You see, sir . . . how he feels about having anyone visit him?

CHARLES: Yes, Henry . . . I see . . .
(*Sighs*) Well . . . good luck, Henry . . . (*Fade*)

JOHN *coming in*. Who was that? (*Louder and shriller*) Who was it? Don't stand there gaping . . . Tell me . . .

HENRY: It was Mr. Charles . . . your old friend. He asked to see you, sir . . .

JOHN: So he's coming around to see how I'm getting along . . . pour sympathy over me . . . just like the rest of them . . . Understand this . . . Henry . . . I don't want any of them in this house! Do you understand? No one . . . in this house . . .

HENRY: Yes, sir. I quite understand, sir.

JOHN: I'm going up to Mrs. Mercer's bedroom now and I don't want to be disturbed . . . (*Fade*)

SOUND: *Footsteps upstairs—door opens—closes*
(*Pause*)

JOHN *with more sharpness and vibrancy*: Ah—there you are, Irene, in your pretty frame—just the right color as a contrast for your golden hair . . . How beautiful you look—how quiet and calm your face is . . . (*Slower in pace*) . . . There—that little wisp of hair that strays so casually about your ear—how clever you were in dressing . . . Everything was so casual about you—such deliberate casualness . . . That tiny smile about your lips—as if it just sneaked out of your mouth—without your knowing it . . . Ah—and this perfume—here on your dressing table . . . The subtlety of its scent—how it would curl out of your hair into my nostrils . . . You knew how much it affected me—that's why you used this perfume—and no other . . . You knew, Irene . . . how many things you knew. Here at this dresser—you would sit for hours—fixing your hair and face—touching it ever so gently—looking into your own beautiful face . . . How much you loved your face—it was your greatest treasure—and how carefully you would watch it from day to day—when you were sick—to look for any telltale signs of sickness on it . . . (*More craftiness*)

. . . But no matter what you did—the little lines began to show on your face—nothing you could do could keep them away—first around your eyes—then around your mouth. Oh, yes, Irene . . . how many times I saw you when you thought I wasn't looking? . . . when you realized that your beauty was dying just as your body was . . . (*Lift voice*) Yes—you knew you were dying—but you didn't know why. No one knew why you were dying . . . But I knew . . . I knew because I was killing you . . . but, oh . . . so cleverly—so slowly . . . I killed you, Irene, because I hated you—hated everything about—you . . . Your hair and eyes—your lips . . . The way you smiled . . . The way you talked . . . The way you played the piano . . . Remember—how you would look at me—when you played your song? How difficult it was for me not to get up and put my hands about your beautiful throat and strangle you . . . But strangling was too quick a death for you . . . You had to die slower—so—that you could watch your beauty fade . . . That hurt you, didn't it, Irene? How many times—you had the last word in our affairs . . . I didn't count . . . It was your word all the time that mattered . . . But now you haven't the last word . . . You're dead, Irene—dead . . . I have the last word now . . . Your pretty mouth can't speak the last word now—but mine can—because I'm alive! How many times I insisted that you take your medicine—because everytime you took it—you were closer to death. I was poisoning you, Irene—slowly—ever so slowly—watching you die—week after week—month after month . . . It took a long time—but that made my pleasure last longer watching you die—knowing that some day I would have the last word—and not you—you fiend . . . you witch . . . I hate you . . .

SOUND: *Picks up photograph and smashes it*

JOHN: There—you're smashed now—gone forever . . . Now you're dead forever . . . (*Laughs*) Dead—and I have the last word.

SOUND: *Knock on door*

JOHN: Who is it?

HENRY: It is I, sir . . .

JOHN: I told you not to bother me . . . get out . . .

HENRY: But this is important . . . sir . . .

(*Door opens*) . . . Here is a letter your wife told me to give you . . . She wrote it just before she passed away. She told me to give it to you when I was sure you would be in her room . . . So when you told me you were going to her room, sir . . . I got it for you . . . It was her wish, sir . . .

JOHN: A letter . . . from her . . . But she's dead . . .

HENRY: I know, sir, but she wrote it before she . . .

JOHN: Give it to me . . . and . . . get out! Get out!

SOUND: *Door slamming hard*

JOHN: Letter—before she died—for me . . . Here on the envelope—it says . . . “To John” . . . Yes—I am John—but no—I don't want to open it—it's something fiendish—only she could think of doing a thing like this—send me a letter after she died . . . But I must open . . . I've got to read it . . .

SOUND: *Letter being opened—paper rustle*

JOHN: Her writing—such beautiful writing—how pretty she could write—how well she did everything—even writing a letter from the grave . . . Ah—dated—May 8th—the day she died . . . (*Begins to read slowly*) Dear John, I know what a surprise this will be to you . . . upon receiving a letter from me . . . after I have died . . . I know how much it will shock you . . . But please, John, don't be . . . nothing should shock you now . . . not after what you have . . . (*Fade out John's voice and in with Irene's on filter*) . . . done to me . . .

IRENE: You were such a devoted husband . . . weren't you, John, caring for me—looking after me with such diligence . . . making sure that I took my medicines regularly . . . getting the best doc-

tors in the country to diagnose my sickness . . . How you gloated when they threw up their hands . . . in despair . . . giving up . . . not knowing what was wrong with me . . . How attentive you were when we went visiting friends . . . so that people could say . . . “John is so good to her.” . . . Oh, yes, John . . . I knew all that . . . and more . . . I knew what you were putting in my medicines . . . that was why you wouldn't let anyone but yourself get the prescriptions filled out . . . why . . . only you measured out the teaspoonfuls for me . . . to make sure I got enough of the poison you were putting in the bottles. But you'll wonder . . . if I knew this . . . then why didn't I do anything about it . . . Because I knew you hated me . . . I tell you, John . . . Because . . . I knew I was going to die . . . anyway . . . that's something you didn't know . . . There was something wrong with me . . . The doctors knew . . . And I told them not to tell you . . . for fear it would disrupt your business affairs . . . and make you miserable . . . Ah . . . yes, John . . . I, too . . . had my secret . . . so I kept on taking your poison . . . because I had to die . . . and that would hasten my death . . . I always had the last word in everything . . . and that, too, bothered you . . . didn't it, John? You think that you had killed me . . . and thereby spoke that last word . . . but now you know you didn't . . . and now as always . . . I have the last word . . . (*Laughs hysterically*)

MUSIC: *Up full cut*

JOHN *low—trembling with hate and bridled fury and with begging*: Tell me . . . in God's name . . . tell me . . . tell me . . . am I mad?

MUSIC: *Up*

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER

A MODERN FANTASY

By ROBERT KANIGHER AND ROBERT BLACK

SOUND: *Clatter of dishes and silverware as table is set for dinner—click as radio is turned on*

ANNOUNCER: Before our regular feature of dance music played by your favorite orchestra, we wish to remind you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that in a few minutes the moon will be in a partial state of eclipse. Scientists in various observatories are eagerly watching the skies for any unusual phenomena. Read your daily paper for further details.

MUSIC: *Orchestral music in—up and down behind mother*

MOTHER: Dinner is ready, children.

Boy: An eclipse, Mother. Did you hear the announcer?

GIRL: Oh, Mother! Something wonderful is sure to happen.

MOTHER: You'll enjoy it a lot better if you've had your dinner. Come on children.

Boy: But what if we miss something?

GIRL: Can't we wait a few minutes, Mother?

MOTHER: Don't worry. You'll see everything after you've eaten. Come away from the window, children.

GIRL: We're coming, Mother. (*To boy*) Come on, Billy. You heard what Mother said!

Boy: All right, all right, I'm coming. Gee, a feller can't have a little fun without . . . Look, Mother!

MOTHER: Now, no excuses, Billy! I want you at the table this minute.

Boy: But, Mother! Look! A man and a boy in the sky!

MOTHER: What?

GIRL: Where, Billy! Show me.

Boy: I see an old man! And a boy holding his hand—there, flying like stars!

MOTHER: I don't see anything!

SOUND: *Window being raised*

GIRL: I don't see anything, mother.

Boy: Look, look! Way over there by those clouds!

MOTHER: Where?

Boy: They're almost gone! They're so fast, as if they've been shot out by a rocket! An old man and a boy, like me.

MOTHER: It must be your imagination, Billy. I don't see anything.

GIRL: I couldn't see anything, mother.

MOTHER: It's just your imagination, Billy. You were day-dreaming again.

Boy: I saw them, mother. I really did!

MOTHER: What you saw were probably clouds shaped like people.

GIRL: I didn't see anything, mother. I guess if there really was something, I would have seen it, too. Wouldn't I, mother?

Boy: Maybe you didn't look quick enough? I saw them so plain . . .

MOTHER: It might have been caused by the eclipse, your thinking you saw a man and a boy in the sky. Dinner's probably cold. Come away now.

SOUND: *Steps to the table—sounds of eating*

Boy *muttering*: But I did see them, just as plain as anything. I wonder where they were going? Gee! How I wish I was flying through the sky with them—like stars. Gee! I wish—I wish—I wish . . . (*Fade*)

ANNOUNCER: You wish you were going with them, Billy? Would you like to know where they are going? Well, come with me, Billy . . . Hurry! Maybe we can catch up to them! No, not that way. They aren't going to the moon, they are flying back, Billy, back into time. But we can still catch them if we hurry, Billy. They have put a hundred years between us already! Hurry, Billy, hurry—hurry . . . (*Fade*)

SOUND: *Humming sound as if flying through space*

VOICE: 1900-1875-1864.

LINCOLN: "Four score and seven years ago . . ." *(Fade)*

VOICE: 1825-1812-1800-1776. Will you repeat that line, Mr. Franklin?

JEFFERSON: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

VOICE: 1600-1588-1512-14 . . . *(Fade)*

SOUND: *Crowd cheering near docks—with sea noises in background*

1ST MAN: What doth all this excitement mean?

2ND MAN: O, 'tis but that fool, Columbus. He sails to find a new route to India.

1ST MAN: Well, he is a brave man.

2ND MAN: Brave? He's mad. He'll fall into the sea of darkness as sure as— as sure as this year is 1492. *(Fade)*

ANNOUNCER: Faster—faster. They are getting away from us.

VOICE: 1300-1200-300-50-10. They've slipped past A.D.! They're into B.C. 44 B.C. *(Fade)*

SOOTHSAYER: Beware, Caesar, beware, Danger comes with the Ides of March!

CAESAR: Away. Such talk is for fools. I go to the Senate to speak with Brutus. *(Fade)*

ANNOUNCER: There they are. We are catching up to them at last. Faster—faster.

VOICE: B.C. 500-600-800.

ANNOUNCER: There you see! They are beginning to slow down now. Hurry! We're almost up to them—we're—we're going to land with them!

VOICE: 900-1000 B.C.

SOUND: *Rush of wind and end of humming—bring up sounds of trumpets—clash of swords and armor—cries of men fighting—background of surf pounding upon a hard and sandy beach*

BILLY: What happened? Where are we, Gramps?

GRAMPS: Those men in armor! Billy, it can't be! Look, the wooden ships, the swords!

BILLY: Look, Gramps. Look! The burning city! There with the big stone wall around it!

GRAMPS: Billy! We've come back! Back through time! To the land of the ancient Greeks! To the times of Homer

and Ulysses that I always used to talk to you about!

SOUND: *Fighting comes closer*

GRAMPS: Billy! We've come back almost three thousand years! That city burning. It's Ismarus. The men fighting are the Circones, people from the city. Those other men, from the ships, are the Achæans.

BILLY: Who is that man, Gramps? That tall fellow, with the sword and shield, fighting three men at once?

GRAMPS: That must be the leader of the Achæans, Ulysses. Ulysses! Billy! A mighty fighter!

BILLY: He'll be killed! Look how many men are around him now!

GRAMPS: Yes! *(Pause)* No, no, he won't be killed, Billy. He won't end his life here.

BILLY: How do you know, Gramps?

GRAMPS: Remember what Homer wrote about Ulysses and his Odyssey? He has to wander amid great peril and adventure, always under the wrath of the God Zeus for many years before he'll see his Home in Ithaca again. The only thing that saves him, is that he'll see his home in Ithaca again. He is under the protection of the Goddess Athene!

BILLY: But, Gramps, look! That man creeping up behind him with an ax! He'll kill him, Gramps!

GRAMPS: A Circones Warrior! Quickly, Billy! We must warn Ulysses!

SOUND: *Man and boy running toward sounds of conflict*

GRAMPS: Tackle him, Billy! Low! That's it! You sent his ax spinning! There! If you want to fight now, fight with your bare hands!

BILLY: There's another one, Gramps!

GRAMPS: Look out, Ulysses! Behind you, quick!

SOUND: *Sounds of scuffle—sword thrust—groan of man*

ULYSSES *panting*: Much thanks to you, Old Man. But what do you here on the battlefield? Are you an ancient warrior returned to sniff the smells of one last fight?

GRAMPS *breathless*: I hope it won't really be my last. Look behind you, quickly!

SOUND: *Sounds of hand to hand conflict*

BILLY *crying*: Gramps! Help! They're . . .

GRAMPS: Hold on, Billy. Don't let them carry you away. That's it, boy. Bite and

scratch! Hold on, Billy! Help, Ulysses!

ULYSSES: Aside, Old Man! Ho, you mid-gut warriors! Fighters of babes and ancients. Do battle with a man!

SOUND: *Ulysses and Gramps run toward Billy—engage in scuffle with several men*

BILLY: I'm free, Gramps!

GRAMPS: Ulysses is a mighty fighter, Billy. We owe our lives to him. Ulysses . . .

BILLY: He ran to help that man over there, Gramps!

GRAMPS: It's his lieutenant, Eurylochus! How the two of them use their swords! Like swinging flames.

SOUND: *Battle sounds come closer to them*

BILLY: Gramps! Those men are coming at us.

GRAMPS: The Circones! We're strangers here, Billy. They'll think we're Ulysses' men. They'll kill us.

BILLY: I can't see Ulysses, Gramps. There's men fighting all around now where he was.

GRAMPS: We'll have to run for it, Billy. SOUND: *Shouts of men nearing the two*

GRAMPS: Quick! Billy! Run to the beach there! Away from the fighting!

SOUND: *Gramps and Billy run—panting—with shouts of men and sounds of battle growing fainter in distance*

GRAMPS: Hurry, Billy, we're losing them—keep running.

BILLY *panting*: I don't see them any more, Gramps. I think they gave us up.

GRAMPS: We'll be safer if we keep on until we reach the ships over there. If we could only find Ulysses' ship. Maybe we could wait there for him till after the battle. Come on, Billy, it's not far now. We're . . .

SOLDIER *gleefully*: Ho! I knew you Achæan dogs would flee for the ships when the battle grew hot. And you are some of the great Ulysses' men—an old man and a boy. Pray now! For you go to meet Pluto, and the Shades of the Underworld!

SOUND: *Sword being drawn and footsteps rushing forward*

BILLY: You take him high, Gramps. I'll butt him in the stomach!

SOUND: *Footsteps rushing together—Billy's high voice shouting in excitement—gasp from soldier and thump of falling body*

GRAMPS: Good for you, Billy! You butted him right in the stomach! Come on now, while he is still out of breath, we've got to get away!

SOUND: *Running—waves washing up on beach are louder now*

BILLY: Gramps! Look! The ships—big wooden ones!

GRAMPS: Ulysses' ships! If we can reach . . .

SOUND: *Several voices shout: halt*

GRAMPS: More men! And they are between the ships and us! Look out, Billy! They have bows and arrows!

SOUND: *Twang of bows—whistle of arrows through the air*

BILLY: Gramps! This way! We can hide in those big rocks over there!

SOUND: *Pursuit and bows coming closer*

GRAMPS *panting*: We've got to find some place to hide. I'm almost out of breath! I just can't run any more!

BILLY: Here! Gramps! Here! I found a hole in the rocks! It's a big one! A real cave. We can hide in here!

GRAMPS: Maybe someone's in it already? Here, Billy, throw this stone in and see if you can hear anyone move inside?

SOUND: *Grunt as stone is thrown—faint sound of stone hitting floor and bouncing once or twice—moment of silence*

GRAMPS: I guess it's empty all right. We can hide in it, Billy. Quick! Before they get close enough to see us!

SOUND: *Footsteps into cave—sound of pursuit nearer—then slowly fade*

BILLY: Gramps!

GRAMPS: Sh!

BILLY: They're not around, Gramps.

GRAMPS: Sh! You've got to be sure, Billy. If they ever catch us—the least we can expect is . . . Let's not talk about it.

BILLY: What are we going to do now, Gramps?

GRAMPS: There's nothing to do. Except to stay here until it grows dark.

BILLY: Gramps!

GRAMPS: What is it! Do you see them?

BILLY: No, I just wanted to ask you something.

GRAMPS: You frightened me out of ten years growth. And at my age, that's more than I can afford. What is it?

BILLY: What are we going to do, Gramps? When can we go back?

GRAMPS: Not until night comes at least. When the fighting will be over. Maybe

we'll be able to find Ulysses. He'll help us.

BILLY: I don't mean that, Gramps.

GRAMPS: What then?

BILLY: I don't mean there, Gramps. I mean home. When can we get back to Brooklyn?

GRAMPS: Oh . . .

BILLY: What's the matter, Gramps?

GRAMPS: Well, Billy, it may not be so easy to get back to now. We're in one thousand A.D. now. That's a long way back into the past. Three thousand years a long way.

BILLY: But all we had to do to get here was to hold on to that little statue's foot and wish. What was her name again, Gramps?

GRAMPS: Pallas-Athene. The Goddess of Wisdom. Ulysses' patron goddess.

BILLY: Well, can't we do that again, Gramps, and wish that we were back in Brooklyn?

GRAMPS: We'll have to find that statue again, Billy. That's our only chance.

BILLY: Well, Gramps. Let's start looking for it.

GRAMPS: Back, Billy. Back! We don't want anyone to see us!

SOUND: *Sounds of pursuit—nearer—pass again*

BILLY: All right, Gramps?

GRAMPS *whispering*: Listen, Billy, to what I'm going to say.

BILLY: I'm listening, Gramps.

GRAMPS: You're a good boy, Billy. I know you'll understand. I know you'll be a brave boy. I know I'll be proud of you. Won't I Billy?

BILLY: I'm listening, Gramps.

SOUND: *Fighting comes closer—then after a few seconds drift away*

GRAMPS: Listen, Billy. When we went to that secret room in the museum that I stumbled upon, and showed you that statue of Pallas-Athene, and told you that it was a magic statue, why—why I was only joking. You see, I had read an old legend somewhere.

BILLY: What's a legend, Gramps?

GRAMPS: A legend is an old, old story. So old that no one knows who started telling it. And usually it's about some magical thing that happened. Well, this legend that I read about, said that if anyone touched a certain statue of Pallas-Athene, the statue I found in the

secret room in the museum, if anyone touched that statue and wished to be taken back into the time when Athene lived—that would happen. But of course, I thought it was only a legend. A sort of fairy story.

BILLY: But it isn't, Gramps.

GRAMPS: That's the funny part about it. It isn't. But I said it as just a joke, when I told you to hold on to the statue with me and wish that we would be carried back three thousand years, to the time of the ancient Greeks.

BILLY: But it wasn't a joke, Gramps. We really were carried back, weren't we?

GRAMPS: Billy, we are in a strange and terrible world. A world that has to experience three thousand years, before it can become the world we know—of airplanes, radio, cameras, automobiles, why!—There's no such thing yet as glass, or paper or pencils even! Men here fight with swords, and bows and arrows. They sail the seas in boats so small that we would call them toys. They think their little world is surrounded by a belt of water called Oceanus—and behind that they think lies only darkness, where you fall into a bottomless pit if you sail far enough. They don't know the world is round.

BILLY: Why don't they explore and find out things, Gramps?

GRAMPS: Because they live in fear of Gods and things they don't understand. For instance they think lightning is caused by a God named Zeus, who throws the bolts at them when he is angry.

BILLY: Gee!

GRAMPS: This is the world we're in now, Billy. And the only person in it we know, is Ulysses. He's our only chance. If we can find him and persuade him to take us along with him on his ship, maybe he would help us to find the statue of Pallas-Athene which could take us back to 1940 again.

SOUND: *Voices of men nearing cave—bush—then clamor as they discover the two hiding*

BILLY: Gramps! Gramps! They've caught us!

GRAMPS: Be brave now, Billy.

SOUND: *Angry voices: Seize them! Put them to the sword!*

THE AFFIDAVIT

A DRAMA

By DAVID T. GOLDEN

SOUND: *Depot noises—fade into street noises*

CABBIE: Taxi? Taxi, sir?

PAUL *rapidly on*: The district attorney's office, driver! And step on it!

CABBIE: Sure, buddy. Hop in.

SOUND: *Cab door slams shut—car starts off—car up to denote passage of time—fade to background*

PAUL: For heaven's sake, man, is this all the speed you can make? I said step on it, didn't I!

CABBIE: Sorry, buddy, that's the best I can do in this traffic. Want me to try the side streets?

PAUL: Try anything—so long as you make time! Listen, driver, there's a five-spot in it for you if . . .

CABBIE: Say no more, buddy! You're practically there! Here we go!

SOUND: *Car makes fast turn*

CABBIE: Watch my smoke now, buddy! We're on our . . .

PAUL: Look out! Look out for that car, driver! Look out, it's going to . . .

CABBIE: Hey!

SOUND: *Brakes screech in sudden halt*

CABBIE *angrily*: Hey, what're you tryin' to do there, you Sunday driver? Pile me up on the sidewalk or . . .

PAUL: Cut it, driver! Get going! Step on it!

CABBIE: What's amatter with you now, buddy! Can't you see that car cuttin' us off or . . . Hey, where do you think you're goin'!

SOUND: *Running footsteps rapidly on*

TONY *rapidly on*: No, you don't, Edwards! Stand still and hoist 'em! Hoist 'em high, understand!

PAUL *resignedly*: All right, Tony. They're up.

CABBIE: Say, what is this, a . . .

TONY: Shut up, punk. Hoist 'em, I said, and that means you, too, savvy!

CABBIE: Sure, sure, buddy, I didn't mean nothin'!

TONY: Then keep your lip buttoned, see! . . . O.K., Edwards, Mike wants to see you. Get movin' . . . C'mon! C'mon!

PAUL: Where to, Tony?

TONY: To that car. Hold it, Edwards! Think you're wise, don't you, sucker! Well, one more break like that and you get blasted.

MIKE *coming on*: Easy, Tony. Take it easy, boy. That ain't no way to talk to an old pal.

TONY: Aw, cut the softsoap, boss, and let me give it to him.

MIKE: I said we don't, didn't I. There ain't no hurry now, is there, Edwards?

PAUL: I wouldn't know, Perone. Maybe you'll tell me what this is all about?

MIKE: I ain't so crazy, Edwards.

TONY: That guy wasn't callin' you names, was he, boss? Why, the . . .

MIKE: Shut up! No, Edwards, I ain't so crazy. I found out you'd left town, didn't I? I knew you'd be comin' back today, if ever, didn't I? I got you where I want you now, ain't I? (*Brittle laugh*) As to what for, you ain't so dumb, neither, Edwards . . . O.K., Tony, get in the . . .

SOUND: *Car suddenly roars away*

TONY: The cab, boss! It's makin' a . . . Why, the . . .

MIKE: Don't shoot, you fool! Let him go. We got the man we want . . . What's so funny about that, Edwards?

PAUL: You'd like to know, wouldn't you, Perone?

MIKE: You'll talk! You'll talk, Edwards, or . . .

TONY: Do I give it to him now, boss?

PAUL: Go on, Perone, why don't you give that bloodhound of yours a break and say yes? Can't you see he's all worked up?

TONY: Did you hear what that mug called me, boss! A bloodhound! Why, the . . .

MIKE *laughing*: No . . . No, not yet, Tony. I got plans for our friend here, first . . . O.K., let's scam outa here now. Get behind that wheel, Tony.

TONY: Aw, gee, boss . . .

MIKE: Get movin', I said.

TONY *going off*: O.K., O.K., boss.

MIKE: You, too, Edwards. Get inside.

We're goin' places, me and you.

PAUL: If you'll take that gun out of my chest, Perone.

MIKE: Oh, sure! Anything to please an old pal.

PAUL: Thanks!

SOUND: *Crack of fist*

MIKE: *Sharp groan*

PAUL: And here's another!

SOUND: *Crack of fist—body hitting pavement—running footsteps rapidly off*

TONY *rapidly on*: Hey, boss, what the . . .

MIKE: Shoot! Shoot, you fool!

SOUND: *Shots*

TONY: I got him! I got him, boss! He's . . .

MIKE: He's still runnin', ain't he! No, no —put that gun down! C'mon, after him! (*Fade*) I want him alive, see!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Door opens and quickly slams shut*

DORIS startled: Who—who are you! What do you want!

PAUL *breathing hard*: Shut up and give me the key to this door!

DORIS: I will not! How dare . . .

PAUL: Shut up, I said, and give me that key! Make it snappy, do you hear!

DORIS: Well! I—I certainly won't! You —you get out of here! You get out of here or I—I—or I'll scream!

PAUL: No . . . No, please don't . . . I'll go. (*Sharp groan of pain*)

DORIS: Why—why, you're hurt! (*Gasp*) Your shoulder—it's bleeding!

PAUL: Is it?

DORIS: Oh, yes! Badly! Let me do something for it!

PAUL: You mean that?

DORIS: Of course I do! You're . . .

PAUL: Then do as I say, miss. Lock this door, please.

DORIS: Well . . . well, all right.

SOUND: *Footsteps—key turns in lock*

DORIS: Will—will this do?

PAUL: Thanks . . . Thanks an awful lot. Now, where's your phone?

DORIS: I'm afraid there isn't any such animal here. You see, I . . .

PAUL *bitterly*: I might have guessed it!

DORIS: Really! Don't you think you're being just a bit too . . .

PAUL: Listen, miss, I've got to get to a phone. It's a matter of life and death. I've got to, do you understand?

DORIS *contritely*: Oh, I—I am sorry. I . . .

PAUL: Forget it. Tell me, can I get to one elsewhere in this building?

DORIS: I'm afraid not. No one lives here except myself.

PAUL: No one lives here?

DORIS: You see, this place has just been rebuilt. I'm the first tenant, and I moved in only a few days ago.

PAUL: I see . . . So that's why this was the only door I could find open? Well, I've got to get out of here!

DORIS: But . . .

PAUL: That window—does it look down on the street?

DORIS: Why, yes, it does.

PAUL: Stay where you are. I'm going to take a look outside.

SOUND: *Few footsteps off*

DORIS *slightly shrill*: Oh, don't go near it! Please!

SOUND: *Few footsteps on*

PAUL *curiously*: Why did you say that?

DORIS *confused—little laugh*: I—I don't know.

PAUL: Frightened, aren't you?

DORIS: Of course not! Why should I be?

I—I just said it, that's all . . . Wh—what did you see down there?

PAUL *bitterly*: Vultures. Waiting, waiting . . . There must be some way out of here!

DORIS *eagerly*: Look! Perhaps I can . . .

PAUL: No. You nor anybody else could get past that door now without being followed and—it would be your last phone call, they'd make sure of that . . . No, it's no use . . . That's that, I guess . . . (*Sharp groan*)

DORIS: Oh, you are badly hurt! I'd almost forgotten! Won't you let me?

PAUL: Forget it. I'm all right. If I could only . . .

DORIS: You will. I know you will. But why not let me look at that shoulder of yours. It'll help you think, I mean. It is bleeding rather awfully.

PAUL: No, I . . .

DORIS: Don't be a fool! Do you suppose I want you fainting on my hands! And you will be in another moment! . . . Here. Sit down. I'll get some iodine and bandages. (*Going off*) It'll only take a few moments, at the most.

SOUND: *Few footsteps off*

PAUL: You're . . . you're very kind.

SOUND: *Few footsteps on*

DORIS: Yes . . . Here, slip your arm out of that sleeve.

PAUL: Why are you doing this for me?

DORIS: I—I don't know . . . Hold still now while I . . . Oh! It's—it's horrible!

PAUL: There have been worse. It's only a slight flesh wound—bullet.

DORIS: Yes . . . Yes, I can see that.

PAUL: Still not frightened? . . . I see. Then you don't think I'm a . . .

DORIS: I'm not thinking anything—except perhaps it might help if—if you were to talk while I . . . this iodine is going to burn awfully, you know.

PAUL: Is it?

DORIS: Yes . . . Oh, please start talking.

PAUL: There's nothing much to say.

DORIS: Please. I—I don't think I can do this otherwise.

PAUL: All right—only hurry, hurry, won't you!

DORIS: I will. I'll do it as fast as I can . . . You were saying?

PAUL: Yes, I was, wasn't I? All right. My name is Edwards. Sound familiar to you? Well, it should. It was spread across every newspaper in town a few months ago, when my younger brother (*Sharp gasp of pain*)

DORIS: Oh, I've hurt you!

PAUL: No. No, I'll be all right.

DORIS: I—I'll try not to be so clumsy again . . . Please go on.

PAUL: He was accused of murder, if you remember—tried, convicted and sentenced to the electric chair. He was no more guilty of that or any other murder than you and I, but the one man who could prove it had disappeared before the trial, scared away by the gang that had committed the crime and were using the kid as their scape-goat.

DORIS: Here, hold this piece of tape for a moment, please . . . Couldn't you find that man and . . .

PAUL: Not at first. But a couple of days ago I located him on a small farm up-state, where he'd been in hiding all

this time. I tried to get him to return to the city with me; it was like pleading with a jellyfish. Finally I got him to sign an affidavit that my brother was innocent and naming the real murderers.

DORIS: Those men—downstairs?

PAUL: That's right.

DORIS: Yes?

PAUL: Well, I immediately got in touch with the district attorney here, telling him I'd get in with the affidavit today. Somehow the men downstairs had gotten wind of the fact that I'd gone out of town. They were waiting for me when I got off the train, trailed my cab and when we got to a side street, they held us up.

DORIS: And . . . and the affidavit?

PAUL: I managed to drop that in the cab before I got out. They didn't notice it. Later the driver made a get-a-way, or at least seemed to. Then I also got a chance, the crazy chance of a desperate man, to make a break for it, mess things up for you and . . .

DORIS: There. I guess that ought to hold you. It isn't as serious as I thought it was.

PAUL: Thanks. I feel fine. Now to . . .

DORIS: Oh, but don't you think you ought to rest for just another moment! After all . . .

PAUL: You don't understand. My brother is to be electrocuted at eleven tonight. His only hope is that affidavit—it's got to be in the district attorney's hands before that time. He's promised to keep a wire to the governor's home clear until then. If the cab-driver doesn't find the affidavit; if he finds it and throws it away; perhaps he's just another member of the mob . . . Don't you see, it's driving me crazy thinking about it! There's only a few hours left to go. I've got to get in touch with the district attorney's office and . . .

SOUND: *Doorbell ringing*

PAUL: What's that!

DORIS: The doorbell, of course. I'll . . .

PAUL: Stay away from that door, do you hear!

DORIS *gasp of pain*: My hand. You're hurting me!

PAUL: I'm sorry, but I had to stop you before . . .

DORIS: You—you think it's . . .

SOUND: *Ringing changes to banging on door*

MIKE *as if from other side of door*: C'mon, Edwards, open up or we bust in! We know you're in there! We saw you at the window, sucker!

PAUL: That answers your question. We've got to get out of here.

DORIS: Look! Look—the fire-escape! They wouldn't be watching that now that they're up here, would they! We could . . .

SOUND: *Banging on door intensifies*

PAUL: Yes. We could try. C'mon.

DORIS: No . . . No, I . . .

PAUL: No, what! What're you talking about!

DORIS: I . . . I've changed my mind. I'm not going. You—you go alone.

PAUL: Yeah? And leave you here? They'd kill you now, don't you know that!

DORIS: They wouldn't dare! Oh, please go! Hurry! Hurry!

PAUL: Well, then, come on! We can both make it if we . . .

SOUND: *Crash of window-pane butted in by gun*

DORIS: *Stifled scream*

TONY *as through broken pane*: Stand where you are, Edwards! I'll drill you as sure as I'm livin'! You too, girlie! One more peep like that outa you an' it's your last, see! See!

DORIS: Yes . . . Yes, I understand.

TONY: O.K., Edwards, c'mon over here and pull this window up for me . . . C'mon, c'mon, make it snappy! And don't forget, Edwards, I ain't missin' this time!

SOUND: *Few footsteps—window raised*

TONY: I'm comin' in, Edwards. Put up your dukes an' no more funny tricks, see, put 'em up, I said, or . . .

DORIS *fear*: No, don't! Please, don't, he'll . . . Oh, do as he says! Please!

PAUL: All right, Tony. They're up.

SOUND: *Thump—as if Tony jumping to floor from window—still*

TONY *coming on*: So it's all right, eh, sucker? Sure it is . . . And so is this!

SOUND: *Crack of fist on jaw*

PAUL: *Groans as if struck*

DORIS: *Small, terrified scream*

TONY: Shut up! . . . I ain't hurt him much, girlie. Did I, Edwards? C'mon, pull yourself together, sucker and open that door for the boss! (*Fade*) I think

he's got plans for us. A little ride, maybe.

MUSIC: *Bridge—or announcement*

SOUND: *Car speeding on country road—siren of motorcycle cop suddenly begins coming on—fade to background*

TONY: Boss! Listen! Listen!

MIKE: Yeah, yeah, I hear it. Slow down.

TONY *happily*: Sure, sure, boss. (*Laughing*) Boy, ain't that copper gonna get himself one big surprise, though?

MIKE: Keep that rod outa sight, you screwball! I don't want no trouble, see?

TONY: But how you gonna get out of it, boss, with those two in the back! They'll . . .

MIKE: They ain't gonna do nothin', Tony . . . Get that, you two? Be smart, see.

Stay on the floor of the car, keep your traps shut, and nothin's gonna happen to nobody. Just one squawk outa either of you and—O.K., Tony, you know what to do in that case. I'll handle the copper.

TONY: It's still takin' a big chance, boss! We . . .

MIKE: You do as I say! All right. Here he comes now. Pull over.

SOUND: *Car stops—siren dies down as motorcycle comes on and stops*

MIKE: Good-evenin', officer. Anything wrong?

COP: There will be—if you don't switch the lights of this car on, mister.

MIKE: Lights? (*Little laugh*) Oh, yeah, yeah, sure, of course! 'There you are, officer. How's that?

COP: You fellas wanna be more careful next time. Drivin' without lights on these country roads ain't exactly a healthy pastime, y'know.

MIKE: We sure will, officer!

COP: O.K., I'll let you get away with a warnin' this time, but . . . Say, where you fellas bound for, anyway?

MIKE: Oh, no place in particular, officer. Just gettin' outa the city for a little fresh air, that's all.

COP: You're goin' a long way for some fresh air, ain't you, not that I blame you. Can't stay far enough away from the city myself on nights like this.

MIKE: Yeah. Yeah, that's exactly the way we feel about it.

COP: You got the right idea, mister. Well, so long. Keep your eyes on those lights now.

SOUND: *Motorcycle starts—speeds off*

MIKE: Dumb copper! . . . O.K., Tony, get goin'.

SOUND: *Car starts off—fade to background*

DORIS *sobs*: Oh, the fool! The fool! Why couldn't he have . . .

PAUL: Steady now. It wasn't his fault. And it'll do you no good . . .

MIKE: Why not, Edwards? Go on, let the kid finish . . . What was you gonna say, babe?

DORIS *checking self*: Nothing . . . Nothing, you—you . . .

MIKE: Names ain't gonna help none, babe. Just like the copper couldn't have done nothin'. Me and Tony only would've blasted the three of you to kingdom come, that's all. And I'd sure have hated to do that to a good-lookin' doll like you, sister. It'd be a rotten shame if I had had to, wouldn't it, Edwards?

PAUL *outburst*: For the love of . . . Why don't you let the girl go, Perone. I tell you I don't know her from Adam. I never saw her before I . . .

MIKE: Yeah, yeah, I know, Edwards. You already told me that . . . What I wanna know is—where's old man Briggs?

PAUL: And I tell you, you don't know what you're talking about, Perone!

MIKE: Don't give me that, Edwards. I know you got to him, and I'm askin'—where?

PAUL: You're crazy!

MIKE: That's the second time you said that tonight, Edwards. O.K., maybe I am. But I ain't too crazy not to look out for myself. Take a nut's advice, Edwards, and do the same. You'll live longer—so will the little chick here. Tell me what I wanna know, kid, and you're both free.

PAUL *laughing*: You want me to believe that, Perone?

MIKE: Listen, get wise to yourself. You ain't got a chance in a million of savin' your kid brother from gettin' the chair, even if I let you go. I know you got to Briggs, but I can't find nothin' on you, so it must be only your word you got to peddle. And mine's as good as yours any time. What I'm interested in is, maybe that old crackpot gets an idea to put it down on paper one of these days . . .

PAUL: Did you take us for a ride just to tell me that?

MIKE: I'm payin' a favor with a favor, Edwards.

PAUL: Perone, you're a man of surprises.

MIKE: Yeah, I'm funny that way. You ain't got nothin' to lose, kid. What d'yuh say?

PAUL: You'll untie us and let us go free?

MIKE: Yeah, yeah, sure I will. What d'yuh say?

PAUL: I say you're even crazier than I thought you were, Perone.

MIKE: Why, you—you'll talk! I got other ways of makin' mugs like you talk, Edwards!

TONY: Sure, that's the only way to handle a guy like that, boss! Do we stop now?

MIKE *drawls*: No . . . No, keep on drivin'

Tony. I'm feelin' kinda sentimental tonight . . . Listen, Edwards, I'm givin' you just a little while longer to think it over . . . And maybe you'd better talk to him, sister, see. (*As if straightening in seat*) Maybe you'd like to go on livin', even if he don't. (*Slight pause*)

PAUL *angrily*: Well? Well, why don't you begin? It's your turn now. I got you into this mess, didn't I? The least I can do is save your life.

DORIS: Please . . . Please . . .

PAUL: Well, I can, can't I? You heard him, didn't you? You heard what he said! All I have to do is talk and . . .

DORIS: But I don't believe him.

PAUL: You . . . (*Warmly*) You're a funny kid. Kind of swell, aren't you?

DORIS *attempted lightness*: There—there have been even greater discoveries made, you know.

PAUL: Yeah. I guess there have. But none as important to me right now. (*Rueful little laugh*) You know, it's funny, but—I don't even know your name . . . What is it?

DORIS: Doris . . . And yours?

PAUL: Paul . . . Still not afraid, Doris?

DORIS: No . . . No, Paul, I'm not afraid. Honestly. Somehow I—I've a feeling we can't die now. We just can't. Two people just don't barge into each other's lives like we did and—Paul—can't we do something? We mustn't give in like this.

PAUL: Yes. Perone did say we've nothing to lose, didn't he?

DORIS: He did, Paul. But we've so much to lose—now.

PAUL: We're going to take him up on that, Doris. It's our only chance.

DORIS: What are you going to do, Paul?

PAUL: I don't know—yet. But we've got to get my hands untied and we'll have to work fast. Move up to me as close as you can.

DORIS: All right . . . Will this do?

PAUL: Yes. Now see if you can reach my hands, the rope there, and—Doris. Your fingers are as cold as ice. Do you think you'll be able to?

DORIS: Yes. I think it's going to be easy, Paul. There doesn't seem to be much to the knot.

PAUL: Good girl. Stay with it and don't let anything stop you. With my hands free we've got a fighting chance. And we're getting out of this mess, you and I.

DORIS: Paul. Paul, I—I feel the first strand beginning to give. It's . . .

PAUL *alarm*: Watch it, Doris.

MIKE *laughingly*: Ain't that cozy, now? How sweet! You couldn't get no closer to the guy, could you, babe?

DORIS: Why—why, I . . .

PAUL *quickly*: You've got yourself a pretty good stooge here, Perone. She's been following your advice to a T, all right.

MIKE: Yeah? Well, she made up your mind yet?

PAUL: No. But tell her to keep up the good work and perhaps I'll . . .

MIKE: I'm finished talkin', Edwards.

TONY: That's the ticket, boss! I'm gettin' fed-up with this drivin'! If you'll take my advice . . .

MIKE: Shut up, Tony.

TONY: Well, I don't like it! We ain't never took nobody ridin' this long before! It's givin' me the jitters!

MIKE: Cool off, mug. You'll like it soon enough, all right . . . C'mon, you two, up off the floor and get on that seat. You're gonna ride comfortable from now on. C'mon, c'mon, get a move on you . . . That's better. Now I can take a good look at you . . . O.K., Tony, turn on the radio.

TONY: Turn on the? Whatsamatter, boss; you goin' nuts or . . .

MIKE: I said turn it on, didn't I.

TONY: O.K., O.K., I'm turnin' it.

SOUND: *Sudden screech of tires*

MIKE *outburst*: Keep one of your hands on that wheel, you crazy fool!

TONY: Gee, boss, I—I was only gonna . . .

MIKE: Shut up! . . . Never mind, I'll turn it on myself.

SOUND: *Click of radio switch*

FEMALE: This, as well as other changes in our latest styles as dictated by Hollywood's fashion leaders, is . . .

MIKE *Snorts disgustedly*

SOUND: *Organ music as if through radio on and immediately off*

MALE: Making the third such incident to occur in the last six months. And so remains the European situation for the present. And now to local affairs. New York: In Sing Sing's famous death house tonight three men are scheduled to face the electric-chair in exactly one more hour, eleven o'clock. Each is to pay the penalty for a different crime. Among them will be young Tommy Edwards, who . . .

SOUND: *Click of radio switch*

MIKE *brittle laugh*: Well, Edwards, that's that. The kid ain't got long to wait now. As for you, I'm tired of waitin', too, see? I'm givin' you your last break, sucker. Where's Briggs?

PAUL: I don't know.

MIKE: O.K., Edwards! You asked for it!

DORIS: Oh, no, don't! Don't, please, I . . . I'll tell you. I'll tell you if he won't.

PAUL: Doris! Doris, you . . .

DORIS: Oh, can't you see, Paul? There's no other way. We've got to tell them what they want to know or . . . I don't want to die! I can't! I won't!

PAUL: You're out of your head, Doris! That isn't going to save us with these murderers! . . . Don't listen to her, Perone! I never saw this girl before tonight and she doesn't know what she's talking about!

DORIS: I do! He told me everything while I was bandaging his wound!

PAUL: Why, you double-crossing . . .

MIKE: Easy, sucker! So you ain't so smart, after all, are you? . . . O.K., sister, spill it.

DORIS *pleadingly*: I will. Only, please stop the car and let me out of here. Please—my hands, the rope, I can't stand it any longer.

MIKE: Sure. Anything to oblige you, babe. Pull up here, Tony.

SOUND: *Car comes to stop—car door opens*

MIKE *coming on*: Come on, out. You, too, Edwards . . . O.K., Tony, keep

him covered while I get the rope off this dame's hands.

TONY *alarm*: Say, boss, did you hear that! MIKE: Hear what? What's bitin' you now, screwball?

TONY: I heard somethin', I think.

MIKE: You think! (*Short, contemptuous laugh*) There you are, babe. How's it feel?

DORIS: Like—like heaven, I—I suppose. I—I don't think I could have stood the pain another moment.

MIKE: That's fine. So now cough up. What do you know, sister?

DORIS: I—Paul, I . . .

MIKE: Skip it! Start talkin'! We ain't got all night, you know!

DORIS: Yes . . . Yes, I know . . . but . . .

MIKE: What're you givin' me! If you're playin' me for a sucker, sister!

DORIS *rapidly*: Tony, listen. Mr. Edwards did reach Briggs. He got an affidavit that it was Perone who committed the murder for which Tommy Edwards is to be executed tonight. You're not even mentioned as impli . . .

MIKE: Shut up!

DORIS *rapidly*: Perone is using you as a cool, Tony. He said you couldn't think, didn't he? He knows the police can't hold you for that other crime, but if you help him kill us . . .

MIKE: Shut up, I said! Shut up, you . . .

DORIS *rapidly*: The police know, Tony. They'll know who did it if anything should happen to us. Perone'll say you did it . . .

MIKE *raging*: Shut up—shut up! Don't believe her, kid! Let her have it!

TONY: Gec, boss, maybe . . .

DORIS: He'll blame it on you, Tony. Can't you see . . .

MIKE: Didn't you hear me, you fool! Let her have it, I said! . . . Give me that rod.

COP *as if stepping up from back*: Drop that gun, rat, and raise your hands. Both of you!

MIKE *startled*: What the . . .

COP: Drop that gun and lift 'em or . . .

MIKE: O.K., O.K., we got 'em up, copper! Don't shoot!

COP: You wouldn't have worried so much about giving it to me the first time I stopped you, rats, if I hadn't been a nice boy, would you? That fresh air gag didn't fool me none; a little fresh

air would kill vermin like you. That's why I tailed you . . .

DORIS *weakly*: Paul, I—I think I'm going to faint.

COP: Maybe you'd better untie his hands first, lady.

PAUL: Please, Doris.

DORIS: Of course, Paul. Here, let me. I've the first strand loose, you know.

COP: Now suppose you give me a little idea what this is all about, mister, while I'm slapping a couple of bracelets on these babies.

PAUL: There isn't much time to explain, officer, except that we were being taken for a ride by this man and his stooge, who committed a crime for which my brother is to be electrocuted in less than an hour, because he knew I had the goods on him. After keeping us on the floor of the car they finally let us sit up, the better to taunt us—that's when we conceived the plan of having them stop the car and taking us out. We saw the headlight of your motorcycle, or at least we hoped it was yours, flash dimly on and off the driver's mirror as if we were being followed.

MIKE *rages*: Did you hear that, you punchdrunk screwball! If you'd have kept your eyes on that road, like I told you, you'd have seen . . .

TONY: Aw, shut up! You ain't so smart, neither!

COP: Quiet, you two! . . . Getting these birds out in the open did us both a favor, mister, but how . . .

PAUL: I can't tell you any more now. I've got to contact the district attorney's office immediately. There may still be time to save my brother! I've got to get to a telephone, understand!

COP: Right! Get in the car and—

MIKE: Yeah? And how you gonna get it started? Sure. I dropped the key in the grass here someplace. Find it. Look out! Hold him back, he's gonna kill me! Hold him!

DORIS: Paul! Paul, don't!

PAUL: *Heavy breathing, as if with effort*

COP: That ain't gonna do you any good, mister . . . Here, cut straight through this wood for about half a mile and you'll come to the main highway. There ought to be a phone somewhere around there or you can get a hitch to one. Go ahead, get started.

DORIS *rapidly off*: Paul! Paul, wait for me! I'm going with you!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Fade in slow footsteps on road*

PAUL *sighs wearily*: It's no use, Doris . . . We've walked miles already and I can't let you go on!

DORIS: We must, Paul. We must go on. PAUL: For what? It's hours since we've been on this road, isn't it? What's the use . . .

DORIS: It's really been only a few minutes, Paul . . . See, it's much easier for me now that I've kicked my shoes off.

PAUL *bitterly*: Isn't there just one house in this part of the country! Not one!

DORIS: Paul! Paul, look—aren't those the headlights of a car coming this way!

PAUL *mounting excitement*: They are. It is a car, Doris. It is a car!

DORIS: Here it comes, Paul!

SOUND: *Car rapidly comes on*

DORIS AND PAUL: *Ad lib shouts*

SOUND: *Car speeds off without slowing down or stopping—(slight pause)*

DORIS *compassionately*: Oh, Paul, I . . . I . . .

PAUL *grimly*: That's all right, Doris. What's the use, anyway?

FARMER *as if from car slightly up road*: Hey, you hitch-hikers! Don'cha want a ride! (*Chuckles*) Guess t'other feller passed by so durned fast ye didn't get a chance t'see me comin', hey!

SOUND: *Running footsteps on*

PAUL *rapidly on*: Thanks. Thanks, mister. Now can you get us to a . . .

FARMER: Now hold yer hosses, young feller. I'll take you folks as fur as I'm goin' and . . .

PAUL: All right, all right, but . . .

FARMER: Say, you ain't one of them city gangsters and his molly, be you?

PAUL: For the love of Pete, man . . .

FARMER: Now don't ye go pullin' one of them gatties on me, young feller, 'cause (*chuckles*) I ain't got nothin', I never had nuthin' and, durn, I ain't never goin' ter have nothin' except old Jeosaphat here . . .

DORIS: Wait, Paul. Do we look like gangsters, sir?

FARMER: Wal, you folks sure look mussed-up ter me.

DORIS: That's it. We've been in an accident. We've got to get to a telephone immediately. Oh, please, please, a man's life may depend on it!

FARMER: Jumpin' Jeosaphat, why ain't ye said so in the first place! There's one in the gas station down the road apiece! Git in! I'll have ye there before ye can holler, giddyap Jeosaphat!

SOUND: *Motor begins coughing and sputtering—car speeds off groaning and squeaking—fade to BG.*

PAUL *strained*: Have—have you the time, by any chance?

FARMER: Watch in my shirt-pocket, young feller. Help y'rself.

DORIS: I . . . I'll get it, Paul . . . Is this the pocket you mean?

FARMER: Ther's right. Keep it here on account of I always . . .

DORIS: Thanks . . . Paul, it's—it's (*fade*) ten minutes to eleven.

PAUL *fade—as if to self*: Ten minutes left . . . ten minutes . . .

MUSIC: *Bridge*

OPERATOR: I'll have your number in a moment, sir.

PAUL: Hurry, operator! Hurry!

OPERATOR: Yes, sir. One moment, please.

PAUL: One moment! One moment!

DORIS: Paul. Paul, I'm praying for you.

PAUL: Thanks . . . Thanks, Doris.

OPERATOR: Here is your party, sir. You may begin now.

PAUL: Hello, hello!

D. A.: District attorney's office.

PAUL: The district attorney, please! And hurry!

D. A.: This is him speaking. Who . . .

PAUL: Edwards! Paul Edwards!

D. A.: Well, for the love of . . . Where have you been, Edwards? I've got half the police force looking for . . .

PAUL: Never mind that! I've no time to explain now! Listen, you've got to stop the execution! You've got to call the governor and . . .

D. A.: Stop ordering me around, Edwards.

PAUL: But you've . . .

D. A.: Anyhow, I've already been in touch with the governor tonight and . . .

PAUL: And what!

D. A.: Tommy is safe, my boy.

PAUL *incredulously*: He . . . he's . . . (*Happily*) Doris! Doris, did you hear that! He's safe! Tommy's safe!

DORIS: Yes, Paul, and I'm so glad for both of you.

PAUL: I . . . I . . . Say that again, will you, Mr. District Attorney?

D. A.: Certainly, Edwards. Tommy is safe—although I will admit the boy was in serious trouble there for a while.

PAUL: Then—but—how . . .

D. A.: That cab-driver of yours, Edwards. It seems he suffered a stroke of conscience, and in just about the nick of time, too. Which reminds me, Edwards, what's happened to those two yeggs he said kidnapped . . .

PAUL: Never mind them! Go on with your story, I love it!

D. A. *laughingly*: Well, all right. The fact of the matter is, we've got Brigg's affidavit. Tommy is O.K. And that's that . . . Incidentally, Edwards, it's exactly twenty minutes past eleven o'clock now. The only reason I'm still here is because I was worried about you and . . .

SOUND: *Receiver as if dropping from Paul's hand and bouncing against wall*

D. A. *repeating*: Hello, hello! Hello! Hello!

PAUL *dazedly*: Your . . . your watch is slow, mister . . . (*Sighs as if fainted*)

DORIS: Paul! Oh, dear, he's fainted! Do something! Do something!

FARMER: 'Tain't nothin' fur ter worry, young lady; he'll unfaint if you're in the vicinity. (*Chuckles—annoyed*) Jumpin' Jeosaphat, answer thet durned telephone! Thet durned ijiot on t'other end is plumb wearin' hisself out!

DORIS *into phone*: Yes, yes, hello!

D. A.: What's going on there! Where's Edwards! What's happened! Is he all right!

DORIS *tenderly*: Is he all right?

D. A.: What's going on there, I said! I asked you a question, who-ever-you-are! Is Edwards all right!

DORIS: Huh! . . . Oh. Oh, yes, yes. Mr. District Attorney, he's all right. (*Tenderly*) And I'm going to make it my job to keep him that way—from now on . . . Goodbye . . .

GARDENIAS: TEN CENTS

A COMEDY DRAMA

By JOSEPH JULIAN

SOUND: *Fade in small crowd chatter—street noises*

1ST PEDDLAR: Gardenias! Nice fresh Gardenias!

2ND PEDDLAR: Gardenias! Gardenias! Fresh Cut!

3RD PEDDLAR: Gardenias! Ten Cents! Gardenias Ten Cents!

SOUND: *Fade down crowd*

ANNOUNCER: GARDENIAS. TEN CENTS! Those are the words of the gardenia peddlars! The scene: The sidewalk in front of a large theatre, right off Broadway in Times Square, the very heart of New York's gay white way. The time: About 9.30 in the evening. It's first act intermission at the theatre, and the theatregoers are overflowing from the lobby to the sidewalk. An old woman with a shawl drawn tightly over her head stands silently on one side, a small pasteboard carton of chewing gum and candy clutched in both hands. (*Crowd chatter in*) She nods gratefully as a man takes a package of gum and drops a coin in her box. Three gardenia salesmen weave in and out of the crowd, each carrying several boxes of flowers by the cord and a corsage of three gardenias in the free hand. At one end of the theatre entrance stands an elderly woman with a display of gardenias on a piece of cardboard. And just at the edge of the curb, Squirt, a small street urchin is tap-dancing a time step to the vast amusement of the playgoers. Tommy, his sidekick, keeps rhythm by clapping his hands.

SOUND: *Fade in handclapping and tap steps*

WOMAN: Oh, aren't they cute? Throw them a few pennies, William.

MAN: Here you are.

SOUND: *Pennies falling on pavement*

SQUIRT: Thanks, mister. Get that one that rolled over there, Tommy.

TOMMY: I got it.

SQUIRT *singing*: Pennies from Heaven . . . Da . . . de deum, etc.

SOUND: *Crowd laughs—Tommy singing: Da de dum dum . . . "Nickels From Heaven . . ." de da dum—crowd laughs again*

WOMAN: here. Here's a nickel.

SQUIRT: Thank you. (*Singing even louder*)

Quarters from Heaven! . . . Da dee . . . MAN *throwing*: Here!

TOMMY: Boy! Two bits!

SQUIRT: Quarters from Heaven! . . . Quarters from Heaven! . . . Da dee deum . . .

MAN: There's a couple of little business men for you.

HIS WIFE: Why don't you sing dollars from Heaven, and make some real money?

SOUND: *Crowd laughs*

SQUIRT: Naaah. This way everybody thinks it's cute. Fer a buck they know it's a gag.

TOMMY: Hey, Squirt! The Cops!

SQUIRT: Which way?

TOMMY: Down the street. (*Fade*) C'mon . . .

SQUIRT *fading*: Well, wait for me, cantcha?

1ST PEDDLAR: Hurry up, mister, will ya please—cop's comin'.

MAN: How much are they?

1ST PEDDLAR: Ten cents for a single gardenia. Two bits a corsage.

MAN: All right, I'll take one. Pin it on my lapel, will you?

1ST PEDDLAR: O.K. Here . . . Hurry up with the dime, will ya, mister?

POLICEMAN (*Off mike*): Let me catcha round here again, it'll be the wagon! (*On mike*) C'mon that goes for you, too!

1ST PEDDLAR: Ouch!

POLICEMAN: Come on, come on. Beat it!
1ST PEDDLAR: All right (*fade*), cantcha tell me?

POLICEMAN: I've toldja hundred times . . . Now clear outa here!

WOMAN: Why must you keep chasing them away? They're only trying to make a living.

POLICEMAN: Why? Cause they got no licenses, lady. It ain't fair to storekeepers around here who gotta pay rent. Besides there's a Broadway cleanup campaign and they don't add no beauty to the scenery. (*Fading off*)

MALE VOICE: Neither do you!

POLICEMAN: Who said that?

ATTENDANT (*Off nuke*): Curtain! Curtain call! Curtain going up!

SOUND: *Crowd-up-bold-fade*

1ST ACTOR (*Fading in*): Sure we can get in this way?

2ND ACTOR: Of course. I've done it a hundred times. All we do is walk in with the crowd. Wait till they all sit down. Then we pick out a couple empty seats. Take your hat off and look natural.

1ST ACTOR: I hope this works. I don't like the idea of getting thrown out.

2ND ACTOR: Don't worry. I've seen the last two acts of nearly every play on Broadway like this. (*Fading*) Come on.

SOUND: *Crowd is out by now*

RITZY MAN (*Fading in*): I told you we're late. Curtain's up.

RITZY WOMAN: Sorry, darling, I simply had to have that drink. Especially if we're going to sit through two more acts of this play.

RITZY MAN: Oh, it's not so bad. Hurry.

PEDDLAR WOMAN (*Fading in*): Gardenias, ten cents?

RITZY WOMAN: Yes, yes, I think I'd like one . . .

RITZY MAN: Darling, please! Not now! The curtain's up!

RITZY WOMAN: Just a moment Henry . . . here that's a lovely one . . . let me have that one . . . Here you are . . .

PEDDLAR WOMAN: Thank you.

RITZY WOMAN (*Fading off*): Henry! Wait for me!

TONY (*Fading in*): Business looks good.

PEDDLAR WOMAN: Hello, Tony. Where ya bin?

TONY: In jail. Have they broke fer the first act intermission yet?

PEDDLAR WOMAN: Just missed it.

TONY: Aaaaaah . . .

PEDDLAR WOMAN: How long ya bin in?

TONY: Day before yesterday. No two bucks—two days.

PEDDLAR WOMAN: Where they getcha?

TONY: Fronta "Life With Father." I wasn't sellin' no gardenias, then. I was just gettin' ready to go I was goin' over t'make the second intermission at "Hellzapoppin'" an' Reilly grabs an' Charlie an' Max.

PEDDLAR WOMAN: He was just here, Reilly. Run us off.

TONY: Ya know it's bout time we started doin' somethin' about it.

PEDDLAR WOMAN: Bout what?

TONY: Bout the way the cops run us ragged.

PEDDLAR WOMAN: What can we do?

TONY: We kin take it up with the mayor.

PEDDLAR WOMAN: The mayor?

TONY: He ain't a bad guy.

PEDDLAR WOMAN: What could he do? We got no licenses.

TONY: That's because they won't give us none. We're interferin' with the business of the flower shops that's gotta pay rent. That's what they say, ain't it?

PEDDLAR WOMAN: That's what they told me when I applied for one.

TONY: Yeah, well I think that's a lotta bunk. If we wasn't around, people wouldn't go into a flower shop. They just go into a flower shop when they want a whole bunch, not fer a single gardenia. We ain't takin' no business away from them. People buy off us cause we hold 'em up under their nose—that's what gives 'em the idea ta buy one. We make 'em smell it . . . and if we wasn't around, they wouldn't go in no store.

PEDDLAR WOMAN: An' that's what we should tell the mayor, huh?

TONY: Tell him an' prove it. I got an idea while I was in jail. Here . . . see this piece a paper?

PEDDLAR WOMAN: What is it?

TONY: Just somethin' that the peddlars should ask all their customers to sign. I got a lot of 'em here inside my shirt. This is what they say. (*Reads*) "If the gardenia seller from whom I am buying this flower would not be around, I would not have the slightest intention of going into a flower shop to buy one." That's all. Ya just ask yer customer, if you wasn't there, would they go into a

flower shop, an' if they say no, then ask 'em please ta sign this . . . ya tell 'em what it's for. Here, take it.

PEDDLAR WOMAN: What are they for?

TONY: I just tole ya . . . ta take down ta City Hall. We could go down there and say, "Here it is on the word of the customers themselves that we ain't takin' no business from the stores."

PEDDLAR WOMAN: Don'tcha gotta get a notary public to sign it or sumpthin' t'make it legal?

TONY: Legal got nothin' ta do with it. We just show 'em the signatures.

PEDDLAR WOMAN: Then ya mean maybe they'd lay off us?

TONY: Might.

SOUND: *Outer theatre door opening*

ATTENDANT (*Slightly off*): Get out and stay out!

2ND ACTOR: But I tell you the producer of this show is a friend of mine!

ATTENDANT: Sure, I suppose you eat dinner at his house every night. Beat it!

SOUND: *Theatre door closing*

1ST ACTOR: Couldn't miss, eh? Works like a charm?

2ND ACTOR: Well, it was all your fault.

1ST ACTOR: Mine?

2ND ACTOR: When that usher asked us where our seats were, why didn't you let me answer? Instead we both point to opposite sides of the house—of course we get thrown out.

PEDDLAR WOMAN (*Fading in*): Gardenia, mister? Nice fresh gardenia?

2ND ACTOR: What? oh . . . er . . . how much are they?

PEDDLAR WOMAN: Ten cents.

2ND ACTOR: Well, all right, pin it on me, will you?

PEDDLAR WOMAN: Yes sir.

2ND ACTOR: Hmm . . . that fellow certainly wrinkled up my coat when he . . . er . . . escorted us out. A flower in my lapel always makes me feel well dressed when my suit needs pressing.

1ST ACTOR: At least an actor should be able to get in to see a play, even if he can't get a part in it.

2ND ACTOR: I used to get into theatres just by showing my Actors Equity card.

1ST ACTOR: Those days are gone. I went up to the box office of "The Man Who Came To Dinner," the other night and said: "Do you recognize the profession?" The man said, "Yes, a mile away."

PEDDLAR WOMAN: There you are, sir.

2ND ACTOR: I think I have a dime here . . . somewhere . . . Ah yes, here it is.

PEDDLAR WOMAN: Thank you.

TONY (*fading in*): Pardon me, mister, would you have gone into a flower shop just now and bought a gardenia if we wasn't here?

2ND ACTOR: Why, er, probably not . . . no.

TONY: Will ya sign this paper ta that effect?

2ND ACTOR: Why? What for?

TONY: The city won't give us no licenses, 'cause they say we hurt the business of the flower shops. We're tryin' ta prove it ain't so.

2ND ACTOR: What does it say?

TONY: Just that if we wouldn't be here . . .

1ST ACTOR: What difference does it make what it says? It's always publicity when you sign your name. Here I'll sign it, too. Give me that pencil . . .

TONY: No, thanks, please—only the one who bought the flower.

SOUND: *Of pencil scratching*

2ND ACTOR: All right . . . There you are.

TONY: Thanks.

1ST ACTOR: Come on. (*Fade*) Let's go over to Ralph's for a beer.

2ND ACTOR: What will we use for money? I just spent my last dime for this gardenia.

1ST ACTOR (*Fading*): My credit's good at Ralph's . . . Up to twenty cents.

TONY (*On mike*): There, ya see? That's all ya gotta do. Here take this petition now, an' get all yer customers ta sign it.

PEDDLAR WOMAN: O.K., Tony.

TONY: How ya doin'?

PEDDLAR WOMAN: Dollar an' a quarter.

TONY: All day?

PEDDLAR WOMAN: Since five o'clock . . . well, groceries, anyway.

TONY: Yer old man ain't workin' yet, huh?

PEDDLAR WOMAN: He's gonna start sellin' these t'morrow . . . went down to the market t'night ta get a couple boxes.

TONY: Better'n' doin' nothin'.

PEDDLAR WOMAN: Yeah, 'ceptin' it won't give him much time to look for some-thing' regular.

TONY: Between the two of ya, ya ought do pretty good with flowers . . . if the weather stays good.

MYRT (*Fading in—a tired voice*): Gardenias, get a lovely fresh gardenia.

TONY: Ya . . . gotta give a girl like that credit. Most girls good lookin' as her would do other things, before they'd peddle fer a livin' . . . who is she, ya know?

PEDDLAR WOMAN: Never seen her around before.

TONY: Yessir. Gotta give a girl like that lotta credit. Takes guts.

PEDDLAR WOMAN. There's some women always keeps their self respect.

1ST PEDDLAR (*Fading in*): Hello, Tony, I hear ya been in the can again.

TONY: Hiya, Pete.

1ST PEDDLAR: Just get out?

TONY: Yeah.

1ST PEDDLAR: What judge?

TONY: The old geesser—what's his name?

1ST PEDDLAR: Kraft? A humped up old guy?

TONY: Yeah, Kraft, that's him. Two days he gives me. Says after this gonna be five.

1ST PEDDLAR: Things is sure gettin' tough fer us. They're really puttin' the screws on the Broadway cleanup campaign, an' on top a that . . . Maxie tell ya?

TONY: Tell me what?

1ST PEDDLAR: 'Bout how he got shook down?

TONY: Oh yeah, he tole me—I saw him in the can—he tole me.

1ST PEDDLAR: Fifty cents they made him pay, an' said it was gonna cost him two bits a day from now on if we wants to peddle in Times Square.

TONY: Ya know the guys?

1ST PEDDLAR: I ain't seen 'em, but from the way Maxie says, they're a couple a punks who used ta hang out up at the Strand poolroom.

TONY: What they gotta pick on us for? I'd like ta see 'em try ta get sumthin' outa me. I'll give 'em.

1ST PEDDLAR: Where'd ya get yer flowers, Tony? They're all brown.

TONY: Same guy, down the market.

1ST PEDDLAR: How much?

TONY: Two bucks a box.

1ST PEDDLAR: Got gyped. Them are flowers? Garbage.

TONY: They faded while I was in pen. Boy, one more pinch an' I'll be outa business.

1ST PEDDLAR: You ain't been run in half as much as me . . . I ain't missed a Saturday in three months. Last Saturday was good, though. Listen ta this.

They chuck me in the bull pen, an' there's a guy there that was caught in a gambling raid up in Harlem, see? A big shot gambler. An' he buys from me every flower I got, three whole boxes!

TONY: Was he drunk?

1ST PEDDLAR: Naaah. Just a big shot with plenty of dough. He was feelin' good. He gives a flower ta every guy in the pen. Well, I guess I'll go over to the Majestic Theatre.

TONY: Ain't they broke yet?

1ST PEDDLAR: Naw . . . got a long first act. (*Starts to fade*)

TONY: Wait a minute, Pete, I wanna explain ya 'bout something. I got some petitions here that . . .

1ST PEDDLAR (*Slightly off*): Uh-uh . . . they're breaking now, over at the Majestic. I see people comin' out.

TONY (*Calling after him*): Wait a minute! I wantcha ta give some a these out. (*Fading*) Hey!

(*Pause*)

SLIM (*Fading in—young hoodlum oily*): I thought ya said there was some around here?

SHORTY (*Young apprentice mug*): Was . . . musta gone away. Oh there they are . . . up by the Majestic . . . it's intermission over there. C'mon.

SLIM: Ya sap—what're ya goin' ta do with all them people around. We gotta talk to each a them peddlars separate. How many them union cards ya got with ya?

SHORTY: A whole stack of 'em. We ain't gonna need this many.

SLIM: How many we get rid of so far tonight?

SHORTY: Just five.

SLIM: Five, huh . . . gotta do better'n that.

SHORTY: I tolja this ain't no good, Slim. It's a chislin' racket. What kin ya make out of it?

SLIM: Plenty if we line it up right.

SHORTY: If it'd be any good, someone else woulda done it before. These guys only make about a buck profit on a whole box of flowers.

SLIM: There's nearly a hundred of 'em around Times Square, ain't they? If they was organized at two bits a day, that's around twenty-five bucks . . . almost two hundred a week. That chicken feed to you?

SHORTY: Nah, it ain't that . . . it's . . .

SLIM: An' don't forget, that's just a step up the ladder. After we organize gardenias, there's ice cream peddlars, these snapshot guys that give ya a card, the pushcart peddlars . . . ain't no stopping us.

SHORTY: Yeah, then it starts gettin' dangerous.

SLIM: Why? Who they gonna squawk to—the law? (*Cbuckling*) We're just part of the labor movement.

SHORTY: Ya mean that's all ya gotta do to start a union? Have cards printed an' give 'em out?

SLIM: That's all *we're* gonna have to do . . . 'cept collect dues.

SHORTY (*Lightly*): Nothin' to it, huh? Hey, supposin' they don't come across regular with the dues?

SLIM: Then we "intimidate" 'em.

SHORTY: We what?

SLIM: That's like what we done with them two guys tonight who didn't want to kick in at first.

SHORTY: Oh! That's what means intimidatin', huh?

SLIM: God you're dumb.

SHORTY: What're we gonna do, Slim, stay here?

SLIM: Good a place as any. They'll be driftin' by here . . . lots of theatres on this street.

SHORTY: Hey! Here comes one now.

SLIM: All right . . . you shut up now an' lemme handle him . . . (*Pause*) Hey!

2ND PEDDLAR (*coming in*): Gardenia?

SLIM: You a member the union?

2ND PEDDLAR: What union?

SLIM: Gardenia peddlars.

2ND PEDDLAR: They ain't got one. (*Laughing*) How could gardenia peddlars have a union?

SLIM: Guess you don't get around much.

2ND PEDDLAR: What's it your business, anyway? Hey, what's the idea? Lemme by.

SLIM: Take it easy . . . you'll last longer.

2ND PEDDLAR: Hey, lay off me! C'mon . . . I gotta get up the street.

SLIM: Himm . . . ain't got many flowers left in them boxes, huh? Business must be good.

2ND PEDDLAR: C'mon . . . whadya want?

SLIM: Gimme a card, Shorty.

SHORTY: Here ya are.

SLIM: You're gonna join the union. Can't peddle in Times Square less ya do. Take it.

2ND PEDDLAR: What's this?

SLIM: Membership card. That makes you a member. Take it.

2ND PEDDLAR: What the heck kind of a union? What is all this?

SLIM: The gardenia peddlars have formed a union.

2ND PEDDLAR: I ain't heard nothin' 'bout it.

SLIM: That'll cost ya fifty cents initiation fee . . . that card.

2ND PEDDLAR: Fifty cents? (*Starting to fade*) Go soak yer head . . .

SLIM: Grab 'im, Shorty . . . don't let him get away!

SHORTY: Come here, you . . .

2ND PEDDLAR: Leggo a me, ya . . .

SHORTY: No, ya don't—stay here or I'll . . .

2ND PEDDLAR: Fer cryin' out loud—what do ya want from me?

SLIM: Fifty cents.

2ND PEDDLAR: I ain't got no dough fer nothin' like that. How much ya think I make sellin' these things? Fifty bucks a week?

SLIM: Ya make fifteen, dontcha?

2ND PEDDLAR: Yeah? Who's been tellin' ya?

SLIM: Anyhow, ya make enough to pay half a buck. Now c'mon quit stallin'. (*Threateningly*) Are ya—or aintcha?

2ND PEDDLAR *impressed*: I ain't got it.

SLIM: You just sold out a boxful a gardenias!

2ND PEDDLAR: Yeah, that's room rent, an' what's left I need to buy stock fer t'morrow. An' what if I get a pinch? I won't be able to pay out of it.

SLIM: I'm gonna stop foolin' with you. Let him have it, Shorty.

2ND PEDDLAR *gasping*: Hey . . . you're . . . choking me . . .

SLIM: For the last time—gonna join or not?

2ND PEDDLAR *still gasping*: All right . . . all right . . .

SLIM: Gimme half a buck.

2ND PEDDLAR: Here . . . ya bum.

SLIM: Now, now . . . that's no way to talk to an officer of yer union.

2ND PEDDLAR: Aaaaaah . . .

SLIM: See ya t'morrow.

2ND PEDDLAR (*Fading*): Think yer gonna get four bits off me every day?

SLIM: It's only two bits a day from now on. That fifty cents was just initiation . . . Well, that's one more, Shorty.

SHORTY: That makes twenty-one we got altogether.

SLIM: Slow but sure. It's always easier goin' after they make that first payment.

SHORTY: Hey Slim, look, are these kids peddlars, comin' down the street?

SLIM: Naaah, they're just a couple a autograph hounds.

SHORTY: Maybe we should organize them, too, huh, Slim?

SLIM: Don't be stupid. They got no money. They're just a bunch of screwy kids.

MARY (*fading in—arguing*): I don't see why, Dottie.

DOTTIE: Well, ask anybody. Tyrone Power's worth more than one Franchot Tone . . . he certainly is . . .

MARY: All right, I'll throw in Lionel Stander . . . now that's certainly fair. I'll trade you Franchot Tone and Lionel Stander for Tyrone Power . . . now that's certainly fair.

DOTTIE: Well.

MARY: Here comes Johnny . . . I wonder where he's been.

JOHNNY *off*: Hello.

MARY } Hello, Johnny.

DOTTIE }
JOHNNY: Where'd you come from?

MARY: Over at the Bijou.

JOHNNY: Anybody there?

DOTTIE: Hope Hampton.

MARY: He's got her, haven't you, Johnny?

JOHNNY: Yeah, long time ago. Who else?

DOTTIE: Sinclair Lewis, but you can't get him.

MARY: He gets sore when you ask him.

JOHNNY: Ya know who I got a little while ago?

MARY } Who?

DOTTIE }
JOHNNY: William Saroyan . . . I asked him to sign my autograph book, and he wrote out a whole short story for me right there.

MARY: Who's at the Majestic?

JOHNNY: Hugh Herbert.

MARY } *delighted*: Hugh Herbert?

DOTTIE }
JOHNNY: Yeah.

DOTTIE: Did you get him?

JOHNNY: Sure . . . look . . .

SOUND: *Pages turning in book*

JOHNNY: See what he wrote . . . he asked me my name . . . then he wrote . . .

MARY *reading*: "To Johnny . . . good luck . . . woo woo . . . Hugh Herbert."

SOUND: *Both laughing*

DOTTIE: Come on, Mary, let's go over to the Majestic. I want to get him.

MARY: So do I. (*Fading*) See you later, Johnny.

JOHNNY: So long.

(*Pause*)

SHORTY: I'll try a couple other peddlars down the street there.

MYRT (*Fade in*): Gardenia?

SLIM: Huh?

MYRT: Lovely fresh gardenia—ten cents?

SLIM: Oh . . . why sure . . . Say, I know you, don't I?

MYRT: Do you?

SLIM: From some place.

MYRT: I've been there.

SLIM: Where?

MYRT: Some place.

SLIM: Whaddymean?

MYRT: Skip it.

SLIM: I've seen you around somewhere . . . and it wasn't sellin' gardenias . . . Ooooo! For Pete's sake, I know you.

Don't you remember me?

MYRT: No. That'll be ten cents please.

SLIM: Don't give me the glassy eye, sister.

MYRT: I don't know what you're talking about.

SLIM: Yes you do.

MYRT: Give me ten cents.

SLIM *cute like*: C'mon tell me, why did ya take up gardenia peddlin'?

MYRT: I'll write you a letter. Now are you going to pay me, or do I have to call a . . . (*stops short*).

SLIM *knowingly*: A cop? You wouldn't mean a cop would you?

MYRT: All right keep it, chisler. Hope it makes you rich!

SLIM: Wait a minute, sister. If you're sellin' gardenias, you ain't no bettern the rest.

MYRT: Leggo my arm.

SLIM: Fifty, and ten off fer this flower ya pinned on me, is forty cents initiation fee.

MYRT: Let go of me!

SLIM: Maybe I better explain. The gardenia peddlars are organizin' a union.

MYRT: You don't think you can get away with a thing like this right out here on a public street. (*Shouting*) Help!

SLIM: Shut up! Squawk again, an' I'll break your arm!

MYRT: Oww . . .

SLIM: Gonna keep quiet?

MYRT *struggling*: I'm gonna tell this man comin' up the street to call a cop, that's what I'm going to do . . . Help! Mister! Please, mister, this man's holding my arm, he won't let me go. Please, please call a policeman or something . . . make him let me alone . . .

SLIM *laughing*: Hello, Shorty. Too bad, kid, meet a friend of mine.

MYRT: What're you goin' to do?

SLIM: That's up to you.

MYRT: Expect to hold me here all night?

SLIM: No.

MYRT: Then let me go.

SLIM: After you give me forty cents.

MYRT: I will not!

SLIM: No?

MYRT *screaming*: And if you don't let go me this second I'll spit in your face.

SLIM: Thought you was a lady.

SOUND: *Myrt spitting*

SLIM: Think you kin get away with that cuz you're a dame, huh? I'll show ya. Take 'em, Shorty. Take her flowers away from her.

SHORTY *taking them*: Gimme those!

SLIM: Now empty a mess of 'em on the sidewalk.

SHORTY: How? Like this?

SLIM: Yeah. Now grind yer heel in 'em . . . in them nice pretty flowers. That's it . . . throw down some more . . . here. I'll help ya . . . (*Grunts*) All right hold it, no sense wastin' 'em all. She might change her mind 'bout joinin'. C'mon Shorty, let's go up to forty-sixth street. (*Fading*) In case ya change yer mind about joinin', we'll be back around here in about ten minutes.

MYRT *After a pause—breaks down and sobs*

TONY *fading in*: Wattsa matter?

MYRT: Huh?

TONY: Watcha cryin' for?

MYRT: Cryin'? Somebody just told me a funny joke and I'm laughin'.

TONY: Where're yer flowers? Sell 'em all out?

MYRT: They took 'em away from me.

TONY: Who?

MYRT: Men.

TONY: What men?

MYRT: What's the difference?

TONY: What happened? Tell me.

MYRT: G'wan leave me alone. Go away.

TONY: I'm jist tryin' to help ya.

MYRT *fiercely*: What do you want?

TONY: You're in a bad way . . . Listen. Don't get me wrong. I ain't tryin' ta make a pass atcha. It's jist I seen ya sellin' gardenias before, an' . . . well . . . ya see, that's what I do too, see? There's three of my flower boxes . . . I bin peddlin' fer a long, an' I know how tough it is on a dame. I was remarkin' before, when you passed here before, remember? You came by while I was sittin' here, an' I remarked to somebody what a lotta guts I thought you had.

MYRT: Thanks.

TONY *earnestly*: I ain't kiddin'. I think ya deserve a lotta credit. What happened?

MYRT *relaxing*: Aw . . . couple mugs took all my flowers.

TONY: Without payin' for 'em?

MYRT: They want me to pay them.

TONY *suddenly*: Say! Did they try to organize ya? Give ya some baloney about a union?

MYRT: Yeah.

TONY: So! That's who it was . . .

MYRT: Ya know em?

TONY: Two, a skinny an a little short guy?

MYRT: Yeah.

TONY: Boy, I wisht I woulda been around here. Wha'd they get offa ya? Half a buck?

MYRT: No. I wouldn't give em nothin' . . . so they took all my flowers . . . except these here on the sidewalk that they stepped all over.

TONY: That's who they are, all right.

MYRT: Who?

TONY: The same racketeer punks that shook Maxie down. They been around bout a week now, tryin' ta line all the peddlars up. Boy, I wisht I'd bin around!

MYRT: You kin get your wish. They're comin' back in ten minutes.

TONY: Back here? That what they said?

MYRT: Yeah, givin' me a chance to change my mind.

TONY: Ten minutes! (*Snaps his fingers*) Swell!

MYRT *sarcastically*: Everything O.K. now?

TONY: Watch my flowers for me a minute will ya—I'll be right back. (*Fading*) Hey Ed! . . . Charlie!

SOUND: *Street noises up—then down*

TONY (*Fading in*): So they're coming back here any minute, those rats, ta see if she's changed her mind.

1ST PEDDLAR: That's a terrible thing ta do.

TONY: C'mon hurry up—walk faster.

1ST PEDDLAR: That the girl there?

TONY: Yeah. The one standin' right there in fronta the theatre.

2ND PEDDLAR: They got me fer a half buck a little while ago.

TONY: All right now, do what I tell ya, an we stick together, you'll get it back. O.K., sister, we'll get your posies back for ya!

MYRT (*Slightly off*): How?

TONY: Don't you worry, if they're comin' back here like you said . . .

1ST PEDDLAR: Whatcha want us ta do, Tony?

TONY: Round up all the peddlars ya can. You, Charlie, go down to Forty Second Street and work back up to here. Ed, you go up to Forty Ninth and work down!

2ND PEDDLAR: What'll we tell 'em—just ta come with us?

TONY: Tell 'em to come here—in fronta this theatre, right away.

1ST PEDDLAR: Suppose they don't wanna?

TONY: They'll come! Fer Pete's sake tell 'em what for—lot of 'em's been shook down already. They'll wanna get even. Hurry up!

2ND PEDDLAR: What about our stuff, where we leave it?

TONY: Here gimme, I'll watch it for ya. Put 'em down here . . . by this theatre entrance . . .

SOUND: *Flower boxes being put down*

2ND PEDDLAR: They be all right there?

TONY: Yeah, yeah! Now beat it will ya? This is important. Those punks'll be back in a few minutes!

1ST PEDDLAR: O.K.! (*Fading*) Les go! C'mon Charlie!

TONY (*Calling after them*): Get all ya can, make 'em come! Yes, sir, sister—we'll get your flowers back for ya all right. (*Nothing from her—then*) Here, wanna borrow some a mine fer a while?

MYRT: No, I don't.

TONY: Well . . . what're ya gonna do?

MYRT: Do?

TONY: Yeah. I mean—fer a livin' now—how ya gonna eat?

MYRT: Eat? Hmmp . . . I'll eat all right, don't you worry bout that. See that guy standing down on the corner? The one with the straw hat? He's been looking at me for ten minutes. I'm sure he's just dyin' ta buy me a dinner . . . (*Slight fade*)

TONY: Wait!

MYRT: Take yer hand off my arm!

TONY: Don't!

MYRT: Don't what?

TONY: Jist because a coupla punks . . . I know how tough it is on a girl ta be sellin' flowers . . . like I was remarkin' before, but . . . well . . . you've stuck it out so far . . . aw . . . you know what I mean . . . doncha?

MYRT: English is the only language I speak.

TONY: Well, I mean . . . just because the breaks go against ya a while . . . that's what I was admirin' aboutcha before . . . that ya . . .

MYRT: That I what?

TONY: Had enough guts to go gardenia peddlin' . . . If you're hungry, I'll stake ya to a meal . . . an here . . . look some of these flowers he threw on the sidewalk ain't so bad . . . see. Wash a couple off an ya kin sell 'em all right. An I kin lend ya a box, till ya get on yer feet again . . . Whatdya say, huh? (*Pause*)

MYRT: What's your angle?

TONY: I ain't got no angle. Honest! Here take 'em will ya? Take this box?

(*Pause*)

MYRT: O.K.

TONY: Atta gal! Here. (*Little embarrassed laugh*) Ya know—this makes me feel like—yer father—er somethin'—savin' ya like this from . . .

MYRT: From a fate worse than death (*Laughing*).

TONY: Hey! Here comes a cop from down the street!

MYRT: Which one is it. Do you know him?

TONY: No. Some new guy. C'mon quick let's duck into the theatre lobby!

SOUND: *Theatre door opening and closing*

ATTENDANT (*Fading in*): I'm sorry, you can't stay here.

TONY: Just for a few minutes—then we'll go right out.

ATTENDANT: You'll go right out now.

TONY *pleading*: Just till the cop goes by.

Then we'll . . .

SOUND: *Theatre door opening and closing*

ATTENDANT: And stay out!

TONY: Aaah, go grow a hangnail!

MYRT *low*: What'll we do? That cop got a mean look on his face.

TONY *low*: Quick—pretend like we're just a couple a theatre customers, till he passes by! (*Loudly putting it on*) I think poisonally, it is a very terrible play . . .

MYRT *low*: Gee, he's poking around them flowers yer friends left here . . . Watch out, he's looking over here.

TONY *quickly and loudly*: Of course the girl who portrayed the leading lady wasn't bad, an . . .

MYRT *also putting it on*: Oh, I thought she was very good. Why . . . (*Low*) There he goes . . . He's leavin' . . . O.K.

TONY: Whew! They grab me again, it'll be—throw away the key.

MYRT *suddenly*: Here they come!

TONY: Who?

MYRT: That took my flowers.

TONY: Sure it's them?

MYRT: Yeah.

(*Pause*)

SLIM (*Fading in*): Well . . . been waiting for me, eh? Gimme a membership card, Shorty. Thought, you'd come around. We saved the rest of yer flowers; that's how sure we was. Here . . . here's the box . . . want 'em? . . . Aaa aaah aaah . . . don't reach so fast . . . It'll cost ya . . . like I toleja before—forty cents initiation.

MYRT: And I toleja before ya won't get nothin' outa me, ya cheap two bit chislers.

SLIM: Okay sister, it's up to you. (*Slight fade*) C'mon Shorty.

TONY: Wait a minute!

SLIM: Huh?

TONY: That box a flowers you got be-
long to her.

SLIM: What?

TONY: You heard me. They belong to her.

SLIM: Whatzit yer business?

TONY: So give 'em to her.

SLIM: So go take a jump in the lake fer yerself! C'mon Shorty.

TONY *he's getting mad*: I'm tellin' ya to give 'em to her!

SLIM: Hear that, Shorty? He's tellin' me!

SHORTY: A funny guy! He needs ta be "intimidated!"

MYRT: Watch out, Tony! He's gonna hit ya with a blackjack! (*She screams*)

SOUND: *A thud of the blackjack*

TONY: *Groans*

SHORTY: Les get outa here, Slim!

SLIM: Yeah. C'mon.

MYRT (*On mike*): Is yer head all right?

TONY: Yeah, yeah. Listen, quick. Are any a the peddlars comin' up the street?

MYRT: Yeah yeah! A whole bunch! An a lot of em are comin' from the other direction too!

TONY: Good! (*Shouting*) Hey, fellas! Here they are! These are the guys!

SLIM: Who's he yellin' to? Ya didn't hit him hard enough, Shorty. G'wan do it again—make him lie down.

SHORTY: Aaah it's gettin' too many people around, Slim—It's like in Macy's winda here already! Look at that mob of 'em comin' down the street. Let's beat it.

SLIM: Wait a minute! Them ain't jist people! They're all gardenia peddlars!

SHORTY: Yeah! And they look like they're comin' after us!

SLIM: C'mon quick! The other way!

SHORTY: They're comin' from that way too Slim!

SOUND: *Ad lib comes up strong from peddlars*

TONY: Here they are! These are the rats!

3RD PEDDLAR: Grab 'em!

TONY: Don't let em get away!

4TH PEDDLAR: I got one of 'em!

5TH PEDDLAR: Hold him!

6TH PEDDLAR: I got his leg! Get his arm!

7TH PEDDLAR: Wasn't there another one!

TONY: Yeah! There's a little short one!

8TH PEDDLAR: Where?

9TH PEDDLAR: He musta got away!

TONY: That's all right! This is the main guy here anyway. C'mon boys—getcha money back!

1ST PEDDLAR: Yeah, give out!

SLIM: Why . . . What're ya talkin about? (*Quavering*)

1ST PEDDLAR: Not good at guessin' are ya?

3RD PEDDLAR: It's jist he's got a bum memory!

4TH PEDDLAR: We want our dough back.

5TH PEDDLAR: Let's beat his head in!

SLIM: Wait a minute! What're ya gettin' excited about—a cheap half buck?

2ND PEDDLAR: It ain't so cheap t'me.

SLIM *forcing a laugh*: You'd think I wasn't on the level with you.

4TH PEDDLAR: You're gonna be on a level—right flat on the sidewalk, if ya don't give us back our money.

SLIM: You'll get somethin' fer your dough...

TONY: What?

SLIM: Protection!

TONY: Better give yerself some—you're gonna need it! All right fellas, turn him upside down and shake!

SLIM: Hey! Cut it out!

TONY: That's it! Now shake! Shake him real hard!

1ST PEDDLAR *cute like*: Look at the pretty hairs he's got on his leg! She loves me!

SLIM: Ouch!

1ST PEDDLAR: She loves me not!

SLIM: Ouch!

1ST PEDDLAR: She loves me!

SLIM: Ouch!

SOUND: *Coins clanking to the pavement*

TONY: Didja get all them coins?

SEVERAL PEDDLARS: Yeah! We got em, etc.

TONY: Give em ta all the guys who paid out, an save enough fer a new box of gardenias for this girl here...

SLIM: I'll getcha for this...

1ST PEDDLAR: You an who else?

3RD PEDDLAR: He ain't even dry yet behind the ears!

TONY: What should we do with him?

4TH PEDDLAR: Send him home to mama!

5TH PEDDLAR: We outa bash his brains in!

SLIM: Lemme go!

TONY: Whatsamatter? Ya don't like this? Start a "Chislers" union ta protect yasef!

1ST PEDDLAR: Hey, Tony! It's gettin' a big crowd. You'll have the cops here in a minute!

SLIM: I'll get even with ya—everyone a you!

TONY: You got us all wrong. This is jist one of our union meetings, an you're the guest of honor!

1ST PEDDLAR: Watch out Tony! He's makin' a break fer it!

2ND PEDDLAR: He's gettin' away!

3RD PEDDLAR: Don't let him get away. After him!

TONY: Let him go! You'll just run into some cop's arms. They won't bother us no more.

1ST PEDDLAR: If we all stick t'gether like this.

4TH PEDDLAR: Sure, we gotta stick together.

TONY: Otherwise it ain't no good. Here... I gotta lotta petitions here in my shirt... wait a second... here... see? While we're all here now, I wanna tell ya about these.

6TH PEDDLAR: What're they?

TONY: Everytime ya sell a flower, ya should get cher customer ta sign this.

SEVERAL PEDDLARS: What for? What is it?

TONY: It's just a statement they wouldn't bought from a flower shop if you wasn't around. That's why we can't get licenses, ain't it? Cause they say we hurt the flower shop business? All right, if all of us get our customers ta sign, we get hundreds a signatures provin' it ain't so.

6TH PEDDLAR: What we do with the signatures?

TONY: Take em down ta City Hall, or sumthin'!

7TH PEDDLAR: Show 'em ta the mayor!

4TH PEDDLAR: Then we git in all them papers, I bet.

TONY: That's good! We get in the papers, that's good!

5TH PEDDLAR *enthusiastically*: Then we go marchin' down ta City Hall an ask fer licenses!

6TH PEDDLAR: Marchin' down ta City Hall! They lock us up!

3RD PEDDLAR: Why? We ain't breakin' no law!

TONY: Lotsa people do it, when they got a gripe bout sumthin'.

3RD PEDDLAR: Why don't you go down alone, if you ain't afraid?

TONY: Won't do no good alone. We all gotta go t'gether.

2ND PEDDLAR: Sure! Like jist now when we knocked off them two punks, for our muchal interests.

TONY: Yeah, an we got other muchal interests. We all get run ragged by the cops, don't we? When all we're tryin' ta do is knock out a livin'. We ain't criminals. We don't steal the flowers we sell. An' if we kin knock off them

punks by stickin' t'gether, we kin do other things. We kin do somethin' about the way the cops bear down on us. We kin . . .

3RD PEDDLAR: Ya mean we should jump the cops like we did them guys?

4TH PEDDLAR: Then they start drillin' us fulla holes.

TONY: Don't be dopes! Course we don't jump 'em. There's other ways—legal ways. Like I said, we go down ta City Hall with the signatures! Whadya say? We got nothin' ta lose! What the heck we got ta lose?

4TH PEDDLAR: I'm game.

TONY: Whadya say?

5TH PEDDLAR: I'll go!

6TH PEDDLAR: When?

TONY: How bout t'morrow mornin'?

7TH PEDDLAR: What time?

8TH PEDDLAR: Ten o'clock!

TONY: O.K., ten o'clock! Where we meet?

1ST PEDDLAR: Times Square!

TONY: O.K. Will ya be there?

5TH PEDDLAR: Sure I will! I think it's a good idea! Tony's right. We ain't got nothin' ta lose. Les go down and kick up a noise!

TONY: How bout it? Will ya be there? All who will, yell I!

ALL: I!

1ST PEDDLAR: Hey! The show's leavin' out!

SOUND: *Crowd starts to come up*

TONY: Don't forget! Get all yer customers ta sign these slips! (*Shouting*) An' we meet tomorrow mornin' at ten in front of the Times Building!

SOUND: *A number of the peddlars start calling: "Gardenias! Gardenias, ten cents!" Crowd noises—bring in tap dancing, and Tommy's handclapping—Squirt starts singing: "Pennies From Heaven"—a coin drops—he changes the words to "Nickels From Heaven . . ."*

THE PEDDLARS: *Gardenias! Gardenias, ten cents! Gardenias, Gardenias, ten cents!*

MUSIC: *In—hold and fade*

UNIDENTIFIED

A DRAMA

By EUGENE W. MOORE

MUSIC: *Up and out on signal from director*

SOUND: *Panting of locomotive in distance—escaping steam from broken coupling*

1ST BRAKEMAN: This is gonna knock our schedule for a loop.

2ND BRAKEMAN: They shouldn't have hitched this old crate on back at the yard.

1ST BRAKEMAN: Durn lucky she didn't pull the other cars off the track.

2ND BRAKEMAN: Wish the sheriff and coroner'd get her and move these bodies.

1ST BRAKEMAN: That must be them coming now.

SOUND: *Speeding car approaching—pulls up to a quick stop and door opens and closes*

SHERIFF: You fellas the brakemen on this train?

2ND BRAKEMAN: That's us.

SHERIFF: How'd this box-car get derailed?

1ST BRAKEMAN: Loose truck, I guess.

SHERIFF: Are the bodies under that canvas?

1ST BRAKEMAN: Yeah.

SHERIFF: C'mon, Jim. Let's take a look.

SOUND: *Footsteps on gravel—canvas cover being lifted*

CORONER: Three of 'em!

SHERIFF: Kids! Just young kids!

MUSIC: *Thin and strange in character—continues behind voices which are normal but strangely unemotional*

GLEN: They're searching my pockets for identification. Don't know if it would be better or worse for Mother to know that I was killed . . . If she never hears from me she'll worry about me for the rest of her life . . . In either case she'll suffer . . . Hurts more than being dead . . . I can't believe I left her because of

Reba . . . that selfish, little . . . Thought I'd make a fresh start out West . . . But here I am a fresh corpse along with those two other nice kids . . . Too bad I didn't wear my college pin . . . Might've helped the Sheriff some . . . Glen Weaver was my name. Was! Eighteen years old and already past tense . . .

PHILLY: Thought I was gonna get a job somewhere and live like folks . . . Since ma died I was lookin' for a place of my own so I could feel like I belonged. Good thing she went before this happened . . .

MUSIC: *Cuts out for*

CORONER: Can't find anything with his name on it.

SHERIFF: Look through his pockets again. There must be something.

MUSIC: *As before*

PHILLY: No use, Sheriff. I stopped havin' a name on the road. When I lived at home, I was Joe Turner. But ever since I met up with Slim he called me Philly . . . Slim's an old hand on the road . . .

MUSIC: *Out*

CORONER: Nothing to identify this long, lanky fella either, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Wonder if half these bums ever had names?

MUSIC: *As before*

SLIM: I was just a guy they called Slim . . . And there are thousands like me ridin' in box cars, workin' the wheat fields, slavin' on chain gangs—east, west, north and south . . . We ain't ever harmed nobody—and we do more worryin' and workin' for our mouth full o' grub than it's worth . . . My name was Tom Higgins . . . Never got much of a chance to use it—just like I died before I had a chance to live . . . I was bummin' for more'n five years—ever

since I was fifteen . . . The old man was a car washer . . . Never could make enough to feed eleven of us kids . . . Since I hitched up with Philly, life wasn't so bad. Nice havin' a friend . . . I rode a thousand freights—in box cars and on the rods—always worryin' and thinkin' about windin' up under the wheels . . . But who'd a thought this was gonna be the last ride? . . . Philly and me almost missed it back at the freight yard . . . It was gettin' dark . . . She come by us blastin' fire and squeezin' us against the box cars on the other track . . .

MUSIC: *Agitato—builds*

SOUND: *Locomotive straining under heavy load*

SLIM (*cont'd*): I can hear the locomotive puffin' under a tough load . . . The brakie's flashin' his lantern . . . I'm running . . . I can feel the gravel under my feet.

SOUND: *Train whistle—moving freight trains and short quick blasts from locomotive—sustain*

PHILLY *breathlessly*: C'mon, Slim! Shake yer hoofs!

SLIM *also breathlessly*: Grab a box car or a reefer, Philly . . . I don't wanna ride open!

PHILLY: Ain't no time to be chosin'!—C'mon! She's pickin' up steam! Let's make fer the coal car!

SLIM *shouting*: Too cold to ride open!

PHILLY *shouting back*: Well I'm grabbin' this car! So long, Slim! Meetcha in the next jail!

SLIM: You ain't leavin' me . . . I'm right behind ya! (*Screams*) Gimme a hand, Philly! I can't make it. She's goin' too fast to let go.

PHILLY: Grab me mit!

AD LIB: *Both are heard struggling*

SOUND: *By this time the train is moving along smoothly—but the grinding sound of the wheels and the distant puffing of the locomotive are sustained throughout at different levels and varying in mood and rhythmic stress—other sound cues will also vary the general sound scheme from time to time*

PHILLY: Put your foot on the bottom rung! That's right! (*sighs*) Phew! That was close!

SLIM *breathing heavily*: Close? You don't know the half of it! Thought

my fingers would pull off. My hand was beginning to get numb.

PHILLY *disgustedly*: It's guys like you that wind up under a wheel! You're a sap! Howja expect to grab a box car on the run?

SLIM: I was lookin' for an open door.

PHILLY: You oughta know better'n that. All the doors are closed on a manifest. These cars is all loaded down.

SLIM: One of 'em oughta be full of groceries.

PHILLY: Always thinkin' of somethin' to eat! C'mon! Let's get into the coal car—the wind's cuttin' like glass.

SLIM: But it's loaded with coal, ain't it?

PHILLY: Naw . . . It's only gravel . . . Well, here goes.

SLIM: I'm right behind ya . . .

SOUND: *Miniature landslide of gravel*

AD LIB: "Ooof" and "Ouch."

PHILLY: Gee! I wisht they'd lug cushions once't in awhile.

SLIM: Or polish the sharp points off'n these stones.

PHILLY: Better'n ridin' the rods, anyway.

GLEN *slightly off mike*: A 'bo's life is tough! Isn't it fellas?

PHILLY: What the . . .

GLEN: Hope I didn't frighten you.

SLIM: Whaddaya know about that? We got company.

PHILLY: How'd you get in here?

GLEN: Same way you did. Only from the other side.

PHILLY: Where ya headed for?

GLEN: The land of vitamin "D" and blue skies.

SLIM: The land of what?

GLEN: Vitamin D, a nitrogenous substance which is transmitted to animals and plants through the sun's rays.

SLIM: Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle . . . Listen to that bird rattle off big words, like it was nothin'.

PHILLY: Look here, perfessor. Cut the kid-din'. You ain't makin' friends that way.

GLEN: Sorry. I shouldn't like to incur your animosity upon such short acquaintance.

PHILLY: Oh, swish . . .

GLEN: My destination, dear friends, is California.

PHILLY: Why didn'tcha say so at first? That's where we're goin'.

GLEN: Not exactly coincidence. Nine out of ten 'bo's go there.

SLIM: But not all of 'em get there. Bulls everywhere!

GLEN: All over the western front?

SLIM: All over the gosh danged country! We can't stay long enough to ask for a job before some bull comes up and says, "Move on! Get out of town or go to jail!" Knockin' around takes a lot of guts out of a guy.

PHILLY: Them bulls ain't human.

SLIM: I been across'd, and I ain't seen nothin' tougher'n a Santa Fe bull . . . Boy! Are they tough!

GLEN: Not as tough as these stones underneath me (*Groans*) I think I'll do a little shifting.

SOUND: *Stones shifting*

PHILLY: Sounds like Slim's bones rattlin'.

SLIM *reminiscently*: These bones of mine once knew the feelin' of a nice, white feather bed, believe it or not.

PHILLY *also reminiscently*: Yeah. I remember somethin' like that too . . . (*Suddenly*) Nix on the soft stuff! Change the subject or I'll bounce one of these pebbles off your bean.

SLIM: Geez! Can't I take my mind off this rock pile?

PHILLY: Not when ya have to sit on it. *Chuckles*

SLIM *sourly*: Awright, wise guy—awright!

SOUND: *Fade up train noises momentarily—train whistle blows*

PHILLY: Say! What's yer name?

GLEN: Glen Weaver. Just call me Glen, boys.

SLIM *with affectation*: Pleased to meetcha.

GLEN: The pleasure's all mine.

SLIM: Where do ya hail from, Glen?

GLEN: Boston.

SLIM: No kiddin'! I hail from up that way, too . . . Holyoke, Mass.

GLEN: Why, we're practically neighbors. Where do you come from, Philly?

PHILLY: Philadelphia. That's why Slim calls me Philly.

SLIM: G'wan! They named the burg after you.

GLEN: Is it true what they say about Philadelphia?

PHILLY: What's that?

GLEN: That 99 percent of the population are in a trance and the other one percent speak between yawns.

PHILLY *laughs*: It ain't that bad. If ya got the dough, ya can have a good time anywhere.

SLIM: And when ya ain't got the dough, they clap ya into the can—like they did me the last time I passed through that town.

PHILLY *sarcastically*: You should'a looked me up, Slim. I gotta pull with the police department.

SLIM *just as sarcastic*: Yeah. But I didn't have the pleasure of yer acquaintance then.

GLEN: Where did you fellas get together?

SLIM: Pittsburgh.

PHILLY: I didn't have enough trouble . . . so I had to run into this jinx.

SLIM *hurt*: After me teachin' him how to ride the freights, he calls me a jinx.

PHILLY *contemptuously*: You taught me! Why you wouldn't a' been here if it wasn't for me.

SLIM: Says you. That's the thanks I git.

GLEN: I almost wound up under the wheels when I grabbed my first handful of box cars in Buffalo. But I think I've quite mastered the art by this time.

PHILLY: Howja travel before that?

GLEN: I hitched from Boston and entrained at Buffalo.

SLIM: Didja get that, Philly? He entrained! Boy! Ain't we ridin' with class?

SOUND: *Train whistle blows—screeching of rails, as train goes around curve—train lurches and gravel rolls*

PHILLY: Wow! Some curve!

SLIM: Curve or no curve! The car shouldn't 'uv jerked that way.

GLEN: Suppose something's wrong?

SLIM: Might be a loose truck. If it is . . . it's just too bad.

GLEN: Don't they check these trains over?

SLIM: Yeah. But not like Pullmans. Only freight and bums ride these cars.

PHILLY: But freight's worth somethin', ain't it?

GLEN *laughs*: That's right, Philly. They should consider the freight, if not us. In the first place, we're not supposed to be here. We're breakin' the law. Besides, the freight will be used. We're just dead weight.

SOUND: *Train lurches and gravel slides as train slows down.*

PHILLY: She's comin' to a stop!

SLIM: I guess she's gonna take water—

Looks like a big tank ahead. If it's the yards, watch for the second signal tower and then a switchman's shanty . . . Drop off there and you can't miss. The yards are full of dicks these days.

SOUND: *Train comes to a stop as cars buckle against each other.*

PHILLY: It ain't the yards!

SLIM: Keep your heads low . . . A couple of brakies are comin' this way . . . They're carryin' lanterns.

GLEN: What would they do if they found us here?

SLIM: There's no tellin' . . . But sometimes they don't mind.—Just poor workin' stiff's themselves.

PHILLY: Shut up you guys! Here they come!

SOUND: *Fade up footsteps on gravel—approaching voices*

1ST BRAKEMAN: We gotta big load, Bill. Hope everything's tight.

2ND BRAKEMAN: Seems to me I heard a flat on one of the cars.

1ST BRAKEMAN: That's not serious.

2ND BRAKEMAN: It can be on a loaded car.

SOUND: *Train begins to move—locomotive whistle blows*

1ST BRAKEMAN: We're movin' ahead . . . See you later.

2ND BRAKEMAN: Right!

SOUND: *Locomotive gaining momentum—whistle blows—fade down train noises until there is only a suggestion of it in the background.*

GLEN: O.K. Fellas—you can stir some now.

SOUND: *Shifting gravel*

SLIM *groaning*: Are my bones sore? I was scared to move an inch in all this gravel.

SOUND: *Thumping recurs again*

GLEN: There goes that sound again. They noticed it, too.

SLIM: I knew somethin' was wrong. Ya get the feel after ridin' freights as long as me. It's a loose truck or a bum wheel.

PHILLY: Stop bellyachin' or get out and fix it. I'm hungry. What do ya say we dig into that handout we got down the line, Slim?

SLIM: Suits me fine!

GLEN: Am I dreaming? Methinks I heard the mention of food.

SLIM: You heard right. A nice cup of coffee'd go nice with a sandwich. I'm sure cold.

PHILLY: Just step right up front to the dining car.

SOUND: *Crackling of heavy paper*

Boy! Look what the lady wrapped up! Three hefty meat sandwiches!

GLEN *sighing ecstatically*: The aroma conjures up images of my mother's kitchen.

SLIM *impatiently*: Well, stop makin' love to them sandwiches and shell out!

PHILLY: Hold yer horses! Here y'are. Shove this down yer throat.

SLIM *with a mouthful*: Minmm. Is this good? Almost makes me fergit I'm cold.

PHILLY: Here's one for you, Glen.

GLEN *stammering*: Uh . . . I really . . . I shouldn't take food from you fellas . . . You have so little.

PHILLY: Listen to the guy, will ya?

SLIM: Grab while the grabbin's good. It ain't often that ya eat on the road.

PHILLY: Stick this in yer yapper now and shut up! You ain't in sassiety now! Fancy manners don't help none when yer hungry.

GLEN: I guess you're right.

PHILLY: Durn tootin' I'm right!

GLEN: Thanks awfully.

PHILLY: Aw, pumkin seeds!

SLIM: Say! Look at that guy eat will ya, Philly? And you was gonna refuse a sandwich.

GLEN: First bit a'food I had since yesterday.

PHILLY: If ya don't know how to mooch grub, ya ain't gonna live long, boy.

SLIM: Ain't that the truth!

GLEN: That's one thing I didn't learn at college.

PHILLY: You'll get wise after a while. Won't he Slim?

SLIM: Ain't nothin' to it. Hit the back door an' ask the lady for a piece a'bread and pretty soon she'll be cookin' ya a meal or come back with a package of good things. But don't ask fer no meal, or she'll call a cop.

PHILLY: And keep away from the swell neighborhoods—or you'll get pulled in sure's anything.

SLIM: Wait till ya hit some a' the jungles. Then you'll see some real grub. Some a'

the boys know how to cook. And how!

GLEN: Do they let anybody in?

SLIM: I should say not! It's only exclusive to bums.

GLEN: Hope I qualify.

SLIM: Well, I'm not so sure ya will. If ya keep usin' them fancy words, it'll be held against ya. Though I don't know these days. Lots a' college boys on the road.

PHILLY: Don't let'm kid ya, Glen. Long as ya bring something along to pool with the rest—yer as welcome as anybody.

GLEN: But where do you get something to bring?

PHILLY: Steal it, of course.

GLEN: Steal it?

SLIM: Philly's still young on the road. He calls it stealin'. It's just borrowin'. Sometimes ya do a kind act to some dumb animal. Like when ya see a chicken or young pig in the middle of the road—pick it up so it won't be hit by an automobile.

GLEN *as if absorbing something important*: Oh? But suppose it isn't in the middle of the road?

SLIM: Well, it doesn't have to be exactly in the middle of the road. It might be headin' that-a-way though.

GLEN *laughs*: I'm beginning to understand.

SLIM: Ya don't have to starve to death if ya know yer business. Any big bakery is good for a loaf a'bread if ya hit the night foreman.

GLEN: Do you manage to eat regular?

SLIM: Can't say I do. But I'll tell ya one thing . . . I been eatin' more on the road than I ever did at home.

PHILLY: You must a' been eatin' durn little then . . .

SLIM: The old man was an auto washer. He never could make enough to feed eleven of us kids.

GLEN: Eleven?

SLIM: Yeah. That's why I'm here. I can get more hustlin' for myself. Makes it easier for 'em.

PHILLY: Only three of us kids—but we had it plenty tough. Ma had to support us by takin' in washin'. I was a little kid when pop died.

GLEN: Where's your mother?

PHILLY: Dead.

GLEN: I'm sorry.

PHILLY: Aw, fergit it.

SOUND: *Train whistle—train speeding along as a thin strain of*

MUSIC: *Weaves through stream of consciousness on filter*

GLEN: I have a home—but these two kids were forced to go on the road . . . They'd think I was crazy for running away because my girl refused to dance with me . . . Or that's what it looks like, anyway.

PHILLY *almost whispered*: If you was alive, Ma—I'd shoot back as fast as a homing pigeon . . . I'm lonely . . . I want a home . . . I don't like livin' in box cars or jails or some dirty bunk house . . .

SLIM: Life's been tougher on me than this rock pile . . . Makes a fella tired of livin' . . . Old and tired at 18 . . . That's me . . . Sometimes I get to feel it'd be sorta nice restin' in the soft sod, six feet under . . . Nobody'd miss me . . . Reminds me of that Joe Hill poem . . .

MUSIC: *Out—but train sounds continue*
SLIM *sharply*: Hey fellas! Wanna hear a poem?

PHILLY: Now what hit ya?

SLIM: Might keep ya awake, anyway.

GLEN: Let's hear it, Slim.

PHILLY: G'wan and spill it. Guess I can take it.

SLIM: It's one of them Joe Hill poems. He was a 'bo like us . . . Let me see—how did it start now . . . (*Remembers*) . . . Oh, yeah . . .

SOUND: *Accentuate train noises as . . .*

MUSIC: *Weaves through sound as before*
SLIM. My will (*Voices filter*)

is easy MOTHER. Sonny, stop

to decide your crying!

For there PHILLY: I ain't cryin',

is nothing Ma. Honest!

to divide, MOTHER *laughing*

My kin weakly: You ain't

don't need foolin' me, Joe. But

to fuss you just stop your

and moan, cryin' . . . I'll be

well soon. Some-

body's got to take

care of you.

PHILLY: Sure you'll

get well, Ma. The

doctor says ya will

. . .

MUSIC: *Swells momentarily*

MOSS doesn't cling
to a rolling stone.
(*Fade*)

REBA: Please, Glen.
Someone's waiting
for me.

GLEN: I've been wait-
ing all evening,
Reba.

REBA: But I've prom-
ised . . .

GLEN *angrily*: You've
promised! Oh, well
Guess I just don't
belong at this col-
lege prom I stand
out like a sore
thumb in these rags
of mine.

REBA: You won't let
me explain. . .

GLEN Why explain?
I understand. All
the best families in
town are here After
all, my old man's
only a bricklayer . . .

MUSIC: *Swells momentarily*

SLIM (*Fading in*):

My body—ah!
If I could
choose,
I would
to ashes
it reduce,
And let
the merry
breezes blow
My dust
to where
some flowers
grow.

PHILLY *alarmed*:
What's the matter,
Ma?

MOTHER: A little pain.
Nothing new with
me. Always had 'em.

PHILLY: Mal Let me
get the doctor.

MOTHER: No, no. Stay
here, Joe . . . Come
close . . . Hold me
tight, Joe. That's it
. . . (*Sighs*) My little
son. My own flesh
—and blood—(*Gasp-*
ing) My — my —
life . . .

MUSIC: *Swells*

PHILLY *hysterically*:
Mal! Mal! Don't leave
me, Mal! Please, Ma.
Wake up! (*Scream-*
ing) Mal! Look at
me! Open your eyes,
Mal! Mal! Please!
Open your eyes!

MUSIC: *Up to maximum and out for*

SLIM: What's 'a matter, Philly? Ya cryin'?

PHILLY: I ain't cryin'! Don't you say I
am or I'll bust ya one!

SLIM: O.K. Then yer not cryin'.

SOUND: *Fast train rushes by on next track*
—train whistle

SLIM *whistles*: Boy! She must 'a been
doin' seventy.

GLEN: Nice poem, Slim.

PHILLY: Yeah. But I ain't thinkin' a dyin'.
Before I'm used for fertilizer I'd like to
do some livin'.

SLIM: Joe Hill liked livin', too . . . But
they killed him.

PHILLY: What they kill him for?

SLIM: For his ideas.

PHILLY: They can't kill a guy for that
. . . This is a free country!

SOUND: *Violent knocking under wheels*
GLEN: Hey! That sounds serious!

PHILLY: Don't like it one bit.

SLIM: Durn near shaking my teeth out.

PHILLY: Maybe that's how ya lost the
others . . .

SLIM: How would you like to lose a few,
wise guy?

PHILLY: You and who else?

SLIM: Just me.

PHILLY: C'mon and try it . . . A little
scrap would warm me up!

SLIM: O.K. You asked for it.

GLEN: Cut it out fellas.

PHILLY: Aw! We're only kiddin' around.
Ain't we, Slim?

SLIM: I c'n never tell that 'til after I get
socked.

SOUND: *Train speeding along—becomes*
more violent than ever

GLEN: Jumpin' Jimminies! Now what?

PHILLY: Sounds like the tub's comin'
apart!

SLIM: What'd I tell you guys! The truck's
loose!

PHILLY: Let's clear out of here.

GLEN: How?

PHILLY: Jump for it!

SLIM: You're crazy! She's goin' too
fast!

GLEN *shouting*: Feels like the bottom's
coming out!

PHILLY *screaming*: God Almighty! She's
going off the tracks!

SLIM: Jump for your lives!

SOUND: *Cars skipping rails—train whistle*
long drawn out—and series of crashes as

MUSIC: *Sneaks in—up to maximum and*
out abruptly for

SHERIFF: Did you find anything, Jim.

CORONER: Absolutely nothing on these
bodies to identify them, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Well . . . Guess they'll have to
go the way of all burns . . .

CORONER: And stray cats . . .

MUSIC: *Builds behind voices*

VOICE: Glen Weaver.

GLEN: Unidentified.

VOICE: Joe Turner.

GLEN: Unidentified.

VOICE: Tom Higgins.

SLIM: Unidentified.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

THE UNIVERSITY TODAY*

I: THE RISE OF THE UNIVERSITY

By STEPHEN CLISHAM

1ST VOICE: Intellectual discipline!

2ND VOICE: Dissemination of knowledge!

1ST VOICE: Preparation for life!

2ND VOICE: Leadership!

1ST VOICE: Creative thought!

ANNOUNCER: That's THE UNIVERSITY TODAY!

MUSIC: *Theme fade under after 10 seconds for . . .*

ANNOUNCER: We present the first in a series of programs designed to acquaint you with THE UNIVERSITY TODAY. Our first program, *The Rise of the University*, relates the historical development of the University, the changes that have taken place in schools of higher education from the time of the wandering scholars of Italy to the founding and growth of the first colleges in America.

MUSIC: *Theme up and out*

NARRATOR: In our modern university the professor occupies an exalted position, one to be envied by many. But, it was not always thus.

1ST VOICE (*ready—professorial*): As of the year 1317. Following are the set of regulations which guaranteed the student proper value of the money paid by each to his professors. One: A professor might not be absent without leave even a single day.

2ND VOICE: If he desires to leave town he must deposit a sufficient sum to ensure his return.

3RD VOICE: If he fails to secure an audience of five for a lecture he will be subject to fine.

4TH VOICE: He must begin with the bell and cease one minute after the bell.

5TH VOICE: He must not skip a chapter in his commentary or postpone a question to the end of the lecture. (*Begin fade*)

6TH VOICE: He must not . . . (*Fade out*)

NARRATOR: Certainly it can be seen that the students must have been very well organized. But, how about the professors? Theirs was not a wholly pleasant task until they formed a guild, the first semblance of organized higher education.

SOUND: *Crowd noise—ad lib mumbling*

CHAIRMAN: Fellow professors. It has been decided by a resolution of our Professors Guild that henceforth students no longer can enter the university in wholesale numbers without regard to fitness or ability, but are first required to pass an examination before admittance, testifying to their qualifications.

SOUND: *Crowd noise—ad lib mumbling—favorable sentiment*

1ST PROFESSOR: Honorable Rector.

CHAIRMAN: Professor Palermo.

1ST PROFESSOR: As we all well know, anyone who can gather enough students together may teach whether he is qualified or not. This is a deplorable condition. May I suggest that after several years' work on the part of the student that he be given a comprehensive examination before our body. This attainment would be duly rewarded with a license which would qualify the recipient to teach and automatically make him a member of our Professors Guild.

NARRATOR: And so it was when a student was awarded his license he was recognized from then on as a teacher.

MRS. QUIZZICAL: Yeah, but where did they teach?

NARRATOR *surprised*: Pardon me, where did you come from?

Mrs. QUIZZICAL: Oh, I just got a little too interested, I guess. But say, where did

* The following four scripts of the series *The University Today* were written and prepared by members of the Radio Writing Group of the University of Scranton, under the direction of Dr. John Groller, and broadcast over Station WGBI, Scranton, Pa.

they hold their classes, and what did they use for books, and . . .

NARRATOR: Whoa, wait a minute, please. (*Cheerfully*) One question at a time.

MR. QUIZZICAL: O.K. . . O.K.

NARRATOR: The first university classes were held in private halls or in nearby churches, for they had no buildings of their own. Yet it is surprising the number of present day practices and ceremonies that have their origin in these first universities.

COMMENTATOR: The conferring of degrees, the timing of examinations, the use of caps and gowns, the board of directors, the student council.

NARRATOR: These and many other practices have been our heritage from the first loosely organized universities.

COMMENTATOR: Since books were costly at this time they were usually rented, and close restrictions were placed on the sale of books to prevent any monopoly prices.

PROPRIETOR *fade in*: Oh, yes, all my books are guaranteed. You see, I have a constant supply coming in. After every semester the professors turn over copies of their lectures to me for publication.

STUDENT: M'mmm. I'd like to buy this one. What's the price?

PROPRIETOR: I'm sorry, lad, they're not for sale. Everyone of those books is written by hand. It would cost you quite a sum to buy one. But if you cared to rent it for the semester, I'd be only too glad to let you have it.

STUDENT: All right (*begin fade*) that's good enough. I'll rent it for the first term.

MR. QUIZZICAL: Say, they not only sold the books but published them too, eh?

COMMENTATOR: Yes, these stationers not only played the part of a bookseller and publisher, but also acted somewhat as circulation libraries do at present, supplementing other book depositories.

NARRATOR: By the 13th century we find that despite the widespread influence of intellectual life, few people were able to write. Still fewer could compose a letter. Regular instruction in letter writing was given at some of the universities. Such masters who gave these lessons advertised their wares in a definitely modern manner.

1ST STUDENT: Professor, I'd like to take your course but can I be sure of results?

2ND PROFESSOR: Most certainly. Everything I teach is fresh and snappy, up-to-date. (*Begin fade*) Ready to be applied the same day if need be. (*Fade out*)

NARRATOR: Such teachers specialized in the composition of student letters, chiefly skillful appeals to the parental purse. Their practical usefulness was at once apparent.

1ST PROFESSOR: Let us take as our theme today that of a poor diligent (*begin fade*) student writing to his mother for necessary expenses. (*Fade out*)

NARRATOR: Medieval universities were, therefore, occupied with professional training and useful knowledge and were founded for practical purposes.

MR. QUIZZICAL: Practical! I'll say that's practical. That's like the modern college boy who wrote this shortest letter to his father, asking for money. "No mon, no fun, your son." Well, he soon got this equally short reply, "Too bad, how sad, your Dad." Some fun, eh?

COMMENTATOR: Some fun, yes! But, on the whole an account of the routine of the academic life of a student would prove very dull indeed. It is only in the chronicles, the newspapers of those days, that we find scattered accounts of student life.

SOUND: *Two or three fellows laughing and chatting*

STUDENT: Ho-ho—listen to this in the chronicle: Quote, all students will henceforth be subject to a graded penalty, of fine or punishment—he who picks up a missile to throw at a professor—he who throws and misses—and he who accomplishes his purpose to the master's hurt—ho-ho.

SOUND: *A laugh or snicker*

2ND VOICE: If I miss next time, I'll take both fine and flogging.

NARRATOR: All was not work in those hectic days either.

COMMENTATOR: The University took to itself practically all teaching as well as direction of social life in Northern Europe. Paris established a university before the end of the 12th century, and Oxford and Cambridge became the educational centers of England.

MUSIC: *Under for . . .*

1ST VOICE: 1642, Harvard College is founded in America.

MUSIC: *Up and under*

NARRATOR: Thus before America existed as a free nation, higher education found its way into what was then nothing but wilderness.

COMMENTATOR: Education, the source and secret of American success, began to mould the minds of the men—the men of Colonial America.

MUSIC: *Up and under*

COMMENTATOR: In a colonial paper (*begin fade*) the New England's First Fruits—we read (*fade out*).

2ND VOICE *ready*: After we had builded our houses, provided for our livelihood, and settled civil government, (*out*) one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning, and to perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate people (*begin fade*) to govern our communities and . . . (*Fade out*)

NARRATOR: Our earliest institutions of higher learning were patterned after the contemporary English colleges.

1ST VOICE: 1765!

NARRATOR: Benjamin Franklin charters the first school of medicine in America. (*Pause*)

FRANKLIN: I'm Benjamin Franklin and I believe if we want to enable our citizenry to value our educational systems more, we should lessen our emphasis on Latin and instead have a deeper regard for the English language. (*Pause*)

NARRATOR: Franklin changed the emphasis from the classics to the more practical subjects of economics, politics, history—making them the principal studies at his Academy.

SOUND: *Rolls of drums—or anything appropriate*

2ND VOICE: The American Revolution!

NARRATOR: Deep in the throes of war, America finds herself cut off from the importation of books from England.

COMMENTATOR: The supply of professors and financial aid are lost to the struggling American colleges.

3RD VOICE *slowly and sternly*: Educational progress is retarded in America.

MUSIC: *Bright-up and under*

NARRATOR: With the war over, colonial ties severed, America also severed the colonial habit of mind, and forced the American people henceforth to depend upon her own stimulus and vitality to guide her own institutions.

VOICE: 1802!

NARRATOR: Thomas Jefferson celebrates the dedication of West Point Military Academy.

COMMENTATOR: American progress in education strides into full swing.

1ST VOICE: The Honor System!

COMMENTATOR: Thomas Jefferson, the friend of the people, sees the formation of a national ethical character in HIS people.

2ND VOICE: The Elective System!

COMMENTATOR: The chance for every student to study what he pleases, to the extent he pleases.

3RD VOICE: A broader curriculum.

COMMENTATOR: More attention to mathematics and the sciences, physical, and astronomical instruments to demonstrate to the pupils the wonders of nature and to the parents the fact that the institutions were awake to the spirit of the times.

NARRATOR: The last thing to be modernized in American colleges was its discipline. But in time the rod was finally expelled, and a double system of laws took its place.

2ND VOICE: The law of the campus!

1ST VOICE *off mike*: Hey, Freshman, what are you doing on the senior walk?

2ND VOICE: The law of the college!

3RD VOICE *ready*: Students shall keep regular hours of study. Students shall shun bad habits. Students shall miss no lectures or recitations.

1ST VOICE: No scholar shall take tobacco unless permitted by the President with the consent of his parents or guardians, and on good reasons first given by a physician and then in a sober and private manner.

NARRATOR: Thus college training brought with it responsibility and reward. The responsibility of leadership and self-discipline. The kind of leadership that comes to the man of advanced knowledge and unusual advantages.

COMMENTATOR: There remained but one more difficulty to hurdle.

NARRATOR: For more than 200 years now, long after the first colleges were established in America, their doors were still barred against women.

COMMENTATOR: Defying the peril of social disapproval, a lively, good-humored, pious country girl, Mary Lyon, opened the doors of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary in 1837.

VOICES: It's unnatural.
 It's unscriptural.
 It's anti-Christian.
 It's unfeminine.

COMMENTATOR: All the adjectives in the dictionary that begin with "un" or "anti" and "anti" were hurled against her and her new successful adventure.

NARRATOR: Although Mount Holyoke Seminary was a great step towards progress, it was not until Oberlin College was founded and women were given equal educational opportunities with men. American education progresses!

COMMENTATOR: About fifty years later, men were beginning to realize that . . .
 (fade)

1ST VOICE: Universities exist because society has found them necessary.

2ND VOICE: August 12, 1888!

MUSIC: *University—"Alma Mater"—up and under*

NARRATOR: St. Thomas College is established.

COMMENTATOR: The need was felt and in 1888 the first men's college in Northeastern Pennsylvania was founded.

1ST VOICE: The enrollment at St. Thomas College for the first year was 42 students.

2ND VOICE: Enrollment today is over 1000 in the day and evening divisions.

COMMENTATOR: Proving itself in step with the constant progress of American education, St. Thomas College expanded and grew with the passing years.

NARRATOR: On its fiftieth anniversary in 1938, St. Thomas College changed its name to the *University of Scranton*,

thereby identifying itself and its cultural advantages more firmly with the Anthracite Region. Culturally, commercially, and professionally, the University of Scranton has contributed greatly to the progress of the Anthracite Region! It justly claims a vital place in the organization of American universities, a worthy carrier of the light of education, a guardian of principles handed down in unbroken continuity for more than 700 years.

COMMENTATOR: The university gives not only the opportunity of acquiring knowledge, but also of matching that knowledge against real problems. Education can never be complete at home. The college boy returns to his home with new reverence, with a new conception of its meaning. He has secured a vision that enriches and liberates, by getting in touch with universal interests. He has gotten out of himself into the life of others.

NARRATOR: The future welfare of the people of the earth is in the hands of the men who are being trained by universities and colleges. The future of America is the future of American college youth. The fate of not a few important countries is in the hands of rival youth movements, each committed to a way of life and a discipline. The discipline and life of America of the future relies for its successful survival upon the extent, the quality and practicability of our Democratic ideals and their chief proponent—the American universities.

MUSIC: *Humming*

THE UNIVERSITY TODAY

II: THE LIBRARY

By ELIZABETH McMENAMIN

ANNOUNCER: *The University Today!*

MUSIC: *Theme up and under*

ANNOUNCER: We present another in the series designed to acquaint you with THE UNIVERSITY TODAY.

MUSIC: *Theme up and out*

ANNOUNCER: Let us imagine . . . for just a moment . . . that you have been given the task of founding a great University. You have an endless supply of money . . . and full authority to proceed in any way you wish. Only remember! . . . You must make this one of the truly great universities. All right . . . what would you do?

1ST VOICE: W-e-l-l, let me see. First I guess I'd have to put up some buildings . . . classrooms, laboratories, offices . . . and all that.

ANNOUNCER: And after you have these buildings?

1ST VOICE: Then I'd hire teachers . . . the best I could get, of course. And administrative officers and all the necessary employees. And then, I'd have to get students to fill the buildings, and then some buildings where the students could live . . . dormitories, you know.

ANNOUNCER: Buildings, teachers, and students. And then what?

1ST VOICE: Well, next I'd provide for all the extras. Gymnasium, athletic fields, a—a theater or auditorium, meeting place maybe . . . you know the kind of thing I mean.

ANNOUNCER: Are you sure you have included everything fundamental to the spirit of the University? Do you believe that your university is a well-grounded institution . . . that it can become a living force?

1ST VOICE: Um-m—buildings, teachers, students, athletics . . . have I left something out?

ANNOUNCER: Many educators would say that you have left out the heart of the University, the one organ without which it would wither and die. Thomas Carlyle said: "The true University is a collection of books." (*Change of pace*) You forgot to say anything about the library!

1ST VOICE *protesting*: No, I didn't! I thought that was understood when I spoke about buildings. Naturally a library would be one of them. And anyway, I don't believe a library is that important!

ANNOUNCER: Is that because you are thinking of the library only as a building—a roomful of books? You said before that you would hire teachers, the best you could get. And yet, what is a library but a collection of the teachings of all the great masters the world has known? In the words of Mortimer J. Adler:

2ND VOICE: "Suppose there were a college or university in which the faculty was thus composed. Herodotus and Thucydides taught the history of Greece, and Gibbon lectured on the fall of Rome. Plato and St. Thomas gave a course in metaphysics together; Francis Bacon and John Stuart Mill discussed the logic of science. Aristotle, Spinoza, and Immanuel Kant shared the platform on moral problems. Machiavelli, Thomas Hobbes, and John Locke talked about politics." (*Fade out*)

SOUND: *Footsteps of one person on wood or stone*

MILLER *off mike*: Hi there, Tom! Wait a minute.

SOUND: *Stop*

TOM: Oh, hello, Miller. (*Patronizingly*) How do you feel on the first day of your Sophomore year?

SOUND: *Footsteps of one approaching*

MILLER *approaching mike*: Huh! You ought to remember . . . you're only one year away from it.

SOUND: *Footsteps of two, walking slowly*

MILLER: Where are you headed for? Pasteur's Chemistry course?

TOM: No, I'm just coming from there. I'm going to hear Sir Philip Sidney now . . . on poetry.

MILLER: I imagine that one's a breeze . . . all those literature courses must be easy after you struggle along with Aristotle.

TOM *laughing*: You'll see. What do you think of Galileo?

MILLER: Give me time to make up my mind. Gosh. I wish they were all as clear as Euclid . . . he's so patient with the dumb ones.

TOM *laughing*: Cheer up! You'll probably survive. See you this afternoon after da Vinci's lecture. (*Fade out*)

SOUND: *Out*

2ND VOICE: "Would anyone want to go to any other university if he could get into this one?" Yet . . . "This school exists for everybody, the only entrance requirement is the ability and willingness to read."

ANNOUNCER: Yes! This ideal university exists in every good library . . . in the library of every great university. The library is not merely a collection of books, but a vast college of teachers who guide and help the living professors in the work of educating their students.

1ST PROFESSOR *fade in-off mike*: Something of the background in which he wrote. Before we begin our analysis of Shakespeare's plays, therefore, you should be acquainted with the sources from which he derived his plots. Add to your reading list (*slowly*) The *Mechanici* of Plautus . . . Lodge's *Rosalind* . . . Plutarch's *Life of Caesar* . . . review the Spanish Tragedy, and begin your study of Aristotle's *Poetics*. That's all.

SOUND: *Buzz of students talking at end of lecture*

1ST BOY *close to mike*: That's all. Whew! I wonder if he thinks that isn't much!

2ND BOY *close*: You know, it's a good thing we have a library. What if we had to buy (*begin fade*) all the books for outside reading. (*Fade out*)

2ND PROFESSOR *fade in*: In connection with our study of the Declaration of Independence, I will ask you to do some

supplementary reading in addition to the assignment in your textbook. You will find all the titles in the Library. Paine's *Rights of Man* . . . the first three chapters of (*fade out*)

3RD VOICE: The curriculum of the library offers instruction in every branch, of learning known to the mind of man. It includes subjects which the established courses of the University omit. A student whose school time is preoccupied with acquiring practical scientific knowledge, with textbooks, laboratory, experiments, can go to the library for understanding of the purpose . . . the history of science in general.

2ND VOICE: The students whose course is devoted to literature can learn something about photography, or astronomy in the library.

3RD VOICE: The Library's scope is limitless! Metaphysics, mathematics . . .

4TH VOICE: Government, economics, education . . .

5TH VOICE: Music, architecture, drama . . .

6TH VOICE: History, nursing, Latin, agriculture, psychology. (*Fade out*)

3RD VOICE: Because a good library is so complete, it requires a precise and intricate system of cataloguing. Imagine the bewilderment of a student let loose in a university of tens of thousands of professors and told to find from them enlightenment on a particular subject.

ANNOUNCER: That's where the detailed work of the librarian comes to the aid of the scholar. Let's follow a student to the library, and ask the librarian to explain to us its proper use.

8TH BOY: I am going to write a paper on Benjamin Franklin for my course in American History. How can I make the best use of the library?

LIBRARIAN: Well, first of all, I suppose you understand the use of the card catalog? Come over to the files and we'll look them over.

8TH BOY: Shall I start by finding the name Franklin in this drawer?

LIBRARIAN: That's right. Every book, you know, is listed alphabetically according to the title, the author, and the main subject or subjects it covers. For example, under Franklin, Benjamin, you'll see a card for each copy of his writings we have here in the library. You'll also find a card for each book about

Benjamin Franklin. And finally, a card for every book whose title begins with his name . . . there's Franklin, The Apostle of Modern Time by Bernard Fay.

8TH BOY: And each one of these books is listed on other cards somewhere in the files? Pretty complicated, I'd say.

LIBRARIAN *laughing*. Yes, it's complicated, but thorough, and as easy to use as a telephone directory once you get the knack. Now on each card you see most of the information you need to help you choose your books. Title, author, publisher, and so forth.

8TH BOY: This card reads: Benjamin Franklin of Paris, seventeen seventy-six to seventeen eighty five—by Willis Steell, New York, Minton, Balch and Company, nineteen twenty-eight.

LIBRARIAN: That tells you that the book is about Franklin's work in Paris. If you wanted to include only Franklin's youth in your paper, you could ignore that card. By the way, have you decided what particular aspect of Franklin's life you are going to study?

8TH BOY: No-o, not exactly, though I'm most interested in his career as a diplomat in France.

LIBRARIAN: In that case, you can find out what was going on in France while he was there. Look under France-History. Read the cards carefully, and you'll find something.

8TH BOY: And I suppose, in any case, I'd better learn something about the life in the American Colonies in Franklin's lifetime . . . under History, American, Colonics, Pennsylvania.

LIBRARIAN: That's the idea. And you'll probably find some discussions of his lightning rod experiments in a history of electrical research.

8TH BOY: I think I get the hang of it now, but after I have a list of titles, how do I find the books in the library?

LIBRARIAN: You see those numbers on the upper left hand corner of the card?

8TH BOY: Yes. This one is nine seventy three point four A . . . F eighty five . . . S.T. three.

LIBRARIAN: That's your clue to the location of the book. All the books whose numbers begin with nine seventy are books in American History. You'll find them in the West corner. The number

after the decimal and the letters will help you locate the book in its section.

8TH BOY: Does each subject have a special number?

LIBRARIAN: Yes. All books of Philosophy are numbered one hundred, two hundred is religion, three hundred is sociology and education and so on. This system is used by most libraries in the country.

8TH BOY: That sounds good. Then if I want a book on . . . say . . . geology . . . I can just go to that section of the library where all the . . .

LIBRARIAN: . . . five fifties . . .

8TH BOY: . . . where the five fifties are and look them over.

LIBRARIAN: You don't have to memorize the various number groups. Hanging on the wall here by the card catalog is a list of the groups and directions for finding them.

8TH BOY: Well, thank you very much for telling me all this. And now, I'd better get to work on that Franklin paper.

MUSIC: *Piano chord scale up 1 to 7—fast*

ANNOUNCER: Thanks to the painstaking work of the librarian the great teachers of all countries and of all ages are waiting in the library to help the student in his search for knowledge. Here in the studio tonight is our head librarian. Tell me, Sir, what you think of the library's place in a university.

HEAD LIBRARIAN: In its largest sense, a library is a depository of recorded ideas. It includes not only books and writings which are the usual methods of preserving ideas, but pictures, phonograph records, films, or any other instrument which fulfills this function.

ANNOUNCER: Speaking of films, will you explain how and why you use photography for . . . for recording ideas?

HEAD LIBRARIAN: It often happens that a book, or a magazine article will become rare . . . no longer for sale. When we believe that such a book would be a valuable addition to the library, we can borrow a copy from the state library perhaps, and photograph each of its pages. After returning the book we still have a record of its ideas.

ANNOUNCER: That must take a lot of work . . . photographing a book page by page.

HEAD LIBRARIAN: Not at all. We have a machine made especially for this pur-

pose. The book is laid flat, the camera is adjusted at the proper height, and a slight pressure on the foot pedal lights the pages, takes the picture, and moves the film on to be in position for the next picture. Each page can be photographed in two or three seconds.

ANNOUNCER: And what about the finished pictures? Are they as large as a book and how do you read them?

HEAD LIBRARIAN: It's not necessary to finish the picture. The negative reel is placed in another machine which magnifies the image to the size of a large book. Or it can be flashed on to a screen for group reading. A press of the lever unwinds the reel "turning the pages" of the book. It's much more compact than a real book . . . over a thousand pages can be recorded on one small reel.

ANNOUNCER: It sounds very practical. And you say you use phonograph records too?

HEAD LIBRARIAN: We have a number of records which are used in connection with the music courses at the University. They are filed, catalogued, and lent out . . . just the same as books. And when you think of recorded ideas, you mustn't forget the reference books, the encyclopedias, and the periodical collection which are a part of every good library.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you for enlarging our conception of the function of the library.

MUSIC: *Something slow—dreamy—mysterious but not romantic fades in here behind announcer's voice*

ANNOUNCER: As long as men have knowledge to communicate to one another, as long as "reading maketh a full man," the library will hold its place in the life of the university and in the lives of men.

MUSIC: *Stop abruptly—unfinished*

SOUND: *Silence—held for five or six seconds*

MUSIC: *Resume with announcer's voice*

ANNOUNCER: Silence is the tradition of the library, but for the scholar there is no silence, but voices. Those who can read can hear them.

MUSIC: *Same music continues here—faint in the background to the end*

VOICE *this voice should be light but clear in the background—3rd voice might be*

a woman's voice—say these words in a steady chant—the other voices which follow will fade in and out of this background—when they are speaking this background voice can become a little softer—but at no time is it loud (on filter mike): One hundred, Philosophy; Two hundred, Religion; Three hundred, Social Science; Cooper, Dewey, Douglas, Eaton, Elliot, Ellwood, Epstein, Engelhardt, Evans, Fay, Fraser, Griffith, Haney, Harr, Harris, Hay, Hayes, Hill, Hocking, Hoffman, Jones, Judd, Kilpatrick, Kimball-Young, Kirkland, Lasky, Lindsey, Lipman, Lunn, Lynd; Four hundred, Language, Kenyon, Mencken, Saintsbury; Five Hundred, Science, Boas, Carrell, Crew, Darwin, Eddington, Einstein, Humphreys, Huntington, Jeans, Kohler, Kroeber, Merrill, Mills, Morgan, Newman, Pratt, Prescott, Pupin, Recse, Richardson, Russell, Stewart, Timm, Thomson, Thorndike, Thornton, Thorpe, Watson, Weiss, Windle; Six Hundred, Bard, Brubaker, DeKruif, Dorsey, Ghirardi, Gray, Haldane, Hoagland, Howell, Lewis, Lusk, Sigerist; Seven Hundred, Addison, Chambers, Cheney, Kelley, Mumford, Porter; Eight Hundred, Arnold, Austin, Bacon, Barrie, Belloc, Bennett, Bunyan, Carlyle, Chaucer, Chesterton, Conrad, Cowper, Defoe, Dickens, Dryden, Eliot, Fielding, Goldsmith, Gray, Hardy, Hazlitt, Jonson, Keats, Kipling, Lamb, Maloy, Marlowe, Meredith, Milton, Pope, Reade, Scott, Shelley, Shakespeare, Sheridan, Smollett, Southey, Spenser, Sterne, Stevenson, Swinburne, Tennyson, Thackeray, Thompson, Yeats. *(These voices fade in and out of the background above)*

VOICE *(comes in after voice says "Elliot")*: But out of the average thriving business the workingman may well claim, in return for his honest day's work what will at least procure worthy maintenance for himself and his little family *(fade out when voice says "Hayes")*

VOICE *(comes in when voice says "Hill")*: Change has become too obvious, too inclusive. Our young people face too clearly an unknown future. We dare not pretend that the old solutions will suffice for them . . . *(fade out when voice says "Lynd")*

VOICE (*comes in when voice says "Crew"*):

Although the muscles that permit standing, walking, and running receive their orders from the spinal cord, they depend for their coordination upon the cerebellum. Like the cord, the cerebellum does not concern itself with mental processes . . . (*Fade out when voice says Morgan*)

VOICE (*fade in when voice says "Pratt"*):

Whatever conclusions may ultimately be reached regarding the degree of dissociation of strong electrolytes, there can be no doubt whatever that the phenomenon of dissociation is a very different thing in strong and in weak electrolytes (*Fade out when voice says Weiss*)

VOICE (*fade in when voice says "Ben-nett"*): Children love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or a grandame whom they never

saw. (*Fade out when voice says "Cow-per"*)

VOICE (*fade in when voice says "Cow-per"*): A bank where the wild thyme blows . . . where oxlips and the nodding violet grows . . . quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine . . . with (*fade out when voice says "Hardy"*)

VOICE (*fade in when voice says "Hardy"*) *this is a young boy's voice—Huck Finn speaking*) . . . Tom's most well now, and got his bullet around his neck on a watch-guard for a watch, and is always seeing what time it is, and so there ain't nothing more to write about . . . (*Fade out when voice says "Shelley"*)

VOICE (*fade in when voice says "Shelley"*): Look at the stars! Look, look up at the skies! O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air! The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there! Down in dim woods the diamond elves! The elves' eyes! (*Fade out when background voice fades out*)

Music: *Swells up very full to finish*

THE UNIVERSITY TODAY

III: THE FRESHMAN

By THOMAS KELLY

ANNOUNCER: THE UNIVERSITY TODAY!

MUSIC: *Theme full eight seconds—fade behind*

ANNOUNCER: This evening, we present another in our weekly series, THE UNIVERSITY TODAY. Tonight, on the threshold of another school year, let's look at that familiar figure—the Freshman.

MUSIC: *Theme up six seconds—fade behind*

NARRATOR: Every year when college registration time rolls around in September, the typical scenes which we will depict for you are duplicated on the campus of almost every college and university in the United States. We assure you we will do the poor freshmen no injustice—that, in the words of the great emancipator, lies far beyond our poor power to add or detract.

MUSIC: *Out*

NARRATOR: We will merely show you the reception with which he is greeted when first he enters the university. We will not belittle him, for the freshman is deserving of respect on two counts: first, according to past experience the average freshman class is *not* composed of morons and neurotic geniuses who will die after two weeks of hard study, else how have the past freshman classes developed into the foolish-wise sophomores, the proud junior, or the disdainful senior? Why a freshman, perhaps, may go on to earn his doctorate of philosophy, and who is an upper-classman to deny respect to a future intellectual leader? Second, the benighted creature is a human being, the derisive denials of the sophomores notwithstanding. For, after all, was not I, Frank Mansuay of the freshman class, a humble frosh myself? So now, without further ado, we present to you, Joe Black, a typical freshman who will enroll at

the university, any university, for the coming term.

MUSIC: *Confused—yielding to composure—full three seconds down behind*

COMMENTATOR: Joe Black is listening to the series of orientation talks given by his future teachers and advisors. First, representatives of the three schools at the University: the School of Arts, Science, and Business; next, an explanation of the facilities of the library by the librarian, then a talk by the dean of freshmen, with whom is cast the lot of the men of the class . . . for the coming year.

MUSIC: *Up—down immediately—and out*
DEAN *fade in*: So, you see, gentlemen, the university is not such a heartless place as it appears to be from the outside. Everyone here, and this includes your teachers, your advisors, and your fellow students, is anxious to see you do one thing—succeed! Now, to succeed in college requires many adaptations. Now, are there any questions?

1ST VOICE: Dean?

DEAN: Yes, sir. What's your name?

1ST VOICE: Black, Dean. Joe Black.

DEAN: All right, Joe. You see, I have to learn the names of all of you gentlemen, so I may as well start now. What was your question?

1ST VOICE: Well, Dean, I've been wondering, well, how to study in college.

SOUND: *General hubbub. (The others have been wondering, too)*

DEAN: Well, Jim, studying can be one of two things for you for the next four years. It can be the most cruel taskmaster, or the most devoted slave, all depending upon how you use it. If you have developed good study habits in high school, you need adapt them only slightly and they will be just as good here at the university. If you have de-

veloped poor study habits, then I advise you strongly to learn how to study as quickly as you can. Otherwise, the work will be very hard on your nerves. Incidentally, as you leave the auditorium, each of you will be handed a manual containing hints on how to study, and also a copy of the Manual of Undergraduate regulations which you will be expected to know thoroughly by next Monday when the upperclassmen arrive.

MUSIC: *Strong crescendo—then dolce—fading behind*

COMMENTATOR: Then, on the following days, more talks, interviews with the dean of freshmen and the faculty advisors (there is a faculty advisor for each six or ten students) and finally, placement tests which the freshmen always complain ask them everything they ever learned, and most of the things they have forgotten. They emerge from the tests, which have no bearing on their future marks, but are simply used as references of their capabilities and shortcomings. They are given two days of rest, and then the Sophomores!

MUSIC: *Ominous—full five seconds—down while*

SOPHOMORE fade in: So, Freshmen, we're not out to kill you. Look at us strong sophomores. Well, we were freshmen last year, and we survived. Anything that happens between now and Thanksgiving is strictly in the spirit of fun, and it will all give you class spirit—the ability to stick together and act as a class. Also, it will show whether or not you have the sense of humor to be accepted as a fellow student and a good guy by the other students. But, enough of this sentimental wishwash. After all, I'm your enemy. (*With a smile in his voice*)

SOUND: *Good natured laughter. (They know he's their friend)*

SOPHOMORE: To order, Freshmen! Don't you know you're not supposed to interrupt while a sophomore speaks!

SOUND: *Abrupt quiet*

SOPHOMORE stern: All right. That's better. Now you fellows are going to have to live up to the following rules, and such further rules as may be published by the Sophomore Vigilantes Committee. First, rules on clothing. All Freshmen

shall wear on the campus the following: A purple and white dink; incidentally, dinks are designed for the head, don't be caught wearing them in your pockets. A purple and white bow tie, and black socks without a design of any kind. Freshmen shall wear no high school letters, fraternity pins, class rings, activity honors, class award or class pins. Rules of conduct: All freshmen shall carry matches for the convenience of the upperclasses in general. All freshmen shall remove their dinks when addressing a professor. They shall learn all the school songs, especially the Alma Mater, and all the school cheers, and shall be prepared to demonstrate these songs and cheers. They shall, in general, (*begin fade*) and at all times, conduct themselves with the humility their station requires.

MUSIC: *Fade in slowly*

SOPHOMORE: And they shall comply with all the orders of the sophomores. (*Fade out*)

MUSIC: *By this time is full—stop at end of phrase for . . .*

SOPHOMORE: All violations of these rules will be dealt with at the regular daily meetings of the Sophomore Vigilantes Committee.

MUSIC: *Cymbal crash—out*

NARRATOR: Troubled times ahead for the hapless freshmen.

COMMENTATOR: Trying to find out the difference between an ideal and an ideology, and wondering what either of them has to do with Sociology I.

1ST VOICE: Wondering what Sociology I has to do with anything at all.

2ND VOICE: Singing the Alma Mater on a busy downtown street corner.

3RD VOICE: Trying to heat a test tube without burning at least three fingers.

5TH VOICE: Dodging sophomores.

1ST VOICE: Wondering if Accounting I will always be as hard as this.

2ND VOICE: Getting accustomed to the smell of formaldehyde in the biology labs.

3RD VOICE: Getting accustomed to the smell of heaven-knows-what in the chemistry labs.

4TH VOICE: Doing the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" on the statue of Columbus at the Court House Square.

1ST VOICE: Discovering that the French teacher can speak English.

2ND VOICE: Rehearsing the school songs and cheers at the insistence of the sophomores.

3RD VOICE: Attending the football games for the first time as a student of one of the participating colleges.

4TH VOICE: Doing unheard of things for the sophomores.

1ST VOICE: Wishing all the sophomores would suddenly be called to China.

2ND VOICE: Knowing darn well that they won't be.

3RD VOICE: Fearing to meet a sophomore.

4TH VOICE: Avoiding all sophomores.

1ST VOICE: Shriveling inside every time a sophomore rears his ugly head.

MUSIC: *Heavy but fast—full 3 seconds—down while...*

1ST SOPHOMORE: Freshman, have a match?

1ST FROSH: I—I just had to give my last one away, sir.

1ST SOPHOMORE: Oh, not carrying enough matches, eh. All right, report to the Vigilantes at 3:30.

1ST FROSH: But, sir, I had . . .

1ST SOPHOMORE: Quiet! Report at 3:30.

MUSIC: *Up—down immediately for . . .*

2ND SOPHOMORE: Hi ya, Freshman.

2ND FROSH: Good morning, sir.

2ND SOPHOMORE: Do you know the Alma Mater?

2ND FROSH: Do I? Why, say, I know it backwards.

2ND SOPHOMORE *laughing*: Oh you do, eh?

2ND FROSH: Why, sure. You guys can't fool me. I knew I had to learn it, so I did. (*He laughs too, poor sucker*)

2ND SOPHOMORE: So you learned it quickly and now you know it backwards. (*Very pleasant—laughingly*)

2ND FROSH: Sure. Guess I fooled you, didn't I?

SOUND: *Both laugh together*

2ND SOPHOMORE *heavy—stern—no trace of good humor—almost vicious*: Well, sing it backwards.

2ND FROSH *stops laughing*: Huh?

2ND SOPHOMORE: You said you knew the Alma Mater backwards. Well, sing it backwards.

2ND FROSH: Oh, yes. (*Laughs dryly—nervously*) Well, figure of speech, you know, I don't . . .

2ND SOPHOMORE: Sing it!

2ND FROSH: Well, I don't think I can do it very well. You see . . .

2ND SOPHOMORE: You get five seconds to start. One . . . two . . .

2ND FROSH: . . . purple and the white . . .

2ND SOPHOMORE: . . . three . . . four.

2ND FROSH *sings off key—confused tone*:

While the and purple the, keep to the front . . .

2ND SOPHOMORE: That's not backward.

2ND FROSH: Aw, I guess maybe I don't know it backwards.

2ND SOPHOMORE *sharp*: You don't!

2ND FROSH *timid*: No, sir.

2ND SOPHOMORE: Oh. Then you lied to me.

2ND FROSH: No, sir, I . . .

2ND SOPHOMORE: Quiet! That's another offense. You report to the Committee this afternoon at 3:30. It'll be unhealthy for you if you go, but it'll be more unhealthy if you stay away. (*Start fade*)

MUSIC: *Start rise*

2ND SOPHOMORE: Don't forget, I'll be waiting for you. (*Out*)

MUSIC: *Down immediately behind . . .*

3RD SOPHOMORE: Hello, Frosh.

3RD FROSH: Good morning, Jim.

3RD SOPHOMORE: Good morning, what?

3RD FROSH: Good morning, sir. (*Almost sarcastic*)

3RD SOPHOMORE: That's better. What's that you have in your hand?

3RD FROSH: Just a sandwich. I got a little hungry, and bought a sandwich at the restaurant.

3RD SOPHOMORE: Just a sandwich, eh? Do you know it's against rules to eat anytime except at lunch time?

3RD FROSH: Well, you have a sandwich, too.

3RD SOPHOMORE: I'm not a freshman. You'd better report to the Committee this afternoon.

3RD FROSH: What? My own brother reporting me to the committee.

3RD SOPHOMORE: Look. On the campus I'm not your brother. You're a freshman. I'm a sophomore. Our relationship ends there until after four o'clock. (*Begin fade*) You be at the Committee meeting.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

NARRATOR: The hours toll the knell of parting day, and for these three freshmen and a dozen others who have been summoned by the Vigilantes. It almost tolls the knell of parting life. Inexorable as fate, the Committee meeting rolls around and (*fading*) at 3:30 we find . . .

MUSIC: *Pomp and circumstance two trains full—fading out*

SOUND: *Hubbub of crowded room*

VIGILANTES CHAIRMAN: To order, Freshmen.

SOUND: *Hubbub diminished—dies*

CHAIRMAN: This meeting of the Sophomore Vigilantes Committee is now in session. You Freshmen, front and center.

1ST FROSH: Yes, sir.

CHAIRMAN: Your name.

1ST FROSH: Jim Smith.

CHAIRMAN: Last name is sufficient.

1ST FROSH: Smith, sir.

CHAIRMAN: All right, Smith. Who has condemned Freshman Smith before this Committee?

1ST SOPHOMORE *off mike*: I have, Mr. Chairman.

CHAIRMAN: What are the charges, Mr. Lonsdorf?

1ST SOPHOMORE: When I met this Freshman coming from the Bench this morning, he wasn't carrying any matches.

CHAIRMAN: Rather serious, Freshman. Any explanations? You know you are not only required to carry matches, you are required to carry enough matches.

1ST FROSH: I . . . guess . . . I forgot.

CHAIRMAN: Oh, you forgot. Then this case is simple. What you need is something to remind you to carry matches. Maybe ten yards of rope tied around your finger.

1ST SOPHOMORE: Mr. Chairman, may I suggest that since this freshman will need his hands to reach into his pockets for matches now that the sophomores know of his tendency to forget them, he be given full use of his hands. A nice long ribbon in his hair would be a good reminder.

CHAIRMAN: Good.

SOUND: *Rap of gavel*

CHAIRMAN: It is ordered, Freshman Smith, that for the next two weeks you will wear at all times on the campus a flaming red ribbon at least five feet long, in your hair. You may leave. You, there. Front and center. Name?

2ND FROSH: Black, sir.

CHAIRMAN: Who brings the charges?

2ND SOPHOMORE *off mike*: I do, sir.

CHAIRMAN: What are the charges, Mr. Kane?

2ND SOPHOMORE: This freshman did deliberately and with malice aforethought perjure himself and lie in the presence of a sophomore. He said he knew the Alma Mater backwards, and he couldn't sing it backwards when I asked him to.

CHAIRMAN: Nice wording, Kane. Do you confess to the charges, Freshman?

2ND FROSH: I might as well.

CHAIRMAN: Do you confess? No comments.

2ND FROSH: Yes.

CHAIRMAN: Yes, what?

2ND FROSH: Yes, sir.

CHAIRMAN: Don't be so slouchy. Stand erect . . . chest in . . . stomach out.

2ND FROSH: Yes, sir.

CHAIRMAN: And don't stand with your feet so close apart.

2ND FROSH: Yes, sir. I mean, no, sir.

CHAIRMAN: That's better. So you confess. You are guilty of lying to a sophomore. Do you know what they did to liars in the inquisition?

2ND FROSH: No, sir.

CHAIRMAN: They cut off their ears.

2ND FROSH: Wasn't it their tongues?

CHAIRMAN: Don't contradict me. I said it was their ears. Now, wouldn't you be a pretty sight without any ears. Hmm. Without those ears it might improve you. But, we won't cut off your ears. Well? Say thank you!

2ND FROSH: Thank you, sir.

CHAIRMAN: Instead, we have here a pair of celluloid ears six inches long which you shall wear on the campus for the next three weeks. You may leave. You, front and center.

3RD FROSH: Yes, sir.

CHAIRMAN: Name?

3RD FROSH: Jones, sir.

CHAIRMAN: Who brings the charges?

3RD SOPHOMORE *off mike*: I do, Mr. Chairman.

CHAIRMAN: Against your own brother, Mr. Jones? Very unfortunate.

3RD SOPHOMORE: He's not my brother on the campus until after Thanksgiving. For the present, I apologize for any relationship I have to this freshman after school hours.

CHAIRMAN: You are forgiven, and you have our sympathy.

3RD SOPHOMORE: Thank you, sir. He is charged with eating on the campus at a time other than lunch time. There are three other witnesses besides my-

self who saw him. He is undoubtedly guilty.

CHAIRMAN: I see. What were you eating, Freshman?

3RD FROSH: A sandwich, sir.

CHAIRMAN: A sandwich, eh? Hmm. Then for your punishment, for the next three days you will bring to school two slices of toast, a piece of string, and a sign. You will wear the slices of toast, one on each ear, and you will wear the sign on your back. On the sign you shall write: "I am a ham sandwich." You may leave. (*Start fade*) Next case . . . You front, and center. (*Fade out*)

MUSIC: *Third and fourth strains of pomp and circumstance—down and out slowly as . . .*

COMMENTATOR: And so it goes from September to Thanksgiving. The sophomores riding the freshmen hard, and the freshmen getting as much fun out of it as the sophomores, after they get used to it. Then, just before Thanksgiving comes Turnabout Night, when the freshmen are accepted as full fledged students in good standing, and for the first time having the upper hand, are allowed to dictate to the sophomores for one night. After the program the sophomores give a party for the freshmen, and frosh and soph walk from the auditorium together, filled with class pride and school spirit and good fellowship which are a vital part of the life at the university today.

NARRATOR. Of course, all is not fun during these times. The freshmen are acclimating themselves to their new environment, they are learning how to study more effectively, they are learning the proper psychology in the examination room, they are meeting people, discussing their futures with their advisors, making decisions, many of them for the first time in their lives, they are learning to become men, men worthy to be graduated four years later as holders of degrees from the University of—. They are interested in development, full development of all their particular capabilities. (*Begin to fade*)

There is the freshman debating team . . .

1ST FROSH *fading in*: . . . and friends. It is a pleasure for this year's freshman debating team to renew its rivalry with the opposing college. On behalf of the

team and the school, (*begin fade*) may I welcome you gentlemen. And now, we shall proceed to the . . .

NARRATOR: Or the College newspaper . . .
2ND FROSH *fading in*: Say, Jim, did you O.K. that story I wrote on the Civics Council trip?

1ST VOICE. Yes, that was all right, Black. You keep on writing stuff like that and you'll (*fading*) be editor of this paper some day.

NARRATOR: Then there are the football and basketball teams. There is a special team for freshmen in each sport.

SOUND: *Crowd cheering—fade slightly behind*

GIRL'S VOICE: One more touchdown will win the game. Look! There goes Bob Jones down to get that pass.

STUDENT: He's got it! He's got it! We won! Boy o, boy, that Jones'll be as good as his brother when he makes the varsity.

SOUND: *Up cheering—out immediately*

NARRATOR: Then later on, come class elections.

DEAN OF FROSH: Gentlemen, I wish to announce that in your recent elections you selected for your class president Mr. Joseph Black.

SOUND: *Live cheer—four seconds—out for . . .*

NARRATOR: For science students, there is the Tri Sigma Science Fraternity. There is the Lambda Alpha Phi Fraternity, the Peace Society, the Dramatics Society, and so many activities that anyone with any inclination toward anything whatsoever can find something to do. After a while there is the Civil Aeronautics Authority civilian pilot training program for freshmen who will want to learn to fly. There are the intra mural sports tournaments in softball, basketball and bowling. There is instruction in boxing for those who want to learn the manly art.

COMMENTATOR: Any University is a world within itself. Since no world would be complete without a social life, there is a well rounded program of social activities open to the freshmen and to all students, climaxed each year by the biggest and most successful dance of the year, The Freshman Hop in May. Yes, believe it or not, the annual Freshman Dance is traditionally the big-

gest and best dance, possibly because it comes so late in the year, but probably because every year the freshmen show themselves to be good fellows, conduct themselves creditably, so that the upperclassmen want to show the freshmen how proud they are by attending and patronizing the freshman hop.

NARRATOR: A freshman may not know who was right—Socrates, Marx, or Bar-

num, but he learns quickly in self defense. Everybody loves an underdog, except the sophomores, and all are so anxious to help the freshman that he soon finds confidence, adjusts himself to college life, and becomes, after a short period, a real college student in *The University Today*.

MUSIC: *Theme full ten seconds—fade to end of script*

THE UNIVERSITY TODAY

IV: THE UNIVERSITY SOCIAL LIFE

By ELIZABETH McMENAMIN

ANNOUNCER: THE UNIVERSITY TODAY!

MUSIC: *Theme up and under*

ANNOUNCER: Tonight, we present another in the series designed to acquaint you with THE UNIVERSITY TODAY.

MUSIC: *Theme up and under for—the music and sound effects should be faint in the background of the next speech—becoming louder every now and then only for a few seconds—the speech should sound continuous and uninterrupted—the general effect should be like that of the newsreel whose introduction shows four different action scenes in the four corners of the screen at the same time—the music and sound effects should fade into one another—segue*

NARRATOR: In previous broadcasts in this series you have explored the serious side of life in a great university. You know how the university came into existence, you know how it is run, and you know something of its work and its purpose, its relation to the community as a whole.

MUSIC: *Out*

NARRATOR: But, tonight let's leave the classrooms and laboratories . . .

SOUND: *Somewhere during the above speech the music has faded out and the droning voice of a lecturer has taken its place in the background—he is lecturing on something full of big words and obscure—the words are scarcely distinguishable—when the announcer pauses the voice in the background becomes a little louder but not any clearer—still droning—this is held for two or three seconds—then fades immediately and the announcer goes right on as if he had never stopped*

ANNOUNCER: . . . forget the football field, the pool, and the gymnasium.

VOICE: *Out*

SOUND: *The voice of the lecturer has faded into the faint sound of organized cheering in a stadium and now, as the announcer pauses again, this sound becomes a little louder—it is held for two or three seconds and fades*

NARRATOR: Let us turn our attention now to the university's social life.

SOUND: *Out*

MUSIC: *Somewhere about here the cheering has faded into dance music faintly heard in the background—it can be heard clearly when the announcer pauses at the end of sentences*

ANNOUNCER: When classes are over for the day—after the cheering dies down in the stadium and the crowds file out—what does the student do? Where does he go in his leisure time to find relaxation and enjoyment? Parents sometimes receive bewildering letters.

MUSIC: *Out—unfinished*

MOTHER *puzzled tone*: Listen to what Jack says in his letter: "I won't have time to write much for the next couple of weeks because we're so busy getting the play ready. Rehearsal four nights a week, and a lot of hard work for all of us." John, I think he spends too much of his time with that dramatic club. We didn't send him to college to learn to be an actor.

FATHER: No. It doesn't look as if he'd have much time left for his studies. Maybe I'd better speak to him about it when I write.

MOTHER: That Porter boy is editor of the school paper. Why can't our Jack do something useful and important like that, in his spare time?

FATHER: Well, at least he isn't running around to dances all the time like the doctor's son. (*Fade out*)

NARRATOR: How much time should a college student spend on extra-curricu-

rable discussions in which they crystallize their ideas on such current problems as world peace, good government in a democracy, and the duties of a citizen.

NARRATOR: They present plays which are noteworthy dramatic achievements, and they sponsor worthwhile musical events.

COMMENTATOR: But none of these accomplishments are themselves more important than the valuable experience which the students receive through them. Keeping in mind the fact that every service to the university helps the student grow, that every job done well teaches him something about life, the faculty advisors in a well-regulated college try to guide each student according to his own individual needs.

2ND BOY: You sent for me, sir? I'm James Carter.

ADVISOR: Ah, yes, Carter. I've noticed that you haven't joined any activities yet, and your freshman year is well under way. Now, as your advisor, I'd like to talk it over with you. Does your school work keep you too busy?

2ND BOY: No, sir, it's not that. I guess I just didn't think about it.

ADVISOR: Is there anything you think you'd be interested in?

2ND BOY: Well . . . I was thinking about trying out for the debating team, but I'm afraid I wouldn't be much good at that sort of thing.

ADVISOR: Have you decided yet what you'd like to do after you finish college, Carter?

2ND BOY: Oh, yes, sir. I want to be a lawyer.

ADVISOR: Suppose you report for the debating team tomorrow. You'll never know what you can do till you try.

2ND BOY: Oh, but I'm not good at speaking and I'm sure I couldn't. (*Fade out*)

MUSIC: *Music up and fade for . . .*

2ND GIRL: Isn't this a marvelous dance? The orchestra is perfect.

3RD GIRL: Yes, and don't they have the hall decorated beautifully? Charles was on the committee, you know.

5TH BOY: I'm glad you think it's all right. We sure did work hard for this dance.

2ND GIRL: But why does it have such a funny name? Blood Donors Ball.

3RD GIRL: I always thought a blood donor was someone who gave his blood, by

transfusion, to people who had suffered a severe loss of blood in accidents or operations.

5TH BOY: That's right. And very often the patients can't pay for this service. Some of the students offered to give their blood in these cases. That's why they started this dance . . . to raise funds to help defray expenses entailed in this work.

3RD GIRL: What a wonderful idea. You must be very proud of yourself—that you helped to make the ball such a big success.

5TH BOY: Forget it. I learned almost as much about business from working on this committee as I did in a term of my course on Business Practice. I think I could give a course in how to hire an orchestra! Come on—let's dance.

MUSIC: *Dance tune up and finish—ten seconds*

1ST BOY: Have you heard the latest? Some of the Juniors have asked the Student Council to consider doing away with the fraternities. That'll cause a big row.

2ND BOY: I think it's a good idea. Fraternities are useless and undemocratic—to say the least.

3RD BOY: Well, I'll fight to the end. Our fraternity is the best part of my college life.

4TH BOY: My father says that in a fraternity you form friendships which last a lifetime.

2ND BOY: Lots of the big eastern universities have abolished their fraternities entirely, and they get along fine without them.

1ST BOY: Yea, but in some colleges the fraternities are so strong that you're socially ostracized if you don't belong to one.

5TH BOY: No matter what you think about it, fraternities create a brotherly feeling between the strangest people.

MUSIC: *Dance tune up and fade for*

SOUND: *Assorted hammering intermittently throughout scene*

1ST GIRL: What are you making now?

4TH BOY: The second act scenery, the furniture for the pastry shop.

1ST GIRL: Cyrano de Bergerac is a hard play to do, isn't it? Five acts, and a different scene for each one.

2ND BOY: The hardest part was the historical research we had to do before

we could even start designing the sets. Every stick has to be authentic, Professor Brown says.

2ND GIRL: We had trouble, too, finding pictures to model the costumes on.

3RD GIRL: I didn't even know in what century the action took place.

2ND BOY: Didn't you know when Cardinal Richelieu lived? You must have slept through European History.

MUSIC: *Period music—maybe Mozart—and fade out*

(*This scene has a hollow sound because it is supposed to be heard from the stage of a theatre—the actors are away from the microphone and speak very theatrically*)

1ST BOY *very far away as in at back of stage*: The regiment is leaving.

1ST GIRL: Oh, I entrust him to your care. Promise me that nothing shall endanger his life.

5TH BOY: I will try, but still I cannot promise.

1ST GIRL: Promise that he will be very cautious.

5TH BOY: Yes, I will try, but . . .

1ST GIRL: That he will never be cold in this terrible siege.

5TH BOY: I will do my best, but . . .

1ST GIRL: That he will be faithful.

5TH BOY: Oh! Yes. Certainly, but . . .

1ST GIRL: That he will write me often.

5TH BOY: That I promise you.

SOUND: *Loud applause and fade for*

2ND GIRL: Wasn't it wonderful? I want to meet that boy who played Cyrano.

1ST BOY *mad like Jack Benny*: Oh, is that all you have to say? I suppose you were so busy looking at him, you didn't even notice the scenery I designed.

1ST GIRL: Oh, yes, it was very good . . . but wasn't he divine? Who wouldn't look good making love to such a beautiful Roxane?

2ND GIRL *indignant*: Oh!

MUSIC: *Fades in—dance tune*

3RD GIRL: Have you heard? Jimmy was elected captain of the debating team.

3RD BOY: Yeah. (*Laughing*) I remember him in his first debate—when he was a freshman. He was so nervous when he got up on the platform he couldn't think what he wanted to say. (*Fade out*)

4TH BOY: We shall now hear from James Carter who will uphold the negative side.

SOUND: *Applause—faint—polite*

2ND BOY *coughing*: Mister Chairman . . . my opponents . . . ladies and gentlemen. The . . . uh . . . definition of . . . uh . . . rules of conduct . . . (*Starting again*) The determination of the aims and principles which should . . . which must guide us in defining the rules of (*coughing*) conduct in formal relations between two nations is indeed a delicate task. Uh . . . some men have, however, (*coughing*) taken upon themselves . . .

3RD BOY *laughing*: There never was such a case of stage fright. But he got over that.

3RD GIRL: And now he's captain. Just think how he must have improved. (*Fade out*)

5TH BOY: Listen to this one. Three ghosts wanted to play bridge, but they needed a fourth . . . so rigor mortis sets in. Get it?

1ST BOY *derisive*: Ha—ha—ha. Funny.

3RD BOY: Go away. I am trying to think.

SOUND: *Experimental chords on piano*

4TH BOY: He's writing the music for the Varsity Show. He wants to be a-a-lone.

SOUND: *Out*

3RD BOY: Wait a minute. How's this? (*Plays first of "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden."*)

5TH BOY: Hm-m. Sounds familiar. (*Hums same bit*)

3RD BOY: I know! That's that Floradora Song. I thought it was too good to be my own. Oh, well.

SOUND: *More experimenting on piano.*

1ST BOY: Hey . . . why don't you work that song into the show? It would make a good number. You know, put it on just like the original.

4TH BOY: I think you've got an idea there. Hang on to it, my friend, hang on to it.

MUSIC: *"Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" on piano fade out for . . .*

1ST GIRL *angry*: I'm furious. I'd like to know who that John Davis thinks he is. Just because he's director of the Varsity Show . . . he thinks he can insult people.

3RD GIRL: Cool off a minute, honey. What's the matter?

1ST GIRL: I told him I wanted to try out for the Varsity Show and he just laughed—laughed at me.

3RD GIRL *laughing*: Oh, no wonder.

1ST GIRL: You, too. What's the story. Why is it so funny that I want to be in the Varsity Show.

3RD GIRL: You'll see. Just wait till you see the show. You'll laugh, too. (*Fades out*)

4TH BOY: When I tried out for the reporting job on the college paper I didn't know it would be like this. (*Mimicking*) "Cover Professor Harrow's lecture on the Economic Interdependence of the Chinese Province," the editor says to me. Last week it was: "Cover Doctor Hammerlake's lecture on Blake's Symbolism." And the time before that: "Cover the meeting of the Psychology Club." I ask you, what kind of work is that?

2ND BOY: You can't expect to get the good assignments in your first year. Even the editor had to do the drudge work when he started. (*Fade out*)

1ST GIRL: Did you see Margie White in German class today with curlers in her hair?

2ND GIRL: What of it? She wore a bandana over them, didn't she?

3RD GIRL: She's going to the Junior Prom tonight with that basket ball player. She's in such a dither—she's positive she flunked the Geology quiz. (*Fade out*)

ADVISOR: Is there something I can do for you, Williams?

1ST BOY: Yes, sir. Today I received a letter from the Digest asking for permission to reprint that last article I wrote for the College Quarterly. As the Quarterly faculty advisor, I think that decision ought to be yours. (*Fade out*)

VOICE *hollow in a large auditorium—fade in*: And before we conclude this last concert in our series we wish to express our sincere gratitude to the undergraduates of the university for their invaluable assistance in arranging for and publicizing the concerts. And now, (*title of music*)

3RD BOY *whispering close to mike*: He doesn't have to thank me. Working for these concerts was the most interesting and useful stuff I've ever done.

MUSIC: *A symphony or something that starts with a burst—hold a few seconds and then fade out*

VIRGINIA'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

A CHRISTMAS PLAY

By FRANK YANKANIN

(As written and produced in the Radio Writing Class of the University of Scranton and over WGBI, under the direction of Dr. John Groller.)

SOUND: *Applause*

ANNOUNCER: The Technical High School Girls Glee Club will open the program singing Pierre's "March of the Little Tin Soldiers."

CHORUS: *"Christmas Time Is Drawing Near." (Hum as announcer speaks)*

ANNOUNCER: And now the boys and girls are happy to add to the spirit of the Christmas season with a dramatization of that famous newspaper editorial "VIRGINIA'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS."

Back in 1897, when Frank P. Church was working as an editorial writer for the New York Sun he wrote this letter for little Virginia O'Hanlon, and it's been reprinted year after year as the classic expression of Christmas sentiment. We urge you to relax from the hustle and bustle of the holiday season as we bring you: "VIRGINIA'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS."

CHORUS: *Up—then fade*

SOUND: *School bell ringing—dismissal—merry shouts of children—fade*

VIRGINIA: Gee, Dottie, doesn't everything look pretty with the snow on the trees and house-tops?

DOTTIE: Yes, Virginia, I can hardly wait to get home for my sled.

BILLIE *off mike*: Hello, Virginia and Dottie. Are you going sleigh-riding today?

VIRGINIA: Yes, Billie. Doesn't it make you feel happy to think Christmas is so near? Just think . . . Santa Claus will soon be coming. I'm gonna get a doll.

BILLIE } Santa Claus, did you say?
DOTTIE }

VIRGINIA: Sure, doesn't he come to visit your house?

BILLIE: Santa Claus visit me? Why, I don't believe in Santa Claus.

DOTTIE: Do you believe in Santa, Virginia?

VIRGINIA: Yes. *(Excitedly)* Don't you get presents at Christmas time?

DOTTIE: Yes, but I don't believe there is a Santa Claus. Do you, Bill?

BILLIE: Naw, that's just a story, that's all it is.

VIRGINIA: It is not, see, and I really—really believe there is a Santa Claus.

BILLIE } There is not . . . There is not
DOTTIE } . . . There is not.

VIRGINIA *half crying*: Stop saying that. I . . . I think you are awful. I . . . I'm going to ask my daddy about Santa Claus.

BILLIE } Ha, ha, ha. Virginia believes in
DOTTIE } Santa Claus . . . Virginia be-
 } lieves in Santa Claus . . . Vir-
 } ginia believes in Santa Claus.

(Fade)

SOUND: *Music in "The First Noel" 10 seconds—fade—door slams—sniffing—bark of dog*

VIRGINIA: Hello, Rags. *(sniffing)* How have you been today?

SOUND: *Barking of dog*

MOTHER *calling from kitchen*: Is that you, Virginia, dear?

VIRGINIA: Yes, Momma.

MOTHER *voice comes nearer—fade in*: Hello, dear. Why . . . you've been crying.

VIRGINIA: No, Mommie, I . . . I . . . was just . . .

MOTHER: Now, now, you were crying.
Come . . . tell mother why.

VIRGINIA: Billie and Dottie sa . . . say
(*Sniff*) there is no Santa Claus. I said
that I believed in Santa.

MOTHER: There, there, now. You know
there is a Santa Claus. Billie and
Dottie just don't understand, that's all.
Now, come. Take your sled, and go
out with the children.

VIRGINIA *sadly*: No, Mommie. I don't
wanna sleigh ride today. I don't want to
play with Billie or Dottie.

MOTHER: Well, dear, if you don't want to
go out with your sled, take off your
coat and play with Rags. When your
father comes in you can ask him about
Santa. Look, Rags wants to play with
you, don't you, Rags? (*Dog barks*)

SOUND: *Music in*—"The First Noel"—10
seconds—fade

VIRGINIA: O, Mommie, Daddy's home.
Daddy's home. (*Shouting*) Hello,
Daddy, hello, Daddy.

MOTHER *fades in*: Hello, John. Oh, you
look so cold. Come, take off your coat
and get warm.

FATHER: Hello, Virginia, dear. Hello,
Mother. Whew, it's cold outside. Say,
what's that I smell?

MOTHER: Oh, that's the Christmas cookies
I am making. They are your favorites,
too . . . spice cookies.

FATHER: That's good. Couldn't we try
just a few for dinner tonight?

MOTHER }
FATHER } *Laughing*

FATHER: How have you been today, Vir-
ginia? Did you enjoy sleigh riding?

VIRGINIA: I wasn't sleigh riding today,
Daddy.

FATHER: Why not? Come into the living
room where we can sit down, and tell
daddy what you did today.

VIRGINIA: All right, Daddy . . . Here
are your slippers.

FATHER: That's a good girl, thank you.
(*Sigh*)

SOUND: *Music—Jingle Bells—continues in
background*

VIRGINIA: Daddy, I want to ask you about
Santa Claus.

FATHER: About Santa Claus, dear?

VIRGINIA: Yes, Daddy. When I was com-
ing from school, Dottie and Billie made
fun of me when I said I believed in
Santa Claus, and was gonna get presents
from him. (*Sobbing*) They said there

was no Santa Claus. I want to know
. . . is there really a Santa Claus?

FATHER: Of course, Darling, there is a
Santa Claus. Come over and sit on my
lap . . . there that's it . . . Now, you
shouldn't feel so sad. You believe in
Santa, don't you?

VIRGINIA: Yes, Daddy, but those other
kids, they said it was just a story, that's
why I want you to tell me if they were
wrong.

FATHER: Well . . . I know your friends
were wrong . . . but . . . but . . . I
. . . I . . . Say, I think I know just
how you can find out if there really is
a Santa Claus.

VIRGINIA: How, Daddy? (*Excitedly*)
How?

FATHER: Well, after we have dinner, you
can write a letter to the editor of the
Sun, and if the answer is in the paper,
then there is a Santa Claus.

VIRGINIA: Do you think that he will?

MOTHER: Dinner's been waiting, and you
two keep talking and talking about
something. Now, come before every-
thing gets cold.

SOUND: *Music up 10 seconds—then fade
—Jingle Bells*

FATHER: That dinner sure was swell. I feel
a lot better now.

MOTHER: Yes, but Virginia ate hardly
anything. I wonder if she . . .

FATHER: Oh, I think I know the trouble.
Did you know we have a little secret,
Mother?

MOTHER: Did you say, "secret"?

FATHER: Yes, Virginia is going to write to
the Sun, to ask the editor if there is a
Santa Claus. Say, where is that child
anyway?

MOTHER: Right after she finished eating,
she went upstairs. I think I hear her
coming now.

VIRGINIA *coming in*: I have some paper
and a pencil, but I don't have an en-
velope, Daddy.

FATHER: There's an envelope in the desk
. . . and here, you can use my pen.
Now you sit right here and write.

VIRGINIA: Yes, Daddy. But, what shall I
say?

FATHER: Oh, just ask the editor if there
really is a Santa Claus.

VIRGINIA *writing*: Dear . . . Editor,
E . . . D . . . How do you spell editor,
Daddy?

FATHER: E-d-i-t-o-r.

VIRGINIA: Dear Editor, I am 8 years old.

(Pause) Some of my friends (Pause) say there is no Santa Claus (Pause). Papa says—(Fade—Pause) Let's see now, there that's right. V-i-r-g-i-n-i-a Virginia O'Hanlon, 115 West Ninety-Fifth Street . . . Daddy, what shall I put on the envelope?

FATHER: Let's see now. Are you finished with the letter?

VIRGINIA: Yes, Daddy. See, here it is.

FATHER: Dear Editor . . . (Mumble, mumble) That's good. Now I'll write the address on this paper and you can write it on the envelope . . . We will write, The Editor of the Sun, New York City (Pause) There, now you can write that on the envelope, and as soon as you finish, I'll put it in the mail box, so the mailman will take it tonight.

SOUND: Music in—Jingle Bells—15 seconds—fade—typewriters clicking—buzzzer

TELEPHONE GIRL: Good morning, New York Sun. Yes, he is, one moment, please . . . Good morning, New York Sun, the Editor? Yes, he is, one moment please . . .

SOUND: Telephone ringing

EDITOR: Hello. Yes, this is the Editor. Oh, hello, Bert. Yeah, sure I know . . . Good. Yes, I'll take care of it right away. Goodbye.

SPEED, OFFICE BOY: Good morning, Boss. Here is your mail.

EDITOR: Thanks, Speed. Just put it here on my desk. (Clearing throat) Let's see. A letter from Williams Bros.; one from . . . what in . . . who can this be from? Well, I'll be a . . . hey, Church! (Shouting) Church . . .

MR. CHURCH off mike: Yes, Boss. What is it?

EDITOR: Listen to this, will you? . . . Dear Editor, I am 8 years old, some of my friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says if I see it in the Sun, it's so. Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus? . . . And it's signed, Virginia O'Hanlon, 115 West 95th Street. (Paper rattles) Church, I'd like you to answer this right away.

MR. CHURCH: Me answer that? Now wait a minute . . . I . . . I . . . Aw, all right. I'll see what I can do with it . . . (Fade)

SOUND: Typewriting clicking

MR. CHURCH typewriting—slow: Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been (Typewriting stops) Hey, Speed . . . (Shouting) Speed!

SPEED: Yeah, Boss, what is it?

MR. CHURCH: Run down to the composing room, and tell George to save a space on the Editorial Page for an important article . . . and hurry up . . . (Type-writer starts)

SPEED: Yes, sir. (Fade)

SOUND: Music in—Jingle Bells—10 seconds—fade—dishes—cups—saucers

MOTHER: You had better hurry and finish your breakfast, dear, your friends will be calling you for school.

VIRGINIA: Yes, Mommie . . . (Dishes Rattle) Daddy, you didn't see my answer in the paper yesterday, did you?

FATHER: No, not so soon, Virginia. You see, it will take a few days.

MOTHER: Oh, there's Billie and Dottie now. Come in and get warm. Virginia will be ready in a minute.

BILLIE } Good morning, Mrs. O'Hanlon.
DOTTIE }

BILLIE: Here is your paper, Mr. O'Hanlon. It was on the front steps.

FATHER: Thank you, Billie.

VIRGINIA: Is there anything in today about . . .

FATHER: Wait, I'll look (Paper shuffles) no—nope—oh, what's this? Yes, yes, here it is.

VIRGINIA: Quick, let me see it, Daddy! (Excitedly) Oh . . . Goody, Goody.

BILLIE: What is it, Virginia?

VIRGINIA: Read it for all of us, Daddy. I want Dottie and Billie to hear it.

SOUND: Music starts and continues in background "First Noel"

FATHER: Here is what it says . . . "Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be Men's or Children's, are little. In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.

He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romances to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your Papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world." (*Stops*)

VIRGINIA: Gosh, Daddy, that's pretty. Is that all?

FATHER: No, there is more. You finish reading it, Mother.

MOTHER: "You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside? But there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding. No Santa Claus? Thank God, he lives . . . and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

SOUND: *Music fade*

MOTHER: Why, Virginia, you are crying.

VIRGINIA *sobbing*: I . . . I'm just so happy, I guess.

MOTHER. Oh, look at the time, children. You had better hurry off for school or you will be late. Come, let me dry your tears, Virginia. There now, here are your books.

VIRGINIA: Come on, Dottie and Billie. Goodbye, Mommie and Daddy.

MOTHER } Good bye, Virginia, dear.
FATHER }

FATHER *sigh*: That was . . . was just . . .

MOTHER: It was just wonderful, John . . . (*Fade*)

SOUND: *Music in—Jingle Bells—fade*

BILLIE: Gee, Virginia, I . . . I'm sorry about what I said the other day . . . I mean about Santa Claus.

DOTTIE: Me too, Virginia, Billie and I were just foolin', we only said that because . . .

VIRGINIA: You said that because you didn't know there was a Santa Claus, but now you've seen it in the paper and you believe it.

BILLIE: You know, Virginia, I'm gonna believe in Santa Claus as long as I live.

DOTTIE: Me too, Virginia, an' I'm . . . (*School bell rings*) oh, there is the bell, let's hurry.

SOUND: *Music in—Jingle Bells—fade*

TEACHER'S VOICE: Now children, I want all of you to write a letter to Santa Claus, telling him what you want for Christmas. (*Fade*)

BILLIE *writing*: Dear Santa Claus, I want a new sled and a cowboy suit, I would also like an electric train. I know you will come to my house this year, even if I don't see you, I know you are real because . . . (*Fade*)

VIRGINIA *writing*: Dear Santa Claus, you have always been so good to me, and I know you will bring me all I ask for. Santa, I am so happy now—because all my friends believe in you, and I just know that they will all have a Merry Christmas.

(*Music in chorus*)

ANNOUNCER: You have just heard a dramatization of "VIRGINIA'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS" by students. The letter was written by Frank P. Church in 1897 and first published in the New York Sun. The dramatization for this broadcast was written by Frank Yankanin, a member of the Radio

Writing class of the University of Scranton, under the direction of John Groller.

VIRGINIA. Pardon me for interrupting, Fred—but I was wondering as I was playing the part of Virginia whether she's still living today?

ANNOUNCER: That's an interesting question. Does anyone in the cast know the answer?

CAST MEMBER: I think I do. Virginia O'Hanlon, I understand, is living in New York City, and is a teacher in one of the public schools there.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, —. (*Pause*) And now we hear a group of two Christmas songs by the mixed chorus of "The Legend" by Tschaikowsky . . . and "Silent Night."
(*Songs by the chorus*)

WIDOWS SHOULDN'T WEEP

A DRAMA

By BERNICE G. GREY

(Written in the Radio Class, under the direction of Dr. Bernice Ash,
of the University of Tulsa, Tulsa, Okla.)

MUSIC: *Three bars horror music in slowly—fade for . . .*

SOUND: *Up from background with car motor in second gear—gears mesh—sudden spurt of car forward—motor up to steady hum—fade slightly but sustain in background for . . .*

KATHY note of terror: Cal, Cal, slow down.

SOUND: *Motor being speeded up*

KATHY: Cal—I said . . .

CAL harshly: Yeah?

KATHY: Too fast—on these hills . . .

SOUND: *Motor down slightly*

CAL sarcastically: So, little Kathy don't like fast driving?

KATHY whimpers: No—no . . .

CAL: I always drive fast, especially in a buggy like this . . .

SOUND: *Horn honking loudly*

CAL chuckling—maliciously: There's one thing about it—Jim sure had a taste in cars—and women . . .

KATHY stricken voice: O—Cal . . .

CAL: He sure knew a good car—maybe he made a mistake once in a while on women . . .

KATHY deliberately—quietly: You are a beast . . .

CAL smgs: I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal, you . . .

KATHY suddenly pleading: What's wrong with you, Cal? You never acted like this last year, before—before . . .

CAL: Yeah, before Jim Steele died and left us, his best friend, his loving wife . . .

KATHY: Stop it—stop it—I say . . .

CAL: Why, I think that sounds nice—his best friend—his loving wife . . . But

you didn't like to hear it even when the preacher said it . . . you don't never like to hear it, do you? (*Voice fade on last part of sentence*)

MUSIC: *Funeral music—not too loud—hold level three bars—fade but sustain in background for . . .*

MINISTER as if addressing audience: Dearly beloved, he was our friend and neighbor, a family man. Jim Steele lived honorably among us. Our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to his loving wife and helpmeet . . .

KATHY full muke: *Sobs aloud*

GOSSIP VOICES ad libs: My, she's taking it awful hard. Jim Steele was a good husband. Tch, tch, etc. etc.

MINISTER: Now comfort the sorrowing friends, the bereaved wife . . .

MUSIC: *Up funeral music to gradually drown out*

MINISTER: I am the Resurrection and the Life . . .

KATHY: full muke: *Wild sobbing*

MUSIC: *Funeral music fade out for . . .*

SOUND: *Woman's voice sobbing—car motor sustained in background*

KATHY brokenly: O, Jim, Jim, how could I have forgotten?

CAL angrily: Forgotten what? You silly little fool. Forgotten how you used to stay at home, night after night, nothin' to do, nowhere to go, just goin' crazy. Looks like you'd want to forget . . . (*Voice fade*)

SOUND: *Hill billy music in background—never full tone—rustle of papers—thump of box on table—*

JIM: Kathy, where's my pipe? Never can find that pesky pipe . . .

KATHY *bored tone*: Right there in your drawer, silly.

SOUND: *Hill billy music being tuned in louder*

KATHY: Can't you get anything but that screechy stuff?

JIM: Makes me think of old days on the farm.

KATHY: Well, I like a swing band.

SOUND: *Hill billy music off with click*

JIM *good naturedly*: Turn on anything you want, honey, I'm reading the paper. Say-y-y—did you see this? They're talking about putting a big engine on this run. Boy, would I like to handle one of those babies.

KATHY *listlessly*: That'd be swell.

SOUND: *Swing band gradually up on radio—not too loud—hold in background for . . .*

KATHY *burns tune being played—ad lib*: Hot cha cha—hot cha cha, etc. (*Hums—stops*) Jim, o, Jim. Don't you ever get tired just stayin' around home on your nights off—readin' and listenin' to the radio?

JIM: Who—me? (*Deep laugh*) Why, honey, whatever gave you such a crazy idea? Come here woman (*pauses*). Don't you know a guy would be a plain fool to wander off when he has such a good home and such a plumb good looking wife at home? Why, I got everything I want right here in my arms. I don't need anything else. A man'd be a plain fool—a plain fool . . . (*Voice fade*)

SOUND: *Woman's voice sobbing—car motor sustained in background*

CAL: I always said you were a fool. There you sat, night after night, listenin' to hill billy music you hated, or waitin' for that engineer husband of yours to get in—all hours . . . (*Voice fade*)

1ST WORKINGMAN'S VOICE *filter mike*: Night shift; Sunday—Monday—Tuesday . . .

2ND WORKINGMAN'S VOICE *filter mike*: Day shift; Wednesday—Thursday—Friday . . .

3RD WORKINGMAN'S VOICE *filter mike*: Relief—split shifts—Railroad Brotherhood—overtime . . .

VOICES *filter mike—in unison*: Night shift—day shift—night shift . . . (*Voices fade*)

KATHY *hysterically*: I can't stand it—I can't. Other people have music—see

lights—I've got to have music—hot music. I've got to have . . . (*Voice fade*)

SOUND: *Cheap dance hall sounds—music—dancing feet—fade but sustain in background for . . .*

CAL *caressing voice*: Like it, honey?

KATHY: It—it's marvelous.

CAL: Not disappointed?

KATHY: No, but I'm kinda scared . . .

CAL: You're a funny little kid.

KATHY: Jim wouldn't like it.

CAL: Old stick-in-the-mud pal, Jim, eh?

KATHY: O, Jim's all right—but . . .

CAL *teasingly*: But—he's just an old tight wad. Won't share his good lookin' wife with anybody—not anybody.

KATHY *half-afraid—half-thrilled*: Don't hold-me-so-tight. Someone might see . . .

CAL: Who's there to see? Leave it to me, baby. Old Cal knows the ropes, nobody ain't going to see, nobody that matters—nobody . . . (*Voice fade*)

SOUND: *Woman's voice sobbing—car motor sustained in background*

CAL: What you so jittery about? Snivelin' around all the time—nobody ever did see—not a soul—not even Jim . . . (*Voice fade*)

SOUND: *Slamming of door*

KATHY *off mike—frightened voice*: O, Jim, you're home early—is—is—something wrong?

SOUND: *They kiss—next speech smothered as if he's embracing her*

JIM: Where you been, honey, it's late?

KATHY *guiltily*: O—o—just over to Trentdale to—to—see about . . .

JIM: Never mind. (*Exuberantly*) I've got big news.

KATHY: A raise?

JIM: No—but you're looking right at a guy who's going places . . .

KATHY *panic stricken*: Away—from here?

JIM: Gosh, what's so terrible about that? I thought you didn't like it here.

KATHY *quickly*: O, no—I didn't mean . . . I was just wondering. (*Voice trails off*)

JIM: Mrs. Jim Steele, your old man has just been chosen to handle Number 8 . . .

KATHY: The big one?

JIM: Yep, the big one, Number 8. Boy, it's a beauty—just like a big black giant looking down at you—a one eyed giant.

KATHY: You've been wanting that more than anything in the world, haven't you, Jim?

JIM *soberly*: More than anything, honey. It takes a man to handle Number 8.

SOUND: *Woman's voice sobbing—car motor sustained in background*

CAL *bitterly*: A fine guy Jim Steele turned out to be. All he thought about was Number 8—Number 8—Number 8. Guess they kinda understood each other though. (*Grudgingly*) Couldn't anybody handle the big fellow like he could. Awful lot of responsibility—Jim'd be tired out all the time—wouldn't do nothin'—nothin' but read—and study—and listen to hill billy music. (*Voice fade*)

MUSIC: *Hill billy music up then out to background—hold very softly for . . .*

KATHY *stream of consciousness voice*: I can't go on—I can't go on—I can't . . .

CAL *close in off mike—low, insinuating voice*: You're too pretty to be cooped up like this . . .

KATHY *stream of consciousness voice*: I can't stand it . . .

JIM *full mike—natural tone of voice*: I bought you a new car today, Kathy. Sorry I haven't time to teach you to drive.

KATHY *stream of consciousness voice*: No time—no time—for me—for anything.

CAL *close in off mike—low, insinuating voice*: Jim don't deserve a smart wife like you.

KATHY *stream of consciousness voice*: I've got to have laughter—music—hot music . . .

MUSIC: *Up hill billy music—sudden jangling discord—sharp off—pause*

SOUND: *They kiss*

CAL *roughly*: Did Jim ever kiss you like that? Kathy—get wise—you belong to me.

KATHY *deep sigh*: O, Cal, it's so wrong—but it's sweet. Only—Jim. I couldn't bear for Jim to know. . .

CAL: Why should he know—why should he ever know?

KATHY: If only Jim were . . . O, no . . . (*Wild hysteria*) O, no!

VOICE *filter mike*: If only Jim Steele were . . .

SOUND: *Segue repeated phrase—varying voice pitches—with horror music—up to climax*

KATHY *screams*: O—no!!

(*Cue pause*)

NEWSBOY'S CHANT: Extry! Extry! Number 8 leaves rails at dangerous Hairpin Turn. Engineer and fireman die in crash. Read all about it! All about it! (*Voice fade*)

SOUND: *Woman's voice sobbing—car motor sustained in background*

KATHY *break in her voice*: But I did think it was an accident—at first . . .

CAL *scornfully*: Don't make me laugh. Accident . . . (*laughs hollowly*) Little Miss Innocent, eh? I ought to break your neck. Accident? (*Venomously*) Yeah . . . Who was it wondered what would happen if old Number 8 come roarin' around Hairpin Turn some dark night with Jim Steele at the throttle—and there was a few spikes missin' on the outside rail? Who was it? Hah, hah. (*Begins to laugh wildly*) Hah, hah. Who—was—it?

KATHY: Cal, stop—please stop. It's done—we can't change it. Stop—stop that insane laughing.

SOUND: *Sound of train engine far in background—up car motor—horn sounds*

KATHY: Cal, what are you doing? Speeding up? O, I hadn't noticed we're almost at Hairpin Turn. That's right—let's hurry—hurry . . .

SOUND: *Engine moving up on mike—hold car motor hum off mike—but steady and low*

KATHY *fearfully*: What's that?

CAL: Sounds—sounds like an engine.

KATHY: An engine, can you see it?

CAL: No . . .

SOUND: *Engine much closer to mike*

KATHY: It's coming closer . . .

CAL: Sounds like a big one . . .

KATHY: A big one—that can't be—Number 8's the only big one.

CAL: And Number 8's in the yards for repairs. No train's scheduled.

KATHY *rising hysteria*: Then what's this coming?

SOUND: *Engine almost up full mike*

KATHY: If that's not Jim's Number 8, dear God, what is it? It's coming! (*Screams*) Cal—look out—look out—t-t—!

SOUND: *Screech of tires—horrible screams as train hits car full force—crash—deep silence—then one single train whistle—*

*engineer's signal for full speed ahead—
fade signal into single monotonous tone
of music—sustain for one second—fade
out*

SOUND: *Machine shop in Railroad yards
—clinking of metal—hammers—*

1ST MACHINIST *hammering*: Too bad
about Jim Steele's widow, ain't it?

2ND MACHINIST: Yeah, nobody can under-
stand. Right over the embankment and
they had a clear view of that turn for
a hundred yards.

1ST MACHINIST: Just one of them things, I
guess . . .

2ND MACHINIST: Well, I got some work on
Number 8—then I'm through for the
night.

SOUND: *Footsteps on concrete—rattle of
lantern*

2ND MACHINIST *sudden excited voice*: Say,
Joe, there's something awful screwy go-
ing on. Come here! Look at Number 8.
You and me know the old black giant's
been sittin' here—not movin' for days.
But—I'll be a cross eyed monkey—if I
wouldn't swear—them boilers are hot!!

MUSIC: *Pick up horror music with train
whistle theme—up and out.*

HUNK IS A PUNK

A COMEDY OF COLLEGE LIFE

By CHARLOTTE I. LEE

(Broadcast over WBOW, Terre Haute, Indiana)

NARRATOR: Our play opens one afternoon in early autumn . . . The scene is in the parlor car of a railroad train.

SOUND: *Train noises sneak in*

NARRATOR: Two excited, pretty, young girls are sitting on the edges of their seats, carefully gloved and veiled to look sophisticated. But the shine in their wide eyes gives them away. They are definitely freshmen on their way to start college life . . .

SOUND: *Train noises—up and behind—continue through until narrator speaks again*

PEG: Oh, Mary, isn't it exciting? Here we are all by ourselves . . . on our way to college.

MARY: I'm so glad you're going as far as Mexico with me, Peg.

PEG: Me, too . . . I'm so mixed up . . . I feel so . . . so sophisticated and jittery all at once.

MARY: So do I . . . I'd feel better though, if I were going to Mizzou instead of . . .

PEG *in fast*: Why?

MARY: 'Cause I know a few people at the University . . . and I don't know anybody but Betty White where I'm going.

PEG: You do know some people at the U?

MARY: Oh . . . a few.

PEG: Who are they?

MARY: I don't know where they live . . . I get the names of the houses all mixed up.

PEG: I'd feel better just knowing about someone . . . What are their names?

MARY: Well . . . Let's see . . . Here, I'll write them down for you . . . Have you got a pencil?

PEG: I'll look . . . mmmm here it is . . . and you can write on this envelope . . .

SOUND: *Paper rustling*

PEG: This is swell . . . Just some names to recognize. When we met at camp last summer we didn't think we'd be doing this!

MARY: I'll say not . . . Let's see . . . this girl is from Kansas City and this one . . .

PEG *reading*: Marge Newberry . . . Carol Stearne . . . May Cory . . . Bob . . .

MARY *in fast*: I have a cousin up there, too, but I certainly wouldn't burden you with him—he's a drip.

PEG: Then don't tell me about him. I already know a couple of drips . . . Is he good looking?

MARY: No! I haven't seen him since summer before last but that was plenty . . . Nobody could change enough to help a face like that. Everywhere I went I had to go with Gould . . .

PEG: Tell me no more, Mary. Have you finished with the list of names?

MARY: Yes, here you are . . . Say, I'm hungry . . . let's go have lunch.

PEG *moving off*: Suits me fine. I sure feel a lot better having these names.

SOUND: *Train noises—out*

NARRATOR: The next time we see Mary, she is settled in her room at the exclusive school for young women where her mother and aunts were educated . . . and where she has been sent to carry on the family tradition. Weeks have gone by since her arrival and she is happily over the first attack of homesickness. It is mid-morning and the mail is being distributed in the post-office in Jones Hall.

SOUND: *Conversation and laughter—up and fade behind—continue through until narrator speaks again*

SUE: Any for me? Can you see, Jane?

JANE: Don't see any, Sue. How about you, Karen?

KAREN: I got one.

SUE: A good one?

KAREN: You know it!

SOUND: *Tearing paper as envelope is opened*

TRUDY: I'd better get one. I haven't had a decent letter all week.

SUE: But you got a package, Trudy.

JANE: Yes. A whole box of food, day before yesterday.

TRUDY: Sure . . . but who ate it?

KAREN: Why, Trudy . . . Remember . . . a cheerful giver . . .

TRUDY: Yes, Karen, I know.

SUE: There goes something into my box.

KAREN: How does it feel to be popular, Sue?

SUE: You'll never know. I always forget the combination on this silly box.

TRUDY: Juniors always do.

KAREN: How about seniors?

TRUDY: Seniors never forget anything.

MARY *moving up*: I'd hate to have to prove that statement, Trudy.

ALL *ad lib*: Hello, Hi. So would I, Mary, etc.

MARY: Isn't the mail sorted yet?

SUE: Most of it. We just hate to give up hope.

MARY: I live from mail delivery to mail delivery.

KAREN: Don't we all?

TRUDY: You don't, Karen, you live from meal to meal.

KAREN: How unkind of you, Trudy. Just you wait until the Junior Prom . . .

TRUDY: Why?

KAREN *moving off*: I'll be so thin you'll be envious . . .

TRUDY *moving off*: Wait a minute until I get my book . . .

MARY: Pardon me, Jane.

JANE *vaguely*: What did you do, Mary?

MARY: Nothing, my star-dusty pet. You're in front of my box.

JANE: Oh, I'm so sorry! I was reading my letter and I . . .

MARY: Quite understandable . . . You're forgiven.

BETTY *moving up*: Hello, Mary. Hi, Jane . . . Any mail . . .

ALL *ad lib*: Hello, Betty . . . I didn't get any, etc.

MARY: Hello, Betty, who do you think would write to you?

BETTY: Nobody, I imagine . . . I did again.

MARY: Come upstairs with me to read mine.

BETTY: Vicarious pleasures at my age?

Tsk, Tsk! Well, at least I have the home town paper. I can depend on that.

MARY *moving off*: Mine's from Peggy, and a nice fat one, too . . .

SOUND: *Conversation and laughter—out*

NARRATOR: And upstairs in Mary's room . . .

MARY: Sit down anywhere, Betty.

BETTY: This is fine. Is Peggy having fun?

MARY: Listen to this. You'll never guess.

BETTY: Then I won't try. What is it?

MARY: Some people have everything.

BETTY: Yes . . . Peggy had poison ivy last summer.

MARY: Peggy's in love!

BETTY: Practically the same thing.

MARY: Betty, you're a cynic.

BETTY: Been working at it all my life.

MARY: No wonder you're so good at it.

BETTY: I'm an artist. A cynic artist.

MARY *laughing*: That's terrible.

BETTY: Well, let's hear about Peg.

MARY: She's filled two whole pages with the man.

BETTY: Moustache?

MARY: She doesn't say so.

BETTY: She can have him then.

MARY: I'll write and tell her that. She'll be relieved.

BETTY: All right. But you ought to see me when I turn on my glamour . . .

What's his name?

MARY: She only calls him Hunk.

BETTY *incredulously*: Hunk!

MARY: Hunk . . . Just as plain as Peggy can write it . . . H-u-n-k, Hunk

BETTY: Well, that's different, anyway. What else does she say?

MARY: Wait a minute . . . This is still about Hunk.

BETTY *still amazed*: Hunk!

SOUND: *Paper rustling as page is turned*

MARY: She says . . . (*Reading*) He's tall and dark, and has elegant shoulders . . .

He plays football . . .

BETTY: Sounds fatal.

MARY *reading*: He's the biggest man on the team . . . that's why they call him "Hunk."

BETTY: Don't they think of the cutest things . . . Well, I'm glad to know there's a reason for it.

Hunk Is a Punk

...ding: There's the big homecoming game two weeks from Saturday . . . And a dance . . . and . . . and . . . Oh, Betty . . . Listen . . .

BETTY *patiently*: I am, Mary, I am.

MARY: She says . . . (*Reading*) . . . There'll be lots doing and we'll have such fun . . . Can't you come over and bring a formal . . .

BETTY: Oh, Mary . . . that's swell!

MARY *reading*: Please say you can come . . . and I do want you to meet Hunk.

BETTY: I wish he had a decent name.

MARY *reading*: I'll get you the dates . . .

I don't want Hunk to know you're coming . . . I want to surprise him.

BETTY *sarcastically*: Goody, goody!

MARY: I feel like something in a Christmas stocking . . .

BETTY: Go on, and finish the letter.

MARY: That's about all . . . except . . . Please tell me you'll come . . . Oh, I have so much to tell you . . . Much love, Peggy.

BETTY: What fun you'll have.

MARY: I'll have to call Mother.

BETTY: Go do it now.

MARY: I should wait until this evening . . . The rates . . .

BETTY: Oh, don't wait . . . Besides, what do you care? You'll reverse the charges.

MARY: Sure, I'll call her now. Come with me.

SOUND: *Door opening*

BETTY: What'll you take to wear?

MARY: I've got the suit . . . and my dark green . . .

BETTY: I like the rust better . . .

MARY: With the big buttons? I can't wear that.

BETTY: Why?

MARY: I haven't any hat.

BETTY: Oh, somebody will let you have one.

MARY: I hoped you'd say that. May I wear yours?

BETTY: My new hat?

MARY: Now, you want me to look pretty for Hunk . . . Come on . . . Give.

BETTY: Ouch! I sure walked right into that . . . Might as well take the purse, too.

MARY: Oh Betty . . . what would I do without you?

BETTY: Here we are. I'll wait out here.

MARY: Don't be silly. Come in with me.

SOUND: *Door opening*

BETTY: Hope she lets you go.

MARY: Me, too!

SOUND: *Click of telephone receiver lifted from cradle—dialing of numbers*

MARY: Long distance, please . . . Calling St. Louis, Missouri . . . 4-93-21 . . .

Mrs. J. L. Steele . . . that's right . . . (*Quickly*) and reverse the charges,

please . . . Mary Steele is calling . . . Uh . . . 1083 is this number.

BETTY *in semi-whisper*: What if she isn't home?

MARY *in semi-whisper*: She will be . . . Today's the day the cleaning lady is . . . sh-h . . .

BETTY *whisper*: Is she there?

MARY *whisper*: They're calling her.

BETTY *whisper*: Isn't this fun?

MARY: Cross your fingers and concentrate for me so she'll say, "Yes."

BETTY: What if she doesn't?

MARY: What if I throw you out!

BETTY: All right. She's going to say, yes! . . . She's going to . . .

MARY: Sh-h . . .

BETTY: I'm so excited . . .

MARY: Hello, Mother? . . . Mother, it's Mary . . . No, Mother, I'm all right . . . I just wanted . . . What? . . . It is important, Mother . . . you see . . . no, I don't need any money . . . Well, that is . . . I will need some more when I tell you . . . It's just that . . . No, Mother . . . Oh, just fine . . . Yes, I'm getting along fine . . . Not a bit homesick . . . much . . . Well, what I really wanted was to tell you . . . I got a letter from Peggy. Oh, she likes it fine. She wants me to come up for a week—end two weeks from Saturday.

BETTY *whispering*: Tell her about the dances. Mothers love that.

MARY: Sh-h . . . What, Mother? Well, you see . . . it's homecoming and lots of dances and things . . . Yes, Mother. Oh, yes, I do want to go. Have I what? My what? . . . Oh . . . Oh, my work! Yes, I've had every bit of it on time. Every theme and everything. Please, may I? . . . I haven't spent much . . . I still have 75¢ left from this week's allowance. Oh, Mother, may I? . . . Oh, you darling! I will, Mother. I'll write tonight . . . Oh, do I have to? Oh, Mother, I don't want to look him up . . . Well, I don't care if he is my cousin. He's a drip . . . a drip . . . Well, never mind . . . Oh, all right . . . I will . . . I'll write, and promise

everything . . . 'Bye . . . you're a darling . . . Bye.

SOUND: *Click of receiver replaced in cradle*

BETTY: She said, "yes." Isn't that perfect?

MARY: I knew she would. And she's sending more money . . . oh, isn't it a lovely world?

SOUND: *Door opening*

BETTY: What didn't you want to do?

MARY: I don't know.

BETTY: You said . . . "Oh, do I have to?"

MARY: Oh, I know. She wants me to look up my cousin over at Mizzou. But I'll try to forget it.

BETTY: What's the matter with her?

MARY: It's a him—not a her—and he's real tall and gangling and his hands hang out of his sleeves and his feet go out of control.

BETTY: How old is he?

MARY: About three years older than I am. He's my aunt Kate's problem child.

BETTY: Does Peggy know him?

MARY: Good heavens, no. I told her he was there, but I didn't want her to feel responsible for being nice to him.

BETTY: There's one in every family.

MARY: And his name's Gould, Gould Fletcher Barston . . . Isn't that awful?

BETTY: Well, it depends on the man.

MARY: Well, if it depends on this one, it's awful.

NARRATOR: With the cooperation of her friends, Mary went for her week-end. Everything was exactly as Peggy had described it, only better. The girls are dressing for the dance and Peggy is helping Mary get ready for her first meeting with Hunk.

PEG: Oh, Mary, you'll just love Hunk.

MARY: Well, that will complicate matters.

PEG: I mean, he's tall and strong and manly, and his hair . . .

MARY: I don't mean to be unduly inquisitive, but what about my date?

PEG: Oh, Al's nice, too. He's pretty tall and well, he's nice, too.

MARY: A very complete reply. How did you do all the arranging and still keep me a surprise?

PEG: Oh, I told Hunk a little about you. Just how tall you were, and how well you danced. But I didn't tell him you were the Mary I am always talking about.

MARY: I wouldn't want to frighten him. Will you pin this?

PEG: As tight as that?

MARY: Will it stay? I've gained a bit, I fear.

PEG: It'll stay. There you are . . . Oh, you do look sweet, Mary.

MARY: You do pretty well yourself . . . I wish I had black hair.

PEG: I'll trade you. Blondes are so helpless. But Hunk doesn't like blondes.

SOUND: *Knock on door*

MARY: I can see he's a man of low tastes.

PEG: Come in.

GIRL'S VOICE *off*: Two men downstairs, Peggy.

PEG *calling*: Thank you. We'll be right down.

MARY: I'm always a little wary of 'blind dates.

PEG: Come on.

SOUND: *Door opening*

MARY: Am I all right?

PEG: Lovely. I got Al just as soon as I got your letter saying you could come . . . He's quite a prize.

MARY: But there are prizes and prizes.

PEG: I wish Al could see you first coming down these stairs. He'd be a lost man. Your dress makes an elegant train.

MARY: Which room are they in?

PEG: This reception room to the left, I suppose . . . Right here. (*Whisper*) There he is . . . That's Hunk.

MARY: Oh!

PEG: Hunk . . . Hello . . . Mary I want you to meet Hunk . . . I mean . . .

Why, Mary, what's the matter?

MARY: Gould! Gould Barston!

PEG: Do you . . . do you know him?

MARY: Know him? He's my cousin!

ALABAMA FABLES

I: *Jonah and the Whale*

By THEODORE BROWNE

(Broadcast over WBZ, Boston, Mass.)

ANNOUNCER: \ ALABAMA FABLES, adapted from the World's Story-Book of Wonder. Fifteen minutes of whimsicality—tales which are known and loved by the people of every country and are universally adapted to fit the background of the various races who have chosen to make them their own . . . Now the story of Ol' Man Jonah and the Whale is a favorite among the colored folks down in Alabama. The way they tell it you'd think the story was their own and that Ol' Man Jonah was the same little Negro preacher the old folks used to tell about. His name was Jonah, too.

THEME: *Swell—fade*

ANNOUNCER: "Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah, son of Ammitai saying":

VOICE *omnipotent*: Jonah?

JONAH *timid and reverent*: Whut is hit, you wants, Lawd?

VOICE: Rise up, Jonah, an' go ter Nineveh—dat great city—an' cry out aginst hit, fo' de wickedness dar am sumptin', awful.

JONAH *whining*: But, Lawd . . .

VOICE *firmly*: Ah done spoke, Jonah.

ANNOUNCER: "But Jonah rose up to flee, unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord . . ."

SOUND: *Fast running*

JONAH *panting*: Ah'll git a boat. Ah'll run way an' hide. He ain't gwine send me off ter Nineveh. (*Fading*) Ah ain't gwine ter dat wicked place.

ANNOUNCER: "And he found a ship going to Tarshish . . ."

SOUND: *Steamboat whistle*

JONAH *panting—excitedly—hurrying*: Oh, my goodness gracious,—dar's a ship!

(*Panicky*) Dey's pullin' up de gang-plank! (*Hollers*) Hey! Wait! (*Fading*) Wait fo' me! Ah'm comin' aboard!

CAPTAIN *off—calling*: O.K.—we's shovin' off!

JONAH *fading in*: Hold hit! Ah'm comin' aboard!

SOUND: *Jonah skidding and putting on the brakes*

CAPTAIN *indignantly*: Hey, you—whut's de big idea? Come clean neah knockin' me ovuhboard!

JONAH: You de Cap'n o' dis ship, suh?

CAPTAIN: Sho', Ah's de Cap'n.

JONAH: Whar dis vessel bound fo'?

CAPTAIN: Brothuh, we's puttin' out ter sea. Gwine way ter Tarshish.

JONAH *enthused*: Tarshish? Hi fuh is dat frum Nineveh?

CAPTAIN: Brothuh, Tarshish am so fuh frum Nineveh, hit'll cost yuh two-bits jes ter send a postal card dar!

JONAH: Dat's fuh nuff way fo' me! Hi much am de fare?

CAPTAIN: Round trip?

JONAH: Who says Ah'm comin' back?

ANNOUNCER: "So he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord . . ."

SOUND: *Steamboat whistle*

CAPTAIN *off*: Ready up dar?

SAILOR *off*: Aye, aye, suh.

CAPTAIN *off*: Full steam ahead! All aboard fo' Tarshish!

SOUND: *Motor boat take off*

MUSIC: *Sea motif (from "Finlandia")*

ANNOUNCER: "But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea . . ."

MUSIC: *Swell up*

SOUND: *Wind whistling*

ANNOUNCER: "And there was a mighty tempest in the sea . . ."

SOUND: *Violent storm at sea*

ANNOUNCER: "So that the ship was like to be broken . . ."

SOUND: *Storm and creaking of ship's timber*

ANNOUNCER: "Then the mariners were afraid, and cried . . . (*Fading*) every man unto his God."

MARINERS *a mournful chorus*: Woe is us! Woe is us! Woe is us!

CAPTAIN *suspiciously*: Mates, dar's sumptin' culliar an' funny gwine on heah. Ah's nevuh knowed de sea ter act up lak dis befo'.

1ST MARINER *mysteriously*: Dar's a jinx on boad dis ship.

2ND MARINER *timidly*: De Lawd's pow'ful angry bout sumptin'.

3RD MARINER: Hit's dat lil' man whut come aboard. He ain't right. Dar's sumptin' funny bout him!

CAPTAIN *thoughtfully*: He tole me his name wus Jonah. (*Slowly*) Jonah . . . Dat name doan sound right. Ah doan lak his name.

SOUND: *Sudden clash of thunder*

VOICE *omnipotent*: Go fetch Jonah an' give him up!

1ST MARINER *fearstricken*: Somebuddy spoke!

2ND MARINER *ditto*: Ah heahd 'um, too!

VOICE *angrily*: Well, don't stand dar! Fetch Jonah, Ah says, an' give him up!

SOUND: *Rolling thunder*

ANNOUNCER: "But Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship; and he lay, and was fast asleep . . ."

SOUND: *Loud snores*

ANNOUNCER: "So the shipmaster came to him, and said unto him . . ."

CAPTAIN *fiercely*: Git up frum dat bed! Hey! Wake up!

JONAH *sleepily*: Aw, lemme 'lone-go way . . .

CAPTAIN: Git up frum dar! Ah ain't fool-in' . . .

JONAH *grumbling*: Whut you come wak-in' me up fo'?

CAPTAIN *determined*: You's gittin' off dis boat right now.

JONAH *startled*: Ah mus been sleepin' fo' weeks! We's in Tarshish—awready?

CAPTAIN: We ain't nowhar neah Tarshish, but, brothuh, you's gittin' off dis ship!

JONAH: Ef Ah gotta git off dis ship, Ah demands my money back.

CAPTAIN: Heah yo' money—all o' hit.

JONAH: Mind tellin' me whar at we's landed?

CAPTAIN *significantly*: We ain't!

JONAH: Ain't which?

CAPTAIN: Ef you's lookin' fo' land, dar ain't any.

JONAH *perplexed*: Den whut's out dar—ter walk on?

CAPTAIN: Brothuh, you wont need feet; you gwine need fins.

JONAH *quaking*: Now—now, lookit, Cap'n—les me an' you talk dis thing ovuh. Ef hit's a mattuh o' payin' a lil' extra fo' de trip . . .

CAPTAIN: Heah's yo' suitcase. Ah'll throw hit to yo' when you git ovuhboard.

JONAH *takes a stand*: You cain't do dis ter me. Ah's a law-bidin' citizen. Ah knows my rights. You cain't put me off no ship at sea!

CAPTAIN: We'll see bout dat!

SOUND: *Opens door*

CAPTAIN *to his crew*: Awright, mates grab him an' throw him ovuhboard!

SOUND: *Violent scramble*

JONAH *shouting—resisting*: Help! Murder! Police! Lemme go! (*Fading*) I'll write de Congress! I'll write de Navy Department! Help!

SOUND: *Storm raging*

MARINERS *off—as Jonah cries for help*: One! Two! Three! Go!

SOUND: *Splash—sinking (gurgling effect) —like the opening of a vault—creaking of hinges—suction—closing*

ANNOUNCER: "And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights."

MUSIC: "*Asleep in the Deep*"—*fade in*—to . . .

JONAH *moaning—terrified*: Oh, de misery Ah's seen! No tellin' whut's done happen ter me. Heah Ah be way down heah in de bottom o' de ocean. Dark ez some dungeon! Three days an' three nights an' cain't see nuffin'. Ah'm gwine kick up a racket twell somebuddy heahs me. Ef Ah jes had sumptin' ter beat on, Ah could mebbe make some noise, an' den somebuddy'd come ter my rescue. Lemme see . . . (*Pause*) Oh—dis heah might do—dar's a whole passel o' these heah things all strung toged-

duh . . . (*With surprise*) lak xylophone keys! Whut Ah done wif dat walkin'-stick? . . . Heah, tis . . . Now, less see whut kince o' sound dis'll make . . .

SOUND: *Musical note like xylophone*

JONAH *elated*: Well, now!

SOUND: *Jonah experiments running the scales—the ticklish whale goes into a spasm of ticklish laughter—Jonah stops flabbergasted*

JONAH: Mussy!—Whut's dat? Who dat laffin'?

WHALE *subsiding—exhausted from laughing*: Oh, me! Oh, thanks, brothuh. Ah'd a-laffed my po' sef silly!

JONAH: Who dat talkin'? (*Aside*) Mought be ole Neptune hissef!—Say, who is you?

WHALE: Ah'm a whale.

JONAH *startled*: A whale?

WHALE: Dat wus my funny-bone you wus ticklin'. Ah'm pow'ful ticklish, you know.

JONAH: Ah'm sorry, Bruh Whale, but, look heah—tell me dis—whut happened ter me?

WHALE: Ah swallowed yo'.

JONAH: Swallowed me?

WHALE *apologetic*: Accidental . . . Ah come up ter git some air. Well, de salt air make me sleepy. So Ah commenced ter yawn. Fust thing Ah knowed, Ah'd swallowed you!

JONAH *disgusted*: Now ain't dis a predicament! Pent up heah in de belly o' a whale!

WHALE: Brothuh, whoevuh you is, you's sho givin' me a awful case o' indigestion.

JONAH *conciliatory*: Now, lissen, Bruh Whale—Ah ain't doin' muhsef no good stayin' down heah in yo' insides . . .

WHALE *agreeing*: Dat's de truf!

JONAH: Fudduhmo', you ain't doin' yosef no good keepin' me heah.

WHALE: Dat's de gospel truf! Coze Ah cain't digest yo' an' you is makin' me pow'ful sick.

JONAH: Is dar some land neahbouts?

WHALE: Ah kinda git off my cose, bein' ez Ah ain't been well fo three days, but Ah'm gwine scout about twell Ah finds some place ter let you off. (*Taking off*) Dry land, heah Ah comes . . .

SOUND: *Undersea movement continuous*
JONAH *excitedly*: Man, man—you mussa be doin' fifty miles a hour!

WHALE *suddenly*: Dat looks lak land ovuh yonduh.

JONAH: Sho nuff?

WHALE: Yeah, hit looks lak a city awright. A great big city.

JONAH: Mebbe hit's de city whar Ah wus headed fo'.

WHALE: Whut city wus dat?

JONAH: Tarshish.

WHALE: Anyway, we's pretty close. Ah bettah slow down—gittin' neah de coast . . .

SOUND: *Slowing down*

JONAH: Ah hopes dis is Tarshish.

WHALE: Dar's a rock. Ah'll let you off dar.

JONAH: O.K., brothuh.

WHALE *stopping*: Heah we is! Kin you climb out?

JONAH: Sho,—jes keep yo' mouf open.

SOUND: *Climbing out with great difficulty*

JONAH: Ah'm out. My, dis air sho feels good!

SOUND: *Takes a deep breath*

WHALE: An' my stomach sho feels good!

SOUND: *Sighs relieved*

JONAH: Well, much obliged fo' bringin' me ashoah, Bruh Whale.

WHALE: Oh, think nuffin' ob hit, brothuh —brothuh—

JONAH: Jonah's de name.

WHALE: Well,—so long, Jonah!

JONAH: Goodbye, Whale! Nice ter knowed yo'.

WHALE *off*: Hope you's in de right place. (*Fading*) So long!

VOICE *amused chuckle—fading in*: Glad ter see yo', Jonah!

JONAH *taken by surprise*: Is—dat—You—Lawd?

VOICE: Hit's me awright. Kinda surprised, ain't yo, Jonah?

JONAH: Yessuh, Ah spect's Ah is.

VOICE: Know whar you's at, Jonah?

JONAH *dawns on him—stricken*: No, Lawd, hit can't be!

VOICE: Den, lissen . . .

MUSIC: *Off—hot jazz—in and up*

JONAH *troubled*: Nineveh.

VOICE *quite depressed*: Yes, Jonah, Nineveh.

JONAH *in the manner of a militant reformer*: Lawd, You shouldn't stand fo' folks carryin' on lak dat. Hit's disgustin', Lawd!

VOICE: Ah doan lak hit.

JONAH: Whyn't Yo' jes wipe'um frum de face o' de earth, Lawd?

VOICE: Ah'd ruthuh not do dat, Jonah.

Ah'd ruthuh make peace.

JONAH: Den you wonts me ter go in dar
an' preach?

VOICE: Dat's hit—preach.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

~~ANNOUNCER:~~ "And Jonah arose, and went
unto Nineveh, according to the word
of the Lord."

MUSIC: *Theme up and out*

ALABAMA FABLES

II: Little Red Riding Hood

By THEODORE BROWNE

ANNOUNCER: ALABAMA FABLES, adapted from the World's Story-Book of Wonder. Fifteen minutes of whimsicality—tales which are known and loved by the people of every country and are universally adapted to fit the background of the various races who have chosen to make them their own . . . Take the story of Little Red Riding Hood . . . It might have happened somewhere—anywhere—Alabama, for that matter . . . Alabama is rich in such fables.

MUSIC: *Swell—fade—into Mendelssohn's "Spring Song"*

ANNOUNCER: It was one of those mild spring days which sap the vitality of even the most stalwart, let alone a much-tired and much-hungry wolf . . . *(Fade into)*

SOUND: *Deep bass snores*

ANNOUNCER *whispering*: That's ole' Abernathy Wolf. And, boy, is he sleeping! A smile on his face . . . Mmmm—smacking his lips . . . *(Withdrawing)* What d'you know,—he's woke himself up!

WOLF *abruptly aroused by his own snoring—nostalgically*. Whut a dream!—Chicken coop full o' nice, luscious hens—tenduh ez could be! Mmmm—an' de mos' toothsome lil' suckling pig! *(Angrily)* Plague—took-it . . . Ah has to wake up! *(Moans)*

ANNOUNCER *feeling sorry*: Tough, brother, tough!

WOLF: Ah, ef Ah could jes sleep all de time an' dream lak dat, be a pleasure to starve to death . . . Dis stomach o' mine feels lak my throat's cut!

ANNOUNCER *cheerfully*: Maybe, you'll have some luck today, Ol' Boy . . . Maybe.

WOLF *grumbling*: Done et so many berries, man, Ah cain't bear de sight o' dem!

SOUND: *Woodcutter's ax hewing away at timber (off)*

WOODCUTTER *singing as he cuts timber*: Dar ain't no hammer *(huh!)*, in dis mountain *(huh!)*—dat rings lak mine, boys . . . *(etc.)*

WOLF *his attention arrested*: Ugh-unh whar dat singin' come from?

WOODCUTTER *singing*: Done bust dese rocks, boys *(huh!)*, from heah to Ma-con *(huh!)*, all de way to de jailhouse . . . *(etc.)*

ANNOUNCER: That's Boson Johnson. He's a woodcutter.

WOLF *musmg*: A woodcutter . . .

ANNOUNCER: Big strapping feller, eh Wolf?

WOLF: He'd sho make a sumptuous feed! ANNOUNCER: Hope to tell you! Brother, if you ate him, you wouldn't have to worry about eating again for two or three days.

WOLF: Ain't hit de truf! *(Doubtful)* But Ah don't relish de looks o' dat ax he's swingin'.

ANNOUNCER: Boy, and the way he swings it! And look—propped against that tree over yonder.

SOUND: *A double barrel shot gun*

WOLF *losing his nerve*: Ohooo—not me! Nossir, Ah ain't gwine mess up wif him. Tain't healthy!

ANNOUNCER *suddenly*: Yeah,—but, look—there's a girl coming this way. See?

WOLF *renewed anticipation*: My-my-my! *(Smacks lips)*

GIRL *off—calling*: Yoo-hoo! Boson!

WOODCUTTER *off*: Whar you gwine, Lil Red Riding Hood?

GIRL: Gwine visit muh grandma.

WOODCUTTER: Bettuh stick to de road.

GIRL: Ah'm gwine short-cut thoo de forest.

WOODCUTTER *cautioning*: Hit's safer to stick close to de road.

GIRL *smartly*: Shucks! Ah ain't 'fraid o' nuffin' in de forest.

WOODCUTTER *losing patience*: Awright, you lil hard-head!

GIRL *haughtily*: Well, you kin jes mind yo own business, Boson Johnson!

WOODCUTTER *disinterestedly*: O.K. by me!

GIRL: Whut you say?

WOODCUTTER *with a gruff finality*: Ah say it's O.K. by me!

GIRL: Ef dat's de way you feel . . . (*Fading*) Ah don't evuh wont to see you agin!

WOODCUTTER: And dat suits me!

WOLF *chuckling*: And me!

ANNOUNCER *with a double meaning*:

Where there's a will, there's a way.

This might be your lucky day . . .

(*Laughs ruefully*) . . . Maybe!

WOLF *softly*: Heah she comes now. Ah'll jes pose myself behind dis tree . . .

GIRL *querulously*: Ah ain't studying bout Boson Johnson! Got his nerve—talkin' to me lak he wus my pappy! Ah'll show him Ah ain't 'fraid to walk thoo de forest!

WOLF *gallantly ingratiating*: Why—good afternoon, Missy!

GIRL *quaking*: Er—ruh—howdy do . . .

WOLF: Allow me to introduce myself. My name's Abernathy Wolf. Colonel Wolf—ez mos folks calls me. Ah owns mos o' dis property twixt heah an' yo grandma's.

GIRL *with less uneasiness*: You knows my grandma?

WOLF *with a deceitful laugh*: Do Ah knows huh? Ah should say Ah does! Why, she's dat very kind an' sweet ole lady dat lives . . . Now—lemme recollect—huh house is—dog biscuits!—always git mixed up on directions . . .

GIRL: First house you git to—tothuh side de forest.

WOLF: 'Cose!—Well, Ah ain't seen de ole lady fo some time now. How is she?

GIRL *sadly*: She's a mite po'ly.

WOLF *clicks teeth*: Is dat so?

GIRL: Ah's on muh way dar now—to take huh some broth.

WOLF: Dat—er . . . Dat wouldn't be chicken broth, would hit?

GIRL: Yassuh.

WOLF *clears throat*: Well, now, Ah'll tell you whut we'll do. Spose you pick some flowers fo yo' po' ole granny. Dey's a lot o' pretty ones about an' you have my permission to pick all you

wonts—an Ah'll take de broth an' delivuh hit in pusson to yo granny—tell huh you's on yo way. How's dat?

GIRL *happily*: Ah, thank you, Cun'l Wolf! Dese flowers is de loveliest!

WOLF: Jes hep yosef. Now, Ah'll be off. (*Fading*) Ah'll tell yo grandma . . .

ANNOUNCER: . . . and taking his leave, Brother Wolf takes a bee-line to the old lady's cabin, the other side of the forest, and before you can say "Jack Robinson"—he's there!

SOUND: *Knocking on door*

ANNOUNCER: Grandma doesn't know it—but that's the wolf knocking at her door! The old lady calls out . . .

GRANNY *feebly*: Who dat?

WOLF *disguised voice*: Hit's me, grandma—yo lil grandchile, Lil Red Riding Hood.

GRANNY *with happy expectancy*: Do come right in, honey chile. Ah's heah layin' down.

WOLF: Oh, goody-goody!

SOUND: *Opening of creaking door*

GRANNY: Ah been takin' a snooze . . .

SOUND: *Door closing shut*

WOLF: Heah Ah is, Grandma.

GRANNY: Lans sakes, honey, whar you git dat fur coat?

WOLF: Mammy, she bought hit fo me—at de rummage sale.

GRANNY: Ah cain't see you so far off. Come heah an' let yo ole granny look at you.

WOLF *to himself*: O.K., Grandma! (*A voracious laugh*)

GRANNY *screaming*: Help! Murder! Police!

WOLF *in a single swallow—a loud gulp—then a sigh of utmost satisfaction*: Aaah! . . . Now, Ah lay me down in dis heah featherbed, an' den shortly, Ah'll have Lil Red Riding Hood fo my dessert! (*Laughs*)

ANNOUNCER *with contempt*: The old meanie! Why that wicked rascal ups and swallows grandma like the whale swallowed Jonah—all in one piece!—Now, watch him—curled up in the bed fast asleep!

SOUND: *Heavy snores*

ANNOUNCER: I wonder what happened to Little Red Riding Hood? Oh, here she comes now, with the flowers she has picked for poor old grandma . . .

GIRL *fades in—singing gaily*: "A tisket, a tasket—a brown an' yellow basket, I

wrote a letter to my mommie . . .
etc."

SOUND: *Continued snoring*

GIRL *stopping*: Po grandma. She mus be awful tired. (*Softly*) Ah'll jes sneak in without wakin' huh an' fix de flowers . . .

SOUND: *Slowly opening door*

GIRL *stirring about for a brief moment*: Dar—now, Ah'll set de flowers on de table heah . . .

SOUND: *Stumbling over something—noise*

WOLF *awakened—in his natural voice*: Who dat?

GIRL *she can hardly believe her ears*: Why, er, grandma?

WOLF *quickly disguising voice*: Is dat you, my chile?

GIRL *greatly relieved*: Yas'm. Hit's me, Grandma. You skeered me at first. Voice sounded so diffunt! Lawsy, Ah thot . . .

WOLF: You foolish girl, why Ah spect Ah caught a lil cold. Kinda hoarse.

GIRL *sweetly*: See dese pretty flowers Ah brung yo?

WOLF: Oh, dey is lovely!

GIRL: Mistuh Wolf, lemme pick dem specially fo you.

WOLF: Good Mistuh Wolf. De Cun'l is de nicest man! He wus heah jes a while ago. An' de broth wus jes too tasty fo words . . . Do come closer, chile, so Ah kin see you.

GIRL: Yes, grandma.

WOLF: Dat's a sweet girl . . . My!—You's growin' lak a weed.

GIRL *frightened*: Why, grandma, whut great ears you hab!

WOLF: Dat's to heah you bettuh, my dear.

GIRL: An' yo eyes—lak dey gwine pop out'n yo head!

WOLF: Dat's to see you bettuh, my lil apple dumpling.

GIRL: An' yo mouth—whut a great big mouth!

WOLF *himself*: A big mouth, eh? (*With a foreboding laugh*) Dat's to eat you up!

GIRL *struggling*: Lemme go! Help! Help!

SOUND: *Overturning of chairs—struggle—screams*

ANNOUNCER "round-by-round" *description*: Round and around they go. Little Red Riding Hood's leading. The wolf—bent on getting his prey—savagely pursues her—round and round . . .

Meanwhile, on the other side of the forest, the woodcutter is hewing his oak. (*Fade into*) . . .

SOUND: *Chopping timber*

ANNOUNCER: When—all of a sudden . . .

SOUND: *Screams from far off*

WOODCUTTER *stirred*: Dat's somebody in distress!

GIRL *screaming*: Help! Boson! Boson!

WOODCUTTER *alarmed*: Lil Red Riding Hood! She's in trouble. Feet—do yo duty!

SOUND: *Hairbreadth pursuit—gust of air effect—overturning of chairs*

WOLF *menacing*: Ah'll git you. Ah'll swallow you whole!

GIRL: Help!

WOLF: Dar! Ah got you!

SOUND: *Hastily opening door*

WOODCUTTER: Oh no you ain't!

SOUND: *Discharge of gun*

WOLF *dying*: Ohhh—om! You got me! (*Expires*)

SOUND: *Loud thud—falls to floor*

GIRL *joyously*: Boson!

WOODCUTTER *with affected coolness*: Mighta knowed you'd find trouble, ef hit wus to be found! Whar yo grandma at?

GIRL *pathetically*: Ah spect de wolf et huh, po soul—lak he'd a done me—ef you hadn't come to my rescue.

WOODCUTTER: Whut else could Ah do? You wus in trouble.

GIRL *a pause—penitent*: Boson?

WOODCUTTER *softening*: Huh?

GIRL: Ah's sorry Ah acted up so. Ain't you gonna fogive me?

WOODCUTTER: Shucks,—ain't nuffin' to fogive.

GIRL *cooly*: Tomorrow's my birthday. Ah be sixteen tomorrow.

WOODCUTTER *interested*: Sho nuff?

GIRL: An' ma said Ah could start courtin' soon ez Ah'm sixteen.

WOODCUTTER: You means—Ah kin call at de house?

GIRL: Dar's whut ma said.

WOODCUTTER: Gee, Red Riding Hood—dat's swell! Well, Ah reckon Ah'll take dat cord o' wood in town—an' de money Ah makes—well—Ah'm gonna buy you a stylish dress to wear on yo birthday.

ANNOUNCER *intruding*: The story should end here, but just as these two lovers were about to live happily ever after—a mysterious ripping noise is heard . . .

SOUND: *Tearing effect*

ANNOUNCER *excitedly*: And, then—out from the wolf stepped . . .

GIRL *amazed cry*: Grandma!

WOODCUTTER *ditto*: Well, blow me down!

GRANNY *cackles*: Dat ole wolf wus so gredy, he jes swallowed me whole. He didn't see dat carving knife Ah grabbed fo he tackled me! (*Reprimanding*) Gal, —Ah'm gwine tell yo mammy bout you a-kissing and a-courting fo you's of age!

GIRL: Oh, but, grandma, Ah be sixteen tomorrow!

GRANNY *with glowing surprise*: Do how! WOODCUTTER *eagerly*: An' huh ma says Ah kin visit at de house.

GRANNY *laughing*: Well—dat's tellin' a meddlin' ole granny whar to head off! —So, Boson Johnson—now since you done make yosef one o' de family—git busy an' skin dis heah wolf. Gal, let go o' him!

WOODCUTTER *perplexed*: Whut you gwine do wif de wolf, grandma?

GRANNY: Whut you reckon Ah'm gwine do?—Barbecue him!

MUSIC: *Up and out*

THE BLACK DEATH

A MYSTERY PLAY

By FRANK CUNNINGHAM

*(Produced widely over many Radio Stations in
the United States and Australia)*

MUSIC: *Bridge*

ANNOUNCER: Mars has always held a peculiar fascination for the people of what we call the earth. Is there life on the planet of war? If so, what queer cells have been spawned in Mars atmosphere and is it possible for the organisms that dwell in far off space to surge down on our planet bringing with them cosmic doom? Tonight we go to the private laboratory of Dr. Marshall Hamilton. Dr. Hamilton is talking to his assistant, Dr. Henry Lowry . . .

MUSIC: *Up and fade*

HAMILTON: You see, Henry, by making that slight change in the curvature of the lens and using my own process of molding the glass, I am able to get a closer picture of Mars than any astronomer has ever had.

LOWRY: With this telescope, Dr. Hamilton, we should see things of which man has long dreamed. Perhaps, we can solve the secret of the canals. Tell if there is life on the Red Planet. Unlock the mysteries of our neighbor in space.

HAMILTON: There are things, Henry, that are better left unknown; terrors that should ever lurk in the vastness of space, stay there unrevealed to the mind of man. Stay there forever.

LOWRY: If we are sure they will stay there, Doctor.

HAMILTON: That is right to the point, Henry. Remember what Shakespeare said of the War God Mars?

LOWRY: Let's see. In what play was it?

HAMILTON: Henry the Fourth.

LOWRY: Ummm! I can't say I do, Doctor. I never was much for any quotations.

(Pause) Except the stock market ones.
(Laughs)

HAMILTON: Remember this one then. It may fit not only the god, but the planet.
(Quotes) "The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit up to his ears in blood."
That's what . . .

SOUND: *Noise someone entering*

HAMILTON: Who's that?

JUDITH: Just Judith, father.

HAMILTON: Oh, yes, yes, what is it, my dear?

JUDITH: I just thought I might rescue Henry from the old ogre. Remember we have a date tonight, father.

HAMILTON: Yes, of course, I did forget. Well, Henry, you and Judith run along.

LOWRY: I don't want to break up the conversation, sir.

HAMILTON: That's considerate of you.
(Laughs) But I haven't anything else to tell you now.

JUDITH: I'll be glad when father gets that new telescope off his mind, Henry. That's all he talks about.

HENRY: And he won't ever let me take a peek into the eye piece, will you, Doctor?

HAMILTON: Not yet, not yet, but sometime in the future I will.

JUDITH: Let's leave father to his work, Henry. We'll have to hurry to get to the dance.

HAMILTON: Don't mind me, just run along. I'll wager, though, you talk about the stars.

HENRY: Thanks, doctor, I'll run along then. Anything I can do for you?

HAMILTON: Just take care of my daughter.

HENRY: You bet I will.

JUDITH *laughing*: You bet he'd better.

SOUND: *Noise couple leaving*

JUDITH *calling*: Good night, father.

HAMILTON: Good night.

SOUND: *Door closing*

HAMILTON *to himself*: "The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit up to his ears in blood." (*Repeats slowly*) "In blood . . ."

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *B.G. of newspaper office*

TOM BRADLEY: What luck didya have, Jim?

JIM DUNN: So so, Tom. Ought to make a Sunday section story when we are short of copy about glamour girls, graying gigoloes, or haunted houses.

TOM: By the way, it's about time the Sunday ed runs that feature you got on the new telescope. That was a pretty good yarn, Jim.

JIM: Yeah, he was planning to run it last Sunday, but that breakfast food ad shoved me out of the way for a week.

TOM: Well, if it wasn't for the advertising there wouldn't be any sheet so I guess . . .

JIM: So you guess you'll let me have a cigarette. I'm out.

TOM: O.K., Jim, here's one.

SOUND: *Rustle package*

JIM: Thanks, Tom, why don't you start smoking my brand?

TOM: All I red is a red suit, a pair of whiskers . . .

JIM: A ream of reindeer, an ice box for a home and you could play Santa Claus.

TOM: I'm Santa Claus all right.

JIM: My, my, and to realize that I once doubted the old gent's existence. Glad to meet you, Santa Claus, my name's Jim Dunn. I'm from The News. What's the dope on . . .

TOM: Sorry Mr. Dunn, I never speak for publication. And you can't take my picture. I tank I go back to the North Pole now.

JIM: Before you go you might leave me a couple of extra smokes. I'll buy you a pack tomorrow. Honest, I . . .

SOUND: *Telephone ringing*

TOM: There's the State Department phone.

JIM: Let Watkins answer it. What's a state editor for?

TOM: I've often wondered.

SOUND: *Telephone ringing*

JIM: I'll answer the blasted thing. I guess Watkins is covering some pageant for a college brawl in Maryland.

SOUND: *Receiver clicks*

JIM: Hello, yeah, this is The News. No, this isn't Watkins. There isn't nobody from the State Department here. Can I take a story? Sure, sent it in by carrier pigeons. I just bought a bag of peanuts. Who am I? This guy'll be asking me if my great grandfather was married to Emily Smitts of Pottsville next and if so why . . . Yes, I'm listening. I'm Jim Dunn—Sunday feature writer—so you're Stanley Smith the Waterville correspondent. Well, nice to know you Stanley. I think I was with you in Africa . . . Oh, so you're not the same Stanley. Thanks, for a minute I was confused.

TOM: Can the chatter, Jim, I see the managing editor coming down the hall.

JIM: Yes, yes, Mr. Stanley—er—er—Smith. Now what's the story? Of course it's all right to telephone, but better use overhead most of the time. Go ahead—wait a minute 'till I get some paper. Toss over some paper, Tom.

SOUND: *Rattle of paper*

JIM: Thanks—O.K., shoot me the lead. (*Pause*) Waterville, Del. Nov. 18 Special to the News.

SOUND: *Typewriter clicking in B.G.*

JIM: Go ahead. (*Pause—repeating back to correspondent*) struck down by a mysterious malady, six local citizens died here tonight and a reign of terror has been thrown upon this small sea coast town. Doctors have been unable to diagnose the cases and specialists are being rushed from Wilmington. Say, this is a good story Stanley—keep it coming. . . The only explanation for the black wave of death came from Dr. Marshall Hamilton—yeah, I got the spelling, who stated he thought the deaths the result of a Martian activity. Dr. Hamilton, noted private astronomer, whose new telescope is claimed to be sensational, stated tonight he noticed unusual disturbance on the planet's face several days ago. Listen, Stanley, did you see the doctor? O.K. Keep right on his neck. Sure, shoot all the

stuff in you can get. Got the list of casualties? Fine. Just a minute.

TOM: Say, here's a swell yarn. Six people dead. Reign of terror. Invasion from space. It'll . . .

JIM calls: Hey, Reilly, get in touch with the managing ed. And listen, clamp this head phone over your ear and take the rest of this story down.

REILLY (*voice distant*): O.K., Jim.

JIM: Listen, Stanley, I'm putting Reilly, a rewrite man, on the wire. He'll be here any minute. Shoot him all the dope. Thanks, kid.

TOM: What's the rush? Let's see how the yarn turns out.

JIM: Grab your feet off that desk, Tom, and get that ink smeared mind of yours working. We're heading for Waterville!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

HAMILTON: And as you know, Mr. Dunn, Mars, which revolves over one hundred and forty one billion miles from the sun is our nearest neighbor. We have found out much about the planet. Its year is composed of some 687 days and its day is half an hour longer than ours.

JIM: Yes, that I know, Dr. Hamilton, but what I want to know is why do you think these deaths—I understand there have been several more since I arrived at Waterville—are caused by Martians?

HAMILTON: First of all, I want you to understand that at the present time I have no absolute proof.

JIM: I don't want any proof—now.

HAMILTON: Well, you knew of course, about my new telescope.

JIM: Considering I got the story right here in your home I ought to.

HAMILTON: Not having seen the story in your paper as yet, I thought, perhaps, you didn't consider it good material and . . .

JIM: Quite on the contrary, Dr. Hamilton, we were holding the story until we could get a good play for it.

HAMILTON: Disregarding that, I'll continue. Some days ago—about a week—I saw flashes from one of the canals on Mars. Flashes that might have been caused by a violent explosion.

JIM: Why didn't you let me know?

HAMILTON: I didn't think you'd be interested. Anyway . . .

SOUND: *Door opening*

HAMILTON: Why aren't you people in bed?

JUDITH: It's too terrible, father, I can't sleep. Henry and I . . .

HAMILTON: Judith, this is Mr. Jim Dunn of The News. And this is Dr. Henry Lowry, my assistant.

JIM: How do you do, Miss Hamilton. I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Lowry.

LOWRY: Thank you.

JUDITH: Where're the rest of the newspapermen?

JIM: It happened that I'm the only outsider that's arrived here as yet. That is except Tom Bradley, also on The News. He's out now with Stanley Smith, our local correspondent.

HAMILTON: You're just an early bird, Mr. Dunn. The others will be here soon. The press are right where the body is found before it had time to . . .

JUDITH: This is terrible, father, you shouldn't talk that way.

HAMILTON: I'm not jesting. I'm merely stating a truth about the press.

JIM: We won't debate that point, Dr. Hamilton.

HAMILTON: Sit down, Judith, sit down, Henry. I want to finish my story for this gentleman.

SOUND: *Noise of chairs scraping.*

HAMILTON: Now as I said, Mr. Dunn, I saw the flashes.

JIM: If only you had a picture.

HAMILTON: Fortunately, I managed to catch one of the flashes after a number of tries in vain.

JUDITH: I knew something was worrying father these last few days.

JIM: I'll see that you get a good sum for the picture rights from my paper.

HAMILTON: I'm not interested in the money, Mr. Dunn.

JIM: All the better.

HAMILTON: With these mysterious flashes in mind, I read with interest of several water spouts that were seen off the coast of Delaware yesterday.

JIM: Then you think these spouts were caused by . . .

LOWRY: By the Martian projectiles hitting the water, yes. That's Dr. Hamilton's theory.

JIM: It's certainly fantastic.

JUDITH: Everything is fantastic, Mr. Dunn, when you can call the skies into your living room. At least father says so.

HAMILTON: Judith doesn't appreciate my true love for the stars.

JUDITH: It isn't that, it's just that you spend too much time on . . .

HAMILTON: We must not quarrel, my dear. Mr. Dunn isn't interested in my private life. (*Laughs*)

JIM: Now how do you connect up these occurrences with the deaths?

HAMILTON: That is something I can't prove. Tonight six people here died. Died horribly. Suddenly they turned a ghastly black and in a few minutes they were dead. The doctors here were unable to find traces of any known poison.

JIM: But why does that hook up with Mars?

HAMILTON: Why? I haven't come to that yet.

LOWRY: You'll have all the information Dr. Hamilton knows about it soon.

HAMILTON: Maybe you'd better tell him, Henry.

LOWRY: Well, sir, I can't really say that I know.

HAMILTON: You just came from the beach in back of my estate, didn't you?

LOWRY: Yes, as a matter of fact, I just did. I ran into Judith and as she couldn't sleep we came down here.

HAMILTON: You might not believe my story, Mr. Dunn, but Mr. Lowry can back me up.

LOWRY: Dr. Hamilton told me about it, Mr. Dunn.

JIM: It—what's this "it" business?

LOWRY: The wreckage that Dr. Hamilton found washed up on our beach.

JIM: Wreckage? Don't tell me that you're hunting lost treasure.

HAMILTON: It may be a treasure. A treasure from Hell, Mr. Dunn. That wreckage, scattered as it was, contained some elements—some metals that are not known on earth!

JIM: And they?

HAMILTON: And they are from Mars!

JIM: God, I can hardly think it's true!

HAMILTON: I'll show you some of the material. (*Pause*) Henry, you go get it. No, I'll go myself.

LOWRY: That's all right. I don't mind getting it.

HAMILTON: I know where it is. You can talk to Mr. Dunn.

JIM: Want me to go along with you? I'd like to get the analysis you made that showed strange elements were present.

HAMILTON: You'd better stay here. I'll be right back.

JIM: O.K.

HAMILTON: You might fix a drink while I'm out, Judith. (*Pause*) Just be gone a few minutes.

SOUND: *Door closes*

JUDITH: Father is all excited about what's happened.

LOWRY: Who isn't? Suppose this death spreads and sweeps through all of Waterville. Then . . .

JIM: Then it might get outside and—and there'd be an epidemic of horror.

LOWRY: I think we'd better have a drink before we get into the gory details.

JUDITH: I'm sorry, Henry, I did forget. What will you have, Mr. Dunn?

JIM: Oh, just anything.

JUDITH: I'll mix you up an old fashioned.

JIM: That's too much trouble.

JUDITH: Not at all.

SOUND: *Walking across the floor*

JIM: I wonder what the people—or could I call them people—that were in the projectiles are like?

LOWRY: That I couldn't say. Nobody's seen them.

JUDITH: No, we've just seen the result. That horrible black death.

LOWRY: How much, Mr. Dunn?

JIM: Middle sized one.

SOUND: *Gurgle of liquor*

LOWRY: Does make one rather squirmish. After all we've no way to combat the menace. It may sweep over eastern America before our chemists begin to solve its mystery.

SOUND: *Clink of glasses*

LOWRY: Here're the drinks.

JUDITH: No, thanks, I don't care for one.

JIM: Thanks.

LOWRY: Well, here's to the press and if you get an interview with the Martians, ask them if their infernal planet is anything like Edgar Rice Burroughs pictures it. (*Laughs*)

JIM *laughing*: And after this drink I'll be seeing Tarzan racing along the Delaware sands, I suppose. Well, here goes. (*Pause*) Good stuff.

LOWRY: Thanks.

- JIM: Now let's get back to the Martians. Apparently one of their machines was wrecked, but there are others. Is that right?
- JUDITH: Father thinks several projectiles escaped damage.
- JIM: Now assuming that, how did The Black Death get to Waterville?
- LOWRY: That's hard to say, Mr. Dunn. Dr. Hamilton believes the invaders from space have loosened some germ-cell that causes the deaths.
- JIM: Why?
- LOWRY: Do you mean why the theory, or why the malicious actions on the part of the space people?
- JIM: Well, both, I guess.
- LOWRY: The flashes, the missiles hitting the water, the wreckage, the new elements—all . . .
- JUDITH: All add up.
- LOWRY: Right. As to why the death, apparently the visitors aren't peaceable folks like we are.
- JIM: I'd better get in touch with the office again. I can't tell how this story will turn out. Mind if I use the phone?
- LOWRY: Not at all. There's one on the table in the corner.
- JUDITH: Why don't you wait until father gets back?
- JIM: That's a thought. Then I can tie the story together better.
- JUDITH: I think I hear him coming now.
- LOWRY: Does sound like him.
- SOUND: *Door opens*
- JUDITH: He's certainly opening the door slowly. Poor father's so tired, he hasn't much strength left.
- JIM: Well, Mr. Lowry, here's where I get my pencil and paper in action on those new elements.
- JUDITH: Oh, oh!
- JIM: Anything wrong, Miss Hamilton?
- JUDITH: Look! Look! Father. He's turning black. The Death. The Black Death! (*Screams*)
- MUSIC: *Bridge*
- JIM: And then Doctor Hamilton collapsed, Tom.
- TOM: Where is he now, Jim?
- JIM: He's upstairs. Darn queer all this.
- TOM: I wonder who'll be next?
- JIM: I hope those Martians don't like newspapermen. That Black Death isn't the most pleasant way to leave this life of tears.
- TOM: This damn stuff is giving me the creeps.
- JIM: How many did you say were dead in Waterville, Tom?
- TOM: Over a dozen now.
- JIM: Where's Smith?
- TOM: He's trying to get some dope on the last two deaths.
- JIM: What kind of a guy is he?
- TOM: Funny duck. Seems to get a fiendish glee out of the whole affair. Running around excited and chuckling all the time.
- JIM: Listen, Tom, do you think he had anything to do with all this? What else does he do besides act as our correspondent?
- TOM: Well, he used to be a crack chemistry student at the University of Delaware, but got bounced out of the college for some reason.
- JIM: What's he been doing since?
- TOM: Well, let's see. He left school about three years ago. All I know is that he landed the correspondent job here and he's sold a few short stories.
- JIM: What kind of stories?
- TOM: Wild stuff. He had a couple in the pseudo-science mags last month. One in *Inter-Planet Monthly* and one in *Cosmic Traveller*. It looks like . . .
- JIM: Maybe, I'm wrong, but I'm kind of suspicious of that kid.
- TOM: He's O.K.
- JIM: Possible. But a half a cent a word correspondent with a vivid imagination might get wild ideas in his head.
- TOM: Just for the dough, eh?
- JIM: It's been done before, my lad. And . . .
- SOUND: *Noise door opening*
- JIM: It's Miss Hamilton.
- JUDITH: Oh, Mr. Dunn, you'll have to help us. It's so terrible!
- JIM: What's wrong now? Is your father worse?
- JUDITH: No, he's become conscious. He's—who's that?
- JIM: Oh, pardon me. This is Tom Bradley, my co-worker.
- TOM: If I can be of any help, Miss Hamilton, let me know.
- JUDITH: I don't know who can be of help. The doctors are puzzled. They haven't been able to do a thing, and just left.
- JIM: Miss Hamilton, I want one thing. Let me have your father's analyses of the Martian wreckage.

JUDITH: But I can't.

JIM: Can't? Your father had gone to get it when The Black Death struck him.

JUDITH: I know that, Mr. Dunn, but—but the analyses papers and the bits of wreckage are gone!

TOM: Gone!

JIM: So the proof has disappeared. (Pause) Can your father talk now, Miss Hamilton?

JUDITH: Yes, but—but . . .

JIM: Then I'm going to see him.

JUDITH: But you . . .

JIM: Want to come along with me, Tom?

TOM: Sure, but this Black Death—is it contagious?

JIM: We'll find that out.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

HAMILTON *slowly*: It was like that, Mr. Dunn. When I got to my laboratory, I went directly to where my analyses had been placed. I got the paper and the bits of metallic wreckage to bring to you. Then I went out and as I was locking the door I—I . . .

JUDITH: Go ahead, father!

HAMILTON: I saw a jelly-like mass loom up before me. Where it came from I can't say. Quivering tentacles whipped out of the loathsome mass and in a flash the mass, the paper, and the shattered bits of wreckage were gone.

JIM: Then you came down to the room where we were?

HAMILTON: Yes, Mr. Dunn.

JIM: And you were too scared to cry out when attacked?

HAMILTON: I was so stunned that I couldn't. My vocal cords were paralyzed. That menace from Mars is in this house somewhere. It may be in this room, now. Waiting—waiting—to put The Black Death on another of us!

JUDITH: Please, father, don't excite yourself. Please, lie back in the bed.

HAMILTON: Do the doctors think I'll live? Has anybody lived that's been touched by hell from Mars?

JUDITH: Er—er—I . . .

JIM: I'm going to be frank, Dr. Hamilton, no one who has had The Black Death yet has lived. Sometimes victims linger for several hours. Sometimes they die almost immediately.

JUDITH: Stop, stop! You shouldn't tell him that!

HAMILTON: Quiet, Judith, it is best I know.

TOM: Do you think this is contagious, doctor?

HAMILTON: How can I tell? But I think not, Mr. Bradley. There must be actual contact with the Martians before it can be transmitted to one.

JIM: Then there must be more than one invader loose in Waterville?

HAMILTON: I fear that there are many. But why should one enter my home? Why should one seek me out as their prey? I wanted to be friendly. The secrets of Mars should be for humanity's profit—humanity's profit. (Gasps) Where's Henry, Judith?

JUDITH: He's downstairs, father, at least, I think he is.

HAMILTON: Lowry, Henry Lowry, that's who let the Martian in. He did it. (Scrieks) He did it!

JUDITH: Hush, father, you're delirious. Henry has done nothing.

HAMILTON: Yes, he has. Humanity's profit. Henry used to say, "Dr. Hamilton, you are an old idiot to believe that humanity can be improved. You shouldn't do anything for humanity's profit unless it profits you." That's it. His greed has betrayed him. Betrayed him!

JIM: I think we'd better go, Dr. Hamilton. We're upsetting you.

HAMILTON: Get Lowry, he's the one who can help us. Make him tell.

JUDITH: Father's delirious, Mr. Dunn. Henry isn't involved in this.

HAMILTON: I heard you, Judith. I heard you. Henry isn't involved? Then—then—look at your newspaper friend. Look at him. Look what Henry's done.

TOM: My God, Jim, you're—you're turning black! The Black Death has struck you!

SOUND: *Glass crashing*

JUDITH: Oh, the pitcher, I knocked it off.

HAMILTON: Didn't I tell you? Dr. Lowry is in league with the invaders. He's done that to you, Dunn. He's . . .

JIM: Good God, keep away, Tom—Miss Hamilton—keep away from me.

TOM: But—but . . .

JIM: It looks like this story's broken right over my head.

TOM: I'll get another doctor. Jim, I'll . . .

JIM: It won't do any good. I'm doomed just like Dr. Hamilton is doomed.

JUDITH: Good Lord, what—what will happen now?

HAMILTON: Get Lowry, he'll tell you—Lowry.

JIM: Listen, doctor, I've got a hunch. Did you know a Stanley Smith, the local correspondent for *The News*?

HAMILTON: Yes, I knew him. A funny young man. Used to worry me with some fantastic theories he had concocted I didn't pay much attention to him, but he and Henry—he and Henry used to talk a lot together.

JIM: Tom, you stay here, I'm going to get hold of Stanley Smith and Dr. Lowry. This thing is coming to a showdown.

TOM: You can't go out in the streets like that, Jim. You—You look . . .

JIM: I know, and I'm not going out. I'll get Smith by telephone. Show me the nearest one, Miss Hamilton.

JUDITH: All right, I'll—I'll go with you.

SOUND: *Noise couple running across the floor*

TOM: For pity's sake, take it easy, Jim. Jim: Don't bother about me. See you in a minute.

TOM: Suppose, Dr. Hamilton, this disease spreads over the country.

HAMILTON: And over the world, Mr. Bradley. Death everywhere. Death striking out from across the vastness of space. Organisms unknown to our medical science which will wipe out man's civilization.

TOM: It's incredible.

HAMILTON: And those flashes—those flashes that I saw on Mars, were destined to be the greatest menace we have ever had. If only we knew what was back of the twinkling stars. If only we knew . . .

TOM: And went mad!

HAMILTON: Lowry has betrayed me to win the favor of the invaders. It's a terrible thing he's done to me.

TOM: To you—what about the other people? What about the dozen or more dead bodies that lie in the morgue of Waterville? What about Jim Dunn? Jim Dunn as fine a man as ever lived. He's doomed like all the rest.

HAMILTON: And there's no telling who will be the next ones to die. The Martians seem to play no favorites. (*Pause*) I'm growing weaker myself. I can feel it. It's like the bed is slipping from under me. Fading—fading like fog before a fresh breeze.

TOM: Pull yourself together, doctor. I—I think somebody's coming.

SOUND: *Noise running on floor*

JIM: Here he is, Doctor. I have him!

LOWRY: I can't understand—what's the matter?

HAMILTON: Lowry—you—you betrayed me to the Martians. You caused The Black Death to fall on us.

LOWRY: It's a lie, sir, why this is outrageous.

HAMILTON: Look, look at Dunn! Any minute now he may drop dead. Dead just because of your . . .

LOWRY: But I couldn't have . . .

HAMILTON: You did and . . .

JIM: I know. The rye! You gave me some rye to drink. It was poisoned. Poisoned with that hellish concoction from space!

TOM: Damn you, Lowry, I'll beat the . . .

JIM: Sit down, Tom. Sit down! I'll take care of this.

HAMILTON: That's how you did it.

LOWRY: Dunn, you're crazy. I drank the rye. Nothing happened to me. It's . . .

HAMILTON: It's you and Stanley Smith.

TOM: Where's Smith?

JIM: I couldn't get an answer from his phone.

LOWRY: Let me go, I didn't do anything!

HAMILTON: Lowry, I've been suspicious of you lately. You were jealous of my success with the new telescope. You knew that your mental capacity was below mine. So you turned against me. Leagued yourself with this horror from space to triumph over me. You . . .

LOWRY: Can't you see, I'm innocent? I didn't do anything to Dunn. I drank the rye and I'm all right. The Black Death hasn't struck me!

HAMILTON: It was because you made yourself immune to it, Lowry.

JIM: I'm going to call the police.

HAMILTON: Hurry, before this fiend kills all of Waterville. My strength is about gone. The excitement is too much. Telephone the police, telephone . . .

JIM: Here's Judith!

JUDITH *screaming*: Father! Father!

HAMILTON: The Death. The Black Death! Oh, Judith.

JIM: Judith—she's got it!

LOWRY: Judith, dear Judith.

HAMILTON: It's beyond control. It's gotten out of bounds. Judith, quick, the cabinet.

JUDITH: The cabinet?

HAMILTON: The blue bottle. Get it. It'll save you!

JIM: This cabinet?

HAMILTON: Yes, yes. That large bottle.

SOUND: *Rattle bottles*

JIM: I have it. Quick, Judith, take some—then give it back to me.

JUDITH: Yes, yes! (*Breaks into tears*)

JIM: The story's broken, Dr. Hamilton. Why did you do it?

HAMILTON: Yes, I guess you've caught me.

JIM: If you didn't know what The Black Death was, you wouldn't have known a cure for it.

LOWRY: Dr. Hamilton, you!

HAMILTON: Something went wrong—The Black Death got beyond me. Judith—Judith—how did you get it? What could I have done? What could I?

JIM: She's safe now, she's taken the antidote. And here goes mine.

SOUND: *Swallow*

HAMILTON: So I was trapped by my own invention.

TOM: But the Martians?

HAMILTON: There weren't any. I made the story up. I just added up the facts and built the rest of it. There wasn't any wreckage.

JUDITH: Father, Father, I can't believe it! The Black Death struck you down.

HAMILTON: I struck myself down. Struck myself down to throw off suspicion. I had taken enough of the antidote to keep me from death. I would have been well within a few days.

LOWRY: But me—what about me—and Smith?

HAMILTON: Stanley Smith is just odd enough to cause suspicion. You, Lowry, I just got tired of you. You and all the rest of humanity except—except Judith. I—I wanted to see them die. They're worthless. They're like beasts with their little brains. Unable—unable to fathom what really exists in this universe. That's why I made The Black Death. That was my discovery. Just a

few chemicals that the medical world knows nothing about. A change in the pigment of the skin and—The Black Death.

LOWRY: Judith—Judith—your father's gone mad!

HAMILTON: And—and I put the chemical in the whiskey, but first I had given Lowry the antidote. That's why he wasn't affected. But—somehow—somehow it got out of my control—Judith—it attacked Judith.

JUDITH: Henry, Henry, get father the antidote. Hurry before it's too late.

HAMILTON: Keep away from me, keep away! Dunn, throw me the bottle. Toss it on the bed. There's enough left for me.

TOM: You'd better do that, Jim. If we come closer the excitement might kill him.

JIM: Here's the bottle, Dr. Hamilton. Watch it. (*Pause*) There it landed right beside you.

HAMILTON: Thank you, Dunn. Thank you. Remember, Henry, that quotation from Shakespeare.

LOWRY: Yes, from Henry the Fourth.

HAMILTON: Remember how it went, "The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit up to his ears in blood."—Here's to Mars!

SOUND: *Glass breaking*

JUDITH: Oh, the bottle, he's broken it!

LOWRY: The Black Death! It, it has killed him!

JUDITH *sobbing*: Oh. Oh.

JIM: It was for the best, this way, Miss Hamilton. Your father's mind had cracked. It is better that he died.

JUDITH: I—I guess so.

TOM: But, Jim, The Black Death. How did it attack Miss Hamilton?

JIM: Oh, yes, Tom, that is something I forgot. Just played a hunch that worked, that's all. (*Pause*) Miss Hamilton, when you get the chance, you'd better clean that powdered graphite off your face.

MUSIC: *Background*

PANIC IN SALEM

A DRAMA

By WILFRID H. PETTITT

(Broadcast over KMPC, Beverly Hills, Calif.)

ANNOUNCER: Presenting PANIC IN SALEM . . .

SOUND: *Cymbal*

MUSIC: "*Penguin Island Suite*"—bold in BG

ANNOUNCER: Tonight we bring you the dark story of Nancy Hale, wife of a New England minister, and of the blight she brought upon a world that was new; and our story begins on a Sunday evening in the year 1692, when the good people of Salem are returning home from vesper service . . .

MUSIC: *Fade out*

SOUND: *Cross fade—bell tolling—choir voices and organ BG*

WARDWELL *approaching*: Ah—I give you good even, Mistress Hale. 'Twas a most profound sermon your reverend husband preached this night.

MRS. HALE *frigidly*: The seal of the day to you, Master Wardwell. I am glad to hear you say so.

WARDWELL: Indeed, we miserable sinners need more sermons of that kind. Verbal chastisement is good for our immortal souls.

MRS. HALE *mechanically*: Amen, Master Wardwell. And now I trust you will pardon me. I must join my husband.

WARDWELL: Mistress Hale . . . (*Hesitating*) Might I ask . . .

MRS. HALE: Well, sir?

WARDWELL: Ah, 'tis nought. Perhaps it is only my vagrant imagination; and yet—well, my wife did remark upon it this morning. Mistress Hale—have we offended you?

MRS. HALE: Offended me? Why . . .

WARDWELL: Pray do not spare my feelings at the expense of conscience, mis-

trous. 'Tis sinful to tell even a gentle untruth on the Sabbath day.

MRS. HALE: Why do you ask, Master Wardwell?

WARDWELL: Of late my wife and I have detected—well, a definite coldness in your attitude toward us.

MRS. HALE *sarcastically*: Perhaps 'tis apprehension, Master Wardwell, apprehension, born of a guilty conscience.

WARDWELL: Mistress Hale! I fear I do not understand you.

MRS. HALE: Very well, then. If truth you would have, then hear it. I have good reason to believe that you and your wife are responsible for the idle gossip which is now rampant in Salem.

WARDWELL: Gossip, Madam? Gossip?

MRS. HALE *bitterly*: I swear 'twas to be expected. There was never a minister's wife yet born who has not been gossiped about. Master Wardwell—what have I ever done to you or your wife?

Why am I persecuted in this manner?

WARDWELL *dumbfounded*: Mistress Hale, I hardly know what to say. You—you amaze me.

MRS. HALE: Do I indeed? Then I will remind you that I was asked to speak my mind.

WARDWELL: I ask you to believe that if anything has been said against you in this town, neither myself nor my wife knew ought of it. I fear that you have a vagrant imagination, too.

MRS. HALE *low—between her teeth*: Master Wardwell—you are a liar!

WARDWELL: Mistress!

MRS. HALE: And pray remember this—that I am not disposed to forget what you have done, nor to forgive it.

MATHER (Off): Mistress Hale!

SOUND: *Footsteps on gravel—approaching*

MRS. HALE *pleasantly*: Why, Master Cotton Mather!

MATHER (*Approaching*): A fortunate chance to meet you, Mistress Hale . . .

Oh. (*Coldly*) Good even, Wardwell.

WARDWELL: Your servant, Reverend Mather. You will pardon me? I was taking my leave.

MATHER: Of course. Do not let us detain you, pray.

WARDWELL: Mistress Hale, my good wishes—and my regrets. Goodnight.

MRS. HALE: Goodnight to you.

WARDWELL *receding*: And to you, Reverend Mather.

SOUND: *Footsteps receding*

MATHER: Ha! A surly fellow, that. I hope I did not intrude . . .

MRS. HALE: Please do not pardon yourself, Reverend. Your interruption was most timely, I assure you. My discourse with Master Wardwell was far from pleasant.

MATHER: I missed your husband at the church. The beagle said he started home in company with Sir William Phipps.

MRS. HALE: Of course! How stupid of me to forget. Sir William said he might dine with us tonight. Will you honor us also, Reverend Mather?

MATHER: I should be delighted. Shall we walk?

SOUND: *Footsteps—hold in BG—fade out choir and organ*

MRS. HALE: And what brings you to Salem, Reverend? I had thought that your duties would never permit you to leave your Boston parish of a Sabbath.

MATHER: My father is conducting today's services, and there is a new vicar to assist him. He agreed that affairs here in Salem warranted my visit.

MRS. HALE: Indeed? You speak gravely, sir. Is anything amiss?

MATHER *sanctimoniously*: I trust not, Mistress Hale. I sincerely trust not; but the signs are ill. Salem faces evil days.

MRS. HALE: What do you mean, Reverend? Is there danger from the French—or are the Indians . . .

MATHER: Ah, mistress, would God it were only the Indians. Would God it were! They are a danger only to the flesh. The peril of which I speak is a loathe-

some shadow that casts its shape over the souls of men.

MRS. HALE *awed*: Heaven protect us!

MATHER: Amen. Word came to me last week that a West Indian slave called Tituba was arrested on a charge of sorcery. Her accusers were little children, and it is said that she bewitched them so that they did fall down and cough up foam and blood.

MRS. HALE: Witchcraft!

SOUND: *Stop footsteps*

MATHER: Hush! There may be people near. Speak softly, I pray you.

MRS. HALE: In Salem! Oh, 'tis horrible! How is it I have not heard?

MATHER: The children were the daughters of Reverend Paris. He feared to let the story spread abroad lest panic ensue. Once a community is thus blighted the ghastly thing may thrive like a leprous growth, from one soul to another. Well hath the Scriptures said that evil shall flourish like the green bay tree.

MRS. HALE: But—but are you sure there is no mistake?

MATHER: The slave woman confessed. There can be no doubt. The evil has begun, and the Lord alone knows where it may end . . . (*Fade*) Yes, Mistress Hale . . . May the Lord grant I have not come too late. For the storm clouds are gathering; and the shadow is brooding over Salem . . .

MUSIC: *Bridge—Beethoven's "Seventh"*

HALE (*Fade in*): Sir William, that is excellent news. I hope I have the honor of being the first to congratulate you.

PHIPPS: You have, Reverend Hale. The brigantine Carton arrived from Southamton this morning, with his majesty's commission. I will assume the office of governor Tuesday week.

HALE *soberly*: The office—and the responsibilities. I will call a special service, and we will pray the Lord to give you His guidance.

PHIPPS: I will be in need of it, Reverend. These are perilous times indeed. Whenever I turn I see fear in the eyes of our people—greater fear than they have ever known before.

HALE *pedantically*: "Great love casteth out fear." Ah, they are of little faith. They think too much upon worldly things.

PHIPPS: Alas, 'tis human nature, Reverend. That is why we must have ministers of the Gospel, like yourself, to remind us of our frailty.

HALE: Surely God will punish them. Dreadful will be His anger, that they put not their faith in Him.

PHIPPS: But sir, consider the perils are many. To be afraid is merely human, else the Lord God would never have permitted it. They are afraid of the French, the Indians, the famine that may follow poor crops. They fear sedition, and each man eyes his neighbor askance. Ay, 'tis an unhealthy situation, and no good will come of it.

HALE: I am thankful that your appointment comes at this time. We need a man with a firm hand, Sir William.

PHIPPS: A firm hand is not enough. What they really have to fear is fear itself. Therefore the one they need is a man with a clear head—for I swear there are few clear heads in Massachusetts.

SOUND: *Door opens—off*

HALE: Ah, Nancy! My dear, here's Sir William.

PHIPPS: Mistress Hale, my most profound respects. And—why, it is the Reverend Mather, I do believe.

MATHER (Off): Good even, Sir William.

MRS. HALE (Off—*approaching*): Sir William, I'm so glad you have come. I've prepared my best Sabbath dinner. Master Mather is dining with us too.

HALE: It is a privilege to have you break bread with us, Reverend. If 'twere not the Sabbath 'twould be an occasion for er—discreet festivity. But this morning Sir William received word that he has been appointed the new Governor of Massachusetts.

MATHER: That is gratifying to hear, Sir William, but I assure you it comes as no surprise. May I shake your hand?

PHIPPS: You are most kind.

MRS. HALE: There is no man in the colony more deserving of the office. I'm so glad.

PHIPPS: I am more than happy, then, if it gives you pleasure, Mistress Hale. And what brings you to Salem, Reverend Mather?

MRS. HALE: Oh, la! I assure you, Sir William, 'twas not to sleep through one of my husband's sermons.

HALE *sharply*: Nancy; That is frivolity! Must I remind you that this is neither the time nor the place for it?

MATHER *reprovingly*: It is the Lord's day, Mistress Hale.

MRS. HALE: I'm sorry. Forgive me.

HALE: I don't know what has come over you lately, Nancy.

MRS. HALE *sulkily*: Oh, very well, very well. When we dine I'll not eat meat as a penance. Will that content you?

HALE: It is fitting.

MATHER: Nay, Reverend Hale, I only wish my reason for coming here was frivolous.

MRS. HALE *impulsively*: Oh, Arthur, isn't it horrible? Reverend Mather told me all about it—all about Tituba the slave, and the little children . . .

PHIPPS: What! You told her, Master Mather?

MATHER: Mistress Hale is known for her discretion, Sir William.

HALE *drily*: Alas, I fear there is room for argument upon that point.

PHIPPS: Permit me to say, sir, that it was an ill-advised thing to do. You and the others promised that it was to be kept an absolute secret.

MATHER: It is a secret that will out sooner or later, sir. You must make up your mind to that.

PHIPPS: Nonsense, man. It can be hushed up. The entire thing is ridiculous anyway—the fevered imaginings of a pack of children!

MATHER *smugly*: I'm sorry, but I cannot agree.

PHIPPS *impatiently*: No, we never will, on the subject of witchcraft. I do not believe that such a thing exists, but that is not the point. The point is that it will be my first duty, as governor, to avert panic. At present the people are in a dangerous mood, and heaven alone knows where an epidemic of superstitious insanity may lead them.

MATHER: Insanity!—Superstition, indeed! Not to believe in witchcraft is not to believe that the devil himself exists. And that is blasphemy!

PHIPPS *testily*: God give me patience!

MATHER: I take it, Sir William, that your education in this respect is lacking. Have you not read Baxter's "Certainty of the World of Spirits?" Or Perkins'

Discourse of the Damned Art of Witchcraft?"

PHIPPS: Yes, I've read them—and your book too, Master Mather. "Memorable Providences" it is called, heaven save the mark! Listen to me—as governor I will suppress those books as you would suppress the devil you prate of!

MATHER: Sir!

PHIPPS: A woman glances at a cow. The cow chances to break its leg while grazing in the meadow—and the woman is burned at the stake as a witch! Last year a man was pressed to death as a sorcerer because the child next door fell ill of the colic! Reverend Mather—as Governor of Massachusetts I intend to put an end to that. My administration will be ruled by justice and reason—not by blind ignorance and criminal superstition!

MATHER: Sir William. If you wilfully ignore this great evil that threatens to engulf us, pray rest assured that the good people of Salem will not. The devil's brood shall be weeded out, with your consent or without it. Yea, in their hundreds and their thousands, if need be.

HALE: Gentlemen, gentlemen! This has gone far enough. Must I remind you that you are under my roof?

MATHER: I ask your pardon, Master HALE. But I can not ask you to pardon my zeal. I am engaged in the Lord's work, and the enemies of the Lord—yea though they be the highest in the land, shall feel the weight of the Lord's vengeance, through me, His instrument, so long as I live!

PHIPPS: By heaven, sir, not a single innocent life shall be sacrificed to your fanaticism while I am governor!

MATHER: Stand in the way of the Lord's work, Sir William Phipps—at your peril! (Pause)

PHIPPS quietly: Then it's war between us, Reverend Mather.

MUSIC: "*Symphony Pathetique*" by Tschaiikowsky—hold in BG for montage

1ST VOICE sly—insinuating: Mistress Hale is a hussy. Did you not see her as she climbed the church steps? She showed her ankles, the jade!

2ND VOICE: And that's not all. She allowed the Governor to kiss her hand—in public!

3RD VOICE: The Governor—ay, I'll wager there's something between them that does not meet the eye.

1ST VOICE: My wife says that Mistress Hale hath an impious affectation. She wears a silk petticoat.

2ND VOICE: No!

1ST VOICE: Yes!

3RD VOICE: 'Tis shocking! Why does Reverend Hale permit it?

1ST VOICE: Fie! The hussy!

2ND VOICE: The Jezebel!

3RD VOICE: The baggage!

MUSIC: *Build up—fade out*

MRS. HALE (Fade in): I'll not endure any more of it, Arthur. I simply won't!

HALE: Now, Nancy, Nancy! Be tolerant. They are pious people, and they are apt to misinterpret . . .

MRS. HALE: Tolerant, say you? Arthur, are they tolerant? I have done no wrong!

HALE: Nancy, it was said that Caesar's wife should be above reproach and so must the wife of a Salem minister, even in little things. In such a community as this she is the first to be talked about. So much more is expected of her.

MRS. HALE: But they won't permit me to be human, the narrow-minded hypocrites! Oh why did I ever leave England? I can't stand being treated as an outsider!

HALE: It will pass, Nancy, it will pass. Have patience.

MRS. HALE: It will not pass! It's getting worse every day, every hour. They whisper about me even during the church services. If I do the slightest thing that is not in keeping with their way of thinking they call me immoral! Why, Arthur, simply because the new Governor dines at our house they say—that he and I . . .

HALE: God will punish them, Nancy. Have faith in the goodness of God.

MRS. HALE: It's that wretched bigot Samuel Wardwell who's at the bottom of it—he and his venom-tongued wife! When I accused him of it he pretended the innocence of a saint, the two-faced . . .

HALE: That will do, Nancy. That will do. Hereafter be more circumspect in your

behavior, and they will cease their harmless prattle.

MRS. HALE *bitterly*: You're as bad as the rest of them. You're my own husband, and you will not even come to my defense. What manner of man are you?

HALE: I have said that it will pass. This is Salem, Nancy. Salem, where frivolity is considered a vice. It is not England, where the people, alas, are seeking too oft the pleasures of the flesh.

MRS. HALE: Arthur . . .

HALE: You have brought this upon yourself, and you must take the consequences or conform.

MRS. HALE: Arthur, have I no rights at all? Are you telling me that . . .

HALE: My advice to you is to make peace, and that as soon as possible. Forget your worldly pride and apologize to Master Wardwell for accusing him. You will find that the townspeople will think better of you for it.

MRS. HALE: Apologize! You stand there and ask me to apologize to that scandal-monger!

HALE: I am far too busy to argue about it. I must go to the church. (*Receding*) There is to be a christening today in the chapel . . .

SOUND: *Door opens-closes-off*
(*Pause*)

MRS. HALE *fuming*: Apologize! Apologize to Wardwell! I'll see him hanged first. *I'll see him hanged!*

SPIRIT OF EVIL *whisper*: Yes . . . why not?

MRS. HALE: Who is it? Who is it that speaks?

SPIRIT OF EVIL: Can you not see that fate has placed a weapon in your hands? You have but to use it.

MRS. HALE: A—weapon?

SPIRIT OF EVIL: Already the story of the Indian has been spread abroad. Fear has entered their hearts—and if you play upon it there can be no limit to your revenge. You can single out your enemies and destroy them.

MRS. HALE: But how?

SPIRIT OF EVIL: The people of Salem are superstitious fools. They are ripe for your use, and you have it in your power to unleash the beast that will destroy them—the beast that is within themselves.

MRS. HALE: What shall I do?

SPIRIT OF EVIL: Their fear has but to be realized. Give them a concrete object. Summon the fanatic Mather to your aid. Summon Cotton Mather . . .

MRS. HALE *triumphantly*: I'll do it! (*Calling*) Goeffrey! Goeffrey, come here! I want you!

SOUND: *Door opens-off*

GOEFFREY (*Off*): Did you call me, Mistress Hale? I'm cleaning the kitchen, and . . .

MRS. HALE: Saddle my husband's horse. I want you to ride post haste to Boston.

GOEFFREY: Yes, Mistress.

MRS. HALE: You must lose no time. You must take a note to Reverend Mather at the North Church, and you mustn't lose a moment. It's a matter of life or death. Do you understand?

GOEFFREY: Very good, Mistress. I'll get the horse ready at once.

MRS. HALE: Say nothing of this to anyone—and hurry. Hurry!

MUSIC: *Hold as BG*

SOUND: *Gavel*

MAGISTRATE: The court will hear the charges against the prisoners. Mistress Hale, you will approach and take your oath.

SOUND: *Gavel-murmur of spectators*

BAILIFF: Place your hand upon the Holy Scripture . . . Do you swear upon your immortal soul that the charges you are about to make against the defendants are true—so help you God?

MRS. HALE: I do.

MAGISTRATE: Proceed, Mistress. The spectators of this honorable court are warned that no demonstration will be tolerated.

MRS. HALE: I do charge Samuel Wardwell with sorcery and the black art of Satan. On the fourteenth day of June last I did see him make strange motions over the head of the girl child Abigail Smith of Salem, who next morning was taken ill of a fever . . .

SOUND: *Murmur of court*

SOUND: *Gavel*

WARDWELL (*Off*): It is a lie! I am innocent! She lies, she perjures her soul because of an imagined wrong! She lies, she lies, she lies!

SOUND: *Murmur of court-cries of: "sorcerer!"—"devil's spawn!"—"burn him!", etc.*

SOUND: *Gavel*

MRS. HALE: I do charge Sarah Good and Martha Cory with the practice of witchcraft. On the night of July the Seventh I did see them in Grover's pasture with the cattle, and did hear them utter incantations upon the beasts. But three days afterward, in consequence of this, the cattle did die of an undetermined malady. I charge that they were bewitched by these woman—and upon the truth of this I stake my immortal soul . . .

SOUND: *Murmurs—cries of execration*

MUSIC: *Build up—fade out*

SOUND: *Hold mob faintly in BG*

PHIPPS: It is as I feared. It has spread like a veritable disease. It's a panic, Stoughton, a panic.

MAGISTRATE: Nothing of the sort, Your Excellency. It is the righteous anger of the people.

PHIPPS: Righteous anger. It's their cowardice, you mean. Superstitious fear of something that doesn't exist.

MAGISTRATE: The juries who convicted these three wretches do not agree, Sir William. To them witchcraft is a real thing—wherefore Sarah Good and Martha Cory were hanged this morning.

PHIPPS: But where was the proof of their guilt? Do you mean to say that the testimony of a single neurotic woman . . .

MAGISTRATE: Your Excellency, there is no reason why Mistress Hale should have lied.

PHIPPS: Was there not? As I understand it, she had precious little reason to love the women she condemned. And I happen to know that she had a grievance against this unfortunate Wardwell.

MAGISTRATE: That is as may be; but her testimony was made under oath. She is a minister's wife, and she would not jeopardize her immortal soul.

PHIPPS: Why were those two women not given an opportunity to plead for my clemency? Why was I not informed of the executions until after they had taken place?

MAGISTRATE: Listen, can you hear that mob outside—shouting for blood?

PHIPPS: So that was why. You feared the mob—a Pilate feared it. Well, there'll be no more victims, I promise you that.

MAGISTRATE: But there will—and you are powerless to stop it. Unless, of course, you desire to have a revolt upon your hands.

PHIPPS: I'd prefer that to having innocent blood upon my conscience. There will be no more trials for witchcraft, Stoughton. Do you understand?

MAGISTRATE: Your Excellency, you cannot override the law. The statutes say that anyone accused of sorcery shall immediately stand trial; and if they are found guilty the penalty is death. There is no recourse.

SOUND: *Door opens—off*

BAILIFF (Off): Reverend Cotton Mather waits upon Your Excellency.

PHIPPS: Admit him . . . (*Low voice*) That's the man who is at the bottom of this. He inspired the charges made by Mistress Hale.

MAGISTRATE: Your Excellency—he is a minister of God.

PHIPPS *bitterly*: Then may God help the church.

MATHER (Off): Your Excellency . . .

PHIPPS: Come in, Reverend Mather, oh, pardon me. I should address you by your correct title, Master Witch-Finder they call you now. I hope you appreciate the honor.

MATHER (Up): Your Excellency's sarcasm is out of place. In the name of the people of Salem I have come to discover why Samuel Wardwell's execution has been delayed.

PHIPPS *angrily*: You know why, Mather. Because Wardwell and those poor women executed this morning were as innocent as you or I.

MATHER *with smug complacency*: The Court has decreed otherwise. Unless Your Excellency can prove Wardwell's innocence you have no right to delay the execution of the sentence. That is the law.

PHIPPS: You arrogant knave! You dare to tell me my duty? Get out, or I'll take a riding whip to you!

MAGISTRATE: Your Excellency—Sir William—He wears the cloth. In heaven's name, have a care!

PHIPPS: Wears the cloth, does he? Ha! A body-snatcher could wear it as honorably! Understand me now, Mather, once and for all, I'll take no orders from you nor any other drooling

fanatic in Salem! You're responsible for this bloodshed, you and that Hale woman, and some day you'll answer for it before the God whose servant you profess to be!

MATHER *serene*: I bear your insults, sir, in the righteous spirit that all martyrs of truth must display. Being above your accusations I can ignore them. But in the meantime I beg to point out that the mob is outside your door. They want the sentence carried out. What are you going to do about it?

MAGISTRATE: I tried to persuade Sir William that he has no recourse to the law, Reverend Mather. Only the king can relieve a prisoner condemned for witchcraft.

PHIPPS: No recourse, you say? You are mistaken. There is one which you have overlooked.

MATHER: And what is that, Your Excellency?

PHIPPS: You'll see. Bailiff!

BAILIFF *(Off)*: Your Excellency.

PHIPPS: Bring in the prisoner, Samuel Wardwell.

BAILIFF: Very good, Your Excellency. *(Calling)* Samuel Wardwell!

MATHER: Sir William, may I again remind you that the mob is getting out of hand? To delay longer . . .

PHIPPS: You are holding to the letter of the law, Mather. Well, I can do the same thing. *(With biting scorn)* With your permission.

BAILIFF *(Approaching)*: The prisoner, Your Excellency.

PHIPPS: You are Samuel Wardwell?

WARDWELL: Yes, Your Excellency. Is there to be more questioning? In the name of mercy, hang me if you will, and let's have done.

PHIPPS: I do not desire to hang you, Wardwell. I am convinced that you have done no wrong; but my opinion concerning your crime, it seems, is of little moment in the face of such a pagan law.

WARDWELL: God bless you for that, at all events.

PHIPPS: I cannot reason with the people. They are beyond it, as you know. Now your only hope lies within yourself.

WARDWELL: But—but—what can I do?

PHIPPS: The laws says that if you will confess your guilt you may go free.

MATHER: What!

MAGISTRATE: Impossible, Your Excellency!

PHIPPS: It is there in the statute, gentlemen. See for yourself. It is something you overlooked in your eagerness for blood. What do you wish to do, Master Wardwell?

WARDWELL: No, Your Excellency. I cannot.

PHIPPS: What! But consider, sir, it is your life. If you refuse I am helpless to aid you!

WARDWELL: I thank you for your kindness. But one can pay too great a price, even for life. I am innocent. I cannot bring myself to confess so terrible a thing, to perjure myself before God, as did Mistress Hale. I would rather die.

MATHER: You have heard him, Sir William. You can not delay now. He has condemned himself. No one but a minion of the devil could be so indifferent to death!

PHIPPS: Your logic, Reverend Mather, is as profound as your humanity. Master Wardwell, for the last time, I implore you . . .

WARDWELL: No, Your Excellency. No! *(Pause)*

PHIPPS *low—with intense emotion*: Then I too must be a Pontius Pilate. I too must wash my hands. Wardwell, for what I am about to do—forgive me . . .

WARDWELL: There is nothing to forgive, Your Excellency. And nothing to regret, for I die with nothing upon my soul.

PHIPPS: Bailiff—remove the prisoner—*(Voice breaking)* And see that the sentence . . . is carried out . . .

MUSIC: *Hold as BG*

SOUND: *Mob—fade up and down*

MRS. HALE *tensely*: I accuse Rebecca Nurse of witchcraft . . . I accuse Bridget Bishop . . . I accuse Mary Glover and John Hathorne and Phineas Swift . . . I accuse Peter Fleming and Anne Standish . . . *(Fade)* Martha Livingstone and her mother, Alice Livingstone . . . I accuse Mortimer Craft, Amy Winthrop, Ruth Palmer, Rose Wayne . . .

MUSIC: *Up—down again to BG*

1ST VOICE *hysterically*: I accuse my neighbor, Robert Cannon!

2ND VOICE: I accuse my brother Richard Andrews!

3RD VOICE: I accuse Jane Pitman!

1ST VOICE: I accuse Mary Simon and Rachel Anderson!

2ND VOICE: I accuse Lady Phipps, the Governor's wife!

MUSIC: *Up and out*

HALE *in an awed tone*: It came like a storm, Master Mather; and now, please God, it is waning like a storm . . .

MATHER *with fanatical glee*: In Salem alone, Reverend Hale, more than twenty-five of the devil's brood have gone to the gallows. (*Chuckles*) There will be more yet, there will be more yet . . .

HALE *hesitating*: Reverend Mather . . . Perhaps it is sinful of me . . . but sometimes, deep in my heart—there is a terrible doubt.

MATHER: What are you saying, sir? They were the enemies of God. Their guilt was proven!

HALE *in sudden desperation*: But was it? Was, it, Master Mather? Many were convicted simply on the say-so of an enemy!

MATHER: The court was satisfied. They were convicted by due process of law.

HALE: Law. There are times when I wonder—if they were not convicted by fear. Why now—now all one has to do is to accuse his neighbor of sorcery—and that is the end of him. Suppose, Reverend, suppose it were all a ghastly mistake? Suppose Sir William were right and we, you and Nancy and myself, we were wrong?

MATHER: Heavens, man, what has come over you? Sir William Phipps? Why, he has been bewitched by his own wife! She was accused yesterday!

HALE: Still—I—I do not sleep very well any more, Reverend Mather. I—I can't enjoy my food. Wherever I walk I feel as though someone were watching me. (*Suddenly*) I tell you I can't stand it any longer! It's driving me mad, you understand? These insane endless accusations, these childish testimonials! This relentless, never-ending march to the gallows! Who—who will be accused next?

MATHER: Reverend Hale, control yourself!

HALE: I can't! I have to speak, or something inside of me will snap! I am a minister, I have a conscience, and there is doubt within my heart. I must speak out, or I am no true wearer of the cloth. Mather—Mather, help me! I cannot go on unless I know. Unless I can be sure!

MATHER: Sure—of what?

HALE: Unless I can be sure that there is such a thing as witchcraft after all. Unless I can be sure that I have not been laboring under a poisonous delusion.

(*Pause*)

MATHER *slowly*: You talk like a man who . . .

HALE: What?

MATHER *awed*: Like one bewitched.

HALE: No! I'm not bewitched. I'm in my right mind. I'm only under the spell of doubt, do you not understand?

MATHER *deliberately*: Whence comes this doubt? Why has it suddenly taken possession of you? You never doubted the existence of sorcery before. There can be only one explanation for that.

HALE: Mather, you are too obsessed to see clearly. The slightest thing will arouse your suspicion. You are like all the others . . .

MATHER: Fool that I am! Why could I not have seen it? She denounced all those people; and all the time she herself . . .

HALE: What are you talking about? Who are you talking about?

MATHER: Where is your wife?

(*Pause*)

HALE: What do you mean? Nancy! (*Aghast*) Are—are you trying to say . . . No, no! Mather, you can't—you . . .

MATHER: Where is your wife?

MUSIC: *Bridge—hold in BG*

SOUND: *Gavel*

MATHER: I, Reverend Cotton Mather, Pastor of North Church, Boston, do accuse the woman Nancy Hale, of the black art of witchcraft, and do testify before God that she did apply the damned science of sorcery upon her pious husband, the beloved Reverend Arthur Hale of Salem, so that he did blind himself to the existence of the

same, and thrice deny it in my presence.

All this I swear, before this honorable court, upon my hope of redemption . . .

MUSIC: *Up—fade out*

SOUND: *Chains—door creaking open*

BAILIFF: It is time, Mistress Hale . . .

MRS. HALE: No—no! I won't go, I won't!

BAILIFF: Stand forth to be bound. If you struggle you will be bound by force.

MRS. HALE *desperately*: But my appeal to the Governor. I offered to make full confession.

BAILIFF: It is useless. The Governor refused to receive your plea. You must come quietly.

MRS. HALE *in mortal terror*: No—no, I won't, I won't, I won't! I won't die! I can't die! I can't face it! They'll be there, all of them, they'll be there at the gallows waiting for me—the men and women whose lives I swore away! No, no! (*Hysterically*) Have mercy, have mercy!

BAILIFF: Bind her, men. Silence, witch, or I'll gag you!

MRS. HALE *sobbing frantically*: Oh, Arthur, Arthur! . . .

SOUND: *Cymbal*

MUSIC: "*Penguin Island Suite*"—*hold in BG*

A BLOT ON THE LANDSCAPE

A COMEDY

By SPRANGER BARRY

KAY: Another cup of coffee, Mr. Stein?

STEIN *genial*: No, thank you, Mrs. Bradley.

TOM: My wife makes the best coffee in the city, Mr. Stein. Look at it. Just the color of a rich Rembrandt background.

KAY: Oh, Tom, can't you get your mind off painting even when we have a guest for dinner?

TOM: Nope. You see, Kay, that's why I'm such an expert on the subject of art. Isn't that so, Mr. Stein?

STEIN: I never said you were such an expert.

TOM: Well, you hired me seven years ago, as chief salesman of your art gallery, and you haven't fired me yet.

STEIN: Well, don't put ideas in my head. *(They laugh)* Now, Mrs. Bradley, you promised that after dinner you'd play some music for me.

KAY: Oh, Mr. Stein, I've only been practicing the cello for two years.

STEIN: Good enough. We'll hear what it sounds like.

TOM: I've told Kay twenty times there's something ridiculous about a woman playing the cello—but she insists on taking lessons.

STEIN: And I insist on hearing her.

TOM: Mr. Stein, you're committing hari-kari on your ear-drums.

STEIN: Never mind my ear-drums. Let's hear.

KAY: The cello's in the bedroom closet, Tom. Will you get it for me?

TOM: And I have to go and fetch the thing! *(Fades)* That's like asking a guy to sharpen the guillotine for his own execution.

SOUND: *Door shuts*

STEIN: Mrs. Bradley, I want to hear you play, of course, but my chief reason for insisting was so that you'd send him

out of the room. I want a moment alone with you.

KAY: Oh, well—what is it, Mr. Stein?

STEIN: It's this. Next month, I'm opening a new branch of the Stein Galleries in San Francisco, and I want your husband to be the manager.

KAY: Oh, that's wonderful! Tom will be so . . .

STEIN: But I'm not sure I'll make him the manager. He knows too much about painting.

KAY: But I don't understand. Shouldn't the manager of an art gallery know a lot about painting?

STEIN: Certainly he should. But he shouldn't think he knows so much. It's good to be an expert, but the minute you begin to think you're infallible, that's when you begin to make mistakes.

KAY: Oh, I see. Overconfidence.

STEIN: Exactly. He's a brilliant boy. I'm fond of him and I'd like to make him manager of the San Francisco branch. He knows enough if only he were a little more . . . more . . .

KAY: Modest?

STEIN: Well, let's say—cautious. Then I could trust . . .

SOUND: *Door opens*

STEIN: Ah, there you are, Tom. I see you found the cello.

TOM: Yes, I'm afraid so. Here, Kay, I'll take it out of the case for you. There.

KAY: I have to tune it. *(Fades)* I'll only be a minute.

SOUND: *Distant plucking of strings and tuning*

TOM: Oh, take your time.

STEIN: Say, by the way, Tom, I have to go out of town tomorrow. You'll have to take charge of the galleries.

TOM: Certainly, Mr. Stein. Nothing to worry about. Just leave it to me.

- STEIN: I'm expecting an express shipment. I want you to open it and register the paintings in our books.
- TOM: Sure. Anything valuable?
- STEIN: Well, there's a landscape by Duvallet.
- TOM: Wha . . . Phew! Duvallet!
- STEIN: Yes. It's worth thousands. So take care of it.
- TOM: I certainly will. Gee! Duvallet!
- KAY *distanced*: All right. I'm ready now.
- STEIN: Fine. Let's hear it, Mrs. Bradley.
- TOM: Lay on, Macduff!
- MUSIC: *Bridge*
- JOE *tough, good-natured*: Hey, Mr. Bradley.
- TOM: Yes, Joe?
- JOE: This express shipment, just came. Where ya want me to put it?
- TOM: Oh, is that it? Not so large, is it?
- JOE: Nope, but what a fuss they made about it. In all the years I been workin' here, I never had to sign so many receipts for one shipment.
- TOM: Well, Joe, that package contains one of the most exquisite and valuable small paintings in the world. Just set it down here and we'll open it.
- JOE: Right.
- SOUND: *Paper unwrapped*
- TOM: Careful with that knife, Joe. One slip and the Stein Galleries would be in the red for two years.
- JOE: Don't worry, Mr. Bradley. I been unwrappin' paintings for so long, I feel like an old master myself.
- TOM: There! There it is! Look at it! Duvallet! Unquestionably! Look at that landscape!
- JOE: Yeah, pretty pitcher, ain't it?
- TOM: What color! What feeling! What mood! What line!
- JOE: What else?
- TOM: Eh?
- JOE: You want me fer anythin' else?
- TOM *suddenly*: Oh, Joe, Joe, look at this chiaroscuro!
- JOE: Say, if there's anythin' wrong, we'll send the pitcher back.
- TOM: No, no, the *play* of light and shade—*isn't it beautiful?*
- JOE: Honest, boss, I'm enchanted. But I got lots to do, so . . .
- TOM: Oh, all right, you can go, Joe. I've got to register a description of each painting in our record book, so I'll unwrap the rest myself.
- JOE: O.K. Wid yaw puhmission, I'll withdraw and leave you to your pitchers. So long.
- SOUND: *Door closes*
- TOM: What a masterpiece! Gee! Now let's see—here's the record book. Where's my fountain pen? Here. Today's the twentieth and . . . darn this pen, I just filled it ten minutes ago. Have to shake these things every time. (Loud) Oh! (Louder) Oh! (*Whispering*) Oh!
- MUSIC: *Bridge*
- SOUND: *Knock on door*
- KAY: Coming!
- SOUND: *Door opens*
- KAY: Yes, who—why, Tom, what are you doing here?
- TOM *nervously*: Wh—what's the matter? C—can't a man come home to his own apartment?
- KAY: Why, of course, darling. But this time of day?
- TOM: What's the matter with this time of day?
- KAY: Why, nothing, only . . .
- TOM: Shut the door—quickly.
- SOUND: *Door shuts*
- KAY: What's that you've got under your topcoat
- TOM: Is it—is it very noticeable that I'm carrying something in there?
- KAY: Why—what . . .
- TOM: I mean, doesn't it look j—just as if I were stout?
- KAY: Stomachs don't usually have square corners. What have you got in there, Tom? And why are you so anxious to hide it?
- TOM: This.
- KAY: Wha—why, it's only a picture!
- TOM: Only a picture! This is a genuine Duvallet!
- KAY: A genu . . . But why did you bring it home?
- TOM: I—I wanted you to see it.
- KAY: Oh, that's very sweet of you, dear, but I could have come down to . . .
- TOM: Look. Look at it.
- KAY: Gorgeous. Simply gor . . . Tom.
- TOM: Yes.
- KAY: There's a spot on it.
- TOM: Yes.
- KAY: It looks like an ink-spot.
- TOM: Yes.
- KAY: It's the size of a half-dollar.
- TOM: Yes.

KAY: But, Tom, you mean Mr. Stein bought it in that condition?

TOM: No, it—it happened in our galleries.

KAY: But—who would want to do such a terrible thing?

TOM: No one would want to. But—somebody did.

KAY: Who?

TOM *lamely*: Me.

KAY: But—Tom—why?

TOM *shouting*: How in Heaven's name do I know why? I was sitting here with my fountain pen in my hand, and the darn thing just up and—and blotted, right on to the middle of the picture. I tell you . . .

KAY: Now, now, take it easy. There's no need to get excited . . .

TOM *ironically*: No, let us be cool and collected. Let us tie pink bibs around our necks and sit down calmly to high tea.

KAY: But—I don't . . .

TOM: Kay, this picture is worth thousands. If I've ruined it—it means not only my job—it means I'll be mortgaged for the rest of my life, paying back what this picture is worth.

KAY: Oh, Tom, dear . . .

TOM: As soon as I saw what had happened, I sneaked the thing out of the office before anyone noticed it. Stein won't be back till tomorrow morning. I've got about twenty-four hours to get this picture clean.

KAY: But an ink-spot—how . . .

TOM: I don't know. All I know is that if I don't get it fixed, I can kiss my future goodbye. Yes, and I may have to kiss you goodbye, too. They'll probably put me in jail.

KAY: They wouldn't dare!

TOM: You'd be surprised what those cops'll do. They're pretty daring fellows.

KAY: Tom! A—a picture is only a piece of canvas, isn't it? With paint on it—and covered over with varnish?

TOM: Yes, but . . .

KAY: Well, here, right in this drawer, yes, see this? It's a bottle of ink-remover. It takes stain off cloth—which, in this case, is canvas and off the floor—that's covered with varnish, too. So maybe . . .

TOM: Oh, I don't know, it's awfully risky. This thing is worth thousands, and . . .

KAY: Well, we might as well try it. We can't be any worse off.

TOM: A—all right. You do it; I'm too nervous. I'll turn my back and—and you tell me what happens.

KAY: Very well, shut your eyes. I'll just put some ink-remover on this cloth—and rub the picture gently . . .

TOM: Careful, now. You're—you're taking the blot off our future.

KAY: Oh, Tom! The—the spot—

TOM *eagerly*: Is it off?

KAY: No, it—it's spreading!!

MUSIC: *Bridge—street noises*

SOUND: *Taxi horn*

CABBIE: Hey, you! Hey!

SOUND: *Horn*

CABBIE: Hey, stoopid!

SOUND: *Squeal of brakes*

CABBIE: Hey, whassa matter wid you? Yinna daze?

TOM: Wha—what? A—are you talking to me?

CABBIE *sardonically*: Nah, I'm Hamlet, and dis is my soliloquy. (*Shouts*) Why-n'tcha watch where ya goin'?

TOM: I—I'm sorry. It was all my fault.

CABBIE: Oh, wise guy, eh? How would you like a punch in the nose?

TOM: What?

CABBIE: Pullin' that sarcastic stuff! I oughta . . .

KAY *approaching*: Tom! Tom! (*Breathless*) Oh, here you are! I've been following you ever since you left the house.

CABBIE: If he's yours, lady, you better tie a string around his neck and lead him home. Him's been an awful bad boy.

SOUND: *Car drives off*

KAY: Tom, where were you going?

TOM: Just—walking.

KAY: Where to?

TOM *gloomily*: The river.

KAY: Oh, no, Tom! You mustn't talk like that! You mustn't even think such things. This isn't the end!

TOM: Wh—what?

KAY: Things will clear up for us. You must forget the river. You must drive away that terrible impulse to jump!

TOM: Jump!! Holy fudge! All I was going to do was sit on the docks and think.

KAY *sighs with relief*: Oh, I thought—never mind what I thought. Tom, I've got an idea.

TOM: Unless it's about the painting, don't tell me.

KAY: It is about the painting. Now, what is ink? Chemicals. And what is paint? Chemicals. Whom ought we to see? A chemist.

TOM: But I don't see how . . .

KAY: Now you come home with me and we'll phone every research chemist in town. Come along, Thomas, my lad. Art goes to the apothecary!

Musical Transition

TOM *on telephone*: But listen, mister, I—no, it's a painting—no, I couldn't give you two weeks—what—(*wearily*) O.K., goodbye.

SOUND: *Telephone replaced*

KAY: Well?

TOM: No. And that was the last number in the book. Either they don't understand, or they don't want the responsibility, or they need two or three weeks to make tests. But I have to have that painting clean when Mr. Stein comes back tomorrow morning!

KAY: So what do we do next?

TOM: Well, I'd pray if I believed in miracles. As it is, I think I'll sit on the floor in sackcloth and ashes.

KAY: No, you don't, not on my nice clean floor. Besides, you'd only be in the way. Kahrosine is coming.

TOM: Kerosene? What for? Are we going to use oil lamps?

KAY: Not kerosene, Kahrosine, Ivan Kahrosine, my cello teacher.

TOM: Oh, him. What's he coming for?

KAY: My weekly lesson. He's bringing his cello, we're going to play duets.

TOM: Now, Kay, is that fair? In my condition?

KAY: But this is the day I always . . .

TOM: I won't stand for it. It's inhuman.

KAY: But, Tom, dear . . .

TOM: Here I am faced with ruin, disgrace, and imprisonment. I want to lie down and rest, try to relax and concentrate. And you're going to fill the house with the serenades of love-starved wolves!

KAY: No, dear, only cello duets.

TOM: I love that little word "only." Well—I won't stand for it. I'm trying to get my nerves in order. I've got to face Mr. Stein tomorrow and . . .

SOUND: *Telephone bell*

KAY: I'll answer. Yes? Hello. Oh . . . yes. Yes. It's for you, Tom.

TOM *whispering*: You'd better call off that lesson. I've got to face Stein tomorrow and . . .

KAY: Tomorrow? That's what you think. Here.

TOM: Hello? The Galleries? Well, don't bother me today, I . . . Oh! Er—he—hello, Mr. Stein. Yes—er—this is Bradley. No, I—yes, Mr. Stein. You're back early, aren't you? Didn't expect you till tomorrow. Yes, sir, I will. Yes, sir, be right down.

SOUND: *Telephone replaced*

KAY: Don't tell me. I know.

TOM: No, I don't think he's found out yet that it's missing. But I'll have to tell him. I've got to go right down.

KAY: Oh, gee.

TOM: Guess you might as well have your cello lesson after all. It may be your last. But don't leave the picture there on the table where anyone can see it.

KAY: Don't worry, dear. I'll hide it somewhere.

TOM: All right. S—so long.

KAY: So long.

TOM: Ave, Caesar! Morituri te salutamus!

KAY: What would that mean in English?

TOM: That means—it was lots of fun while it lasted.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

JOE: Hello, Mr. Bradley.

TOM: Hello, Joe.

JOE: Gee, you sure lit out o' here in a hurry before. An' about an hour after you left, Mr. Stein walks in, an' asks for you.

TOM: Yes, I know, he phoned me. I—er—I had to step out for a while.

JOE: Yeah, that's what I told him.

TOM: Where is he now, Joe?

JOE: He's in his office waitin' for you.

TOM: Oh. All right, thanks. Oh—Joe.

JOE: Yes, Mr. Bradley?

TOM: What—er—what sort of mood would you say he was in?

JOE: My poisonous opinion?

TOM: Please.

JOE: He's in de usual mood.

TOM: Wh—what's that?

JOE: De iron fist inna velvet glove. (*Fades*) So long.

TOM *clears his throat*: Ahem!

SOUND: *Knock on door*

STEIN *distanced*: Come in.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

TOM: H—hello, Mr. Stein.

STEIN: Hello, Tom. Surprised to see me?

TOM: I sure am. I mean—I didn't expect you till tomorrow.

STEIN: Well, I hurried back because I've got grand news. First, did that shipment of paintings arrive safely?

TOM: Oh, y—yes, they arrived safe.

STEIN: Fine. I haven't had time to check them over yet. I leave all that to you.

TOM *miserably*: Oh, thank you.

STEIN: Well, sir, whom did I meet this morning but Baron Legrand.

TOM: You did? How—how nice.

STEIN: And what do you think? As soon as the Baron found out we were getting a work of Duvallet, he placed an order with me for the landscape. He's willing to pay ten thousand dollars. Isn't that fine?

TOM: The—the landscape?

STEIN: Yes. Isn't that a wonderful surprise?

TOM *moaning*: No, it's just about what I expected. It needed only this.

STEIN: What? What are you talking about?

TOM: You—you can't sell the landscape to Legrand.

STEIN: Why not? You mean you've sold it already?

TOM: No, it . . . well, here goes. (*With great control*) In the center of the Duvallet landscape is a large ink-spot, the size of two half-dollars.

STEIN: Wh—what?

TOM *wearily*: Oh, don't make me say it all over again. Center. Ink-spot. Big. Very big.

STEIN: But—did it arrive in this condition?

TOM: No, sir.

STEIN: Then—who . . .

TOM: Mc. An accident.

STEIN *sneering*: Ha! And you're the great art expert! You!

TOM: Well, I never thought I'd—I'd . . . (*Swallowing*) Sh—shall I go to jail now or later?

STEIN *briskly*: Where's the painting?

TOM: I—I took it home. I thought . . .

STEIN: It is now one o'clock. I give you till six o'clock tonight to return the painting in perfect condition or else the equivalent, ten thousand dollars. If not—well, I need hardly say.

TOM *swallowing*: Hardly.

STEIN: And if Baron Legrand shows up for his painting, I'm going to send him to you. Now go. Do you hear me? Go.

TOM: I hear you. But my feet just don't seem to move.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Door closing*

KAY: Hello.

TOM: Hello.

KAY: Well?

TOM: Just as we thought. Only worse.

KAY: Oh, gosh. How so?

TOM: He got an order for the picture. Ten thousand dollars. By six tonight, I've got to return the picture in perfect condition or else . . .

KAY: Or else ten thousand dollars.

TOM: You guessed it.

KAY: Mother, mother, mother, pin a rose on me . . .

TOM: For I'm to be Queen of the May.

KAY: Never mind, dear, I'll come to visit you in jail.

TOM: Darn decent of you. Say, where is that painting? If I look at it again, something may suggest itself.

KAY: All right, I get it, master.

TOM: You didn't leave it out while he was here?

KAY: Who?

TOM: Old Turpentine, or whatever his name is.

KAY: Mr. Kahrosine? No, I hid it. In a very clever place. He never saw it. I—Tom!

TOM: Well, what now?

KAY: Mr. Kahrosine—he took home the wrong cello-case. He took mine.

TOM: Well, what of it? He can return it next week. Don't bother me with things like that now.

KAY: But you don't understand. My cello wasn't in the case.

TOM: Well, he'll find out soon enough and . . .

KAY: The picture was in it.

TOM *continuing*: . . . then he can . . . what!

KAY: That's where I hid the picture. In my cello-case. And he took it.

TOM *after a moment—quietly*: Is there a nice, clean strait-jacket in the house?

MUSIC: *Bridge*

TOM: You sure he lives on this floor?

KAY: That's what the doorman told us.

TOM: This is some swanky apartment house.

KAY: Mr. Kahrosine is a world-famous teacher. He's constantly in demand.

TOM: Well, I hope he isn't in demand this afternoon. If he isn't home, then our chances for making good by six o'clock are just a little more minus than ever.

KAY: Now don't cross your bridges until they're hatched. Here—5D—this is the apartment.

TOM: You ring. My hand is shaking so, I couldn't hit the button.

KAY: All right.

SOUND: *Door bell*

TOM: Well, why doesn't someone . . .

KAY: Give him a chance. There's—here comes someone.

SOUND: *Door opens*

KAHROSINE *thick Russian accent—deep voice*: Yes? Ah, Mrs. Bradley, soch a delightful surprise! You will come in, no?

KAY: Thank you, Mr. Kahrosine.

SOUND: *Door closes*

KAY: This is my husband.

TOM: Hello.

KAHROSINE: How ju do.

KAY: Mr. Kahrosine, we've come . . .

KAHROSINE: Ah, do not tell me—I know. Your husband has heard you practising the cello, no? His soul has been captured by its beauty, no? And now he also wants to take lessons, no?

TOM: No.

KAHROSINE: No?

KAY: No, it's—we've come to see you about something else. You—when you left my house, Mr. Kahrosine, you took the wrong cello-case—by mistake. And . . .

KAHROSINE: I did? Let me see. Here it is. Ah, you are right. My initials are not on this one. How stupid of me, madame. A thousand pardons. But you can practise on my cello this week and next week I'll bring this one to . . .

KAY: But there's no cello in this case.

KAHROSINE: No? Well, as a matter of fact, it did seem rather light. But I thought it was merely that the music we played had given me new strength. However, if there's nothing in it . . .

KAY: Oh, there's something in it, all right.

TOM: We hope.

KAY: If you'll pardon me, I'll just open this—yes, Tom, here it is.

TOM: Allah be praised.

KAHROSINE: A picture! A painting! A work of art! Let me see it!

KAY: Well, it's a little—

KAHROSINE *lapsing into Ukrainian*: Yah chudavallesheh!

TOM: Come again?

KAHROSINE: Excuse me. That means—I'm so surprised. It's beautiful—gorgeous—indescribably gor . . .

KAY: But don't you see the black spot . . .

KAHROSINE: Certainly. Wonderful, no? Must be surrealism.

TOM: What?

KAHROSINE: I understand perfectly. The artist paints this beautiful landscape, and in the center he puts this deep black spot—this represents the power of evil trying to wipe out the force of beauty . . . Ah, how well I understand! Wonderful!

TOM: Who's bughouse now?

KAHROSINE: Is this your picture? I must have it. I will buy it. One thousand—two—five—ten thousand—but I must have it.

TOM: Oh, no, you mustn't.

KAY: But, Tom . . .

TOM: Kay, there are limits. He's a nice guy even though he does play the cello. I couldn't do it. Not highway robbery.

KAY: You're right.

KAHROSINE: Ah, you do not want to sell. You have sensitive souls. I understand.

TOM: No, you don't, you don't—but—well—goodbye, Mr. Gaso—er—Kahrosine. Come on, Kay, hurry!

KAY: Goodbye, Mr. Kahrosine. See you next week. I'll take care of your cello. Good . . .

KAHROSINE *fading*: Goodbye, my sensitive friends.

SOUND: *Door closes*

KAY: Well, what now?

TOM: Gosh, that was a close call. I almost succumbed. Get thee behind me, Satan—and push!

KAY: What's next on our delirious program?

TOM: Kay, this frame on our picture. It's an antique. Must be worth at least a hundred dollars.

KAY: What's a hundred when you need ten thousand?

TOM: We sell the frame, and then make one last try at the chemical labs. Maybe if we wave a hundred dollars cold cash under their noses . . .

KAY: That's it. Never say die.

TOM: Well, almost never. Come on.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

TOM: There it is—over there.

KAY: What, that little place?

TOM: I told you there was an antique dealer on this block. He'll buy our frame. Come on.

KAY: But the place is so little . . .

TOM: Well, so is the frame. Down these steps—so . . .

KAY: What a dive!

SOUND: *Door opens—bell tinkles—door shuts*

KAY: What a dusty smell!

TOM *calls*: Hello!

KAY *pleasantly*: Hello, dear.

TOM: Not you. I'm trying to find out whether anyone's here.

KAY: Oh. (*Shouts*) Hey!

TOM: I hear someone coming.

KAY: Where?

TOM: Behind that door—the one next to the suit of armor.

SOUND: *Door creaks open*

TOM: Ah, I told you—here he is.

KAY *whispering*: What is it—man or mouse?

TOM: Ssh! (*Pleasantly*) Hello.

STURZ: I hoid you before. Vot iss?

TOM: You're the proprietor?

STURZ: I'm Sturz.

TOM: That's too bad. But are you the proprietor?

STURZ: Depends on whether you're buying or selling.

TOM: You're the proprietor, or you wouldn't say that.

KAY *whispering*: Great work, Sherlock!

TOM: Mr. Sturz, we have the bargain of a life-time to offer you.

STURZ: Sure, everybody has. Well, let's see.

TOM: Here, look at this.

SOUND: *Paper unwrapped*

KAY: Isn't it a beauty?

STURZ: I don't like pictures. Besides, in case you don't know it, there's a spot on it.

TOM: Mister, believe it or not, we know it.

KAY: We're not talking about the picture. How about the frame?

STURZ: Oh. (*Suspiciously*) Trying to sell the frame, so you can slip the picture out of the country easier, past the customs officers, eh?

TOM: What!

KAY: We're not trying to . . .

STURZ: Who sent you here? Louie the Dip?

TOM: Louie the What?

STURZ: Maybe it was Silky Pete?

TOM: No, it wasn't Silky Peter. We're just trying to . . .

STURZ: Well, they're the only two crooks I'll do business with. No others. So get out.

KAY: But we . . . we're not crooks. We . . .

STURZ: Yeah, sure. You found the picture in the park. That's why you're trying to hock the frame.

TOM: But listen, mister . . .

STURZ: Get out of my store, you two, before I call the cops!

KAY: That's what I like, a good honest thief. Go ahead—call the cops! What do we care?

TOM: N—no, Kay. W—we can't afford to . . .

STURZ: You bet you can't. Go on—beat it.

KAY: Come along, dear. We know when we're insulted.

TOM: I used to—but no more.

SOUND: *Door opens—bell tinkles—door shuts*

TOM: Well, we can't even sell the frame.

KAY: You know, Tom, none of this is true. I don't believe it. We're both asleep, dreaming—we . . .

PETE *tough—quiet*: Hey, you two!

TOM: Well?

PETE: Get in that car—quick!

TOM: What!

KAY: Tom. Better do what he says. He's got a pistol in that pocket.

TOM: Wh—who are you? What right have you got . . .

PETE: Get in that car—and make it snappy, see. No fuss. One wrong move and . . .

TOM: Oh, all right, all right. Nothing surprises me any more.

PETE: You two get in front. You drive, mister. I'll sit in the back and just keep an eye on you.

SOUND: *Car doors shut*

PETE: Drive straight down this block and through the park.

SOUND: *Motor*

TOM: Now, would you mind? What's all this about?

PETE: You ain't got the faintest idea, I suppose?

TOM: Honest, mister, by now I don't know from nothin'.

PETE: Well, I'm on my way to my own private fence, Harry Sturz, when I see a guy and a dame goin' in ahead of me with a pitcher. I says to myself, "Silky . . ."

KAY: Silky! Silky Pete!

PETE: As if you didn't know. "Silky," I says, "there's the pitcher that was hijacked from you outside the Goodrich Museum Tuesday night. You pulls the slickest little pitcher robbery in years, then right afterwards, you're hijacked. And here's the two what double-crossed you, goin' into Sturz's to hock the frame. So . . ."

TOM: Listen, bud, we haven't been near the Goodrich Museum, we don't know you, and . . .

PETE: Sure, sure. Come on, lady, hand over that pitcher.

KAY: Oh—all right.

SOUND: *Paper unwrapped*

PETE: Wh—why, this ain't the one. I lifted a picture of a dame. This here's a landscape. And there's a big spot in de middle of it.

KAY: We told you, Silky.

PETE: Chee whiz, my apologies. I'm sorry. But you two ain't gonna get much fer this—with that spot on it.

KAY: Exactly what we're afraid of.

TOM: Say, what about it, Pete, can we go now? I live right down this block.

PETE: O.K., pal, wherever you like. Chee, I—I'm mortified.

TOM: Think nothing of it. Here—here we are.

SOUND: *Brakes—motor stops*

TOM: I'll just take the picture from you.

PETE: Here y'are, bud. And say my sincere apologies to both you and your moll.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

KAY: Home, sweet home.

TOM: Nor for long. It's almost six o'clock. And we're no better off than we were.

KAY: Except that you could write a book about what's happened to us.

TOM: I'll have plenty of time. Do they give you pen and paper up the river?

KAY: Oh, Tom, dear, it—it's all such a mess.

TOM: Is there no justice in the universe? (*Exasperated—loudly*) Is there no just . . .

KAY: Shout a little louder, dear. Maybe the universe will answer.

TOM: Oh . . .

KAY: Well, anyway, maybe all this will be a lesson to us.

TOM: How so?

KAY: Maybe we won't be so sure of ourselves in future. Maybe we won't think we're such experts on art . . .

TOM: Listen, if you're trying to suggest in your own subtle way . . .

SOUND: *Knock on door*

KAY: I'll answer. You're shaking like a leaf.

TOM: A leaf? A gosh-darned forest.

SOUND: *Door opens*

LEGRAND *French—polished*: Mr. Bradley's residence?

KAY: Yes. I'm his wife. Er—come in.

LEGRAND: Merci. Ah, Mr. Bradley, I presume.

TOM: The unfortunate same.

LEGRAND: I am Baron Legrand. Mr. Stein sent me to see you about the Duvallet landscape.

TOM *sighs wearily*: Here it is. Now don't you tell me it's surrealism.

LEGRAND: Mais non, c'est ravissant. But, mon Dieu, who has put that blot in the middle?

TOM: It was I, said the sparrow.

LEGRAND: Oh, terrible. In the middle of a genuine Duvallet—a genu . . . H'mmmm, let me see it closer.

TOM: Sure, but . . .

SOUND: *Knock on door*

KAY: I'll open. Oh, a policeman. Y—yes?

OFFICER *Irish*: Bradley. I've come for Mr. Bradley. Complaint entered by Mr. Stein. About a valuable painting.

TOM *sighs*: The hour has struck. Kay, want to come?

KAY: Right with you. Chin up, Tom. The Old Guard dies, but it never surrenders.

LEGRAND: Wait, I'm coming, too. Forward, monsieur policeman. Lead on!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

OFFICER: Here they are, Mr. Stein.

STEIN: Thank you, officer. Please stand by; I may need you.

OFFICER: Yes, sir.

STEIN: Ah, Baron, I see you found Mr. Bradley.

LEGRAND: Yes. Tell me, Stein, is this the Duvallet you were going to sell me?

STEIN: Well . . .

LEGRAND: And is it for ruining this picture that you were going to have this young man arrested?

STEIN: Well, I . . .

LEGRAND: Well, I'm going to have you arrested. Officer, I charge him with fraud.

TOM: What!

LEGRAND: This picture is a clever copy. Not a genuine Duvallet.

TOM: But you must be mistaken. Mr. Stein is an expert . . .

LEGRAND: Then he knows that this is a fake. Don't you, Stein?

STEIN *calmly*: Of course.

TOM: What! Do you hear that, Kay? But Mr. Stein—then—why . . .

STEIN: I never said it wasn't a fake. There was one copy in that Duvallet consignment. It would take an expert to tell which it was. And Mr. Bradley thought . . .

TOM: Oh, what a mistake! Of course. I see it now. The brushwork.

STEIN: Yes; and when he thought his fountain pen had spotted the real landscape—well, I thought I'd let him find out for himself.

TOM: You mean—all the time—and I never knew! Oh, Lord!

STEIN: You see, Baron, a really brilliant young art critic needs a little lesson once in a while—just to keep him on his toes.

LEGRAND: I understand pairfectly. But where is the genuine Duvallet?

STEIN: In the next room, safe and sound.

Mr. Bradley, as the future manager of our new San Francisco branch, will you show the Baron the genuine landscape?

TOM: Y—yes, sir. Manager! Gee, I—Th—this way, Baron. Quickly—before I faint.

SOUND: *Door closes*

STEIN: Well, officer, I won't need you after all. Here, please take this—a little contribution for the Police Orphanage.

OFFICER: Thank you, sir. Goodbye.

SOUND: *Door closes*

STEIN: Well, Mrs. Bradley, it worked. A big risk, but it worked. I had the copy packed on top, so he'd take it out of the crate first.

KAY: And I made sure he took the leaky fountain pen to work today. But, Mr. Stein . . .

STEIN: Yes?

KAY: The next time you and I teach Tom a lesson for his own good—let's not play so rough!

MUSIC: *Up fast*

HIGH WATER

A DRAMA

By AARON LEVENSTEIN

MUSIC:

SOUND: *Crowd murmur*

PROFESSOR: All right, gentlemen. Come to order. After your exciting week-end of football, I trust that we can return with some calmness to the study of Physics. Our subject today is the principle of conservation of energy. One of the fundamental laws of physics. The conservation of energy, even the energies of young men at football games . . . (*Laughs drily*) Energy can never be manufactured or destroyed but only transformed or directed in its flow, as you know if you've read your assignment. This concept was first stated by a German physicist, Robert Mayer, in 1842, (*Start fading*) and was definitely and firmly established by the investigations of Helmholtz . . . (*Out*)

ANNOUNCER: Let them talk of these things in their academic halls. We will listen. Nothing can go to waste; life has no refuse dump, for life has nothing to discard. The equations are balanced even if the quantities are great unknown X's juggled in mystifying quadratics. Measure for measure, all is equality in balance. There is no transposing that can upset the scales of interwoven numerals that spell our universe. No drop of water passes from our earth wholly; it all remains.

The great sun stretches its rays to the lake, lifts it in mist invisibly, delivers it to the wind, watches it float over the mountain, gives it to the snowy slope as a flake of wintry white. Then the cold hand of frost congeals it into crystal; cements it in the earth's heart till the seasons change; melts the gelid jewel into a hot tear that crosses the face of the hillside and tracks its way into the river as winter weeps at its going. But

nothing can pass away; there is only ebbing and flowing.

SOUND: *Rush of water—hold—fade out*

ANNOUNCER: Thus does the winter thaw send the river out of its bounds, pushing its snakelike arms into the hollow of valleys, winding its way up the hillocks, crawling over the highways. Then, from the anode of hope to the cathode of fear, the current of emotion strikes off the spark of warning.

SOUND: *Rush of water fades in as background*

VOICE OF OLD MAN *loudly as if talking to large audience*: The river's rising! Flood! Flood!

VOICE OF YOUNGER MAN: Just a little high water this time of year. It won't come up far.

VOICE OF WOMAN: We'd better get out! It's coming up fast! We'd better get out!

SOUND: *Rush of water reaches crescendo—out*

ANNOUNCER: Take a man from the river's edge and send him to high ground; take his black brother, with the sturdy shoulders and the laughing mouth, and send him down to the river's edge under the weight of a sandbag. Let the white brother walk on the comforting city pavements, where his feet will not feel the wet, long arms of the river reaching for his ankles; let the black brother stumble on the gravel of the levees where the water gropes higher and higher. For everyone who goes forth, another shall arrive. For everyone who turns his face to the highlands, another must descend to the bottoms, to the water's edge, down by the levee.

SOUND: *Rush of water—fade out and bring in subdued noises of city traffic*

TOM: Shut dat window, Ginnie! Ah can't stand de sound of dose auto horns.

SOUND: *Window closes—street noises out*

GINNIE: Is much better now, ah reckon.

TOM: Cain't stand de city nohow. Ah done wish we stayed in de cabin. De water cain't keep comin' and comin' widout end. Must stop sometime.

GINNIE: Ain't no tellin' how high she gwine come, Tom. An' effen de levee go out, dat be de end of us, jus' like it were of yo' brudder, Jim.

TOM: Hush yo' mouf, Ginnie!

GINNIE: Ah done fo'got. Ah reckon she ain't hear whut Ah say.

TOM: Yeah, she sleepin'. But yo' all better build a levee near yo' mouf to keep back dat flood of silly talk.

GINNIE *sulkily*: Effen Ah build a levee in front of mah mouf, Tom, Ah reckon mebhe it gwine keep back de flood of kisses, too.

TOM *laughing*: Git 'long wid yo', honey. De river done need de levee fo' to keep back de high water, but a wife don't need no levee fo' to keep back de kisses. Ah ready to drown in de flood fum yo' lips, Ginnie.

EMMY *quivering*: Who done talk of drownin' in de flood?

GINNIE: Oh, Tom, yo' done wake de ol' lady.

TOM: Nobody done talk of drownin' in de flood. Yo' bin dreamin' agin.

EMMY: Ain' bin no dream fo' yo' mammy when de water crep' up on Jim.

TOM: Why yo' don't go back to sleep? Better dan talkin' all de time and cryin' fo' de t'ings whut was.

EMMY: De water crep' up on him.

GINNIE: Better yo' mammy should talk her heart out loud dan keep it hollerin' inside.

TOM: Ain' no use. And whenever de high water come, it get worse every time.

EMMY: De high water come. Ain' enough it come once to take mah Jim; now it come agin lookin' fo' mah Tom, wid its mouf spread open wide to swallow him too.

TOM: Whut yo' talkin'? Ain' we done come outten de high water? Ain' no chance dat de river come here, even effen de levees break all de way fum New Madrid to New Orleans.

EMMY: Dat were whut Jim say once, when we climb de hill dat night. Dey were two moons dat night, big and round, like de face of a man whut laugh—one moon sittin' in de sky and

annudder sittin' on de river wid its legs in de water. We done ran away fum de river but it come runnin' after us. Faster dan all de boats. And de river run away wid Jim when he slip and de boats couldn't find him. We can't git away fum de river, and now it come stretch de long yellow arms fo' mah Tom. De river ain' had enough; it askin' fo' more.

TOM: It make me sick, sittin' all day listenin' to dat talk, and in de night hearin' de ol' lady talkin' to de river in her sleep. Ah cain't stay here in de daytime. Dey's work on de levee; Ah ain' gwine sit no more when Ah kin work.

EMMY: No! No! Not on de levee, Tom! Work anywha' but not on de levee. Not near de river wid its long wet hands.

TOM: A man must work. Dat de only work Ah kin git.

GINNIE: No, Tom. Not on de levee. We needs yo' too much fo' yo' to be near de river when it cuttin' up.

TOM *laughing*: Soon yo' be puttin' yo' red dress on me, Ginnie. Ah ain' no girl. Ah's got to git me work; dey ain't gwine be no cotton crop fo' us dis year effen de water don't go down.

EMMY: De place of a man is on de groun', wid his plow and his hoe, not on de bottom of de river, wid his hoe swimmin' over his head.

GINNIE: De river frighten me and de talk of de ol' lady done make me scairt. Don't go to de levee.

EMMY: De river gwine grab de men whut try to chain it in de levees.

GINNIE: Ah's scairt, Tom. Promise yo' ain' gwine work on de levee. Promise fo' me effen not fo' yo' ol' mammy. Mebbe she see, wid her ol' eyes, whut comin'.

TOM *angrily*: A'right, jus' so long de two ol' ladies don't bother me no more. Ah ain' gwine work, jus' sit and listen to de talk of de ol' wimmen.

GINNIE: No, Tom, we ain' gwine talk no more—is we, mammy?

EMMY: No, we ain' gwine talk no more. Cain't talk de river back into de mountains; cain't talk de waters down inter de sea. A body cain't talk de dead son outten de river grave; we cain't talk de live one outten de reach of de

devil whut knockin' on de levee wid his black knuckles.

TOM: Come, Ginnie, we go in de street and fo'gits de talk of de ol' lady. We go outside and breathe de air.

GINNIE: Yo' go. We cain't leave de ol' lady here alone.

EMMY: Yo' mammy is alone a'ready. De river comin', comin' fast—Ah hears it comin'—and soon no one be wid me.

TOM: Ginnie, yo' better come wid me. Effen yo' stay, she done talk more 'bout de crazy t'ings in her head. Better come.

GINNIE: A'right. We gwine come back soon, Mammy. Yo' sleep now. Rest be good fo' yo'.

EMMY: Rest be good fo' me.

GINNIE: Go back to sleep. Tom right. Ain' no use talkin'.

EMMY: De water crep' up higher and higher.

TOM: Ah done t'ought effen we come outten de high water, yo' all would stop talkin' 'bout dat. It were de only reason Ah lef' de cabin.

GINNIE *hurriedly*: Ah reckon de dishes needs cleanin'.

TOM: Ah he'p yo' wid de dryin'. Go back to sleep, mammy.

EMMY: Nobody kin run away fum de high water. It run faster dan us even when it creep.

SOUND: *Running water from faucet—tinkle of dishes*

EMMY: Ah hears de runnin' of de water agin. Ah hears it plain.

TOM: Turn off de water, Ginnie. Dat were nuttin', Mammy, only de water fum de faucet.

EMMY: De water. Everywha' de water run in mah ear. De water—dat whut de devil spit fum his mouf to wash us all into hell.

GINNIE: We clean de dishes after she go to sleep agin. Go to sleep, now. An ol' lady mus' sleep and rest.

EMMY: De river don' never sleep.

TOM: Ain' no use talkin' wid her, Ginnie.

EMMY: No, de river don' never rest.

GINNIE: Is very nice livin' in de city, ain' it, mammy? Mebbe yo' like to take a walk in de streets and look at de windows in de stores? Dey done have de prettiest dresses and shoes and silk clothes to wear next to de skin.

EMMY: De high water come up and touch de skin wid de long black hands and drag yo' man fum yo' side.

TOM: Stop it, Ah say! Stop it! Ain' nuttin' fo' a ol' lady to do but make stupid talk?

GINNIE: No, Tom. Don't talk like dat to yo' po' ol' mammy.

TOM: Fo' t'ree years now Ah hear dat talk.

GINNIE: We gwine be back soon.

TOM *fading out*: Come along, Ginnie. Soon be dark.

SOUND: *Door opens—slams shut—street noises—auto horns—etc.*

GINNIE: Look at dat dress. Dat ain' made of cotton.

TOM: Mmm, dat's purty, all shiny in de lights.

GINNIE: Dat dress is made fo' queens.

TOM: Sho', dat dress made fo' mah Ginnie; sho' is made fo' a queen. Dey ain' got no business puttin' it in a store window on a dummy when dey can put it on de straight shoulders of you.

GINNIE: Go 'long wid yo', Tom.

TOM: Dat dress don' look half so purty in de window. It done look purty only effen a queen wear it, like mah Ginnie.

GINNIE *laughing*: Whut yo' talkin, King Tom?

TOM: It feel mighty sweet to put mah arms 'round yo', Ginnie, when yo' wear a smooth, shiny dress like dat.

GINNIE: And look at dem shoes.

TOM: Cain't wear de likes of dem shoes in de delta mud, nohow. Reckin Ah ain' gwine buy dem fo' yo', honey, 'cose de toes is open. Shoes done ought to cover de foot.

GINNIE: Reckin yo' ain't gwine buy dem, Tom. But Ah could walk mighty fine, and t'row back mah head like a queen wid dem on mah feet.

TOM: Dat jus' it—dey ain' on de foot; de foot come stickin' out like de ears of a mule pokin' t'rough de holes in de straw hat. Ain' no sense to shoes like dat. But some day, honey, yo' gwine have dem, and dresses like dat, and plenty corn bread too.

GINNIE: Sho', Ah knows it. But dat make two pair shoes yo' done owes me now.

TOM *laughing*: Ah reckon so. Dat were funny when Ah kicked yo' shoes in de river dat time.

GINNIE *laughing*: It weren't funny fo' me dat day.

TOM: Well, a girl ain't no right to keep a man fum fishin'. Yo' ain't had no call to sit down next to me on de levee and frighten de catfish away wid yo' singin'.

GINNIE: Ah couldn't help singin' when Ah saw de handsome boy, sittin' barefoot on de levee. Ah couldn't help sittin' next to him and stretchin' mah legs over de side like he was adoin'.

TOM: It done made me angry to see yo' take off de shoes and play like a boy wid yo' singin' and whistlin'.

GINNIE: Yeah, and it done made me angry when yo' kicked mah shoes in de river. Lawd, Ah did cry!

TOM: But yo' wasn't cryin' when Ah carried yo' home on my shoulders.

GINNIE: Sho'. But yo' was plenty funny when yo' kep on mumblin' all de time: Cain't cotch no catfish when dey's girls aroun'; cain't cotch no catfish when dey's girls aroun'.

TOM *laughing*: Ah cotched sumthin' better dan catfish dat day, didn't Ah, Ginnie? Dat were 'bout two years ago, de first time Ah laid eyes on yo'.

GINNIE: Dey was angry eyes.

TOM: Dey ain't never looked at yo' dat way agin.

GINNIE: De only t'ing Ah wants to see is de light in yo' eyes when yo' look at me now.

TOM: It gwine be like dis always.

GINNIE: Ah ain' worryin' none 'bout nothin' any more. Jus' bein' wid yo'...

POLICEMAN *off mike*: Hey you, there!

TOM: Yessuh. Ah ain' done nuttin', Mister Policeman.

GINNIE: We is jus' lookin' in de window.

POLICEMAN *close to mike*: Why aren't you down at the levee? You boys are de laziest, good-for-nothing loafers in de world.

TOM: Ah jus' come into town fum de high water, Mr. Policeman. Ah ain'—

POLICEMAN: Never mind all that. You'll be paid well on the levee, more than you could make on your cotton patch.

GINNIE: No, Mister. He ain' gwine work on de levee.

POLICEMAN: Yes, he is. We need all de boys we can get.

GINNIE: Whut fo' yo' need 'em? De water cain't come up here.

POLICEMAN: No, but we got to have the levee raised to keep the railroad tracks out of the water. See?

TOM: Whut yo' say, Ginnie? Ah gwine work . . . ?

POLICEMAN: It don't matter what she says. We got our orders. I'm arresting you as a vagrant and you'll work out your fine on the levee.

GINNIE: No, yo' cain't do dat!

POLICEMAN: Aw, shut up. The wagon'll be here soon to take you.

SOUND: *Approaching motor—draws up—stops*

POLICEMAN: There it is now. O.K., Sam. Here's another.

SAM: That makes it twelve now.

POLICEMAN: Get in there, you! All right, take 'em down to Black Bayou.

SOUND: *Slamming of iron gate*

GINNIE: Tom! Tom! Please, Mister, don't . . .

POLICEMAN: Go ahead, Sam.

SOUND: *Motor starts—hold—fade out—bring in rush of water and fade out*

FOREMAN: Faster, men! Let's get through with this. Hurry up!

SOUND: *Dull thuds at irregular intervals*

FOREMAN: Hey! pile those sandbags straight!

TOM: Yessuh.

FOREMAN: Not getting tired, are you? You've only been working a few hours.

TOM: No suh. Ah an' tired.

FOREMAN: We've gotta work fast.

TOM: Yessuh.

FOREMAN: Hey, you over there. Watch what you're doing. Those sandbags aren't straight.

NEGRO: Ah been workin' ten hours.

FOREMAN: We'll be through with this shift in about two hours; it'll be high enough then . . . Well, what are you standing there for, with that bag on your back? Put it down.

SOUND: *Thud followed almost immediately by a splash*

FOREMAN: What do you mean dropping that sandbag in the river? I ought to throw you in after it.

NEGRO VOICE: Ah's sorry, Mister Boss Man.

FOREMAN *start fading*: Get back to work, and watch what you're doing.

SOUND: *Street noise—door opens—closes*

EMMY: Dat yo', Tom?

(*Silence*)

EMMY: Tom!

GINNIE: It's Ginnie.

EMMY: Wha' is Tom?

devil whut knockin' on de levee wid his black knuckles.

TOM: Come, Ginnie, we go in de street and fo'gits de talk of de ol' lady. We go outside and breathe de air.

GINNIE: Yo' go. We cain't leave de ol' lady here alone.

EMMY: Yo' mammy is alone a'ready. De river comin', comin' fast—Ah hears it comin'—and soon no one be wid me.

TOM: Ginnie, yo' better come wid me. Effen yo' stay, she done talk more 'bout de crazy t'ings in her head. Better come.

GINNIE: A'right. We gwine come back soon, Mammy. Yo' sleep now. Rest be good fo' yo'.

EMMY: Rest be good fo' me.

GINNIE: Go back to sleep. Tom right. Ain' no use talkin'.

EMMY: De water crep' up higher and higher.

TOM: Ah done t'ought effen we come outten de high water, yo' all would stop talkin' 'bout dat. It were de only reason Ah lef' de cabin.

GINNIE *hurriedly*: Ah reckon de dishes needs cleanin'.

TOM: Ah he'p yo' wid de dryin'. Go back to sleep, mammy.

EMMY: Nobody kin run away fum de high water. It run faster dan us even when it creep.

SOUND: *Running water from faucet—tinkle of dishes*

EMMY: Ah hears de runnin' of de water agin. Ah hears it plain.

TOM: Turn off de water, Ginnie. Dat were nuttin', Mammy, only de water fum de faucet.

EMMY: De water. Everywha' de water run in mah ear. De water—dat whut de devil spit fum his mouf to wash us all into hell.

GINNIE: We clean de dishes after she go to sleep agin. Go to sleep, now. An ol' lady mus' sleep and rest.

EMMY: De river don' never sleep.

TOM: Ain' no use talkin' wid her, Ginnie.

EMMY: No, de river don' never rest.

GINNIE: Is very nice livin' in de city, ain' it, mammy? Mebbe yo' like to take a walk in de streets and look at de windows in de stores? Dey done have de prettiest dresses and shoes and silk clothes to wear next to de skin.

EMMY: De high water come up and touch de skin wid de long black hands and drag yo' man fum yo' side.

TOM: Stop it, Ah say! Stop it! Ain' nuttin' fo' a ol' lady to do but make stupid talk?

GINNIE: No, Tom. Don' talk like dat to yo' po' ol' mammy.

TOM: Fo' t'ree years now Ah hear dat talk.

GINNIE: We gwine be back soon.

TOM *fading out*: Come along, Ginnie. Soon be dark.

SOUND: *Door opens—slams shut—street noises—auto horns—etc.*

GINNIE: Look at dat dress. Dat ain' made of cotton.

TOM: Mmm, dat's purty, all shiny in de lights.

GINNIE: Dat dress is made fo' queens.

TOM: Sho', dat dress made fo' mah Ginnie; sho' is made fo' a queen. Dey ain' got no business puttin' it in a store window on a dummy when dey can put it on de straight shoulders of you.

GINNIE: Go 'long wid yo', Tom.

TOM: Dat dress don' look half so purty in de window. It done look purty only effen a queen wear it, like mah Ginnie.

GINNIE *laughing*: Whut yo' talkin, King Tom?

TOM: It feel mighty sweet to put mah arms 'round yo', Ginnie, when yo' wear a smooth, shiny dress like dat.

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GINNIE *laughing*: It weren't funny fo' me dat day.

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INNIE: Ah couldn't help singin' when Ah saw de handsome boy, sittin' barefoot on de levee. Ah couldn't help sittin' next to him and stretchin' mah legs over de side like he was adoin'.

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INNIE: Yeah, and it done made me angry when yo' kicked mah shoes in de river. Lawd, Ah did cry!

TOM: But yo' wasn't cryin' when Ah carried yo' home on my shoulders.

INNIE: Sho'. But yo' was plenty funny when yo' kep on mumblin' all de time: Cain't cotch no catfish when dey's girls aroun'; cain't cotch no catfish when dey's girls aroun'.

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TOM: Dey ain't never looked at yo' dat way agin.

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TOM: It gwine be like dis always.

INNIE: Ah ain' worryin' none 'bout nothin' any more. Jus' bein' wid yo'...

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TOM: Yessuh. Ah ain' done nuttin', Mister Policeman.

INNIE: We is jus' lookin' in de window.

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TOM: Ah jus' come into town fum de high water, Mr. Policeman. Ah ain'—

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SOUND: *Approaching motor—draws up—stops*

POLICEMAN: There it is now. O.K., Sam. Here's another.

SAM: That makes it twelve now.

POLICEMAN: Get in there, you! All right, take 'em down to Black Bayou.

SOUND: *Slamming of iron gate*

GINNIE: Tom! Tom! Please, Mister, don't . . .

POLICEMAN: Go ahead, Sam.

SOUND: *Motor starts—hold—fade out—bring in rush of water and fade out*

FOREMAN: Faster, men! Let's get through with this. Hurry up!

SOUND: *Dull thuds at irregular intervals*

FOREMAN: Hey! pile those sandbags straight!

TOM: Yessuh.

FOREMAN: Not getting tired, are you? You've only been working a few hours.

TOM: No suh. Ah ain' tired.

FOREMAN: We've gotta work fast.

TOM: Yessuh.

FOREMAN: Hey, you over there. Watch what you're doing. Those sandbags aren't straight.

NEGRO: Ah been workin' ten hours.

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SOUND: *Thud followed almost immediately by a splash*

FOREMAN: What do you mean dropping that sandbag in the river? I ought to throw you in after it.

NEGRO VOICE: Ah's sorry, Mister Boss Man.

FOREMAN *start fading*: Get back to work, and watch what you're doing.

SOUND: *Street noise—door opens—closes*

EMMY: Dat yo', Tom?

(*Silence*)

EMMY: Tom!

GINNIE: It's Ginnie.

EMMY: Wha' is Tom?

GINNIE: He . . . he ain' done come back yit . . . he done had to . . . dey . . .

EMMY: Wha' is Tom? De river ain' done . . .

GINNIE: Tom is a' right. He jus' kep' a li'l while. He gwine come home soon.

EMMY: Why yo' don' tell me wha' Tom go?

GINNIE: Ain' nuttin' to tell. A man don' want his woman holdin' his hand all de time like he was a baby.

EMMY: Tell me wha' he is.

GINNIE: He still out in de air; he be back soon.

EMMY: No, no! De river ain' gwine let him come back. De river have de long yellow hands on his shoulders.

GINNIE: Stop it! Don't say such things. He come back fum de river, soon. We see him soon. He come back! He gwine come back!

EMMY: Wha' he at by de river? Wha' de place wha' he gwine die, wha' de river gwine wrap him in de long wet arms?

GINNIE: Dey done took him to de Black Bayou to work on de levee.

EMMY: Tom! Tom! Come back fum de edge of de water 'fore it too late! Come back to yo' ol mammy. De river is hongry and it want to eat de flesh of mah boy!

GINNIE: Whut yo' talkin' dese awful t'ings?

EMMY: Cuss de river whut take fum me and den come to take agin!

GINNIE: Be quiet, ol' lady!

EMMY: Ah ain' gwine be quiet when Ah hears de noise of de river. Ah cuss yo'! River, Ah comes to yo' now—to fight wid yo' fo' de life of mah Tom. Ah's gwine to de edge of de river, to spit in its face and to take back mah Jim and mah Tom. Robber river, give back mah sons!

GINNIE: Whut yo' doin'?

EMMY: Ah'm gwine down to Black Bayou.

GINNIE: Yo cain't go down dere.

EMMY: Ah'm comin', dirty river! (*Off mike*) Ah'm gwine bring de cuss of a ol' lady on yo'. (*Out*)

GINNIE: Wait fo' me. Oh, Tom!

SOUND: *Rush of water—fade out—crunch of feet on gravel*

EMMY *breathing heavily*: De river not far now.

GINNIE: We go dis way. Black Bayou dis way, dat whut de man say.

EMMY: Soon we see de yellow face of de river, turned black in de night.

GINNIE: It cold here.

EMMY: Ain' no colder here dan anyhow else. Is not fo' me. Dat river run al de way back into de gates of hell, and it growin' big enough and wide enough fo' de devil to ride out in his black boat.

GINNIE: Yo' better go back. It cold here.

EMMY: No, dere is de levee. Ah's gwine catch de devil who ride on de river. Whut he done took away wid his long windin' arms, he gwine give back to-night. De moon shinin' over de river tonight. Dey is two moons—one sittin' on de hills in de sky and annudder sittin' on de river wid his legs in de water.

GINNIE: Mah Tom! Ah ain' gwine see mah Tom agin. (*Shouting*) Tom! Tom! Wha' is mah Tom?

EMMY: De river done took him.

GINNIE: Tom! Tom!

WALTER *off mike, shouting*: Hey, what's all that racket down there? (*Close to mike*) What are they yelling for?

BILL: What's the matter with you two?

GINNIE: We is lookin' fo' someone.

WALTER: Stop that yelling.

BILL: I guess she's just looking for her man.

GINNIE: Yessuh. He's workin' on de levee.

WALTER: Well, you can't go up there. Only the workers are allowed on the levee.

GINNIE: Ah mus' see mah Tom.

BILL: Nobody's allowed to go up on the levee now.

WALTER: If your man's up there, he'll be coming down soon anyway. They'll be releasing this shift any minute now.

GINNIE: Ah mus' see him now.

SOUND: *Running feet on gravel*

WALTER: Hey, you can't do that! She's running up the levee. You better go after her, Bill, and bring her back.

BILL: I gotta run after that girl?

WALTER: Get going!

BILL: O.K.

SOUND: *Running feet*

EMMY: Ah waits. But some day dere be no more waitin' fo' de river to give back whut it take.

WALTER: He'll bring the girl back soon, old lady.

SOUND: *Murmur of men off mike*

WALTER: Here come the men now.

EMMY: Wha' mah Tom?

SOUND: *Murmur coming closer*

EMMY: Tom! Tom! I don't see mah Tom!
 TOM *coming up to mike*: Whut yo' doin'
 here, dis time o' night, Mammy?

EMMY: Tom! Mah Tom! De river done
 give yo' back!

TOM: Talkin' foolishness agin. Of cose,
 I come back fum de river. Wha' at is,
 Ginnie?

EMMY: She done gone up on de levee
 to fin' yo'.

BILL *off mike*: Walter! Walter!

SOUND: *Crunch of running feet on gravel*

WALTER: What's wrong?

TOM: Whut de matter?

BILL *close to mike*: That girl! She slipped
 and fell into the river.

WALTER: What!

BILL: I was running after her to get her
 off the levee.

WALTER: Quick men; back to the levee.

SOUND: *Crunch of running feet on gravel*

EMMY: De river! De river done took
 Ginnie!

TOM: Ginnie! Ginnie!

BILL: The current carried her off; it's no
 use.

WALTER: Can't see a thing out there in
 spite of all these lights.

BILL: Too late. She's nowhere in sight.

TOM: Ginnie! Ah cain't see yo'!

WALTER: Get a rowboat. Hurry up.

SOUND: *Crunch of running feet—one man*

TOM: Ginnie! Cain't yo' hear me? Wha'
 mah Ginnie? Tell me wha' yo' be,
 Ginnie? Ah's gwine come to yo'.

SOUND: *Splash—exclamations from the men*

BILL: The crazy fool! He jumped in . . .
 Where's that boat?

EMMY: Tom!

WALTER: Get the old woman off the
 levee.

EMMY: Tom! Wha' yo' go?

BILL: It's useless. We'll never get him out.
 Once that river gets its hands on you,
 it'll never let go.

EMMY: *Screaming*

SOUND: *Rush of water—out*

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

A HISTORICAL DRAMA

By ALBERT MORGAN

MUSIC: *Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" rises—establishes—fades to BG—continuing under Narrator's lines*

NARRATOR: We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States. Article one . . . (Fade)

MUSIC: *Rises from BG—hold and fade out*

TAD: And then, daddy, they all ran away. Just as they was goin' over the fence I shot one of them right in the heart and the blood was all over his grey coat.

LINCOLN: Stop it!

TAD: But it was only a dream, daddy, and I was savin' the union.

LINCOLN: It was only a dream, was it? And you were saving the union were you? How old are you, Tad?

TAD: Six.

LINCOLN: Six! And dreaming of saving the union by killing.

TAD: But it was a rebel, daddy. I could see his grey coat.

LINCOLN: Listen, son. You'll learn someday, the color of a man's coat or the name we give him doesn't mean a lot. He's a man down under it all. If we tell him a funny story he laughs and if we shoot him he dies. It doesn't make any difference, Tad, who he is or what he is. He's a man just like you're going to be one day.

TAD: But, gee, daddy, this one was a rebel and he said some very bad things.

LINCOLN, *sharply*: Tad! (*Kindly*) Tad, boy. Your world shouldn't be filled with rebels and Yankees and war . . . Tell me, Tad, do you read the fairy

book Mr. Stanton gave you for Christmas?

TAD: Every night.

LINCOLN: Is it all filled with good fairies and bad fairies?

TAD: Yes. There's a good fairy in it that so good that you just wouldn't believe it.

LINCOLN *chuckling*: Tell me, son. Do you like her?

TAD: Naw. She's just too good. She never has any fun and won't let anyone else have any.

LINCOLN: You don't like her, heh?

TAD: Naw. Should I?

LINCOLN: I don't know, son. Maybe you should. I never did get a chance to read about them when I was your age. By from your description I don't imagine she's much fun. I'll tell you what you do, Tad. Tonight when you go to bed you dream about the good fairy and she won't reform and have fun, you shoot her. And if they catch you, sir, I'll pardon you. Remember, now, it's our little secret.

SOUND: *Knock on door*

LINCOLN: Come in.

SOUND: *Door opens*

PALMER: Mr. President. I hope you'll pardon this intrusion. I know how you dislike being disturbed when you're with your son, but it's most urgent, sir.

LINCOLN: Quite all right, Palmer. Here draw up a chair. Tad and I were just planning a murder, but I guess it can wait. What is it?

PALMER: The boy, sir. Hadn't you better go? LINCOLN: Oh yes, of course. Tad! Run out on the balcony there and play. And son, you can be thinking up some tortures for that person we were talking about a few minutes ago.

TAD: All right, daddy. 'Scuse me, Mr. Palmer.

LINCOLN *chuckling*: Quite a boy, Palmer. Quite a boy. Now what is it? You look upset.

PALMER: Well, Mr. President, it's this . . .

LINCOLN: Seems like a simple piece of paper to me.

PALMER: I can assure you, Mr. President, it's much more than that. Listen: "The Lincoln Catechism. Question: What is

the government? Answer: Abraham Lincoln. Question: What is a president?

Answer: A general agent for Negroes. Question: Whom are the members of

Congress supposed to represent? Answer: The President and his Cabinet.

Question: . . .

LINCOLN: That's enough, Palmer. Is that what you were so excited about?

PALMER: Of course, sir. It's sedition. Such a thing shouldn't be allowed another minute.

LINCOLN: Now easy, Mr. Palmer. Don't alarm yourself too much over it.

PALMER: Alarm myself? Listen to this, sir. Question: What are the particular

duties of a commander in chief? Answer: To disgrace any general who

does not believe that the Negro is better than a white man. Question: What is

the meaning of the word law? Answer: The will of the President.

LINCOLN: That's enough, Mr. Palmer.

PALMER: Surely, sir, you're not going to permit it to continue.

LINCOLN: Yes, I am.

PALMER: But, sir.

LINCOLN: No, Mr. Palmer. I will not have the perpetrator of this vile thing traced

down and punished if that's what you mean. Remember, this is a democracy.

Do you know what that means, Palmer?

PALMER: Well, yes sir. It means . . .

LINCOLN: It means, Palmer, that it is not your government nor is it my govern-

ment. It's theirs. By them I mean the people. There are eighty million of

them out there and it belongs to them.

PALMER: But, surely, sir, this slanderous thing.

LINCOLN: Slanderous? Maybe. You'll learn someday, Palmer, that this is war.

It's not just a petty family quarrel. It's gone beyond that now. Anything's fair.

This type of propaganda is only the beginning. We'll all be defiled; we'll all

have abuse heaped on our heads and I dare say, they'll be hanging Jefferson Davis in effigy from Maine to Delaware. Don't you see, Palmer? That's one of the prices we have to pay.

PALMER: Yes, sir, I see. Sorry to have bothered you, sir.

LINCOLN: Quite all right, my boy. Now run along. I want to be alone with my son.

PALMER: Yes, sir.

SOUND: *Door closes*

LINCOLN: Tad! Where are you, boy?

TAD: Here I am, daddy. What was Mr. Palmer talking about? He was awful loud.

LINCOLN: Oh, he was just being young and hot-headed and forgetting about people and things.

TAD: What people and things, daddy?

LINCOLN: Well . . . people like Washington and things like our Constitution.

TAD: Consatoshun? What's that, daddy?

LINCOLN: Well son, it's like the rules for a game. Like the games you play with

your brothers. You see, son, this nation is the game and this constitution is the

rules.

TAD: Are they fair rules, daddy? Bob is always cheating me. He says my rules

aren't fair.

LINCOLN: Yes son, I think they're fair rules. They give everybody a chance

right at the beginning of the game. But now one side doesn't want to play the

game anymore and so they're trying to back out and scrap the rules.

TAD: Why, daddy?

LINCOLN: I really don't know, son. We both love the game and if we can stick

together we can make it the greatest that's ever been. You see, son, this con-

stitution we've got is like a great un-

finished symphony. It seems like maybe

it was written by someone who died before he could finish it. But that's why

it's great, son, and that's why this country's going to be great. The melody's

there and each generation is going to try to finish it. They won't, though,

because it's a thing that can never be finished.

MUSIC: *Symphony sneaked in and starts to rise*

LINCOLN: But each effort's going to make it just that much better. And that's the way those things should be. Son!

(Softly) Son. (Asleep) Well, that's as it should be. He's probably raising merry cain with that fairy by now. (Chuckle)

MUSIC: *Up to peak—then cross fade into . . .*

SOUND: *Foghorn—water lapping against ship in B.G.*

SARAH: Mother! Mother!

MOTHER: Hush, child. It's all right.

SARAH: I was scared, mother. I woke up and it was dark and I was scared.

MOTHER: Now there's no reason to be scared. You're safe on the boat and in another day you'll be in America.

SARAH: America and father.

MOTHER: Yes, Sarah. America and your father. We've missed him, haven't we?

SARAH: Yes, we've missed him.

MOTHER: Sarah, I don't know how to say this, but I must. You mustn't think he was a coward to run away the way he did.

SARAH: I don't, mother.

MOTHER: He had to do it. If he'd stayed, they'd have beaten him, humiliated him, ruined his work and probably killed him. He had to get away. Better this short parting than that.

SARAH: I hate them, mother. I hate them. When I think of what they did and what they stand for I want to go back and wipe them off the earth.

MOTHER: No, Sarah, you mustn't talk like that. I know, dear. It's easy to hate and to want to strike back and drive them off the face of the earth for what they've done to him and to us and to the millions like us. But that doesn't do any good. That's the way things like that start.

SARAH: But don't you see? They've licked us. We're beaten. We wear it in our faces. The way we look up at people when they do something kind to us, expecting a blow. That's what they've done to us, mother.

MOTHER: You're bitter, Sarah. You shouldn't be. How old are you? Sixteen? And you're beaten? Think,

Sarah, sixteen. You've got a whole life in America, away from all that.

SARAH: Away from it? Mother, a thing like that doesn't stay in one place. An ocean can't keep it away. It spreads. America, why will that be any different?

MOTHER: Because America is different, Sarah. Your father will tell you that. He is accepted here as the great scientist he is and not as a refugee, a wanderer. Sarah, you've got to forget all that back there and look to this new life and this new country. You've worried me, Sarah. It's not natural. You're sixteen and you're an old woman already, with an old woman's hates and an old woman's desire for revenge. You've got to drive that out of your soul and out of your heart. It isn't fair to enter America with those things in your mind.

SARAH: I know, mother, and I'm sorry. (Pause) Mother, I'd like to say a little prayer tonight. Would you pray with me?

MOTHER: Of course, dear.

MOTHER } Our father which art in
SARAH } heaven. Hallowed be thy name,
 } thy kingdom come, thy will
 } be done on earth as it is.

SOUND: *Fade prayer and bring music up to a smashing climax then lower for*

NARRATOR: Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibit the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

MUSIC: *Hold—then lower for . . .*

LINCOLN: It's like a great unfinished symphony. The melody's there and each generation's going to try to finish it. They won't though because it's a thing that can never be finished, but each effort's going to make it just that much greater . . .

MUSIC: *Rises under Lincoln's lines up to climax*

THE GIRL FROM KAVALLA

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE

By WILLIAM HOWARD WANG

NARRATOR *talking fast*: March back with us a hundred and sixty years, eastward to the north coast of the Aegean Sea. A Turkish coast, rugged and dark, where the black rocks rise out of the water and the sea beats continually on the bleak promontory of Bucephalus in the Bay of Contessa. On the prow of a small hill lies the snug fisherman's village, Kavalla. In its market place, dark men in strange colorful costumes mend their nets and gossip; murmur about the latest act of the Tschorbadji, their town chieftain, and recount stories and garbled bits of history brought in sleek boats from Syria, or Greece, or northward over the dark sea out of Egypt. Late in the afternoon of a day in March, 1781. A bleak, stormy day.

SOUND: *Surf and storm fading in slowly*

NARRATOR: Down on the shore a crowd of men and boys talking anxiously, pointing out over the water. (*Fade*)

SOUND: *Voices of a crowd*

VOICE: The boy is mad. Which boat? Ibrahim, which boat did he take?

1ST VOICE: Can you see him, neighbor?

IBRAHIM *a boy about twelve*: He took the boat of Mr. Lyon, the merchant. It was his doing, not ours. We told him the storm was coming.

2ND VOICE: He ought to be well whipped, causing his mother such anxiety.

VOICE: Why, Ibrahim? Did he say why?

SOUND: *Storm up—boy has to shout to be heard*

IBRAHIM: To the rock, to the rock, Imbro. He wagered—wagered he could go out and back in spite of the storm.

1ST VOICE: He can never make it. He is lost.

VOICE *crying out*: No. No. Look. He is on the crest.

2ND VOICE: I see the boat. Mohammed Ali's boat.

SOUND: *Crowd—voices*: "Sitta Khadra. It is Sitta Khadra looking for her son."

SITTA KHADRA: Where is Mohammed Ali? Where is my son? Ibrahim, what have you done to my son?

VOICE: He is coming, Sitta Khadra. The Djinnns have no power over your boy. The evil Djinnns have spared him.

1ST VOICE: The surf brings him fast. The black sea carries him well.

2ND VOICE: Look at him strain at the oars. (*Shouts*) Come, boy! Come!

VOICE: He has courage, but he is a fool. Sitta Khadra, you should take more care of your son.

SITTA: Mind you watch yourself, neighbor, when you talk of my son, Mohammed Ali.

SOUND: *Crowd up—shouts*: "Make fast—hold there—hold—that does it"—cheering and laughter—splashing and sound of oarlocks clanking

MOHAMMED *way back*: Where is Ibrahim?

VOICE: Come boy. This way.

MOHAMMED *up*: Where is Ibrahim?

IBRAHIM: Here, Mohammed Ali. You have won.

VOICE: His hands are all bloody.

1ST VOICE: He has cut his hands on the oars.

SITTA: Come with me, boy. Come with your mother.

MOHAMMED: First I must collect my wager. I am your king, Ibrahim.

1ST VOICE: What's that? What did he say?

2ND VOICE: He says he is king.

SOUND: *Laughter*

IBRAHIM: Yes, Mohammed Ali.

MOHAMMED: Here is your knife which you left yesterday on the rock. It is for proof I was there. Bow down before me, Ibrahim, and keep your word.

SOUND: *Laughter and then cheers*

2ND VOICE: You are young to be a king, Mohammed.

MOHAMMED: Yes, but I am lord of all the boys in Kavalla.

SOUND. *Voices and sea fade out*
(Pause)

MOHAMMED: I had to do it, mother. They said I dared not. And they have promised to bring you fruit every day for a month.

SOUND: *A knock on door—door opens*

SITTA: Oh, it is you, Masha.

MOHAMMED: My black haired Masha.

MASHA: I just heard the news. Down in the market place they are all talking of what a hero Mohammed Ali is.

MOHAMMED: You too are proud of me, Masha?

MASHA: I shall always be proud of you.

SITTA: And the boys are to bring me oranges and dates every day for a month.

MASHA: To you, Sitta Khadra?

MOHAMMED: Yes, the fruit is for mother Khadra. But for you, Masha, because we are friends, and your father is the Tschorbadji, I shall buy a bracelet all of precious stones. Someday I shall be king in Egypt where there are rubies and pearls and gold. I shall get them for you, Masha.

SITTA: Perhaps the fortune was right. The prophetess did not lie.

MASHA: What was that, Sitta Khadra?

SITTA: Twelve years ago, when Mohammed Ali was born, a famous prophetess told me I should watch over him, for he should be ruler, one day, over a great empire. Before he was born, thrice I dreamed I saw him sitting on a golden throne with a great light all about him, and hundreds of princes and lords bowed down their heads before him and called him king.

MOHAMMED: I shall become a great prince, Masha. And you shall go with me. We shall make a pact, the two of us, to go together always.

MUSIC: *Fade in—up—then out*

SITTA: The years pass, Mohammed Ali. The years go away.

MOHAMMED. You look ill, mother. Today Masha took me to the Tschorbadji, and he made me a member of his guard. Already I am beginning to be a soldier.

SITTA. I am proud of you, Mohammed Ali. I am very proud.

MOHAMMED: Masha and I walk in the market place, and all the people say of her, "She used to play like a boy, but see her dark hair now. See what a beautiful girl she has become." But we pay no attention to the people. We have found a cave in the midst of the rocks, and in the evenings we go there and sit on the stone floor and talk of what is to come. The entrance is very secret, but the moon comes in, and when it is quiet we can hear the sound of the waves down on the shore. Mother, mother, do you hear me? Masha and I, we talk of so many things.

MUSIC: *Brief interlude*

NARRATOR: Late summer, 1787. Sitta Khadra has died. Mohammed Ali is eighteen years old, but despite his youth, the Tschorbadji has made him Captain of the guard. That autumn, a message comes from Stamboul that sets the whole town agog, and starts people talking and arguing more than anything that has happened in twenty years. A General in the Turkish army is coming to Kavalla. He is Cousrouph Pasha, a powerful nobleman and a great favorite of the Sultan Abdul Hamid. He is to spend a month in the Tschorbadji's palace and bring to the lonely little town a taste of the outside world, of color and majesty.

MASHA: But Mohammed, he will have his harem with him, all sorts of beautiful women, and they will have bright eyes for a Captain of the guard. (*Mock seriously*) We shall never run over the rocks any more. In another week I will have lost you.

MOHAMMED: Do you think if I wanted to break my word to you I could? I have sworn we shall go together always. (*Pause*) Your dark hair is very beautiful, Masha. It is like a mantle over your shoulders when you let it fall.

MASHA *pause*: My father will hate to see Cousrouph Pasha come. He will rule Kavalla as long as he stays.

MOHAMMED: And how long will he stay?

MASHA: A week . . . or a month . . . or two.

MOHAMMED *pause*: We have run about the hill together, and played at kings and castles. And I have gone diving off the steep cliff down into the sea and brought you shells and pretty stones from off the bottom. How long have

we not known each other, Masha? And suddenly we are grown.

MASHA *half laughing*: Then you will not forget, and leave me, Mohammed. You will not forget.

MOHAMMED: No, Masha, no. Do not say that.

MUSIC: *Comes in fast—a quick martial song—rumble of drums and noise of a crowd gathering—music and crowd under*

NARRATOR: Six days go by. It is September 23, 1787. A great crowd is massed in the square of Kavalla, and long packed ranks of men and women walk restlessly down the rambling old street that leads to the shore. Suddenly in the distance . . .

SOUND: *Boom of a cannon way back—voices ad libbing: "They are letting down a boat—look—look—there go the sails—make way—make way—etc."*

MOHAMMED shouting: Clear the road! Back there! Back, do you hear me?

VOICE: The Tschorbadji.

SOUND: *Crowd takes up the cry: "The Tschorbadji—long live the Tschorbadji!"—the cannon booms again*

MOHAMMED: Back. Clear the road. Back against the walls.

SOUND: *Crowd noise fade way back—footsteps on a wooden deck—splash of the anchor—faint cheer from the crowd*

1ST VOICE: This way. This way, Your Excellency.

2ND VOICE: Your Excellency, the Tschorbadji, Mehmet Hassan.

TSCHORBADJI: It is an honor to be able to welcome you to Kavalla. May your stay here be pleasant and long.

COUSROUPH: Order your people to clear the streets so that my slaves may not be molested.

TSCHORBADJI *quietly—a little taken aback*: At your command, Cousrouph Pasha. Mohammed, give the order.

SOUND: *A bugle blows a flurry*

MOHAMMED *shouting from way back*: Silence. You will retire to your homes. Clear the streets. Nobody to be seen on the streets for one hour under pain of displeasure of His Excellency.

SOUND: *Murmur of protest from crowd*

MOHAMMED: Clear. Clear. You have heard the order. (*Still back*) Guard, attention! You will see that order is carried out!

COUSROUPH: All right. Well said. Well said. I am going ashore.

SOUND: *Crowd up momentarily—then fade into martial music—marching feet—then all out*

MASHA: Father, I know he is a guest, but it is weeks now. His slave women have taken my court and I have no place to walk. It is not safe to go on the streets with his soldiers about.

MOHAMMED: Tschorbadji, my men complain. They are continually provoked by His Excellency's soldiers. I have ordered them to say nothing, but they are angry, and their patience is almost at an end.

SOUND: *Street noises*

VOICE *sarcastically*: And from seven till eight in the evening you will keep off the streets so His Excellency's women may walk and not be disturbed.

1ST VOICE: It was to be a week and now it is over a month.

2ND VOICE: They say the tax this year is to fit out completely His Excellency's ship. His Excellency's women need new shoes. Are the streets too muddy for them?

VOICE: The Tschorbadji takes orders and says nothing. Who are the citizens of Kavalla, Cousrouph Pasha and his slaves?

SOUND: *Music and a roll of drums—it fades for . . .*

COUSROUPH: Tschorbadji, is this your slave, Mohammed Ali?

MOHAMMED: I have never been a slave, Your Excellency. I am a free man.

TSCHORBADJI: He speaks the truth, Your Excellency. Mohammed is my friend and captain of my guard.

COUSROUPH: A great honor for such a lad. Too great an honor, I think.

MOHAMMED: Why, Your Excellency? I remember a story I heard in the market place about a Circassian slave who was befriended by the great admiral in Stamboul. And though he was only a slave named Cousrouph, he had mighty friends who honored him and raised him at last till he became a high officer in the Sultan's army.

TSCHORBADJI: In the name of Allah, be still!

COUSROUPH *quietly—in measured tones*: No need to be still. But if he were mine he should be taken to the courtyard and receive the bastinado. I think he

might learn silence and humility. Yes, Tschorbadji, if he were mine he should receive the bastinado.

MOHAMMED: I told you, Cousrouph Pasha, that I am not a slave, and here in Kavalla free men are not whipped. But some who have been slaves might well remember the experience when they rise above their stations.

COUSROUPH: Tschorbadji Hassan, you will punish the insolence of this fellow. I demand that you punish him.

MOHAMMED: I have broken no law, Cousrouph Pasha. With us in Kavalla, punishment is dealt out only according to law.

COUSROUPH: I shall not forget you, Mohammed Ali. You will be sorry to have spoken.

SOUND: *Quick drums and music—fade quickly*

MASHA: Perhaps you were unwise, Mohammed. He is a man quick to anger.

MOHAMMED: Do you think I am afraid of him?

MASHA: No, but I am afraid for you. He will not forget what you said.

MOHAMMED: Oh, Masha, it is not as bad as that. Wait. Wait. Cousrouph Pasha will go as he came, and the winter will pass, and the two of us . . . you and I . . . will be married, and Masha . . . go down to Egypt. (*Excitedly*) We will go down where fortunes are made and kingdoms walk in the streets. I will show you Cairo and the silent sphinx and the tall star-pointing pyramids. You and I. You and I, Masha.

MASHA *laughing*: You are mad. Oh, Mohammed, how, in all that land, can we be king and queen? If you kiss me your crown will fall off, and all the nobles and princes would laugh to see how foolish we were. (*Girlishly*) But if it ever comes, I'll sit beside you on the throne, and we'll look at each other and wink and say 'I told you so.'

MOHAMMED: Masha, you are wonderful.

SOUND: *Both are laughing—knock on door—they stop—knock is repeated*

MOHAMMED: Come in.

SOUND: *Mohammed's cape rustles as he stands up—door opening—footsteps on stone floor*

SOLDIER *a little back*: Captain.

MOHAMMED: Yes, soldier.

SOLDIER: I come with a summons from His Excellency, Cousrouph Pasha. You are

to attend his pleasure immediately in his chambers in the Tschorbadji's palace.

SOUND: *Faintly the drums start rolling way back*

MASHA: Oh.

MOHAMMED *pause*: When was this message given you?

SOLDIER: Only a few moments ago.

MASHA: Mohammed.

MOHAMMED: It is nothing, Masha. Nothing. Tell His Excellency I attend his pleasure.

SOUND: *Drums in a trifle*

COUSROUPH: I have decided, Mohammed Ali, Captain of the guard, free man of Kavalla, on the basis of orders from Stamboul relating to the food rations permitted my troops, and also because those troops are put to great inconvenience and to extra duty because of the insolence and forwardness of the rabble population of Kavalla, that it will be necessary to levy, instead of the customary single tax, a double tax upon each man and each property in Kavalla.

MOHAMMED *bursting out*: Sir, that is impossible!

SOUND: *Drums a bit up—Cousrouph raises his voice to talk over the drums*

COUSROUPH: And since I realize that the people may offer some resistance to the collectors of this tax, may even do them bodily harm, and since my troops are strange here and may not be able to judge correctly the temper of the people, (*Voice rising again*) and since I have been told by the Tschorbadji that you are beloved by the people, by authority of the Sultan in Stamboul, I charge you that this tax be collected by you and deposited here with me in seventy two hours' time.

SOUND: *Drums out*

MOHAMMED: Pardon me, sir, but the people will not pay.

COUSROUPH: Why? Do you mean they will not obey your orders? If not, it is your business to make them. (*Now thoroughly angry*) You overstepped yourself this morning, Mohammed Ali. I told you I would remember your insolence.

MOHAMMED: Has the Tschorbadji Hassan heard of this order?

COUSROUPH *shouting*: You will tell the people that if I have not the money in

seventy two hours I'll skin their Tschorbadji as a rebel to the Sultan's government.

SOUND: *Drums up again*

MOHAMMED: Your Excellency . . .

COUSROUPH: You have heard my order!

MOHAMMED: But, Your Excellency, the people will revolt.

COUSROUPH: I have stationed troops. My soldiers have orders to fire on the slightest sign of resistance.

MOHAMMED: Where is the Tschorbadji?

COUSROUPH *a tremendous voice*: You have heard my order.

MUSIC: *Drums fade in very strong—then out again into quick marching music—music fades*

SOUND: *Voices of an angry crowd*

VOICE: Who has the money, Mohammed?

1ST VOICE: My wife is sick, Mohammed.

2ND VOICE: The storm has broken all my nets. All but one, Mohammed. I must buy new nets.

VOICE: Nobody can pay such a tax. What has the Tschorbadji said?

SOUND: *Voices rise in a chorus—angry—excited—ad lib—then out*

MASHA *quick and excited*: I asked to see my father and they would not let me see him. You must do something. If ever you loved me, Mohammed.

SOUND: *Fade to muffled drums—over the drums Mohammed's voice*

MOHAMMED: I tell you I must see the Tschorbadji. If I am his deputy I must confer with him on the best means of collecting this tax. *(Pause)*

MUSIC: *Drums rise a bit*

If I am not allowed to see the Tschorbadji I will not vouch for the temper of the people. I must see the Tschorbadji Hassan. *(Pause)*

MUSIC: *Drums*

Cousrouph Pasha, you want me to collect your tax. Now the Tschorbadji has more experience in such matters than I. I must be given permission to see him.

MUSIC: *Over drums—fades B.G.*

SOUND: *Marching steps on stone floor*

VOICE: Pre-sent arms!

SOUND: *Snap of rifles—opening of door—footsteps coming up—door closes and all sounds out*

TSCHORBADJI *slight echo*: Mohammed Ali.

MOHAMMED: Yes, Tschorbadji. I have come to tell you, sir, that I have fifty loyal men. If we take Cousrouph's

guard at night, and overpower them before . . .

TSCHORBADJI: No. No. You must not continue to be headstrong. If you were to win such a revolt, in two weeks the troops of the Sultan would be in Kavalla to take terrible vengeance.

MOHAMMED *after a short pause*: Then what must be done, sir?

TSCHORBADJI: It is dark, Mohammed. What time of the clock is it?

MOHAMMED: Your orders, sir.

TSCHORBADJI: And Masha. Is she well? Yes, yes, I suppose. Speak to the people, Mohammed. Ask them if it is possible for them to pay. But do not threaten them. There will be boats going out next month for fish. If there are no nets, if boats are not repaired after the storms, there will be no food in Kavalla when winter comes. My life is not worth that fifty families should starve, not fifty, or twenty, or ten, or even one.

MOHAMMED: Is that all you have to say, sir?

TSCHORBADJI: I have no desire to die, Mohammed. Speak to them. Masha, is she well?

MOHAMMED: She sends you her love, Tschorbadji.

TSCHORBADJI: I suppose God's will must be done. Speak to the people, Mohammed.

MOHAMMED: Is that your final order, sir?

TSCHORBADJI: That is my final order.

SOUND: *Steps receding on stone floor—echoing*

TSCHORBADJI: Mohammed.

SOUND: *Steps stop*

MOHAMMED *speaks from middling back*: Yes, Tschorbadji Hassan.

TSCHORBADJI: Return her my love, and tell her . . .

MOHAMMED: Yes, Tschorbadji Hassan.

TSCHORBADJI: Tell her it is my will that you watch over her.

SOUND: *Silence for a moment—then door opens—Mohammed's steps—door closes again—slowly music fades in—behind it the muffled drumbeats—then out*

VOICE *very low*: Mohammed Ali will speak tonight in the great mosque.

1ST VOICE: They say Cousrouph will hear no argument.

2ND VOICE: But what if the Tschorbadji dies?

VOICE: I would sooner lose my son, but what I cannot pay, I cannot pay.

1ST VOICE: Yes, where are the people of Kavalla to get a double tax? Single is bad enough in a bad year, but twice that . . . it's impossible.

2ND VOICE: I, for one, won't pay.

VOICE: Nor I.

1ST VOICE: Nor I.

SOUND: *Low drum beats come in slowly—rise with music to a crescendo—crowd fades in and their murmur rises fast—hundreds of shuffling feet on a stone floor—then . . .*

MOHAMMED: Silence. (*Strong echo*)

SOUND: *Music and drums stop instantly—crowd fades slowly as he speaks*

MOHAMMED: Listen to me, all of you. Men of Kavalla, you know me. I am Mohammed Ali, the son of the widow, Sitta Khadra. I know you cannot afford this tax. (*Murmur up—then it fades*) But men, I have seen the Tschorbadji. If the tax is not paid by tomorrow noon he must die, and I tell you this tonight not in threat or in anger. Let us pay, and then send a messenger to Stamboul itself to lay our complaint before the highest tribunal. We will get satisfaction . . .

VOICE *well back*: It is not a matter of will or won't, Mohammed Ali.

1ST VOICE *back*: It is too much. We can't. We haven't the money.

2ND VOICE: I must fix my boat, Mohammed Ali, or I starve.

SOUND: *Crowd murmur rises again—ad libbed cries: "No. No. It is impossible"*

MOHAMMED: Listen to me, people of Kavalla. You are murdering the Tschorbadji. He is a man who has loved you . . .

SOUND: *Mohammed's words are lost in general hubbub—then fade in drums with a marching rhythm—all sounds out for . . .*

MASHA: I am the Tschorbadji's daughter. Surely you know me. I must see Cousrouph Pasha.

SOUND: *Slight rumble of drums*

Please. Don't you understand me? I am the Tschorbadji's daughter.

SOUND: *Drums again a bit up*

No, I am not sent by the Captain. Mohammed Ali knows nothing of this. I have come myself to see Cousrouph Pasha.

SOUND: *Drums up a trifle—boots on stone*

floor—door opens and closes—drums out

MASHA: Your Excellency, I am the Tschorbadji's daughter. My name is Masha.

COUSROUPH *not unkindly*: Yes, I have seen you in the courtyard, I think.

MASHA: I have come . . .

COUSROUPH: To ask me to let your father go. I have said the tax must be paid.

MASHA: But why punish one who is completely guiltless? Surely you cannot blame my father because the fishermen are poor. They have had a bad year. The single tax is hard enough to bear, but if they pay it double it will mean, that many of them go without nets, without boats, without any means of making a livelihood.

COUSROUPH *after a pause*: So you are the Tschorbadji's daughter. How old are you?

MASHA: I am seventeen, Your Excellency.

COUSROUPH: Seventeen. You plead well. Might make a lawyer out of you. And your name is Masha. Only a child. Only a small girl. Listen to me, Masha. The Sultan, who is your commander, must never have his authority questioned. As soon as someone doubts that he can enforce the law the law will be disobeyed. Now I am the Sultan's representative. It is necessary that the population see to it that my soldiers are well fed, well dressed, and well paid. Therefore I ordered that they pay that double tax. I cannot contradict my own order because someone might doubt, then, that I can enforce the law, and, as I have told you, that must not be. Do you understand?

MASHA: I think you are mad and a tyrant.

COUSROUPH *quietly*: If anyone else were to say that to me he would be punished.

MASHA: Then why not punish me?

COUSROUPH *laughing*: You are a child . . . but very beautiful when you are angry.

MASHA: Your Excellency is making fun of me.

COUSROUPH: No, Masha. Your black hair falls over your shoulders so it is hard not to see how beautiful you are.

MASHA: Your Excellency, I came to plead with you for my father.

COUSROUPH: And you are doing well, very well. I think you will win out where others have failed. (*Pause*)

There, there, you must not be frightened. Come closer here where I can see you. You are pale.

MASHA: It is because there is no sun, Your Excellency.

COUSROUPH: Would you like to go to Egypt with me, Masha, in my ship, and live in a great court in Cairo?

MASHA: No, I cannot.

COUSROUPH: You are in love? (Pause) Who is he?

MASHA: I cannot tell.

COUSROUPH: I can see your small girl's mind working. You are thinking, "He has other women. I will not be one of many." Is it not so? Is that not what you are thinking?

MASHA: No.

COUSROUPH: But I tell you you shall be the first. You shall have precedence over them all.

MASHA: No. Let me go.

COUSROUPH: Masha, in three days I sail for Egypt in the Sultan's service. But first I'll make a bargain with you. Come with me as my first wife, and though I cannot remit the tax, I'll pay it out of my own pocket and set your father free.

MASHA: No. No.

COUSROUPH: Will you be a stubborn girl and condemn your own father to death? Who is this other man? Can he give you half as great honor as I can? Can he offer you a palace in the city of Cairo with chambers all your own? I am not a cruel man, Masha. You will find me a good master . . . a kind master . . . and husband.

MASHA after a long pause: And you will set my father free?

COUSROUPH: Yes.

MASHA: And sail for Egypt in three days?

COUSROUPH: Yes.

MASHA: And pay the tax?

COUSROUPH: I have given you my word.

MASHA: Will you give me the money now to pay the tax?

COUSROUPH: If you will promise.

MASHA: Give me the money, then. But first I have two small requests. You will not deny me them. Do not tell what I have done. No man must know why this tax has been paid.

COUSROUPH: Very well.

MASHA: Give me twenty four hours' grace, and at the end of that time I will

come to you. But give me one day first.

COUSROUPH: And what if you do not come?

MASHA *very quietly*: You know as well as I the punishment for a wife's disobedience. Many years ago it was exacted once here in Kavalla. The woman was sewed into a black bag and dropped into the sea.

COUSROUPH after a pause: When will you come?

MASHA: I will pay the tax tomorrow, and when night comes . . . just at dusk, your servant will admit me.

COUSROUPH: At dusk, Masha. Do not forget.

MASHA: No, Your Excellency. I shall not forget. But the money. You have not given me the money.

SOUND: *A bell being struck—door opens*

COUSROUPH: Sedad.

VOICE: Yes, Your Excellency.

COUSROUPH: You will give this woman twelve hundred piastres in silver.

VOICE: Yes, Your Excellency.

SOUND: *Steps receding—door closes*

COUSROUPH: You will have it counted out to you when you leave. (Pause) Masha.

MASHA a bit back: Yes, Your Excellency.

COUSROUPH: You must not pout and stare out of the window like a little girl.

(Pause) You may be a queen some day, Masha.

MASHA slowly—back: Yes. So I have been told.

COUSROUPH: What do you see there at the window?

MASHA still back: People. I am thinking how happy they will be tomorrow.

COUSROUPH: Yes, Masha. And you . . . and I . . . too.

MASHA quietly: Good night, Your Excellency.

COUSROUPH: Good night, Masha.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes quietly—pause—very faint drums—then announcer speaking very quickly and quietly*

NARRATOR: The night passed, and in the morning small silent groups gathered on the streets, in shops, at the doors of the mosque, fingered old muzzles loading pistols under their robes, and sharp edged daggers. Once in a while dark fierce eyes glanced up toward the palace, wondering what Cousrouph Pasha would do. But at nine o'clock a

courier came quickly down into the market place and cried out that the tax had been paid and the Tschorbadji freed. The day passed quietly, and people, having come to the conclusion that their noble visitor had relented sent up a delegation to give thanks. But the messengers were not received, and out of the dark palace came only silence. It was late afternoon, and there were long gray shadows in the squares before people realized that Masha and Mohammed Ali had disappeared, and by suppertime, gossip and rumor, walking swiftly down the dim, crooked streets, worked out a hundred stories and conjectures to account for their going away. Two days went by, and on the afternoon of the second day it was talked about that Cousrouph Pasha and all his troupe were to leave on the following morning. That night people saw lights flickering in the palace, lanterns moving from room to room, and in the outer court great boxes being loaded, slaves scurrying briskly about hoisting them onto wagons, under the flaring light of great, smoky, yellow torches. But up in his rooms, Cousrouph, with knit brows and hands clasped behind his back, paced the floor. (*Fade*) Suddenly there was a knock on the door and he started . . .

COUSROUPH *loudly*: Well.

SOUND: *Door opens—hesitant steps*

SERVANT: Your Excellency, the men have returned.

COUSROUPH: What news?

SERVANT: They could find no trace of the woman.

COUSROUPH: No trace? Are they blind? No horses stolen, no boat missing. She must be hiding somewhere near the town and still they find no trace.

SERVANT: No, Your Excellency. (*Pause*) Shall I have the men brought to you?

COUSROUPH: No! Tell them we sail at dawn, and if by that time they have not brought the girl to me they get the bastinado so they will not walk for a month. A month, do you hear me?

SERVANT: Yes, Your Excellency.

COUSROUPH *well back*: Report that message well. Report me to the letter. They will not walk for a month. (*Out*)

MUSIC: *Drums in faintly with music for BG—fade to . . .*

SOUND: *Of surf beating on rocks—then steps on a dirt path—rolling of loose stones, etc.*

MASHA *calling in a hushed whisper*: Who is there?

MOHAMMED *fade in*: It is I, Masha, Mohammed. I have gotten supper for us, and news from the town.

MASHA *anxiously*: Oh, come. Come down before somebody sees you there against the sky.

MOHAMMED *in fast*: It will soon be dark, and then we will be safe again. Here, look what I have brought.

MASHA: Yes, but your news. What is it, Mohammed?

MOHAMMED: Cousrouph really sails at dawn.

MASHA: You are sure?

MOHAMMED: Yes. I went in by the back path, made the small yard behind the blacksmith's, and so got into the shop of Sedad Ali through the window. I spoke to him, and he told me that there are slaves out on the hunt for us. But preparations have been made for the sailing, and the tide goes, you know, just before sunup. Oh, you should see the bales and the boxes coming down from the palace. It is really true, Masha.

MASHA: Stop.

MOHAMMED: What?

MASHA: Did you hear that?

MOHAMMED: No. What?

MASHA: Come down into the cave. I am afraid.

SOUND: *Steps—when next they speak there is a faint resonant echo*

MOHAMMED: They can't find us here? There, there, stop your trembling. Now we'll have a little fire, and then supper, and soon we can watch the moon rise out of the black ocean.

SOUND: *Sticks snapping—a rustling as Mohammed gathers brush—still a surf beating faintly*

MASHA: Do they condemn us in the village . . . for having gone away?

MOHAMMED: No. I think many people have guessed the truth.

MASHA: And tomorrow we can go back . . . and be married in the great mosque.

MOHAMMED: Masha . . . I heard something else today. In three weeks another ship sails for Egypt. Shall we go on board? Here, let me get this fire going, and then I'll tell you.

SOUND: *Flint scraping—Mohammed fans the flame with his breath—presently a crackling of flames*

MASHA: I love you because you dream.

MOHAMMED: Perhaps I am mad, Masha. Who am I, a fisherman's son, to talk of courts and palaces? Sometimes I doubt myself. (*Pause*) Look, Masha, look at the sea.

MASHA: You talked of Egypt. I will go with you no matter where you go, or how, or when, trust in you and be true, love you and follow you, and they shall say, Mohammed, they shall say in the morning, at noon, at night, in all of the twenty-four hours, "See how proudly he goes, this king, Mohammed."

MOHAMMED: A little while more, my darling. There, there. Only until morning.

MASHA: Come close to me. I am cold.

SOUND: *Pause—beating of sea grows a bit louder*

ANNOUNCER: Midnight comes and goes, and all the town of Kavalla is dark and sleeping. Only at the palace still, the lights wander still from room to room, and slaves walk the trail down to the beach carrying great bundles. At half past three two men are watching up on the rocks overlooking the sea. They talk to each other in hushed tones.

1ST VOICE: Look, look Ahmed.

2ND VOICE: Where?

1ST VOICE: There is a light coming out of that crevice in the rock.

2ND VOICE: Oh, you fool, it is moonlight. I was up there yesterday. The rock is all flat and level.

1ST VOICE: No, it's firelight. I'll swear it is.

SOUND: *Steps on loose stones*

2ND VOICE: Quiet. Don't make a sound.

1ST VOICE: By all the prophets, Ahmed. See, the rock . . . there is a passage.

2ND VOICE: It is a fire. I can smell the smoke.

1ST VOICE: Here, softly, softly. (*After a pause—whispering*): They are asleep.

2ND VOICE: Side by side. See how low the fire is. Ten minutes more and we should have missed it.

1ST VOICE: May Allah forgive me for this.

SOUND: *Quick footsteps—a jumble of voices and a scuffle*

MASHA: Mohammed. (*A hand is clapped over her mouth*)

1ST VOICE: Bind them, Ahmed. You have the rope.

2ND VOICE: Yes, and a couple of gags so you don't wake the village. There we are. Two finest little packages I've seen in a year. Here, you take the girl.

SOUND: *Surf and footsteps over the rocks*

NARRATOR: The two bundles, Mohammed and Masha, are carried down to the beach and laid side by side on the sand, unable to move, unable to speak a word. One of the slaves runs up toward the palace; the other remains to stand guard. It is four o'clock. Far down on the eastern horizon a faint line of gray-green sky. Behind, the rocks. Before them, the black rolling sea, cold and dark under the wind of early morning. The tide laps full upon the beach, not twenty feet away from where the boy and the girl lie bound upon the sand. They are so close to each other, those two, that Mohammed can hear her breathing and feel her warm shoulder when he moves his arm. A little way down stands a small boat drawn up on the shore, half way out of the water. (*Pause—fade*) Presently the guard sees four figures coming down the path in the half darkness . . .

SOUND: *Steps coming in—walking on sand*

2ND VOICE: They are here, Your Excellency.

COUSROUPEH: Make the boy sit up so he can see what happens. (*Pause*) Now, Masha can you hear me? I have no time to make many words with you. The tide will be going in a quarter of an hour and I must be out on it. We made a bargain, and I have kept my part of it. I will give you another chance to keep yours. Will you come with me now of your own free will, join me on board ship, and be my wife? (*Slowly*) I will forgive you and forget what you have done. (*Pause*) Nod your head if you want to say yes, Masha. (*Pause*) Masha. (*Crying out*) Masha, I need you to go to Egypt with me. I have waited for days. Nod your head and I will untie you. (*Pause*)

SOUND: *Wind—sea beats on shore*

COUSROUPEH quietly and tensely: The dawn is coming, Masha. The sea is dark and cold beyond the point. Nod your head and I will forgive you! (*Pause*) Give me the bag.

SOUND: *Little struggle*

COUSROUPH: Sit quiet, Mohammed Ali. Sit quiet. Take her, put her in the boat, and row out a way. Then put her over the side.

SOUND: *Steps*

2ND VOICE: Here we go. (*Back*) Heave hard.

SOUND: *Oar-locks clanking and oars in water—fade—wind and sea*

COUSROUPH: There, Mohammed Ali. It is done. (*Back calling*) Make for the ship. (*Quietly*) The dawn is coming, Mohammed. Good-bye.

SOUND: *Surf and wind up—fade into . . .*

MUSIC: *Faintly in BG*

NARRATOR: Cousrouph Pasha sailed away, and three weeks later, Mohammed Ali, desolate and full of revenge, followed him. The years passed, and Napoleon's legions swarmed over Egypt and were driven back into the sea. Strong factions rose in Cairo and fought bloody pitched battles for control of the city.

MUSIC: *Drums in faintly under music*

NARRATOR: Mohammed Ali married, became a strong leader of men. In August, 1804, Cousrouph Pasha became the first Turkish governor of Egypt after the expulsion of the French, but Mohammed, one month later being furnished proof that Cousrouph was a traitor to his country, took command of the armies, expelled Cousrouph, and was made governor in his place. Under his sovereignty Egypt saw peace for the first time in centuries. But one time, in the summer of 1815, a thing happened that gave him a curious reminder of things past. His three sons had been sent to

Kavalla for a month that they might see the town and the hills their father had known as a boy. When they returned, they walked with Mohammed Ali in the garden of the palace in Cairo, and the youngest of them, Ismael, said . . .

ISMAEL: And, Father, the strangest thing there was. A cave up on the rocks behind the shore, and in it some chairs and a divan all tossed about, and a beautiful prayer mat that had fallen over an old fireplace and was half burned.

MOHAMMED: Is that all?

ISMAEL: No, I have not yet told you the strangest thing. Remember, you said you used to go fishing out in the bay? Well, so did we, and we caught nothing, but my hook got snagged on something on the bottom, and when I pulled it up, what do you think it was?

MOHAMMED: I cannot say, my son.

ISMAEL: It was a thick bag, and inside white bones, and some strands of long black hair. See, I have brought a strand to show you. Here it is.

MOHAMMED: Yes? Let me see.

ISMAEL: How could it have got there do you think? Surely no one can leap into the sea in a bag.

MOHAMMED *very much shaken*: I cannot say, my son. I cannot say.

MASHA'S VOICE *after a pause—faintly and well back*: They shall say in the morning, at noon, at night, in all of the twenty four hours, "See how proudly he goes, this king, Mohammed."

MUSIC: *Up and out*

THE PAST IS PRESENT

A COMEDY

By DAVID T. GOLDEN

SOUND: *Night harbor noises up and under*

ANNOUNCER: Time: midnight. Scene: the waterfront, where like some proud, little pigmy facing the twinkling Manhattan skyline stands Ma Bess's place. As our curtain rises, the rear door of the little diner opens and Susan, Ma's pretty and efficient young daughter, emerges for a breath of the evening air. Instantly, however, her attention is riveted to the dejected figure of a man outlined on the edge of one of the nearby piers. Suddenly a stifled scream escapes her and . . .

SOUND: *Night harbor noises up—running footsteps—hold*

SUSAN *as if running—calls out*: Stop! Stop, you fool! Wait a minute! Don't . . .

SOUND: *Splash of body in water as if from distance*

SUSAN *as if running—angrily*: Oh, the fool! The fool! He's done it and I hope he . . . Oh, well—darn—here goes!

SOUND: *Stop footsteps—splash of body in water—swimming*

SUSAN *swimming—calls out*: Hello! Hello, there! Hello, where . . .

SOUND: *Strangling noises of man*

SUSAN *bored*: Oh, so there you are? Well, come on, hang on and . . .

ALLAN *Strangles, splutters*: Stay away! Stay away from me, you! Stay . . .

SUSAN *angrily*: Oh, don't be an idiot! This is no solution. Now hold on to me and . . .

ALLAN *struggling*: Take your hands off me! Let me alone!

SUSAN *sharply*: Listen, mister, I'm in no mood for frolicking in the water tonight! I'm pulling you out of here whether you like it or not! Now stop fighting and . . .

ALLAN *strangles—splutters*: Why, you—you . . . Will you leave me alone or must I . . .

SUSAN: Oh, so it's tough you want to get about it, is it? All right. Take this!

ALLAN: *Sharp groan*

SUSAN: That'll hold you for a while, my troublesome friend. And now to . . .

MA *calling as if from distance*: Is that you in there, Susan?

SUSAN *as if swimming in*: Yes, Ma! I'm coming in! Stand by to give me a hand up, will you!

MA *nearer*: Who've you picked up this time, dear, another little stray dog or something?

SUSAN *as if swimming in*: No, Ma, this is one of those depressive maniac animals again!

SOUND: *Stop swimming*

SUSAN *coming on—panting*: Here, give me a hand up with this thing, darling. Here's his coattail—pull!

MA: I've got him, dear. Heave ho!

MA, SUSAN: *Bit of struggle as if pulling up body*

MA *puff of exertion*: Well, Susan, here he is. Bless you, dear, let me take a good look at you—you're like a beautiful little water-sprite!

SUSAN: I feel more like a wet blanket, Ma! . . . Oh, come on, I suppose we'll have to lug him to the house until he comes out of it, at least. You take the head; I'll grab the feet. Ready, Ma?

MA: Ready.

SUSAN: Very well, let's go.

SOUND: *Footsteps*

MA *as if carrying burden*: Pretty light for such a big fella, isn't he? By the way, dear, how was the water tonight?

SUSAN *as if carrying burden*: Honestly Ma, if they don't get a lifeguard around

here soon I'm going to write to the Mayor or somebody.

SOUND: *Fade noises*

SUSAN *fade*: I'm getting sick and tired of this out-of-season bathing just because some poor sap hasn't the spunk to fight back at life any more.

MUSIC: *Brief Bridge*

ALLAN: *Fade in breathing heavily as if unconscious*

MA: Hmmm, it's taking him an awful long time to come out of it, Susan. You certainly pack a hefty wallop for a pretty, little girl, daughter!

SUSAN: Eh? Oh—oh, yes. It's inherited, Ma. He'll be all right soon.

MA: He will if you can take your eyes off him long enough to see that he gets a drag at that coffee. Here, give it to me, I'll feed the brute . . . C'mon, young man. You know, Susan, he's not so hard on the eyes, at that. Kinda cute, in a manly sort of way, don't you think?

SUSAN: No, I don't! I—I despise men of his sort, and you know it. I hate cowards!

MA *deep sigh*: You can never tell by looking at them, can you? I wonder what made him do it?

SUSAN: Oh, the fool was probably down on his luck.

MA: Or an escaped convict? Or a man with a past he couldn't . . .

SUSAN: Oh, what difference does it make to us, Ma.

MA: Hmmm, none; none, of course. I just couldn't help wondering, that's all. Say, I have it! Ten to one it was one of those unhappy love affairs, Susan!

SUSAN *quickly*: I don't believe it! (*Flustered*) That is, I—I . . .

MA: Yes?

SUSAN: Well . . . well, men just don't go around killing themselves over love affairs any more. Anyway, I—I . . .

MA: I'll take your word for it, dear. Shhh, he's coming to now.

ALLAN: *Moans as if returning to consciousness*

MA *kindly*: Here, young fella; c'mon, see if you can drink this now. There, that's better. Now another pull. Fine. You'll be all right in a few more minutes.

ALLAN *breathing hard*: Th-thanks . . . Thank you . . . Where . . . Where am I?

MA *kindly*: You're in the living rooms in back of Ma Bess's diner, son. I'm Ma Bess.

ALLAN: But—but it couldn't have been you who . . .

MA: Who says it couldn't! (*Laughingly*) Well, maybe not. Anyway, meet Susan, my daughter, and the one that gets the medal this time.

ALLAN: Oh . . . Oh, so it was you, was it! So it was you who couldn't mind your own . . . own . . . Say—you—you're not really the . . . the one who . . .

MA *proudly*: She's the one, all right, son! She did it, with her own little fist, pretty as she is!

SUSAN: Please, Ma. (*Coldly*) Well, I—I see you're fully recovered now. Aren't you?

MA: Of course he isn't! Are you?

ALLAN: Well, I—I feel a little wet, but I guess I'll be all right now.

SUSAN: Is . . . is there anything more we can do for you?

ALLAN: No . . . No, you've been very kind already—too kind, thanks.

SUSAN *coldly*: Perhaps, then, you'd better go now. It's . . . Oh, we're tired and we want to get some sleep, if you don't mind!

ALLAN *desperately*: But—but I . . . That is . . . (*Hopelessly*) Well, all right, I'll be going. I—I'm sorry I troubled you.

MA: Wait a minute, young man! . . . Shame on you, Susan! I'll bet this boy has no place to go to—have you, now?

SUSAN *coldly*: I don't see where that's any concern of . . .

MA: Quiet, girl! Don't argue . . . You haven't answered my question yet, young man.

ALLAN: Huh? Oh . . . Well—well, I . . .

MA: That settles it. You're staying right here, son, for the time being, at any rate.

ALLAN: Th-thanks, but . . .

SUSAN *protesting*: Mother, this is . . .

MA: You're our new dishwasher, young man. Ten dollars a week, room and all you can eat. That's my proposition. Take it or leave it.

ALLAN: D-d-dishwasher? (*Fade*) Did you say, dishwasher?

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Fade in loud clatter of dishes being washed with vengeance—hold*

MA *shouting*: For the love of Mike, Allan Bogart or whatever you call yourself, must you make all that racket? By George, I can hardly hear myself cook any more!

ALLAN *shouting*: I want to be noticed, Ma!

MA *shouting*: You're telling me!

SUSAN *filter*: How's that beef stew coming along, Ma? Our friend Grumpy, here, says he's going to eat the cat if you don't hurry it along!

MA *quickly*: Now, you watch that old buzzard, Susan! I never did trust him, nohow!

SUSAN *filter—laughingly*: All right, Ma. But hurry.

MA *muttering*: Humph! Eat my cat, will he, the old snake! I've got a good mind to . . .

ALLAN: Say, Ma—when is she going to weaken?

MA *grumbles*: Oh, don't bother me, you young nuisance. Can't you see I'm busy? . . . Eat my cat, will he, the . . .

ALLAN: I've been here more than a month now, Ma, and she won't even look at me, no less talk to me.

MA *as if to self*: One onion, salt, pepper—

ALLAN: It's almost as if I were poison!

MA *as if to self*: Poison. (*Aloud*) What are you talking about, you young pup! You're mixing me all up!

ALLAN: I'm kind of all balled up myself, Ma.

MA: Good! That makes it unanimous! now stop bothering me and . . .

ALLAN: But I've got to know, Ma. It means . . . Well, I've just got to know, that's all.

MA: So you've got to know, eh! All right, then why don't you tell her what she's dying to know—who you really are; where you come from; why you had to be dragged from the river that night!

ALLAN: Then . . . then that's it, after all?

MA *less gruffly*: I'm sorry, son, but you asked for it. Those things are mighty important to a young girl.

ALLAN: Yes . . . Yes, I suppose they are.

MA *kindly*: Why don't you tell her, boy, and get it over with?

ALLAN: Well . . . well, I—I . . .

MA *angrily*: Say, you can be the durndest stammer when you want to be, can't you!

SUSAN *filter*: Say, Ma, isn't that old beef stew . . .

MA *snaps*: Oh, all right! All right!

SOUND: *Plate slapped on board*

MA *angrily*: Beef stew coming up! (*Fade*) And I hope the old buzzard chokes on it!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Fade in clatter of dishes being washed*

SUSAN *filter*: Hey, Ma, dishes up. (*Slight pause*)

SOUND: *Footsteps coming on*

SUSAN *coming on*: Where's Ma?

ALLAN: Stepped outside for a minute.

SUSAN: I suppose that means I'm to wait for dishes until she gets back?

ALLAN: Oh, no. I'll bring 'em in.

SUSAN: How good of you.

ALLAN: I'd do anything for you. Anything, Susan . . . Susan . . .

SOUND: *Footsteps off—door slams shut*

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Rattle of plates and silverware as if by diners*

SUSAN: All right, Sam. (*As if in mike*) Ham and eggs, with side order of toast, Ma.

MA *filter*: Toast?

SUSAN *as if in mike*: You heard me.

MA *filter*: Well, by George, the waterfront is changing fast! Imagine, toast!

SUSAN *laughs*: Oh, hello, Clancy. When did you sneak in?

CLANCY: An' sure 'tis important business the police is havin' with yez, Susan.

SUSAN *quickly*: What do you mean?

CLANCY: 'Tis near starvation one of the force is; meanin' meself.

SUSAN: Oh. (*Relieved little laugh*) Oh, what will it be, Clancy?

CLANCY: No toast, or yer old lady'll be havin' me badge. Oi'll take the usual.

SUSAN *as if in mike*: Cornbeef and cabbage up . . . Coffee now or later, Clancy?

CLANCY: Oi'll wait . . . By the way, Susan, Oi've noticed yez are havin' a new helper in the kitchen.

SUSAN: Move that fat paw of yours, Clancy, so I can wipe this counter.

CLANCY: Aye, that I will. 'Tis a faine lad he is to be workin' as a dishwasher, Oi am thinking.

SUSAN: Here's your napkin and silverware . . . It's better being a dishwasher and earning an honest living than doing nothing at all, isn't it?

CLANCY: Aye, an' that's the truth. Oi've washed dishes meself when me boat got here from the old country.

SUSAN: Then . . .

CLANCY: But then Oi looked like a dishwasher and . . . Here, stop fillin' that saltshaker, yez are 'gettin' it all over me suit . . . That's better . . . Now, what Oi'm drivin' at is, that lad looks familiar t'me. Oi'm sure Oi've seen the loiks o' him someplace before.

SUSAN: You're crazy, Clancy, that is . . . unless you've ever been to Oshkosh.

CLANCY: 'Tis ribbin' me yez are, Susan, that's one o' them foreign cities, I know. An' sure 'tis an American that lad is.

SUSAN: Of course he is. Oshkosh is in Wisconsin. You've heard of Wisconsin, haven't you?

CLANCY: Oi guess so.

SUSAN: Well—well, that's where he comes from. Lived there all his life.

CLANCY: You don't say!

SUSAN: Certainly. Why—why Ma knows his family well—for years!

SAM *calling*: Hey, Susan, how's about my ham 'n' eggs! What's Ma Bess doin', killing the porker!

SUSAN: All right, Sam, I'll see what's holding it up. As for you, Mr. Clancy, here's your glass of water. (*Going off*) You'll probably find some family bacteria in it for your imagination to play around with until you get your corn-beef and cabbage.

CLANCY: Well, Oi'll be . . .

MUSIC: *Bridge*

TOUGH *loudly*: Hey, babe, come on over here.

SUSAN *coming on*: I'm no babe, mister, and what do you want?

TOUGH *sneers*: Oh, one o' dese high-class hashslingers, eh? Okay, babe, tell me—what kinda tripe d'yuh call dis?

SUSAN: You don't have to eat it if you don't like it, mister. Now get out.

TOUGH: Say, don't get ritzy wid me, babe. Maybe I don't like the tripe you sling out here, but you ain't so bad.

SUSAN: Take your filthy hands off me! There! Now get out of here!

TOUGH: Aw, come on, babe, don't . . .

ALLAN: You heard the lady, didn't you?

TOUGH: Huh! Wha . . . (*Laughingly*) Oh. Well, what d'you want, flunkie?

You ain't lookin' fer trouble, are yuh?

ALLAN: No. But get out of here.

TOUGH: Yeah? Well, listen, y'half-baked . . . Say, ain't I seen you someplace before?

ALLAN *more tensely*: Get out of here, I said.

TOUGH: Sure! I got it! You're . . . (*Sharp groan as if struck*)

ALLAN: Will you move now!

TOUGH: Why, you dirty!

SOUND } *Ad lib sounds of fight*
TOUGH }
ALLAN }

TOUGH *going off—fear*: Okay! Okay, don't hit me no more! I've had enough! I'm gettin' out! (*Rapidly off*) I'm gettin' out . . .

SOUND: *Door slams shut*

MA *heartily*: Ataboy, Allan! Fine scrap! I couldn't have done better on that weasel myself!

ALLAN: Susan, I . . . Susan!

MA: Stop wheeling around like a merry-go-round, will you! She went out that way, boy, (*fade*) as soon as you polished him off.

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Fade in night harbor noises and footsteps coming on.*

ALLAN *coming on—pleadingly*: Susan . . .

SUSAN *breathlessly*: Oh . . . Oh, it's—it's you . . .

ALLAN: Susan . . . Susan, I just had to follow you out here tonight. I had to, do you understand! I couldn't stand it any more . . . It's been torture.

SUSAN: Go 'way . . . Go 'way, I hate you! I hate you!

ALLAN: Susan . . . Susan, listen to me.

SUSAN: No . . . No, go 'way. I hate you, I tell you!

ALLAN: Susan, you've got to listen to me!

SUSAN *desperately*: Will you please!

ALLAN: No! I love you! I love you, Susan!

SUSAN: I don't care . . . (*glad sob*) Oh, Allan!

ALLAN: Susan! Susan, oh, my darling! My darling! Did you think you could fool me forever?

SUSAN *sniffles*: Yes. I was beginning to be afraid that I could.

ALLAN: You do love me, don't you?

SUSAN *fade*: I do, I do, I do, Allan!

SOUND: *Hold night harbor noises—fade in slow footsteps—as of couple strolling*

ALLAN *fade in*: And tonight I said to myself, it's now or never. I can't wait another moment. I've got to tell her. (*Fervently*) I love you, Susan!

SUSAN *gay little laugh*: And—and did you also tell yourself you were going to say it with every step?

ALLAN: With every breath!

SUSAN: With emphasis, too?

ALLAN: If you didn't mind. You don't, do you?

SUSAN *carelessly*: Oh, I . . . (*Breathlessly*) O-o-oh!

ALLAN *deep breath*: It is a beautiful night, isn't it!

SUSAN *gasping*: I don't know. I'll tell you as soon as I catch my breath . . . Whew! You do that like you had a lot of experience! (*Laughing*) Seems to me you've had a very dark past, my . . . (*Checks self—deeply contrite*) I'm sorry, Allan. I didn't mean to say that.

ALLAN: Huh? Say what, Susan? . . . Oh! Oh, about that! . . . Well, you've every right to, darling!

SUSAN: No! No, I haven't!

ALLAN: Yes. You have. I was a fool not to tell you before. I was afraid I'd lose you. But now, Susan, listen to me.

SUSAN *quickly—fearful*: Oh, no! No, Allan, don't! . . . Not now . . . please!

ALLAN: But, Susan, I must. I . . .

SUSAN *pleadingly*: Oh, don't. Please, please, darling, don't . . . Not now. (*Fade*) This night is ours, let's not spoil it.

MUSIC: *Bridge*.

SOUND: *Street noises—fade in footsteps of couple coming on—hold*

SUSAN *fade in—gaily*: And so the villain got it in the neck and love conquered, after all! (*Laughing*) I'm certainly glad you suggested this movie, Allan! I ate it up!

ALLAN: I thought you would. So you do believe in love, don't you?

SUSAN: Believe in love? Why, of course, silly! I think it's sacred!

ALLAN: Very sacred?

SUSAN: Nothing else but!

ALLAN: You're a woman after my own heart, darling. Did I ever tell you—I love you?

SUSAN: Mmmmm—once or twice, I think . . . Allan, stop! We're in the street and . . .

ALLAN: Just one, darling. A quick one. I've got to. You're the sweetest thing in captivity and I . . .

SUSAN: Oh, all right, Romeo. But make it quick.

WOMAN *as if passing*: Humph! Kissing on the street! It's a wonder what this country is coming to! Humph!

SUSAN *reproachful*: There. Now see what you've done. (*Breaks into laughter*) Did you see the look she gave us?

ALLAN *joins in laughter*: No. I was too busy.

SUSAN: So I noticed . . . Well, where to now, my brazen hero?

ALLAN: Where to? Where do the dishwasher and the waitress go on their nights off? To a restaurant, of course! Come on, darling.

SUSAN: Huh-uh. Not tonight, Allan. We're going for a walk, instead.

ALLAN *unbelievably*: A walk!

SUSAN: That's right. A walk. You know, lots of fresh air and . . .

ALLAN: But listen, Susan, you can't do this! It's against rules and regulations! It's breaking traditions!

SUSAN: Maybe. But you've been spending entirely too much on me already—for a man of your means.

ALLAN: Say, that reminds me. I've been intending to talk to you about that, darling. Being the boss's daughter, couldn't you sort of hint about a raise . . .

SUSAN *shocked*: Why, Allan Bogart!

ALLAN: Well . . . gosh, you can't expect a fella to get married on only ten dollars a week, can you!

SUSAN *happily*: Allan! Allan, darling!

ALLAN: Then . . . then it's—yes, Susan?

SUSAN *happily*: Is it yes? Oh, you—you lunkhead! Come on. Come on, hurry!

ALLAN: Sure . . . Wait a minute, Susan! Where are we going?

SUSAN *fade*: I've got to see a lady about a raise—right away!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SUSAN *whispering*: Well, come on. Aren't you coming in with me?

ALLAN *whispering*: N-n-no. I-I think I'll w-wait here, i-if you d-don't mind?

SUSAN *whispering*: Don't be a coward, Allan! Ma isn't going to bite you!

ALLAN *whispering*: M-m-maybe not, b-b-but . . . Gosh, Susan, I-I'm scared.

SUSAN *whispering*: Oh, all right, you sissy, I'll break the news to her myself.

ALLAN *whispering*: Th-thanks. Y-you're wonderful.

SUSAN *whispering*: You're not so bad yourself. Now don't stay out here too long. And here's something to keep

you company until you come in, darling.

ALLAN *whispering*: Gosh, I-I needed that.

SUSAN *fade laughingly*: And maybe you think I didn't! (*Fade in again*) Ma . . .

Ma, I've some wonderful news for you!

Allan and I are going to be married!

MA: Humph, I at least still had enough sense left to close the door before breaking the tidings to my mother.

SUSAN: Oh, drat the door—I'm so happy, Ma!

MA: Girls usually are at moments like these, daughter.

SUSAN: Oh, no, Ma! Not as happy as I am!

MA: Yeah . . . (*Sigh*) Well, I guess you'll both be leaving me now.

SUSAN: Leaving you? (*Laughingly*) Why, Ma . . .

MA: Listen, Susan, hasn't that young pup told you who he is?

SUSAN *quickly*: He's told me as much as I want to know, and . . .

MA: But . . .

SUSAN: Oh, you needn't worry, Ma. There isn't anybody else, and there never was; he's not a murderer, nor even an escaped convict. I know that.

MA: I see. And nothing else matters?

SUSAN: No. No, Ma, nothing else.

MA: Uh-huh. (*Sigh*) Well, here's something I've been saving for you, Susan. It's a piece I tore out of one of the papers a few weeks ago.

SUSAN *dazedly*: Out of the papers?

MA: Yes, I'd hoped he would have enough gumption to tell you himself, but . . . Here, take it.

SUSAN *dazedly*: Why . . . why, Ma, it's it's a society column—Allan's picture . . .

MA: That's right, dear. Go on, read it.

SUSAN *dazedly*: It—it says: What has happened to Allan Boardman, attractive young nephew of the ultra-wealthy Mrs. Peters? Running out on a hectic party given by his aunt at the River Yacht Club, her pet protege has not been seen since. Telephone calls to his apartment at the swanky . . . Oh, Ma, you knew this all along and yet . . .

ALLAN *coming on*: Susan . . .

SUSAN *gaily*: Well, if it isn't Mister Boardman! The Mister . . .

ALLAN: Stop that, Susan . . . I realize I've made a mistake. I should have told you . . .

SUSAN: But you didn't. You didn't, did you? You were having too much fun making a fool of me! Weren't you, Mister Boardman?

ALLAN: That's not true, Susan. I love you.

SUSAN: Yes. Well, get out of my way. (*Rapidly off*) I hate you. You're about the lowest . . .

SOUND: *Door slams shut—slight pause*

MA *gruffly*: Well! Well, stop standing here like a sick rooster, you pup! After her!

ALLAN *fade*: You bet! You bet, Ma! . . .

SOUND: *Fade in night harbor noises—running footsteps rapidly on*

ALLAN *rapidly on*: Susan. Susan, I . . .

SUSAN: Go 'way! (*Sobbing*) Go 'way, I hate you!

ALLAN: Yes, yes, I've heard all that once before.

SUSAN: This time I mean it!

ALLAN: Whether you do or not, you've got to listen to me, Susan!

SUSAN: I won't! There's nothing you have to say to me! I hate you! Go 'way!

ALLAN: Listen to me, Susan. Please, darling. True, I had no intention of taking my life that night, but I was fed up—fed up with everything that meant sponging on a rich, indulgent aunt, and . . .

SUSAN: I'm not interested, I tell you!

ALLAN *angrily*: Why not! Listen to me, young lady—it's your fault that I'm here, in the first place!

SUSAN *indignantly*: My fault! Well, I . . .

ALLAN: Certainly it's your fault! Didn't you push me into the water that night!

SUSAN: Of all the . . . I pushed you into . . .

ALLAN: Well . . . practically! . . . I had come down here to get a breath of fresh air. I was standing here. (*Moves a little off*) Right here, like this, minding my own business, when you—you had to scream like . . .

SUSAN *screams*: Allan! Allan, look out!

SOUND: *Splash of body in water*

SUSAN: Oh, the fool! The fool! He did it again! . . . Well . . . well, here goes.

SOUND: *Splash of body in water—swimming—hold latter*

ALLAN: Is that you, darling?

SUSAN: Who else, you—you idiot!

ALLAN: Good. Now I can finish my story.

SUSAN: Never mind, I know it already. You lost your balance.

ALLAN: Then you saved me.

SUSAN: Funny, aren't you?

ALLAN: I love you. Marry me.

SUSAN: No.

ALLAN: But I love you. Doesn't that mean anything to you? I've loved you from the moment I opened my eyes that night and saw you . . . Oh, you were beautiful, Susan, like out of a dream. I was afraid if I told you who I was you'd never let me see you again. Marry me, will you, darling?

SUSAN: No. Positively not.

ALLAN: Be reasonable, will you! This water is getting cold! . . . Yes?

SUSAN: No.

ALLAN: Oh! So it's tough you want to get about it, is it? . . . All right! Take . . . (*Groans as if struck*)

MA *as if from distance*: Susan! Is that you in there again, daughter?

SUSAN: Yes, Ma!

MA *nearer*: What've you found out there this time, dear?

SUSAN: A dishwasher, Ma!

MA *nearer*: Oh—is that all! Humph, throw him back!

SUSAN: Oh, no, Ma! Not this one! This is a special kind! (*Fade—tenderly*) A very, very special kind.

BANTING: DISCOVERER OF INSULIN

A DRAMA OF SCIENCE

By VERNON DELSTON

- SOUND: *Open and close door—as door opens wind howls—heavy door slam*
MRS. SHELBY *broken—worn*: Oh, Doctor ...
DOCTOR *low—professional courtesy*: Evening, Mrs. Shelby.
SHELBY *hopeless*: Well?
DOCTOR: No change?
SHELBY: No.
DOCTOR *deep sigh*: Well, we'll see what we can do.
SHELBY *with mechanical weariness*: Let me take your coat, doctor.
DOCTOR: Thank you ... You're tired ... don't bother ... I'll throw it right here.
SHELBY *breaking out a little*: Doctor ...
DOCTOR *soothingly*: Now ... now ... easy ... easy.
SHELBY *in command of herself—hollow*: It's serious?
DOCTOR: It's ... (*hesitating*) ... diabetes.
SHELBY: *Makes a sharp intake of breath.*
DOCTOR: I'll ... I'll do all I can ... but you ...
SHELBY *with wild distraction*: He was forty-nine last Tuesday ... He's been a good husband to me ...
DOCTOR *embarrassed*: I'll see him now ...
SHELBY: Yes. (*Dry ... unemotional*) Excuse me ... I didn't mean to ... Right in here. Doctor ... Oh, Fred Banting is with him. The young man next door ... the medical student, you know ...
DOCTOR: Oh, of course ... of course ... (*A little professional cough*)
SHELBY *wavering for a moment*: I won't go in just now ...
DOCTOR: Very well ... Mrs. Shelby.
SOUND: *Door opens and closes*
BANTING: Please don't make any noise ... Oh, excuse me, Doctor Peters ... I didn't know it was you.
PETERS: So you're young Banting?
BANTING: Yes, Doctor.
- PETERS: What year in Medical School?
BANTING: Third, sir.
PETERS: Third. (*Looking for words*) That's very good, isn't it?
BANTING: It's—all right.
PETERS: Well, what do you make of the patient?
BANTING: I've been coming in here for the past couple of weeks, studying the case. The Shelbys and we are neighbors, you know.
PETERS *dryly*: Yes, of course.
BANTING: I like Mr. Shelby. He's a good neighbor. You know what I've been thinking?
PETERS *professionally pompous*: My! My! So you've been thinking, a doctor already, I see.
BANTING: My diagnosis is ...
PETERS: Come, come, my boy. You've got a lot to learn. Now, let's see what you do know? Can you take a pulse?
BANTING: Why, yes ... I ... guess so.
PETERS *patronizingly*: Good boy. Well, let me see you do it.
BANTING *hesitatingly*: Pretty weak.
PETERS: Very good. And the heart?
BANTING *after a pause*: Rapid.
PETERS: Now, bring that lamp over a little closer, please. Notice the hair. Rather thin, eh? And the jaws ...
BANTING: Drawn ... emaciated ...
SOUND: *Noise of paper*
PETERS: Now read this. It's the laboratory report on the sample we sent.
BANTING: Sugar content ...
PETERS: You see, son ... acute diabetes ... a typical case; yes, a typical case.
BANTING: Typical, eh?
PETERS: Yes ... a very pretty case.
BANTING *mechanically*: Pretty case.
PETERS: Well, I guess that's all.
BANTING *dazed*: All ... ?
PETERS: Yes.
BANTING: You can't do a thing.

PETERS *after a pause*: Not a thing.

BANTING: Nice man, Mr. Shelby. I like him.

PETERS: Banting, you'll have to get used to this kind of thing . . . after you've become a practising physician, of course. You see we've got to face the facts.

BANTING *simply*: Face the facts. (*Wryly*) You mean he's going to die?

PETERS *with professional dignity*: I mean . . . we must expect the worst.

BANTING: Poor Shelby.

PETERS *suddenly*: Eh?

BANTING: Er . . . nothing . . . nothing.

1ST STUDENT: Who's that feller?

2ND STUDENT: Dr. Banting . . . the physiology man.

1ST STUDENT: I hear he's an awful lecturer . . .

2ND STUDENT: Awful? He's putrid. I don't see why the University keeps him. You know, sort of tough when you come to think of it. He's pretty nice they say.

1ST STUDENT: I don't know—those laboratory men give me a pain anyhow. Going up to the library?

2ND STUDENT *fading*: Yes—I guess—have to bone up on the skeleton.

SOUND: *A knock on a door*

MCLEOD *muffled*: Come in.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

BANTING: Excuse me, Dr. McLeod.

MCLEOD *with a fine mature voice*: Oh—come in, Banting, come in . . . (*His tone is kind but official*) Sit down—sit down.

BANTING *his voice weary—discouraged*: Thanks.

SOUND: *Some papers rattle—pause*

BANTING: Say it, Dr. McLeod. Say it.

MCLEOD: Say what, Banting . . . ?

BANTING: Say what you wanted to tell me when you asked me to drop in to see you . . .

MCLEOD *with a touch of Scotch humor*: Oh—you know?

BANTING: I . . . think so . . .

MCLEOD: Then suppose you tell me . . . what I'm supposed to tell you . . .

BANTING: Banting . . . you're a nice young man . . . but I don't think your career lies in the field of teaching medicine. You are the worst teacher we have.

MCLEOD: That's what I'm supposed to say, eh?

BANTING: It's what you should say, doctor.

MCLEOD: It is, eh?

BANTING *miserable*: I'm . . . very much afraid so . . .

MCLEOD *gently*: Well . . . come on . . . what's eating you?

BANTING *angry with himself*: Doctor . . . I confess . . . I don't know. I know my work, I prepare my lectures carefully, but . . . I just don't seem to be able to get them across. The students . . . poor devils . . . know it . . . I know it . . . and you do too.

MCLEOD: I've always felt that teaching wasn't suited to you.

BANTING *resignedly*: I see.

MCLEOD: No, don't misunderstand me. Teaching's not for your kind of mind. You're too keen to waste yourself on this kind of routine. You have a brilliant scientific mind.

BANTING: Thank you, professor.

MCLEOD: You're young. The whole field of medicine lies at your feet. Banting, can I help you? What is it you really want to do?

BANTING: I don't like to come and cry on your shoulder all the time. You've helped me so much already.

MCLEOD: What can I do for you? (*Quietly*)

BANTING: I don't know where to begin . . . Well . . . ever since a close friend of the family died of diabetes . . . a man I was very fond of . . . ever since that time, I've been looking into the physiological data on the pancreas.

MCLEOD: Yes? Go on.

BANTING: Professor McLeod, I've been doing some work on the Sharpey-Shafer idea of a substance in the Bland cells. I've reached a point in my research where a stab in the right direction may mean something very important.

MCLEOD: You mean . . . a solution to diabetes?

BANTING: I've got a hunch that came to me during some of my reading. We know of course that the pancreas serves both a digestive and endocrine function. Now if we could tie off the pancreatic duct allowing the pancreas cells to degenerate by themselves we'd still have the Isles of Langerhan remain . . . healthy. At least I think they would. And after the ligation was complete . . .

MCLEOD: Hold on a minute, Banting. (*Deliberately*) I think I see what you're

getting at. It sounds like an excellent idea. The separation of the endocrine function from the digestive . . .

BANTING: You see, Professor McLeod, I feel I have something at my finger tips which I can't quite clutch but which I'm ready for. I'd like to give up my practice, give up lecturing. Spend days . . . weeks . . . months maybe . . . in a laboratory where I could experiment, try out my theory . . . on animals first . . . and then on human beings.

McLEOD: Dr. Banting, how would you like to have a place to work in? I can let you have a room in the Toronto medical building and everything you need for your experiments . . . instruments — antiseptics — chloroform — dogs . . . and of course an assistant.

BANTING: You're making fun of me?

McLEOD: No, Banting, I'm not making fun of you. Look here—you're as bad as any that ever came to the University. (*Laughing*) Go ahead—and show me what you can do.

BANTING: You—you're going to . . .

McLEOD: I'm a busy man, Banting, get out—I have a lot to attend to . . .

BANTING *there is a pause then with a touch of deep joy*: Yes, sir.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes*

McLEOD: *Gives a little chuckle*

SOUND: *Door opens*

McLEOD *very formally as though not looking*: Yes, who is it?

BANTING: Oh . . . and thanks . . . doctor . . . thanks very much . . . (*Quick fade*)

BANTING: Look at them . . . eight dogs . . . and all of them as dead as the cement floor they lie on.

BEST: Gosh . . . for a moment I thought that grey one with the spots might live.

BANTING: What's the use? All these weeks and not a sign of progress.

BEST: I wouldn't say that.

BANTING: Wouldn't you? I'm expecting Prof. McLeod today. I wonder what he'll think. I certainly haven't gone very far.

BEST: Don't say that, Doctor. You have made progress.

BANTING: Not very much, I'm afraid.

BEST: Why, look at this last dog. You've strung out her life longer than any of the others. She's still breathing.

BANTING: Yes, but how long can she keep it up? She'll fade like the rest of them.

She's gone on for days but it's only a matter of minutes now.

BEST: I suppose so.

BANTING: You know, Charlie, I loved that last dog.

BEST: She was a lovable little pet, wasn't she?

BANTING *with a sigh*: All right, Charlie. That's enough for today. You'd better go on and get a breath of fresh air. I'll clean up. Thanks.

BEST *pleadingly*: Doctor Banting, let's try one more now . . . just one. It won't hurt to try.

BANTING: Best, you'll never be a failure!

BEST: Failure? You call sweating here in this cubby hole, sacrificing your time, youth, and energy, trying to save human lives . . . you call that failure? No . . . only small people fail. You're too big, Dr. Banting.

BANTING *after a pause*: All right, Charlie.

Let's have the brown and white collie.

BEST: Here she is. The spot on her side's all ready shaved.

BANTING: Yes, that's the one—no not there—put her here on the table under the bright light.

BEST: Right here?

BANTING: That's fine. Poor old collie!

She's almost done for . . . in a coma . . . now give me the iodine . . . that's it . . . the hypodermic . . . the one in the big sterilizing pan.

BEST: Now what?

BANTING: Have you got the extract we made out of No. 18?

BEST: You're using No. 18?

BANTING: Why not? And if that doesn't work, our best bet so far is still No. 9 . . . best . . . so far as dogs go. All right. Here goes No. 18.

BEST *after long pause*: Look . . . her tail is moving . . . she's breathing more regularly.

BANTING: Wait . . . don't touch her . . . wait! (*Pause*) You see, just like all the others. The spark is there for a moment. Then it dies out . . . It's no use. Fighteen's no good. (*In despair*) No better than any of the others.

ANNOUNCER: But it was not very long before these two fighters against death found one extract that did work successfully upon dogs.

BANTING *reading*: "We have observed a distinct improvement in the clinical condition of diabetic dogs after administra-

tion of extract of degenerated pancreas . . . but it is very obvious that the results of our experimental work as reported in this paper do not at present justify the therapeutic administration of degenerated gland extracts in case of diabetes mellitus in the clinic." (*Then complete change*) How does it sound to you, Charlie?

BEST: Pretty good, I'd say.

BANTING: Well, here it goes into the envelope. (*Mock-dramatic*) A paper by Frederick Banting and Charles Best to be published in "Laboratory and Clinical Medicine."

ANNOUNCER: More work, intense work, a ceaseless search for scientific truth and accuracy. Then finally, one day . . .

SOUND: *Knock at door*

BANTING: Come in.

SOUND: *Door opens and shuts*

BANTING *excited*: Professor McLeod . . . I'd say you've come just at a . . .

MCLEOD: We've no time for talk, Banting. Come with me quickly.

BANTING: But Professor McLeod . . . I . . .

MCLEOD: There's a patient dying upstairs . . . only a few hours to live . . . diabetes . . . get your materials . . . quick . . . we need you.

BANTING *boyish excitement*: But, Dr. McLeod, I'm trying to tell you that we're sure . . . as sure as . . .

MCLEOD: Banting, I know . . . Best has told me . . . come on. Follow me. We'll need you too, Best.

BEST: Yes, sir.

MCLEOD: Put the necessary instruments in my kit here.

BANTING: All right. And, Best . . . Bring No. 9 with you. (*Triumphant*) I know . . . I know that it will do for a man what it's done for a dog . . . Bring it . . . Best . . . the Insulin.

BANTING: All right, Nurse, the small hypodermic needle, the gauze, the antiseptic, the alcohol, everything set.

NURSE: Anything else, Doctor?

BANTING: That's all. (*Pause*) All right, Charlie . . . The Insulin . . . Here goes!

BEST: Look, Doctor . . . the color is rushing back to his face.

MCLEOD: His eyes, his eyelids are quivering.

VOICE: He's moving!

BANTING: He's alive, he's breathing! By George, I knew we were right. (*Overcome with joy—but restrained*) Insulin . . . it's . . . it's worked.

MCLEOD: Banting, you've done it.

BEST: I knew you would, Dr. Banting, you've made a discovery that the world of science thought was impossible. You have brought about the miracle of the age. You're a great man, Banting. Just think, a little bit of this Insulin and a life is saved. Millions of people with diabetes . . . thousands dying . . . will be saved . . . millions of lives.

BANTING: Professor McLeod . . . Charlie . . .

NURSE *coming in*: Excuse me—Dr. McLeod—patient in 72, diabetes . . . condition serious . . . a matter of minutes. Could you?

MCLEOD: Not I. There's the man for you! Banting is your man.

NURSE: Dr. Banting.

BANTING: All right, Nurse. I'm ready.

WHAT'S IN A WORD?

AN EXPERIMENTAL PLAY

By NATHAN BERLIN AND RICHARD PACK

ANNOUNCER: WHAT'S IN A NAME?

1ST VOICE: Home.

2ND VOICE: Coward.

3RD VOICE: Friend.

4TH VOICE: Liberty.

5TH VOICE: Mother.

6TH VOICE: Ultimatum.

ANNOUNCER: What's in a word? Everything! . . . Hate, love, fear! All we know, all we feel . . . our hopes, aspirations, ideals . . . our history, literature, science. All these are in words! Words that make men act. Words that send armies marching . . . or make a little child laugh with glee. For words are Power . . . But what gives them this power? Where does it come from, and why? Where do words get their meaning? Yes . . . what's in a word? Well . . . here's the man who knows . . . the wordmaster!

WORDMASTER: Hello. You know, words are my hobby. Now that may sound a bit strange to you, but words, when you really know them, and what's behind them, are as fascinating as anything in the world. Why, every word is an experience in itself. It's not just what it means . . . it's what it was, and where it came from. You've heard of authors looking for a plot. Well, there are about 150,000 words in the English language, and practically every one of them is a plot in itself. There's a dramatic story behind every word: Mystery . . . Adventure . . . Romance . . . Comedy. Let me show you. Suppose we start with adventure . . . a good rousing yarn, based on the word . . . well . . . Salary. Salary! That sounds commonplace enough . . . but just wait and see. Now . . . let's set the scene on this little play we call Salary. The time: 2,000 years ago. The place: Gaul, the country we now know

as France. We're in the tent of Octavius, commander of one of the Roman legions guarding the border. Claudius, his second in command, is with him. *(Fade)*

OCTAVIUS: By Zeus, Claudius, we must act at once! The Helvetians are massing in the hills. If they attack, this valley is a death trap!

CLAUDIUS: Our scouts report that ten thousand of them are there already. By nightfall tomorrow they will be in position to attack. We have only a day . . .

OCTAVIUS: Then we must take new positions, or else . . .

CLAUDIUS: Or else?

OCTAVIUS: Else we risk annihilation in this cursed valley!

CLAUDIUS: What is your plan?

OCTAVIUS: Only two courses of action are open to us. Either we attack before the enemy is ready, or we seek the shelter of the hills behind us.

CLAUDIUS: Never the hills, sir! That would be retreat!

OCTAVIUS: And that, no Roman legion under my command shall ever do! We must attack!

CLAUDIUS: They outnumber us . . .

OCTAVIUS: But we have the advantage of surprise on our side. Can you have the men ready by dawn?

CLAUDIUS: Certainly!

OCTAVIUS: Good! Now . . . here's the map. We will draw up our lines at this point . . . you see?

CLAUDIUS: Yes, sir.

OCTAVIUS: The cavalry here, at the flanks. Now then . . . we will work our way up along this . . .

SOUND: *Voices up—off mike*

OCTAVIUS *calling out*: Sentry! What is that commotion about?

SENTRY: One of the men sir. He wants to see you.

OCTAVIUS: See me? Since when does a soldier demand audience with his commander?

CLAUDIUS: I think I know what he wants, sir.

OCTAVIUS: Yes?

CLAUDIUS: The men are dissatisfied over something. There have been rumblings of discontent at the firesides lately. Shall I have this man flogged?

OCTAVIUS: Wait! There must be reasons. Roman victories are not won by soldiers with grievances. And tomorrow we shall need a victory as never before. Sentry . . . show the soldier in.

SENTRY: Yes, sir.

OCTAVIUS: Well . . . what is it?

GALBA: I am Galba, sir, of the third company. The men have chosen me to speak to you.

CLAUDIUS: This is mutiny, sir . . .

OCTAVIUS: I will handle this in my own way. Speak up man.

GALBA: Thank you sir. The men are restless. They complain that they have not been paid.

OCTAVIUS: Not been paid? Do they doubt they will get their gold?

GALBA: It is not that sir. They do not want gold. But the food . . .

OCTAVIUS: What's wrong with the food? Don't they get enough?

GALBA: There is enough sir . . . but the meat . . . without salt it has no taste . . . and the soldiers will not eat it.

OCTAVIUS: I see. With the baggage train a week late their salt rations have been exhausted. Claudius, this is serious!

CLAUDIUS: These men have sworn to fight for Rome. Are we to be stopped by a pinch of salt?

OCTAVIUS: You are young in the service of the army. Too young to realize that it is not with weapons alone that victories are won. Feeling as they do, the men will fight with but half a heart. We shall be outnumbered by the Helvetians, as it is. We shall need two hearts in each of our soldiers, if we are to win.

CLAUDIUS: The food is there . . . let them eat it.

OCTAVIUS: We can let them . . . but can we make them?

CLAUDIUS: Offer them a bonus . . . extra gold.

OCTAVIUS: They can't eat gold.

CLAUDIUS: Then what can we do?

OCTAVIUS: I think I have a plan. The baggage train may not be far behind us . . . but if we wait . . . it will be too late. Claudius, take fifty of your best horsemen, and ride to meet the train. When you reach it, have each of your men return with a hundred weight of salt.

CLAUDIUS: But that may take a whole day!

OCTAVIUS: And it may take a few hours. It is our one chance. If you bring back the salt before dawn . . . we shall win. If not . . . we face destruction.

CLAUDIUS: We can withdraw.

OCTAVIUS: NEVER!

CLAUDIUS: Is there no other way, sir?

OCTAVIUS: You have your orders. I expect you back before dawn with the salt.

CLAUDIUS: Yes sir.

OCTAVIUS: And Claudius . . .

CLAUDIUS: Sir?

OCTAVIUS: Ride as you have never ridden before. If Rome is to win tomorrow . . . the victory will be gained with weapons of salt!

MUSIC: *Up and out*

SOUND: *Horses galloping to a stop*

OCTAVIUS: You have the salt, Claudius?

CLAUDIUS: Yes sir.

OCTAVIUS: Good. Let the trumpets be sounded.

SOUND: *Trumpets—sound of crowd up and out*

OCTAVIUS: Soldiers of Rome . . . fifty of your brave comrades have ridden the night through . . . to meet the baggage train. They have returned . . . with your back pay . . . of salt!

SOUND: *Cheers*

OCTAVIUS: Each man will draw his ration . . . eat a solid meal . . . and then . . . when the sun rises, we attack the Helvetians on the heights. Rome is waiting for news of a victory! We shall not disappoint them!

SOUND: *Cheers*

OCTAVIUS: Now, Claudius, you shall see them fight! A victory won, because Roman soldiers are worth their salt.

MUSIC: *Trumpets up and out*

WORDMASTER: You see . . . I told you there was adventure in the word Salary. Oh, but now you ask what salary had to do with it? Well, the Latin word for salt is salarius. Every Roman legionnaire received, as part of his pay, a ration of salt. You can see that it's

not a big step from salarius to salary. When Rome conquered Britain, many Latin words crept into the language, and salarius was one of them. Incidentally . . . salt was money in other countries as well. Marco Polo mentions it as a medium of exchange in China . . . and today, in Africa, some of the natives prize it above all else. Now . . . how about some comedy? And for that plot we'll use a word the radio has made mighty popular lately . . . Quiz . . . This time our scene shifts to Ireland. It is the middle of the 18th century. In a tavern in Dublin, two friends, Dennis O'Leary, and Charles Scully, are arguing . . .

DENNIS: Charles, I tell you, you can never do it!

CHARLES: And I say . . . it can be done! DENNIS: It's impossible!

CHARLES: I have twenty pounds to back my opinion.

DENNIS: It doesn't seem right to take your money.

CHARLES: Is it a wager . . . or isn't it?

DENNIS: Just to teach you a lesson . . . it is. And remember, you have just twenty four hours.

CHARLES: It's four thirty now. I'll meet you here tomorrow at this time . . . to collect.

DENNIS *laughs*: To pay, you mean. Charles, my friend, this will be the easiest twenty pounds I've ever made. *(Fade)*

SOUND: *Clock chimes strike five times*

1ST MAN: Pete! Will you look at this!

2ND MAN: What's up?

1ST MAN: Someone's written across the whole side of the house . . .

2ND MAN: "Q . . . U . . . I . . . Z" . . . And what does that mean?

1ST MAN: I dunno. Never heard it before. "Kiz" . . .

2ND MAN: Well, rub it out . . . it must be someone's joke. *(Fade)*

1ST VOICE: What's the news today?

2ND VOICE: News? There ain't any. We pay our city councilors to keep a town bulletin with news on it, and what do they do? Look at this nonsense . . . will you!

1ST VOICE: What's the matter?

2ND VOICE: No news . . . just one word in letters three feet high . . . "Q . . . U . . . I . . . Z" question mark.

1ST VOICE: It must mean something. They wouldn't put it here if it didn't.

2ND VOICE: I'm going to speak to my councilor about this! *(Fade)*

VOICES: Quiz . . . Kiz . . . Kiss . . . did you see? Did you read . . . what is it? what does it mean? I don't understand . . .

WOMAN: I tell you I know. It's an old Gaelic word, that means love. It was my own mother that used to tell me . . . when I was a girl . . . Kate, she'd say, tis QUIZ that makes the world go round.

1ST MAN: Go on with ye. Tis the name of a new horse that Lord Kenny's running in the chase next week. I've got two bob on 'im . . . a fine horse . . . Kizz.

2ND MAN: Ye're both wrong. Any school-boy knows that Quith is the name of the new pugilist from Killarney way. This is just their way of reminding us about his fight next week. Crusher Quith, they call him. A good man.

1ST VOICE: Maybe tis the name of a new tobacco.

2ND VOICE: Or some new kind of drink? GIRL: A candidate in the elections, perhaps . . .

VOICES: You're wrong . . . no not that . . . maybe it's this . . .

MUSIC: *Rising to a crescendo—hold—fade out*

SOUND: *Five chimes—coins clinking*

DENNIS: Eighteen, nineteen, twenty pounds. There you are Charles . . . I never thought I'd have to pay you.

CHARLES: Dennis, me boy, I never had any doubts I'd win the wager.

INNKEEPER: And what were you lads wagerin' over?

DENNIS: Charles here bet me that in twenty four hours he could coin a word . . . and have it accepted into the language.

INNKEEPER: And did he do it?

DENNIS: Did he? Do you know what the word Quiz means?

INNKEEPER: Quiz? Sure! Well, that is, not exactly . . . but I know the word well . . . even though the meaning escapes me for the moment. Quiz? Why it's been on every tongue in Dublin for the last day. Quiz . . . quiz . . . quiz . . . that's all they're talkin' about.

DENNIS: I don't understand how you ever did it, Charles.

CHARLES: It was simple enough. I simply got together a crowd of lads . . . gave them sixpence apiece . . . and told them to write quiz on every building, sidewalk, and wall in town.

INNKEEPER: But what does it mean, sir?

CHARLES: Nothing . . . nothing at all. I just made it up.

INNKEEPER: But it has to mean something.

CHARLES: Well, I suppose people from now on will use it as a synonym for joke, or trick.

DENNIS: Or better still . . . I think it will take another meaning . . .

CHARLES: What's that, Dennis?

DENNIS: That's it! What! Quiz . . . what is it? Quiz . . . question. You see?

CHARLES: Perhaps you're right. And suppose now we quiz our host here. Jimmy, have you two foaming mugs of ale?

INNKEEPER: Ay . . . that I have.

CHARLES: You respond correctly to my quiz. Make it three . . . and we'll all drink to . . . Quiz. (*Fade*)

WORDMASTER: Both Charles and Dennis were right. At first quiz had many meanings . . . an odd person . . . something ridiculous . . . a practical joke . . . a hoax. But most of the meaning dropped off, and quiz as we know it today, an informal questioning, remained. And that brings us to another word. Our plot takes us into the realm of romance . . . and the word . . . the very precise scientific term . . . psychology . . . the study of the mind. It doesn't sound very romantic, but here's the story . . . judge for yourself. We go back a long way . . . to the time when the gods of Greece still lived . . . when Aphrodite was the goddess of beauty . . . and her son Eros was the god of love . . .

APHRODITE: Eros . . .

EROS: Yes, Mother.

APHRODITE: I would have you do something for me.

EROS: Whatever you say . . . after all, when beauty speaks . . . love is helpless to resist.

APHRODITE: No flippancy, please. This is serious.

EROS: I'm sorry.

APHRODITE: Have you heard of a girl named . . . Psyche?

EROS: The name is familiar. But I know her not.

APHRODITE: Word has come to me that she is very beautiful.

EROS: Oh . . . I begin to see . . .

APHRODITE: They say that Psyche is more beautiful than I . . . a mortal more pleasing to men than the goddess of beauty herself.

EROS: Idle gossip. It means nothing. How can a mortal woman compare with you . . . whose beauty is the standard for the gods.

APHRODITE: No matter. I like this not. Psyche shall be punished.

EROS: And I am to be the messenger?

APHRODITE: Yes.

EROS: And the punishment?

APHRODITE: You shall work a spell upon her so that she shall fall in love with a monster, and marry him.

EROS: A horrible fate! Is it not too harsh? After all, she has done nothing. Can you blame her for what she is?

APHRODITE: You know the rules as well as I . . . whoever approaches the perfection of the gods . . . must suffer.

EROS: But . . .

APHRODITE: No objections, Eros, please. You know what to do. (*Fade*)

EROS: I must leave you soon, my dear.

PSYCHE: I don't understand. I have loved you now for months. I have left my home for you. And yet I have never seen your face. Your name is a mystery to me. Why do you always come to me at night . . . and leave before the sun?

EROS: Psyche, there are some things you cannot know. When first I came to you, I had a mission to perform. Instead I fell in love.

PSYCHE: A mission? What was it?

EROS: That, too, must be a secret.

PSYCHE: If you loved me, as you say you do . . . surely you would not torture me this way.

EROS: Is my being with you so unpleasant then?

PSYCHE: Oh, my dear, you know it isn't that. But my sisters . . .

EROS: What about them?

PSYCHE: They wonder about you. They say you are a monster . . . horrible to look at.

EROS: You don't believe that . . . do you?

PSYCHE *doubtfully*: No . . . but still . . .

EROS: Yes?

PSYCHE: How can I convince them? I have no proof, you know.

EROS: Ah, my poor Psyche. It must be hard for you. But there is no other way. Believe me . . . I'm sorry.

PSYCHE: Perhaps? Some day?

EROS: I doubt it. But let's talk no more of it. I am tired, I shall sleep a while.

PSYCHE: Very well, my dear. Sleep well . . . I shall watch over you.

MUSIC: *Up and out*

EROS: Ow . . . my face . . . it's burned.

PSYCHE: I'm sorry darling . . . I didn't mean to . . .

EROS: What was it?

PSYCHE: A drop of oil from the lamp . . . nothing more.

EROS: Lamp? Then you disobeyed me . . . you saw my face.

PSYCHE: Yes . . . but . . .

EROS: You know who I am?

PSYCHE: Yes . . . Eros.

EROS: Foolish Psyche . . . the temptation was too great. For look at what was forbidden, you have lost me.

PSYCHE: Surely . . . not that? Not now . . . because I was silly for one moment.

EROS: The gods do not change their minds, Psyche. This must be farewell.

PSYCHE: Eros . . . don't go . . . without you, life is nothing. I can't live, and never see you again. I shall die.

EROS: No, Psyche, you shall not die. You shall live on and on and on. Men and women will die . . . your friends will be no more . . . but you will live.

PSYCHE: You mean . . . forever?

EROS: Forever. So long as there is a mortal alive . . . you Psyche will be here.

Your life will be as long as mankind's. You will be Psyche . . . the eternal . . .
(*Fade*)

WORDMASTER: And so, Eros left Psyche. She searched the world for him. Aphrodite learned of her continued existence, and placed all sorts of obstacles in her life. Finally, Eros appealed to Jupiter . . . Psyche was made immortal, and she and Eros were married. And, I suppose I should add, lived happily ever after. You see, Eros, as love, is still alive . . . and Psyche . . . the Greek symbol for the soul . . . shall live as long as man. And there is the romantic origin of psychology. Psyche . . . the soul. Ology, from the Greek word logia . . . to speak of. In other words . . . to speak of the soul . . . or, the study of the soul. And, in more modern terms . . . the study of the mind. It is time now to ring down our curtain on the dramas of words. But before I go, I'd like to have a few more words with you about words. You know . . . at the beginning of this program, we said that words are *power*. Now, ask yourself a question: "Am I using this power to its greatest advantage?" Probably not . . . because no man can ever know too much about words and their use. Why not harness the great power of words . . . spoken as well as written . . . and put this force to work for you, both in your business and personal life. See what you can do with the drama of other words in our language.

THE REBEL SAINT

A DRAMA

By WILLIAM KOZLENKO

(FOR HENRY AND ELIZABETH WEXLER)

MUSIC: *Theme "John Brown's Body" up and hold under*

NARRATOR: Charlestown Prison, Jefferson County, Virginia, December 2, 1859. It is night. A tall gaunt man sits alone in his cell. A candle, its tallow running slowly down its sides, stands flickering on a small rickety table. At it sits this man, with a face like a saint and the soul of a rebel, holding a worn pen in his trembling hand and writing. Outside, in the cold night, is heard a steady roar of a mob of people, rising and falling like an angry ocean; its massive voice beating vainly against the stone prison-walls . . . But this man is too intent on what he is writing to even listen. It is doubtful if he has even heard, or hears now, this monster of a thousand voices churned into one. The cell is cold and a woolen rug is thrown across his broad shoulders. But his brow is hot and his hands moist. He is writing feverishly . . . the pen rushing over the paper like a fugitive escaping a pack of hounds . . . For within the hour this man will be hung in the public square. By order of the sovereign state of Virginia for treason, murder, incitement to riot and conspiracy . . . Yes, hung until he is dead. But though he will be dead forever and anon—the soul of John Brown—the fanatic, the visionary, the man who loved the oppressed and the enslaved, this man who dreamed mad dreams of freeing the slaves—his soul will go marching on . . .

MUSIC: *Up full and out*

SOUND: *Ticking of clock in BG. Hold under scratching of pen on paper. Brown mumbling softly to himself as he writes*

BROWN: My Deeply Beloved Wife, Sons, and Daughters. I am sitting here in my prison cell, writing what is probably the last letter I shall ever live to write anyone. I am awaiting my public murder with a calm mind and the fortitude of spirit, entrusting my soul to the everlasting mercy of our Heavenly Father. The warden will soon be here to take me away. But while God still grants me these few moments of earthly life, let me exhort you all to live in peace and contentment . . . (*Fade and hold in background for*)

SOUND: *Footsteps walking on stone floor—keys jangling at side—continue with increasing loudness of speech—reaching normal voice level as footsteps come into range of cell*

BROWN normal voice: Owe no man anything but to love one another. Be faithful until death . . .

SOUND: *Footsteps halt—key turns in lock—door opens*

WARDEN: John Brown . . .

BROWN: Yes, warden.

WARDEN: We must go now.

BROWN: I am ready.

SOUND: *Chair being pushed aside*

WARDEN: How do you feel, Mr. Brown?

BROWN: Calm and confident, sir.

SOUND: *Slow laborious walk*

WARDEN: Are you able to walk alone?

BROWN: I'm not alone. God is with me.

WARDEN: How is your leg?

BROWN: The spirit, warden, is stronger than the flesh. I can walk!

WARDEN: Did you try to get a little sleep?

BROWN: Within the hour I shall be eternally asleep. Why rob my old eyes of the few minutes of life still granted them?

SOUND: *Footsteps—slow and heavy—on stone corridor*

WARDEN: It was so quiet in your cell . . .

BROWN: I was making my peace with God.

WARDEN: Won't you lean on me, Mr. Brown?

BROWN *sternly*: I lean on no man, warden!

WARDEN: But you've been badly wounded, sir.

BROWN: Only in my soul, warden. (*Groan*)

SOUND: *Footsteps stop*

WARDEN: There, what did I tell you? You're very weak . . .

BROWN *sternly*: I shall walk alone, sir!

SOUND: *Footsteps resume*

WARDEN: Won't you at least hold on to my arm, Mr. Brown?

BROWN: No!

WARDEN: Then I shall have to hold on to yours.

BROWN: We will have to walk slowly, warden.

WARDEN: Take your time, sir.

BROWN: Tell me, warden. Has a large crowd come to witness my public murder?

WARDEN: Your legal execution, sir.

BROWN: Call it what you will! But this hour I die on the scaffold by a hangman's noose!

WARDEN: Since you are interested I must tell you yes. All of Charlestown has turned out to see you.

BROWN *quick laugh*: God has granted them their prayer. They've been wanting to hang John Brown. Tonight they shall see him hang!

WARDEN: You had a fair trial, sir. And you were found guilty.

BROWN: God is my only judge, warden! He will determine if I am guilty or not!

WARDEN: But you have been accused of treason, murder, rebellion . . . All very serious charges, sir.

BROWN: Words, words! Man-made words! Feeble and stupid prejudices! There is but one word I trust: the word of God!

WARDEN: Maybe so. Mr. Brown. But since we live in a man-made world, man-made words are still important.

BROWN *after a pause*: Warden . . .

WARDEN: Yes, Mr. Brown.

BROWN: This afternoon I sent a note to the General asking his permission to

have my beloved wife with me before I die. Do you know if an answer has come for me?

WARDEN: He will not answer, sir.

BROWN *roaring*: Will not! Is the request of a condemned man so difficult to grant?

WARDEN: It's against the rules of a military prison to have visitors on the night of an execution.

BROWN: Damn your rules!

WARDEN: I am sorry, sir, but there is nothing I can do.

BROWN *tenderly*: There was nothing in the world I wanted more than to spend my last few hours with her . . .

(*Chokes*) And now . . . Now . . .

WARDEN: You may see her after all, Mr. Brown.

BROWN *eagerly*: Where?

WARDEN: She may be waiting for you on the prison steps.

BROWN *fervently*: I pray God you are right! To catch one more glimpse of her! To . . .

SOUND: *Footsteps stop*

WARDEN: Something the matter, Mr. Brown?

BROWN *gasping*: I must rest a moment. I feel rather weak . . .

WARDEN: I'm not surprised after all the blood you lost. You still won't lean on me?

BROWN: No!

SOUND: *Footsteps resume*

WARDEN *sighs*: You are a very stubborn man, Mr. Brown.

BROWN *quick laugh*: Aye, that I am, warden! Very stubborn! Very obstinate! What have I been called?

WARDEN: Every name under the sun.

BROWN: A madman! Traitor! Fanatic! Why? Because I believed with all my heart and soul that no man, be he white or black, should be made a slave by his fellowmen.

WARDEN: We each have our own ideas as to what make slaves, Mr. Brown.

BROWN *angry*: There is but one idea, sir! In the eyes of God we are all born equal! Only man refuses to believe it!

SOUND: *Muffled roar of voices in distance*

BROWN: What is all that noise, warden?

WARDEN: The people in the square. They are waiting for you.

BROWN *bitter laugh*: Are they becoming impatient, warden? Hungry for the sport and the kill?

WARDEN: The execution was scheduled for 10 o'clock. We should have been there by now.

BROWN *ironically*: We mustn't keep our distinguished audience waiting too long. They might tire and go away. Come, we will walk a little faster.

SOUND: *Footsteps in quicker pace*

WARDEN: Never mind them, Mr. Brown. Take your time.

SOUND: *Footsteps slow down*

BROWN: Thank you, warden. Nothing can make life more of a blessing than the consciousness of love and being loved. You are a kind man.

WARDEN: I'm merely doing my duty, sir.

BROWN: Yes, you are doing yours. And I have done mine.

WARDEN *embarrassed laugh*: Well, you must admit they're a little different, sir. You have killed men . . .

BROWN: And you hang them!

WARDEN: True, but I hang them according to law.

BROWN: And I have killed according to my conscience.

WARDEN: Still, I think you took too much responsibility on yourself, Mr. Brown.

BROWN: No, warden, God was always with me!

WARDEN: One man against a nation.

BROWN: A nation divided, warden! You are for slavery! I am against it!

WARDEN: But killing men is a crime, sir.

BROWN: And enslaving them is less a crime?

WARDEN: You speak well, Mr. Brown. In fact, too well.

BROWN: I only did what God bid me do! I felt it my sacred duty to free our wretched black brethren from their bondage! If men were haplessly killed, it was not my wish that they die . . .

WARDEN: Just the same, twelve men were massacred at the hands of you and your sons, Mr. Brown. Twelve living men!

BROWN: Yes, and more would have died if . . .

WARDEN: First, there was the bloody riot in Kansas. Do you remember? Two men were shot *(fade)* on a night just like this . . . Remember?

MUSIC: *Bridge, blend into*

SOUND: *Wind over low mumble of men's voices*

BROWN: This is the house!

SOUND: *Low mumble*

BROWN *sharply*: Quiet! We mustn't be heard!

1ST SON: Ooo, it's cold.

2ND SON: How many slaves are in there, father?

BROWN: Twenty! Twenty black brothers chained to their beds!

BOY: Tonight they will be free.

BROWN *fervently*: Yes, my sons, free! Free as you and I! Are your guns loaded?

2ND SON: Yes, father.

BROWN: We may have to use them. Now keep your heads low and follow me.

BOY: But, father, all those slaves are locked in.

BROWN: We'll break down the door!

BOY: But that will wake up the owner.

BROWN: Good! I want him to see what we are doing! Come, follow me!

SOUND: *Stealthy creeping through underbrush*

BOY: Father, wait! I see a light in the slaves quarters.

BROWN: A light so early in the morning?

BOY: A little light, father. What can it mean?

BROWN *sternly*: Only one thing. That this dastardly scoundrel of a slave-owner is getting them up even earlier than usual.

1ST SON: It may also mean that he is waiting for us.

BROWN: Then we have no time to lose!

BOY: Father, if he is waiting that means he may have help. Do you think we should try to . . .

BROWN *sternly*: We must! We have all sworn before Almighty God to free them! Now stand up! We are men and we are armed! We have nothing to fear except failure!

SOUND: *Crawling stops*

BROWN: Boy!

BOY: Yes, father.

BROWN *tenderly*: You are my youngest. We will walk together. Your two brothers will go to the rear of the house . . .

SOUND: *Stealthy movement of bodies*

BROWN: Give me your hand.

BOY: Here.

BROWN: Boy, I love you dearly. Tell me, are you afraid?

BOY: No, father.

BROWN: Is your heart beating fast, boy? BOY: It's beating very fast, father . . . but I am not afraid.

BROWN: Stay close to me. And have no fear. God will protect us.

SOUND: *Footsteps on wooden porch*

BOY: Careful, father. Please be careful . . .

BROWN: Yes, boy. Hold your gun high.

SOUND: *Footsteps stop*

BOY: I have a feeling we are being watched . . .

BROWN: Only by the eyes of God, son.

SOUND: *Rattling of door-knob*

BROWN: It's locked.

BOY: What will you do?

BROWN: Break down the door! Come, boy, together!

SOUND: *Heavy body hurling itself against door*

DAVIS *deep voice*: John Brown, put up your hands! If you or your boy makes one move—I'll shoot you dead!

BROWN: Put away your gun, Mr. Davis. My two sons out there have you covered!

DAVIS *laughing*: Me covered! You talk just like the old fool you are! You and your sons have walked into a trap, John Brown. You are four and we are thirty! If you make one move towards that door I'll shoot to kill!

BROWN: Sir, neither you nor your cowardly friends frighten us!

DAVIS: Drop your gun, John Brown! And you too, boy!

BROWN: Do as he says.

SOUND: *Gun falls to wooden porch*

DAVIS: Now yours, Brown!

BROWN: If you think, sir . . .

DAVIS *ominously*: Your gun, John Brown! Or I'll shoot you dead!

BROWN *laughing*: Sir, if you think that I fear the threats of you or your dastardly slave-owning friends—you do not know John Brown! God has given me and my sons a mission . . .

DAVIS: You crazy fool! Is your mission trespassing on private land and robbing men of their property?

BROWN: Human beings are no property, Davis! And if you believe they are . . .

DAVIS: They are! I bought them! They're mine!

BROWN: Then, sir, you will free them! Now I order you, on pain of death, to open this door!

DAVIS: Make one move, Brown, and I'll . . .

BOY: Father, father . . .

BROWN *kindly*: Stay here, boy. I'll break down the door myself.

SOUND: *Heavy body hurling itself against door—whimpering of terror from inside house*

BROWN *shouting*: Brothers, have no fear!

John Brown has come to free you!

SOUND: *Same—whimpering louder*

BOY *high*: Father!

SOUND: *Quick running feet—a shot—boy screams—body falls—simultaneous shouting in house and distance*

VOICE *off—coming closer*: We got 'em, Davis!

SOUND: *Several more shots in distance*

DAVIS: Now get going, Brown, before I give you what I gave that boy of yours.

BROWN *softly — tearfully*: Tommy, Tommy, are you hurt? Boy! Speak to me! This is your father! (*Wildly*) You killed him! You killed my Tommy!

DAVIS: I warned you!

SOUND: *Whine of a bullet—Davis groans—body falls to ground*

BROWN: An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth!

SOUND: *Running feet on porch*

1ST SON: Father, are you hurt?

BROWN *tonelessly*: No. How is your brother?

1ST SON: He escaped. Where's Tommy?

BROWN: At your feet.

1ST SON: Father, he's dead!

BROWN: Yes.

1ST SON: God in heaven!

BROWN: May the Lord have mercy on his soul.

1ST SON: We must get him away from here.

BROWN: Yes, but we will come back.

1ST SON: Later, Father, later . . . Now let's go before the others come and find us.

SOUND: *Lifting of body—Brown grunts*

1ST SON: Wait, I'll help you carry him.

BROWN: No, he's my son.

1ST SON: But he's too heavy for you.

BROWN *in anguish*: He's so light . . . so light . . . my dear, dear Tommy . . . (*Fade*) Sleep, my darling boy, sleep . . .

SOUND: *Fade in walking footsteps on corridor*

WARDEN: Yes, Mr. Brown, that night you escaped. You and your three other sons . . .

BROWN: Two, warden . . . my youngest was killed. But we returned, sir!

WARDEN: Yes, you returned . . . and five more men died.

BROWN: We had to keep on doing what God bid us do!

WARDEN: But not before . . .

SOUND *Filter*: *Voices, screaming, shouts, shooting*

WARDEN: . . . many others met their death!

BROWN: Slave-owners! All dastardly, evil slave-owners!

WARDEN: They were still men, Mr. Brown! Men, as you and I!

BROWN: And the slaves? Are they not men, too?

WARDEN: The law protects them as it does us!

BROWN: My crimes, sir, were not greater or worse than the crimes you and your slave-men are committing now! If my sons and I killed twelve men . . .

WARDEN *softly*: Yes, twelve men . . . twelve white men . . .

VOICES *filter*: In Missouri! . . . Iowa! . . . Kansas! . . . Pottawatomie! . . . Osawatomie! . . . Harper's Ferry!

BROWN: Innocent and guilty alike.

WARDEN: In the eyes of the law—all innocent!

BROWN: But in the eyes of God—guilty!

WARDEN: You have no right to judge who is guilty or innocent, sir.

BROWN: God is the judge!

WARDEN: And tonight you will hang, Mr. Brown! Hang!

BROWN: I am not afraid to die, warden.

WARDEN: You are not God that you should assume the right to pass judgment on other men!

BROWN: I declare before all that is holy that it is better to die for a free cause than to live under a slavery, constitutional or otherwise!

WARDEN: Yes, Mr. Brown, tonight you will hang!

VOICES (*Filter*): Hang John Brown! . . . Hang John Brown! . . . Remember the Pottawatomie Massacre! . . . Remember Harper's Ferry! . . . Remember, remember . . . We must hunt that

maniac down! . . . Shoot him on sight! . . . Hang him! . . . Kill him! . . . As long as that man is free we will be slaves to his terror! . . . (*Voices increase in momentum*) Hunt him down! . . . Hang him!

VOICE *bitterly*: I submit, gentlemen of this Congress, that to allow this brigand, John Brown, to assume the right to mete out justice, is to forfeit our own rights as a sovereign nation.

SOUND: *Applause*

VOICES: Just let him try coming to my place! I'll shoot him on sight! Remember Osawatomie! And Harper's Ferry! Remember, remember . . .

WOMAN'S VOICE *kindly*: Remember that God looks upon us all as his children . . .

MAN: That's Harriet Beecher Stowe! She's an abolitionist!

SOUND: *Boos—quick fade*

TOMMY: My father taught me that all men are created equal. That the blacks are our brothers and sisters . . .

VOICE: That's John Brown's youngest boy. Some day he'll be killed.

DAVIS: I hope I get the chance to do it!

VOICES: So do I! And I! (*Quicken pace*) And his father! And his sons! John Brown! Hang John Brown! Hang the rebel Hang, hang, hang!

MUSIC: *Weird transposition of theme*

MRS. BROWN *up*: John, dear, I am afraid.

What you plan to do is so dangerous.

What hope have you of success?

BROWN: First God, then with the help of our seventeen men, we will be victorious.

MRS. BROWN: But they will kill you, John.

They are waiting for you even now . . .

BROWN: I have everything planned, dear. We cannot fail.

MRS. BROWN *tearfully*: Oh, John, there have been too many deaths . . .

BROWN: I would have preferred otherwise.

But our lives are in the hands of God.

MRS. BROWN: Three of our sons have been lost . . . John, I don't want to lose any more.

BROWN: If we lose them, my beloved wife, we lose them in a righteous cause.

MRS. BROWN: Righteous or not! I want to hold what I have!

BROWN: I cannot turn back.

- MRS. BROWN: Wait, John, wait . . . I have heard it said that Congress is about to grant the slaves more liberty.
- BROWN: Talk! These men are all talk: what we need is action—action!
- MRS. BROWN: President Lincoln himself is pleading for their cause, John.
- BROWN: Yes, he is a good man. Would that there were more like him today.
- MRS. BROWN: You see, John, your work has not been in vain.
- BROWN *fervently*: I must do more! It is my duty to wake up my people to the danger of slavery, from within and without. Yes, I am convinced beyond all doubt of our great necessity, aye, of our great need for something more to rest our hopes on than just words and vague theories. As long as we allow prejudice to rule our reason we will never be happy or free! Let us not trust our Destiny upon the wide boisterous Ocean, without even a helm or a compass to guide us! I say, we must not discard our reason! Aye, let us make good use of our reason and know from whence comes this danger of slavery!
- MRS. BROWN: But, John dear, you can't do it alone.
- BROWN: I am not alone! Every day more and more of our people believe, as do you and I, that we as a nation cannot be half-free and half-slave!
- MRS. BROWN: But what if your plan should fail?
- BROWN: It cannot fail! Destiny has ordained that slavery will be crushed!
- MRS. BROWN: Oh, John, you are so rash!
- BROWN: The law of conquest is surprise, my dear. For the slaves to rebel we need arms . . .
- MRS. BROWN: And where do you propose to get them?
- BROWN: From the Government Arsenal at Harper's Ferry!
- MRS. BROWN: Will it be easy, John?
- BROWN: No! But while they talk we act! They do not suspect we are coming!
- MRS. BROWN: And then?
- BROWN: We will capture the Arsenal. Distribute the arms to the slaves. Hold the owners as hostages. I'll exchange ten slaves for every white hostage! A good bargain, is it not?
- MRS. BROWN: You are mad, John, completely mad!
- BROWN: Perhaps, my dear wife, but it will be done! I will start it. And God will end it. This Sunday night (*fade*) we begin our march to victory and freedom . . .
- MUSIC: *Bridge*
- SOUND: *Fade in marching feet*
- BROWN: Halt!
- NEGRO VOICE: Massah Brown . . .
- BROWN *sternly*: John is my name!
- NEGRO: Yas massah, I mean . . . Mistah John . . .
- BROWN *kindly*: What do you want to say, brother?
- NEGRO: Just dat my people here in Harper's Ferry will wait fer your signal, Mistah John. When we capture dis here Government House . . .
- BROWN: We will capture it, James! Won't we, brothers?
- SOUND: *Confused mumble of assents*
- NEGRO: Dey is ready to march wid us!
- BROWN: To Richmond! Atlanta! Jacksonville! New Orleans! We'll keep on marching . . .
- 1ST SON: To victory!
- BROWN: And freedom!
- VOICE: What do we do now, John Brown?
- BROWN: Two of my sons and I will march on the Arsenal. You others search every house for hidden slaves. Pick up a dozen or more white men for hostages. And return with them. Now go! And may God go with you!
- SOUND: *Feet marching off*
- BROWN: My sons, follow me!
- SOUND: *Marching feet*
- MUSIC: *Bridge*
- SOUND: *Angry mumble of voices as if from huge crowd in distance—sporadic shooting*
- MAYOR: John Brown, you are a mad fool! You can't hold us as hostages and expect to get away with it.
- BROWN *grimly*: We will see, Mr. Mayor. What is it, James?
- NEGRO *breathlessly*: Mistah John . . . I got bad news fer you . . .
- BROWN: What have you heard?
- NEGRO: My people are afraid to come here now . . .
- BROWN: Good God!
- NEGRO: Yassah, Mistah John . . . every white man's out gunning for us . . . Dey is scared to death to walk out on the street . . .

1ST SON: We are lost, father.

BROWN: How many of us are still left?

1ST SON: Three. You, I, and James.

MAYOR: And all the others are dead and wounded . . . Including two of your own sons. Brown, don't you see it's hopeless? Why don't you give up?

BROWN: I'll never give up, Mr. Mayor! Never!

MAYOR: You are mad, Brown! Within an hour the militia will be here. You haven't a chance, man!

SOUND: *Angry roar of mob outside*

MAYOR: Do you hear that crowd? Nothing in the world can hold them back now . . .

BROWN: Our guns will hold them back!

MAYOR: There are thousands out there, Brown! When they break open the doors none of you will come out alive!

NEGRO: What'll we do, Mistah John? They'll kill us sure!

MAYOR: Give up, Brown, give up!

BROWN: If we had more men, I'd stay and shoot it out . . .

SON: But we haven't, father!

BROWN: Then we'll try to escape to the mountains. They'll never find us there!

SON: How can you move, father? You've been shot in both of your legs!

BROWN: I'll crawl!

MAYOR: You're completely surrounded, Brown.

BROWN: We will shoot our way out!

SON: They'll kill us, father!

BROWN: We'll kill first!

SOUND: *Increasing fury of mob*

SON: We can't get through that mob!

VOICES OUTSIDE: Get John Brown! Break down the doors! Hang the rebels!

SOUND: *Angry crowd milling outside door—a heavy crash against door*

VOICES triumphantly: More, more! The door's giving way! It won't be long now!

SOUND: *Same—wood splitting*

BROWN: Take your stands, men. We will pour our fire into them until either they or we are dead!

SON: Father, it's no use! Let's not lose any more lives! Please surrender!

BROWN: I'll die first!

MAYOR: Your boy's right, Brown. You haven't a chance now.

SOUND: *Mob and wood splitting—hold in BG*

BROWN: Never! Never!

SON: Think of mother!

NEGRO *whimpering*: Please, Mistah John . . . don't want to die . . .

BROWN: Get away from that window!

SOUND: *A shot—crash of window-glass—body falls*

SON: They got him!

BROWN: Dead?

SON: Shot through the heart.

BROWN: Poor James . . . he had only a few moments of liberty . . . and he was killed for it.

SON: There are just two of us left now, father. You and I . . .

MAYOR: Give up, John Brown! Give up! Your cause is lost!

SON: He's right, father.

BROWN: We are lost—but our cause is won! This is just the beginning, son. If we were foolhardy—we were nonetheless brave. Others will take heart . . .

(*Coughs*)

SON *excited*: Blood! You're spitting blood! we must get you to a doctor immediately!

BROWN: I feel no pain, son, no pain at all.

SON: Can you move, father?

BROWN: A little. Why?

SON: Tell them we're giving up.

SOUND: *Mob*

BROWN: They'll never hear me. You must go down . . .

SON: That's it, a flag of truce!

BROWN: Here is part of my shirt. Hang it on your gun and walk out. Tell them to come and take away the dead and the wounded. (*Gasps*) Go, son! And may God go with you!

SON: Will you watch from the window?

BROWN: Yes.

SOUND: *Footsteps on floor—door lock opens—mob noise in full*

VOICE: A white flag! John Brown asks a truce!

ANOTHER VOICE: Who's carrying the white flag?

1ST VOICE: It looks like one of his sons.

2ND VOICE: He has twenty. Which one?

1ST VOICE *laughing*: You mean he had twenty. Now he only has . . .

SOUND: *Shot—groan—body falls—mob up and out*

BROWN: My boy! They killed my boy!

MAYOR: Killed?

BROWN: He came for peace and they gave him death! (*Wildly*) An eye for an

eye and a tooth for a tooth! For his death, two of you will die!

MAYOR: No, no! We didn't do it!

BROWN: Mr. Mayor, you're first!

MAYOR: Please don't kill me! Please . . . Please . . .

SOUND: *A shot—body falls—moaning—Silence*

BROWN: Mr. Tapley! Stand up!

MUSIC: *Band playing in BG*

VOICES OUTSIDE: The marines! . . . The marines are here!

SOUND: *Cheers*

VOICES: Now we'll hang John Brown to a sour apple tree! . . . Hang John Brown! . . . Hang the rebel!

SOUND: *Bedlam—take out for . . .*

MUSIC: *Slow and mournful—up and out*

SOUND: *Murmurs—pounding of gavel—silence*

JUDGE: John Brown, you have been found guilty. It is the solemn verdict of this court that you have committed grave crimes against this, the sovereign state of Virginia, and against the people of this State by treason, incitement to riot and murder. Have you anything to say before this court passes sentence upon you?

BROWN: Sir, I submitted to arrest knowing full well that I shall be hanged for my efforts to put an end to this sum of all villainies: slavery. This evil, sir, will remain and you and all other patriots will come to learn that it can be purged from this world only with blood.

SOUND: *Mumble of voices—pounding of gavel—silence*

JUDGE: John Brown, I hereby sentence you to hang by the neck until you are dead.

MRS. BROWN: No, no! He only did what he thought was right!

SOUND: *Pounding of gavel—soft weeping in BG*

JUDGE: The execution will take place within 48 hours in the public square at

Charlestown, Virginia. And may God have mercy on your soul!

MUSIC: *Bridge*

SOUND: *Slow walking of footsteps on marble corridor*

WARDEN: John Brown, you have fought a good fight . . .

BROWN: Yes, warden, and others will continue until our victory is won!

WARDEN: And now, let me bid you farewell!

BROWN: Farewell, warden!

SOUND: *Door opens—crowd noises in full*

VOICE: There he is!

WARDEN: Your wife is here, sir.

BROWN: My wife! Where?

WARDEN: Can't you see her?

BROWN: No, warden, my eyes are too dim . . . and it is night.

WARDEN: She's standing on the steps . . . waving to you!

BROWN: Is she weeping?

WARDEN: No.

BROWN: That's good.

MRS. BROWN *off*: Farewell, dear John! Farewell!

WARDEN: Did you hear her?

BROWN: I heard.

VOICES: Look, he's smiling! . . . That man isn't afraid to die! . . . He must be anxious to get it over with!

BROWN *softly*: She came after all . . . she came after all . . .

SOUND: *Low murmur of crowd—Mrs. Brown's voice faintly in BG—repeating: "Farewell, dear John. Farewell, darling"*

SOUND: *Slow heavy walk up stairs*

MUSIC: *Distant spiritual by choir*

VOICE: He's looking up at the sky!

VOICE: As if he's hearing something . . .

SOUND: *Crack of thunder—pick up swiftly for . . .*

MUSIC: *Theme with choir*

GLOSSARY OF RADIO TERMS

- ACROSS-MIKE**—This term is applied when sound is directed across the face of the microphone.
- AD-LIB**—Impromptu speaking.
- BACK**—Away from microphone to achieve effect of distance.
- BG MUSIC OR SOUND**—Music heard underneath or behind lines. Used to establish mood.
- BLASTING**—A distortion of sound caused by overloading microphone, speaker, or other transmitting equipment.
- BOARD FADE**—Decrease in volume effected by engineer at control board—sometimes preferred by author or director to fade or distance effects made in studio.
- BRIDGE**—Sound effects or music used to link dramatic episodes. (See transitional music)
- CHEAT OUT ON CUE**—Music or sound overlapping line cue. (See definition of hold back for.)
- CHORD**—A brief bridge effect made with a chord of studied quality and instrumentation.
- COMING INTO OR "APPROACHING" MIKE**—Moving closer to microphone until voice is at normal level.
- CROSS-FADE**—Fading out one set of sound, music or dialogue, and simultaneously fading in another.
- CUE**—Signal from director, either verbal or by sign.
- CUSHION**—Fill in extra time with music or "plug."
- CUT**—Stop music or dialogue abruptly. Also, shorten script.
- ECHO CHAMBER**—Effect of speaking in large hall.
- FADE IN**—A scene "Fades In." Opening line, or musical or sound effect increases gradually in volume until at normal level.
- FADE OUT**—A scene "Fades Out." Closing line, or musical or sound effect gradually decreases in volume.
- FANFARE**—A brief musical flourish—usually with trumpets and martial in character.
- FILTER**—A device giving voice a hollow or strange effect.
- FULL**—Voice, sound or music at normal level.
- HOLD**—Sustain effect or music.
- HOLD BACK FOR**—Retarding tempo of music and cutting abruptly for line cue.
- MIX**—Blending together two or more effects.
- MONTAGE**—A swift succession of individual voices, or of very brief scenes, or of musical and sound effects, or of any combination of the preceding. The Montage is used to widen the scope of action by showing parallel events, to show time lapse through a swift succession of events, and to achieve sharp contrasts.
- MUSIC OR SOUND DOWN**—Decrease in volume.
- MUSIC OR SOUND OUT**—Cut abruptly.
- MUSIC OR SOUND UP**—Increase in volume.
- OFF-MIKE**—Away from mike—not at full volume. An effect usually achieved by movement of head away from mike—or across mike.
- PEAK OF SOUND LOAD**—Volume increased to a point just below blasting.
- PLUG**—Copy in the script pertaining to advertiser's product.
- SCHMALZ IT**—Play it in a sentimental style.
- SEGUE**—Blend or modulate one musical or sound effect into another.
- SIG.**—(Signature.) Final musical selection which closes broadcast.
- SNEAK IT IN**—Begin sound effect or music very quietly during dialogue and gradually increase in volume.
- STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS**—Thoughts or impressions running through the mind

of the character. The voice is that of the mind rather than that of the character. Stream of consciousness may also be simulated through recurrent "leit-motif" or "memory" music.

SWELL—Perfect crescendo of music or noise.

TAG LINE: The final and climactic speech of the scene or play.

TAKE DOWN—Decrease sound somewhat in volume.

TRANSITIONAL MUSIC—Same as bridge.

UNDER ON CUE—Music goes under lines on signal from director, and usually fades out imperceptibly.

UP FULL—Loud

UP TO MAXIMUM—Swell music or sound to maximum volume.

SIGN LANGUAGE OF RADIO STUDIOS

During final rehearsals and broadcasts, the director operates from behind the glass panel of the control room where he communicates with his actors, musicians or sound man, in sign language.

The following list explains the sign language most commonly used in radio studios: (It would be well to check with the studio director, as some directors use signals other than those listed below.

Message

Sign

INCREASE VOLUME—Move hands up, palms up.

DECREASE VOLUME—Move hands down, palms down.

BEGIN YOUR SPEECH—Direct point at actor.

STRETCH IT OUT—Draw hands apart slowly as in stretching a rubber band.

SPEED UP—Turn hand rapidly, with index finger extended, clockwise.

MOVE AWAY FROM "MIKE"—Move hand away from face.

MOVE TOWARD "MIKE"—Move hand toward face.

CUT—Draw index finger across throat, "cut-throat" motion.

AVOID THE PROVISIONAL CUT—Tap head.

WATCH ME FOR CUE—Point to eye.

GIVE THE NETWORK CUE—Show clenched fist to announcer.

FADE-OUT: Lower hands slowly, palms down. Turn clenched fist slowly.

O.K.—Form circle with thumb and forefinger. Other fingers extended.

IS PROGRAM RUNNING ACCORDING TO PLANNED TIME SCHEDULE?—Touch nose quizzically (Studio sign.)

THE PRODUCTION IS PROCEEDING AS PLANNED. ("On the nose")—Touch nose.

HOW IS THE BALANCE?—Touch ear with forefinger, balance with both hands, palms down. (Studio sign.)

START THE THEME MELODY—Form letter "T" with forefingers. (Music Director usually uses baton and fingers.)

TAKE THE FIRST ENDING AND REPEAT THE CHORUS—Hold one finger vertically.

TAKE THE SECOND ENDING AND CONCLUDE—Hold two fingers vertically.

REPEAT—Same as above.

PLAY ENTIRE ARRANGEMENT—Lower hands, palms vertically.

CONCLUDE WITH THE CHORUS—Clench fist during selection.

PLAY THE CHORD—Clench fist during program.

PLAY PREDETERMINED FANFARE—Salute.

START AT THE BEGINNING OF MUSICAL NUMBER—Point up.

